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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

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"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

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From the North British Review.

1. *Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea.* By W. F. LYNCH, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. London, 1849. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.
2. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Dead Sea.* From a Diary, by one JOHN PASTY. Edited by EDWARD P. MONTAGUE, attached to the United States Expedition Ship "Supply." Philadelphia, 1849.

So, the disenchantment of the world goes on! The world's gray fathers were content with seven wonders. Thirty years ago, we might learn by books that there were at least a hundred wonders of the world; but where now is there *one* to be found? No sooner did the phrenologists find out the whereabouts of our faculty of "wonder," or "marvellousness," than straightway there ceased to be anything in the world to wonder at. About a hundred years ago, almost everything beyond our own islands, and even much that was in them, was wonderful to us. The world was so unknown—men and nature were so little understood—that all things beyond the range of everyday experience were marvellous; and where so much regarded as strange was known to be true, unthought-of and endless wonders were supposed to lie hid in the unascertained portions of the world. Hence the imaginary voyages of Robinson Crusoe, of Philip Quarll, of Richard Davis, of Peter Wilkins, and of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, were scarcely beyond the bounds of human credulity, and were by not a few received as true accounts of true voyages. Indeed, it might have been thought to require some hardihood to distrust even the immortal Captain, seeing that his "true effigies," in a very respectable peruke, were, as we happened lately to notice, prefixed to the early editions of his work. Who shall indeed set bounds to the possibilities of pleasant wonder, when the learned of the land were convinced by the daring impudence of George Psalmanazar, and were eager to send missionaries and Bibles to the interesting people to whom he professed to belong, and for whom he invented a language, the grammar of which seems to us the most daring attempt ever made to throw dust into learned eyes. But, that learned eyes are not always the keenest, seems to be shown by the temporary success of that most astonishing experiment upon human credulity. O! happy people, who lived in days when there was something to wonder at—when the fountains of marvellousness, now, in these latter days, dried up, played in full stream, and sprinkled some refreshing excitements over this dreary life. But what have we now left? All the world has been

disenchanted:—every creek and cranny has been explored; and we have long ceased to expect the accounts of newly-discovered islands and continents, which ever and anon gladdened the hearts of our ancestors with something new and marvellous. Even if we had that expectation, it would cease to be exciting. We should be sure that the unknown would be like something we know. There is really nothing new under the sun—nothing even in expectation. Even the interior of Africa, still unexplored—and from whose gates Dr. Bialloblotzky now returns bootless home—is regarded with but languid interest by all but the one in ten thousand who has some zeal for geographical discovery. There is sure to be some sand. But what do we want to know of more sands, and sand-storms, and camels, and all that sort of thing? There is perhaps a lake. Well, there is nothing wonderful in that—we know all about lakes. There are perhaps new tribes of blacks. Nay, spare us—what do we want of any more blacks? We know all about them through and through; and what signifies some trifling addition to their variety—a darker or lighter shade—a stronger or laxer twist of wool—a somewhat less utterable jargon—a somewhat more hideous buggaboo! There is no bracing wonder here. We do not expect a new animal—scarcely a new plant: and when lately we were authentically told of a real wonder, in the shape of a sea-serpent, one half the world arose in its wrath at the attempt upon its organ of wonder; and at the assault upon its firm purpose not to wonder at anything the world contains; and the other half turned lazily upon its side, grunting—"Pshaw, what is there wonderful in a sea-serpent! An eel is a sea-serpent—a conger is a sea-serpent—and one somewhat bigger than a conger-eel is no great matter."

Now-a-days, we know the Persians, the Turks, the Arabs, the Hindoos, better than our grandfathers knew the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Germans. The North American Indians, the South-Sea Islanders, the Esquimaux, we know far better than the Russians, Danes, and Swedes were known a hundred years ago. Even the Chinese have ceased to amaze us. Their tails—why, fifty years ago we were ourselves not tail-less;—their edible bird-nests turn out, when seen and explained, to be nothing very strange. Cats may be, after all, not bad eating;—and the small feet of the ladies may, for aught we know, be a salutary domestic institution.

Then, look at the results which the existing facilities of intercourse have produced upon our estimate of places which it was once an untiring wonder to talk of, and a life-adventure to visit. Rome and Naples are as well known to us as

Paris was some fifty years ago. Constantinople is better known to us than Rome was then; and with Jerusalem, Cairo, Damascus, we have now a far better acquaintance than we had twenty years ago with Petersburgh, Lisbon, or Madrid. Palestine once afforded rich material for the play of the associative faculty upon the organ of wonder; but presently came that great iconoclast, Dr. Robinson, of New York, who, by disproving one thing and doubting another, has left but little even there, in that cherished corner of the world, for the wonder of which entire belief is a most essential condition.

Wonder belongs to a time of ignorance, and we say that the days of ignorance have passed. What is there to wonder at? We know everything; and that which we understand ceases to be wonderful. Look at the map of the world. There is not a spot on which we can lay the finger whose inhabitants are not well known to us. They are differentiated by small matters—dress, habits of life, shades of color, climatic influences. Strip them of these, and we come by a swift process to our brothers—the sons of a common father—like ourselves in all that is essentially the man; moved by the same impulses, subject to the same pains and the same pleasures, subdued by the same dreads, and nourished by the same hopes. The psychologist who dissects their souls finds them all as like to one another, and all as like to us, as does the anatomist who explores their bodily frame. So with animals. All the most remarkable creatures of the world have been brought to us from the uttermost parts of the earth; and existences which to our grandfathers were all but fabulous, we now regard as familiar things. Our zoölogical gardens and menageries; our “Penny Magazines” and “Museums of Animated Nature,” have quite disenchanted this branch of the world’s life. Its strangest things have passed from the realm of wonder: and the discovery of a really new beast, or bird, or reptile, would now awaken out a languid interest in the general mind. So of plants. Where are their wonders now? Within thirty years, thousands of plants from all parts of the globe, most of which had not even been heard of, and many of which were examined with wonder, have become the well-known inmates of our stoves, our green-houses, and even our gardens. A morning’s walk, or a short ride, will take any inhabitant of London and other large towns among the most remarkable forms of transmarine vegetation. Here are the palms and bananas of tropical climes, breathing an atmosphere by which you are almost suffocated; there a thousand whimsical shapes of the cacti and of the uncouthly orchids meet the view; and here the singular pitcher-plants distil their waters. Depart now, wonder-proof! Travel where you will, you will see, you can see, nothing to astonish—nothing more wonderful than that which you have seen with your own eyes at home.

And even in the phenomena of nature, the age of wonder has passed. We know everything;

we can account for everything. Gases, vapors, and electric fluids are familiar things. We not long ago looked upon their spontaneous operations in nature with awe and wonder. But by and by we grew bold in the presence of those awful powers. We ventured to lay our hands upon their manes, we vaulted upon their backs, and soon bowed down their terrible strength to our service.

Besides, this in which we have lived has been in all respects a most extraordinary age. It has been full of all kinds of wonders—social, moral, historical, physical, scientific—so vast, so prodigious, as to render familiar to us, as matters of present interest and daily thought, results and facts, greater, intrinsically more strange, than any that past ages, or any that distant countries offer to our notice. This has tamed down the sense of wonder. We can wonder at nothing; for nothing is so wonderful as the things that have become our daily food. Even history is disenchanted. The strangest things have become comprehensible, possible, commonplace. The great conquerors of ancient days have in our own times been surpassed. The revolutions—the changes of past times—each one of which was a subject of curious speculation, have been exceeded in our own days. Subversions, any one of which was erewhile good talk for a century, have been crowded upon us by the dozen within the space of a few weeks. If the sense of wonder in civilized man has not been wholly destroyed, we cannot doubt that this age in which we live will be looked back upon by our children’s children as more replete with wonders than any which the world’s history has hitherto recorded.

But what has all this to do with the Dead Sea? it may be asked. Much every way. Amid the general diswonderment of the world, we could feel that at least the Dead Sea, with all its mysteries, its horrors and marvels, was left to us. It became a sort of safety-valve for the fine old faculty—the source of so much innocent excitement, which was smothered everywhere else under heavy masses of dull facts and circumstances. But gradually, and with aching hearts, we have seen this retreat cut off from us. One traveller after another has stripped off some one of the horrors which overhung its depths, or rested on its shores; and now at last it stands naked before us—a monument, indeed, of God’s wrath against the sins of man, but invested with none of the supernatural horrors ascribed to it, or exhibiting any of the features which are not the natural and inevitable effect of the peculiar condition into which it has been brought.

As the books now before us bring all the questions with respect to this lake into their final condition, they afford us a favorable opportunity of stating the question as regards the past history of the Dead Sea horrors, and of showing what has been really done by the expedition in advancement of our knowledge. In this we must rely chiefly upon our own resources; for the commander of the expedition helps us very little

further than by stating what he saw, and what he did. He appears to have had a sincere zeal in the enterprise, which originated in his suggestions, and he exhibited much energy and considerable tact in carrying out his objects in spite of the obstacles he encountered. He also knew *how* to observe, at least as a sailor, and he states well and clearly the process and results of his observation; but he scarcely knew *what* to observe, and certainly has not turned the rare advantages committed to him to all the account of which they would have been susceptible in the hands of a more literate traveller. Oh, that Dr. Robinson or Eli Smith had been of the party! Between their learning and deep studies in Palestine geography, and Lieutenant Lynch's practical energies, we might have had something far more worthy than the book before us of being set forth as the result of this most praiseworthy and liberal enterprise, which is in every way most creditable to the United States government, and contrasts advantageously with the unutterable meanness of our own government in all things of the sort. What is there in our position which places the inevitable mark of shabbiness, procrastination, and futility upon whatever our rulers do for the encouragement (!) of literature, art, and scientific investigation? Despotism powers act handsomely in such matters. So, as we now see, in this and other instances, can a republican government; quite as amenable as our own to the people for the employment of public money. Whence this unhappy *peculiarity*, for it is no less, of our position among the nations of the earth—with wealth more abundant—dominions more widely spread—and advantages far greater than any other nation ever possessed! We hope to look into this matter some day; but must now keep to our text.

Before proceeding to state the results which have been promised, we may give the reader some notion of the books before us. The second and smaller of them has been procured with difficulty; and the accounts which fell under our notice in American papers might have been sufficient to prevent the desire to see it; but it occurred to us that the different position and point of view of the writer would induce him to state some particulars which might throw light on the other account, or furnish some points of comparison with, or contrast to it. We are bound to say, that in this case there has been discreditable haste even in the authentic account by the commander of the expedition, in taking advantage of the public curiosity, without proportionate regard to the real advantage of the public and the interests of science, by the preparation of a well-digested account of the explorations. The writer actually apologizes for the manifest defects of his book on that very ground.

As soon as possible after our return I handed in my official report, and, at the same time, asked permission to publish a narrative or diary, of course embracing much, necessarily elicited by visiting such interesting scenes, that would be unfit for an official paper. To this application I was induced

by hearing of the proposed publication of a Narrative of the Expedition, said to be by a member of the party. The permission asked was granted by the Hon. J. G. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, with the remark—"I give this assent with the more pleasure, because I do not think that you should be anticipated by any other who had not the responsibility of the enterprise."

Feeling that what may be said on the subject had better be rendered imperfectly by myself than by another, I have been necessarily hurried; and the reader will decide whether the narrative which follows was elaborately prepared, or written "*currente calamo*."—Pp. v. vi.

It would, however, have been much better that it should not have been so written. The object was not adequate to justify the production of a very crude account—which this certainly is—of an expedition to which the public funds had been applied, and in the results of which all Christendom was interested. After all, the rival account was produced before the authentic statement appeared; and the object of haste being thus frustrated by a work which could satisfy no cultivated mind, more time might have been safely taken. Perhaps, indeed, our worthy sailor could not, with any amount of time, have produced a much better book; and we regret that he had not been advised to put his materials into hands better qualified than his own to do them justice. Dr. Robinson might have made something of them. The lesser book, however, appeared before the other, and was an obvious and gross attempt to forestall the market. On its appearance it was disavowed by Lieutenant Lynch; and from the explanations which passed on both sides in the American papers, but which do not appear in either of these volumes, it seems that Mr. Montague is an Englishman, who held a petty officer's berth on board the "*Supply*." He was left ill of the small-pox at Port Mahon on the outward passage, and saw nothing of the expedition from the 1st of February, 1848, two months before it landed in Syria, until it reëmbarked at Malta on the 12th September following. It is evident, therefore, that he has no responsibility save of literary execution for that part which relates to this long interval, and which, he alleges (but not in the book) was prepared from the diary of one of the men. His claim to any peculiar qualification for this task is not very clear, unless it be that he performed part of the outward voyage with those who afterwards formed the exploring party—and to which very common run he devotes no less than ninety pages. Again, he was with them for several weeks on the homeward voyage, and might have picked up by questioning the men all that he here states. But we believe, from internal evidence, that he had, as he states, the diary of one of the men for his guidance. There is, indeed, in the part Montague might have furnished for his own observations, the same vile taste, the same school-boy balderdash, and the same wretched forecastle slang as in the rest; but it is only afterwards that we encounter the peculiar American grow which pervades the rest of

the volume, and continually starts up in such delicious phrases as—"We Yankee boys flinch not; we fear neither the wandering Arab nor the withering influence of disease; we fear neither the heat of the sun nor the suffocating sirocco. We have determined souls, enduring constitutions, plenty of provisions, lots of ammunition, swords, bowie knife, pistols, Colt's revolvers, and a blunderbuss which is capable to scatter (*sic*) some fatal doses among any hostile tribe; we have officers as determined, cool, and brave as—ourselves (!); and for a commander, one of the best, most humane, thoughtful, and generous men in the world, who lacks nothing in the sense of 'bravery,' and the resolute 'go-a-head' spirit of a real, true-born American." Again—"We Yankee boys can perform wonders, and are not yet out of spirits." Again—"Such an accumulation of difficulties and disappointments are sufficient to cause any other than *Americans* to give up to despair." Again—"However, the true-born, undaunted American never flinches from his duty,"—and so on, "cock-a-doodle doo!" after the manner of Captain Ralph Stackpole, throughout. From this and other signs, we have no doubt that *this* account of the expedition was drawn from the notes of one of the American sailors (they were all picked native-born Americans) of the expedition; and though upon the whole a worthless, trashy book, one may pick up a notion or two out of it, seeing that it is at least real, when we are enabled to view the same object through the eyes of *both* the commander and of one of his men.

The larger and authoritative work will considerably disappoint expectation on the grounds at which we have already hinted. Notwithstanding the gallant author's disavowal of "author craft," the work has most visible signs of book-making. The information respecting the proceedings of the expedition is not advantageously exhibited, for wants of adequate information in the writer; and taking it as it is, it might, with great advantage, have been compressed within half the space over which it is spread; for there is much in the volume on common and exhausted topics and places before we come to the Jordan and after we leave the Dead Sea. It may also be added that the book is disfigured by much of a kind of uncouth and very commonplace sentimentality, which is fearfully out of keeping in the account of a scientific expedition. Perhaps, however, the very qualities which detract from the value of the work in the eyes of serious philosophers may help it much in the circulating libraries—and it is certainly a sufficiently readable book. In our esteem the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the engravings. These are from drawings by Lieutenant Dale, the second in command of the expedition, and who appears to have well merited the designation of a "skilful draughtsman," which is given to him. The interest of these lies in their representing subjects mostly new to the eyes of those who have been wearied with the five-hundredth repetition of the same scenes and objects. The views on the

Dead Sea are of special and remarkable interest, and the costume figures are also striking and suggestive, although with one or two exceptions very wretchedly engraved; and the effect of the Arabian figures is spoiled by the stiff cable ropes which are twined around the *koofeyehs*, or head-shawls, in place of the soft twists of wool or camels' hair of which this head-band is really composed. But the sketch-map of the whole course of the Jordan between the lakes of Tiberias and Asphaltites, with its rapids and innumerable bends, and that of the Dead Sea, through its whole extent and in its true shape and proportions, are both invaluable; and their production, without a word of letterpress, were well worth the whole cost and labor of the expedition.

The history of that expedition we may now state, before examining the results which it has realized.

After the surrender of Vera Cruz in May, 1847, when there was no more work for the United States' navy in these parts, Lieutenant Lynch applied to his government for leave to circumnavigate and thoroughly explore the Dead Sea. After some consideration, a favorable decision was given, and he was directed to make the requisite preparations. At the beginning of October the lieutenant was ordered to take the command of the store ship "Supply," formerly the "Crusader." This vessel was to be laden with stores for the squadron in the Mediterranean; and while preparing for this regular duty, the commander made the arrangements that appeared needful for the more special service. He had constructed, by special authority, two metallic boats, one of copper and the other of galvanized iron. These boats were so constructed as to be taken to pieces for convenience of transport across the land; but, as the taking the boats apart was a novel experiment, and might prove unsuccessful, two low trucks (or carriages without bodies) were provided, for the purpose of endeavoring to transport the boats entire from the Mediterranean to the Sea of Galilee. The trucks, when fitted, were taken apart, and compactly stowed in the hold, together with two sets of harness for horses. The boats, when complete, were hoisted in, and laid keel up on a frame prepared for them; and with arms, ammunition, instruments, tents, flags, sails, oars, preserved meats, cooking utensils, the preparations were complete. Nothing that could conduce to the safety or success of the expedition seems to have been overlooked. Air-tight gum-elastic water-bags were even procured, to be inflated when empty, for the purpose of serving as life-preservers to the crew, in case of the destruction of the boats. Great care was also taken in the selection of the crew intended for the special service. Ten "young, muscular, native-born Americans, of sober habits," were chosen, and from each of them was exacted a pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks. "To this stipulation," says the commander, "under Providence, is principally to be ascribed their final recovery from the extreme

prostration consequent on the severe privations and great exposure to which they were unavoidably subjected." Besides these few men, Lieutenant Dale and Midshipman Aulick were attached to the expedition; and the commander had with him his son, who took charge of the herbarium. Thus the party consisted in all of fourteen persons, to whom were subsequently added, as volunteers, Mr. Bedlow and Dr. Anderson, the former at Constantinople, and the latter at Beirut, where also an interpreter was acquired in the person of an intelligent native Syrian called Ameuny. We should like to know whether this was the person of the same name who, a few years back, studied in King's College, London. We feel almost sure that this is the same person; and, in that case, we know that he was qualified to render far greater services to the expedition than he has credit for on the face of the narrative.

The Supply sailed from New York on the 21st of November, 1847, and reached Smyrna on the 18th February, 1848. From Smyrna the officers of the expedition proceeded to Constantinople in the Austrian steamer, with the view of obtaining from the sultan, through the American minister, permission to pass through a part of his dominions in Syria, for the purpose of exploring the Dead Sea, and of tracing the Jordan to its source. The account of this journey occupies too much space; and even the writer of the lesser account, although avowedly remaining behind at Smyrna, treats us to an account of Constantinople, prepared, it would seem—like the other notices of places which he is fond of thrusting in—from those invaluable authorities, the geography books for the use of schools.

The commander had the honor of an audience of the young sultan, and manifests some disposition to plume himself upon the republican freedom of his demeanor. There is, we must say, much bad taste of this sort throughout the book. We are also indulged with some rather twaddling observations upon the character of the sultan, and the impending downfall of the Turkish empire. The latter is a subject on which we are sorely tempted to have our say too; but we will not at this time allow even Lieutenant Lynch to seduce us from our proper theme. The desired authorization was granted; and the sultan even appeared to manifest some interest in the undertaking, and requested to be informed of the results.

Thus armed with all necessary powers, the officers returned to Smyrna, rejoining the Supply, which sailed the next day (March 10) for the coast of Syria, and, after touching at Beirut and other places, came to anchor in the Bay of Acre, under Mount Carmel on the 28th.

The expedition men, with the stores, the tents, and the boats, having landed, an encampment was formed on the beach, and the Supply departed to deliver to the American squadron the stores with which it was charged, with orders to be back in time for the reëmbarkation of the exploring party. "With conflicting emotions," writes

Lieutenant Lynch, "we saw the Supply stand out to sea. Shall any of us live to tread again her clean familiar deck? What matters it! We are in the hands of God, and, fall early or fall late, we fall with his consent." There was certainly room for serious reflection. The fates of the unhappy Costigan, and more recently of Lieutenant Molyneux, both of whom perished of fever caught on the Dead Sea, were but too well calculated to damp the spirits of the adventurers. Even the thoughtless sailors felt its influence:—

We had been told, (it is stated in the Montague book,) that there never was an expedition planned to explore the Dead Sea which had prospered, some fatality, like the unerring dart of an eagle, had always pounced upon its brave fellows; they had been sick, and lingered but a short while, and had died in this unfriendly climate; or had been attacked by the bloodthirsty Arabs, plundered, and then murdered. These things had taken place so recently, that the murderer has scarce sheathed his sword—the smoke from his pistol has scarce died away in the atmosphere—the unerring spear has scarce stayed from its quivering—and the blood of the murdered has scarcely yet been dried up by the prevailing heat, or absorbed by the surrounding earth. But we Yankee boys, &c.

The first difficulty of a practical nature was how to get the boats across to the Sea of Tiberias. The copper boat, we should have noticed, was named Fanny Mason, and the other, Fanny Skinner—two very pretty and appropriate names for the navigation of the Sea of Death. The boats, mounted on the trucks, were laden with the stores and baggage of the party, and all was arranged most conveniently—only the horses could not be persuaded to draw. The harness was also found to be much too large for the small Syrian horses; and although they manifestly gloriied in the strange equipment, and they voluntarily performed sundry gay and fantastic movements, the operation of pulling was altogether aversive to their habits and inclination. What was to be done? Oxen might have been tried, and we have no doubt that they would have performed the task well; but they were all engaged in the labors of the field, it being now "the height of seed-time," (which must be a mistake for *harvest*,) and Lieutenant Lynch generously hesitated to withdraw them from that essential labor. He was thinking of taking the boats to pieces, though most reluctant to adopt that course, when the idea of trying whether camels might not be made to draw in harness crossed his mind. The experiment was tried; and all hearts throbbed with gratitude as the huge animals, three to each, marched off with the trucks, the boats upon them, with perfect ease. It was a novel sight, witnessed by an eager crowd of the natives, to whom the successful result disclosed an unknown accomplishment in the patient and powerful animal, which they had before thought fit only to plod along with a heavy load upon his back.

This difficulty, and some others, thrown in their way by the Governor of Acre, being removed,

the party at length set forth from the coast on the 4th of April. They were accompanied by "a fine old man, an Arab nobleman, called Sherif Hazza of Mecca, the thirty-third lineal descendant of the prophet." As he appeared to be highly venerated by the Arabs, Lieutenant Lynch thought it would be a good measure to induce him to join the party; and he was prevailed upon to do so with less difficulty than had been anticipated. Another addition to the party was made next day in the person of a Bedouin sheikh of the name of Akil, with ten well-armed Arabs. This person, described as a powerful border sheikh, had become known to them at Acre, and on now visiting him at his village of Abelin, he was induced to attend the expedition "with ten spears," which, with the sheikh and sherif, and the servants of the latter, made fifteen Arabs in all. The exploring party itself amounted to sixteen, with the interpreter and cook; so that altogether, with the Arabs gallantly mounted, with their long tufted spears, the mounted seamen in single file, the laden camels, and the metal boats, with flags flying, mounted on carriages drawn by huge camels, the party presented rather an imposing aspect. "It looked," says the commander, proudly, "like a triumphal march."

Some difficulty was experienced in getting the boats over the broken and rocky upper country, the roads being no better than mule tracks; but by breaking off a crag here, and filling up a hollow there, and by sometimes abandoning the road altogether, difficulties were overpassed, and the whole equipage reached the brink of the slopes overlooking the basin of the Galilee lake. How to get them down into the water was still some question.

Took all hands up the mountain to get the boats down. Many times we thought that, like the herd of swine, they would rush precipitately into the sea. Every one did his best, and at length success crowned our efforts. With their flags flying we carried them triumphantly beyond the walls [of Tiberias] uninjured, and amid a crowd of spectators, launched them upon the blue waters of the sea of Galilee—the Arabs singing, clapping their hands to the time, and crying for *backshish*—but we neither shouted nor cheered. From Christian lips it would have sounded like profanation. A look upon that consecrated lake ever brought to remembrance the words, "Peace, be still!" which not only repressed all noisy exhibition, but soothed for a time all worldly care. Buoyantly floated the two "Fannies," bearing the stars and stripes—the noblest flag of freedom now waving in the world. Since the time of Josephus and the Romans no vessel of any size has sailed upon this sea; and for many, many years but a solitary keel has furrowed its surface.—P. 162.

This "solitary keel" is, it appears, the same that the party bought for six pounds, and put in repair to relieve the other boats in transporting the baggage. It was called "Uncle Sam;" and on the 10th of April the boats were pushed off from the shelving beach, and sought the outlet of the Jordan; Uncle Sam, rowed by Arabs, being preceded by his two fair daughters—Fanny Mason leading the way, closely followed by Fanny Skinner; the

allied Bedouins, with the cattle, proceeding along the shore, under the command of Lieutenant Dale. The real business of the expedition here commenced, and aware of this, the commander made a division of labor, assigning to each officer and volunteer his appropriate duty. Mr. Dale was to make topographical sketches of the country; Dr. Anderson was to make geological observations and collect specimens; Mr. Bedlow was to note the aspect of the country on the land route and the incidents that occurred on the march; Mr. F. Lynch was to collect plants and flowers for the herbarium; to Mr. Aulick, who had charge of the Fanny Skinner, was assigned the topographical sketch of the river and its shores; and Lieutenant Lynch himself, in the Fanny Mason, undertook to take notes of the course, rapidity, color, and depth of the river and its tributaries, the nature of its banks, and of the country through which it flowed—the vegetable productions, and the birds and animals which might be seen, and also to keep a journal of events.

The descent of the river occupied above a week, as the bathing-place of the pilgrims, somewhat above the Dead Sea, was not reached until the night of the 17th. During this time the water party had generally, in the evening, joined the land party on the shore, and remained encamped until the morning. But little information concerning the river could be obtained at Tiberias, and it was therefore with considerable consternation that the course of the Jordan was soon found to be interrupted by frequent and most fearful rapids. Thus, to proceed at all, it often became necessary to plunge with headlong velocity down the most appalling descents. So great were the difficulties, that on the second evening the boats were not more than twelve miles in direct distance from Tiberias. On the third morning it became necessary to abandon poor Uncle Sam, from its shattered condition. It was seen that no other kind of boats in the world, but such as those which had been brought from America, combining great strength with buoyancy, could have sustained the shocks they encountered. The boats were indeed sorely bruised, but not materially injured, and a few hours sufficed to repair all damages.

The immense difference between the levels of the Lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea—the latter having been, by the best observations hitherto obtained, ascertained to be no less than 984 feet lower than the former—had recently been called in question both by Dr. Robinson and Carl Ritter. In the "Bibliotheca Sacra" for August, 1848, Dr. Robinson has a statement on the subject, which may be thus summed up:—

The result of the survey made by Lieutenant Symonds of the royal engineers gives 1311·9 feet for the depression of the Dead Sea, and 328 for that of the Lake of Tiberias below the sea-level of the Mediterranean. Seeing that the distance between the two lakes does not exceed one degree, this would give to the river Jordan, which passes from the one to the other, a descent of 16·4 feet per mile. Of several rapid rivers, whose course is stated, the lower part of the Orontes, "roaring over

its rocky bed," and unnavigable, and the Missouri at the Great Falls, are the only ones whose rapidity of descent can compare with this. "But the Jordan, so far as known, has neither cataracts nor rapids, and its flow, though swift, is silent. Yet, of the 984 feet of its descent in 60 geographical miles, there is room for three cataracts, each equal in descent to Niagara; and there would still be left to the river an average fall equal to the swiftest portion of the Rhine, including the cataract of Schaffhausen." On these grounds Dr. Robinson hinted there might probably be some error in the calculation, affecting the results. We must admit there was ample ground for the doubt thus expressed, and which the great Prussian geographer declared that he shared—but seeing that a few weeks were destined signally to subvert the whole reasoning, and the doubt that rested on it, there is a striking resemblance between this and Mr. Cobden's famous declaration respecting the unchangeable peacefulness of Europe. The great secret of this depression is solved by our explorers on the basis of the very facts whose non-existence Dr. Robinson too hastily assumed. First, there are rapids. The boats plunged down no less than twenty-seven very threatening ones, besides a great number of lesser magnitude; and then, although the direct distance between the two lakes does not exceed sixty miles, yet the distance actually traversed by the stream in its course—found to be exceedingly tortuous—is at least 200 miles, reducing the average fall to not more than six feet in each mile, which the numerous rapids in that distance render very comprehensible. Thus the great depression of the Dead Sea below the Lake of Tiberias is established both by scientific calculation and by actual observation—by two independent lines of proof, which support and corroborate each other.

The larger narrative traces, with great and proper minuteness, the changing aspects and circumstances of the river at the successive stages of progress. These details are so numerous and so various that it is difficult to generalize them. We are, therefore, glad that Montague's sailor, in his more general and less responsible view, supplies a few lines, which, corroborated as they are by the commander, will serve our purpose well. He says—

The banks of the Jordan are beautifully studded with vegetation. The cultivation of the ground is not so extensive as it might be, and as it would be, if the crops were secured to the cultivator from the desperadoes who scour the region. The waters of the Jordan are clear and transparent, except in the immediate vicinity of the rapids and falls. It is well calculated for fertilizing the valleys of its course. There are often plenty of fish seen in its deep and shady course; but we see no trace of the lions and bears which once inhabited its thickets: now and then are to be seen footsteps of the wild boar, which sometimes visits the neighborhood.

The wide and deeply-depressed plain through which the river flows, is generally barren, treeless, and verdureless; and the mountains, or

rather, the cliffs and slopes of the risen uplands, present, for the most part, a wild and cheerless aspect. The verdure—such as it is—may only be sought on and near the lower valley or immediate channel of the Jordan. No one statement can apply to the scenery of its entire course; but the following picture, which refers to nearly the central part of the river's course, some distance below Wady Adjlun, is a good specimen of the kind of scenery which the passage of the river offers. It is also a very fair example of the style in which Lieutenant Lynch works up the passages he wishes to be most effective:—

The character of the whole scene of this dreary waste was singularly wild and impressive. Looking out upon the desert, bright with reverberated light and heat, was like beholding a conflagration from a window at twilight. Each detail of the strange and solemn scene could be examined as through a lens.

The mountains towards the west rose up like islands from the sea, with the billows heaving at their bases. The rough peaks caught the slanting sunlight, while sharp black shadows marked the sides turned from the rays. Deep-rooted in the plain, the bases of the mountains heaved the garment of the earth away, and rose abruptly in naked pyramidal crags, each scar and fissure as palpably distinct as though within reach, and yet we were hours away; the laminations of their strata resembling the leaves of some gigantic volume, wherein is written, by the hand of God, the history of the changes he has wrought.

Toward the south, the ridges and higher masses of the range, as they swept away in the distance, were aerial and faint, and softened into dimness by a pale transparent mist.

The plain that sloped away from the bases of the hills was broken into ridges and multitudinous cone-like mounds, resembling tumultuous water at "the meeting of two adverse tides;" and presented a wild and checkered tract of land, with spots of vegetation flourishing upon the frontiers of irreclaimable sterility.

A low, pale, and yellow ridge of conical hills marked the termination of the higher terrace, beneath which swept gently this lower plain with a similar undulating surface, half-redeemed from barrenness by sparse verdure and thistle-covered hillocks.

Still lower was the valley of the Jordan—the sacred river!—its banks fringed with perpetual verdure; winding in a thousand graceful mazes; the pathway cheered with songs of birds, and its own clear voice of gushing minstrelsy; its course a bright line in this cheerless waste. Yet beautiful as it is, it is only rendered so by contrast with the harsh, calcined earth around.—Pp. 232, 233.

Of the manner in which the rapids were passed, the following passage will afford an adequate notice:—

At 10. 15 A. M., cast off and shot down the first rapid, and stopped to examine more closely a desperate looking cascade of eleven feet. In the middle of the channel was a shout at an angle of about sixty degrees, with a bold, bluff, threatening rock at its foot, exactly in the passage. It would therefore be necessary to turn almost at a sharp angle in descending, to avoid being dashed in pieces. This

rock was on the outer edge of the whirlpool, which a caldron of foam swept round and round in circling eddies. Yet below were two fierce rapids, each about 150 yards in length, with the points of black rocks peering above the white and agitated surface. Below them, again, within a mile, were two other rapids—longer, but more shelving, and less difficult.

Fortunately a large bush was growing upon the left bank, about five feet up where the rush of the water from above had formed a kind of promontory. By swimming across some distance up the stream, one of the men had carried over the end of a rope, and made it fast around the roots of the bush. The great doubt was whether the hold of the roots would be sufficient to withstand the strain, but there was no alternative. In order not to risk the men, I employed some of the most vigorous Arabs in the camp to swim by the side of the boats, and guide them if possible clear of danger. Landing the men, therefore, and tracking the Fanny Mason up stream, we shot her across; and gathering in the slack of the rope, let her drop to the brink of the cascade, where she fairly trembled and bent in the fierce strength of the sweeping current. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The sailors had now clambered along the banks, and stood at intervals below, ready to assist us if thrown from the boat and swept towards them. One man with me in the boat stood by the line; a number of Arabs were upon the rocks and in the foaming water, gesticulating wildly, their shouts mingling with the roaring of the boisterous rapids, and their dusky forms contrasting strangely with the effervescing flood, and five on each side, in the water, were clinging to the boat, ready to guide her clear of the threatening rock if possible.

The Fanny Mason, in the mean while, swayed from side to side of the mad torrent like a frightened bird, straining the line which held her. Watching the moment when her bows were in the right direction, I gave the signal to let go the rope. There was a rush—a plunge—an upward leap, and the rock was cleared—the pool was passed! and half full of water, with breathless velocity, we were swept safely down the rapids. Such screaming and shouting! The Arabs seemed to exult more than ourselves. It was in seeming only. They were glad—we were grateful. Two of the Arabs lost their hold, and were carried far below us, but were rescued with a slight injury to one of them.—Pp. 189, 190.

The following, which is one of the best descriptions, has reference to an earlier portion of the river's course, about one third from the lake of Tiberias:—

For hours in their swift descent the boats floated down in silence—the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches were spread upon the stream like tresses, and creeping mosses and clamoring weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own will, darting through the arched vistas, and shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals. There was little variety in the scenery of the river; to-day the streams

sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, at other times meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque—the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging foliage and glimpse of the mountains far over the plain, and here and there a gurgling rivulet pouring its tribute of crystal water into the now muddy Jordan; the western shore was peculiar from the high calcareous limestone hills which form a barrier to the stream when swollen by the efflux of the Sea of Galilee during the winter and early spring; while the left and eastern bank was low and fringed with tamarisk and willow, and occasionally a thicket of lofty cane, and tangled masses of shrubs and creeping plants, gave it the appearance of a jungle. At one place we saw the fresh track of a tiger [leopard?] on the low clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time, as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a savage grunt, and dashed into the thicket; but for some moments we tracked his pathway by the shaking cane, and the crashing sound of broken branches.

The birds were numerous; and at times, when we issued from the shadow and silence of a narrow and verdure-tinted part of the stream into an open bend where the rapids rattled and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wilderness song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow, like a sudden transition from the cold, dull-lighted hall, where gentlemen hang their hats, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings and the dance goes on.—Pp. 212, 213.

The passage of the river was accomplished without any real opposition from the neighboring Arabs—all hostile demonstration being apparently held in check by the manifest strength of the party. Some friendly intercourse, indeed, took place at different points. We observe generally that the explorers, with their minds preoccupied with ideas of North American Indians, greatly under-rate the position, character, and knowledge of the Arabs. Indeed, they are plainly called "savages;" but they are not savages, unless the patriarchal fathers of Scripture history were savages, which no one ever thought. This misapprehension of the Arabs is, of course, exhibited in a still more exaggerated form in the narrative of Montagne's sailor, whose less cultivated perceptions are still more obtuse. He ventures to say in one place that the Arabs wondered how the boats could walk the waters without legs!

All this that relates to the Jordan is new, valuable, and important. It is the real, great work of the expedition. We absolutely knew next to nothing about the river between the two lakes before, except just below where it leaves the upper lake, and just above where it enters the lower; but here the whole river is set forth before us, and all the mysteries connected with its course are completely solved. For this, the commander is well entitled to the gold medal by the Royal Geographical Society, which we should hope will be awarded to him. In the Dead Sea, the additions to our knowledge are less striking and important. The lake had been viewed at nearly all points by differ-

ent travellers; the comparison of whose statements furnished a sufficiently correct idea of the figure and directions of the lake, and of the peculiar phenomena which it offers. In most respects, therefore, the business here was not to discover anything new, but to verify previous accounts; and, in most respects, all the accounts given by the best of former travellers—especially such as subvert the old traditions of the lake—are abundantly confirmed, and settled beyond all further doubt or question. In fact, the navigation of the lake in boats is not a new thing—it having been previously done by an Irishman, Costigan, and more recently by an Englishman, Lieut. Molyneux, of H. M. S. *Spartan*. Indeed, the latter officer had also performed the same passage down the Jordan; and had he lived to impart to the public the fruit of his observations, the interest of the present expedition would have been forestalled, and its facts anticipated at all points. It is to the credit of Lieut. Lynch that he manifests a full consciousness of the claims of his predecessors. He even gives the name of Point Costigan to one of the points of the peninsula, towards the south of the Dead Sea, and of Point Molyneux to the other; and it is certainly not the least of our obligations to these officers, that their prior claims, in all probability, prevented these spots from being ornamented with the names of Fanny Mason and Fanny Skinner, if not of Uncle Sam. It is bad enough as it is, to see an ancient and a sacred soil thus desecrated with any modern and Frankish names. Dr. Robinson would have ascertained the native names of those places; and our explorers might, if they had chosen, have done the same, by the aid of so accomplished and excellent an interpreter as Mr. Ameuny. We hope this sort of folly will end here. It is quite enough that the geographical nomenclature of half the world is ruined by this frightful bad taste, without the sacred land itself being exposed to the same deep abasement.

The expedition spent no less than twenty-two nights upon the lake. During this time the whole circuit of it was made, including the back-water at the southern extremity, which had never before been explored in boats. Every object of interest upon the banks was examined; and the lake was crossed and recrossed in a zigzag direction through its whole extent, for the purpose of sounding. The figure of the lake, as laid down in the sketch-map, is somewhat different from that usually given to it. The breadth is more uniform throughout; it is less narrowed at the northern extremity, and less widened on approaching the peninsula in the south. In its general dimensions it is longer, but is not so wide as usually represented. Its length by the map is forty miles, by an average breadth of about nine miles. The observations and facts, from day to day, are recorded in Lieut. Lynch's book; and it is by reading them that the reader must realize the impressions which the survey is designed to produce, for the author does not take the trouble to combine his results in one clear and connected statement; indeed, the want of these

occasional generalizations of details, which the reader of such a work is entitled to expect, and which, it might be thought, might have been easily given as a general retrospect of the whole, is the great defect of the book. Dr. Robinson, in his really great work on Palestine, after giving the details of his explorations, pauses on every vantage-ground to survey the scene, and to state the general effect and character of the whole. But nothing of the kind is attempted by our author, who seems to have been either ignorant of this necessity, or to have lacked the skill to supply it. The sea-custom of keeping an account of minute particulars and observations from day to day in the log-book, tends to create a habit of correctly observing and registering small details, but is perhaps unfavorable to the formation or cultivation of the faculty of generalization. On the other hand, there are men who can only

See things in the gross,
Being much too gross to see them in detail.

One of this sort is Montague's sailor, who, being incapable of following the observations of his commander, and being, as it seems, only partially acquainted with other than the most obvious results, states general impressions rather than particulars; and we are not sure but that in this way he renders to the common reader the general effect of the whole much more effectively than his commander, whose account alone is, however, here of any scientific value. It has seemed to us, indeed, that this part of Montague's book is better done than any other. He here makes a most distinct impression, and, but for the egregious blunders into which he falls whenever stating what men know from *reading*, we might suppose that in this portion of the work he had access to better information than in other parts. This writer does not lack power of observation; and his errors are mostly in those allusions to "things in general," in which only a man possessed of assured knowledge from reading and study, can be always correct. We are not sure that the blunders made in allusions of this sort—which are as plenty as blackberries—and the disgust one feels at the vile slang which turns up every now and then, tends to create an under-estimate of the truthfulness of many observations on matters that fall within the fair scope of an intelligent seaman's knowledge.

The only passage in which Lieutenant Lynch attempts to furnish us with something like the result of his exploration is this:—

We have carefully sounded the sea, determined its geographical position, taken the exact topography of its shores, ascertained the temperature, width, depth, and velocity of its tributaries, collected specimens of every kind, and noted the winds, currents, changes of the weather, and all atmospheric phenomena. These, with a faithful narrative of events, will give a correct idea of this wonderful body of water as it appeared to us.

From the summit of these cliffs, in a line a little north of west, about sixteen miles distant, is Hebron, a short distance from which Dr. Robinson found

the dividing ridge between the Mediterranean and this sea. From Beni Na'im, the reputed tomb of Lot, upon that ridge, it is supposed that Abraham looked "toward all the land of the plain," and beheld the smoke "as the smoke of a furnace." The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and "*overwhelmed*" by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the last averaging thirteen, the former about *thirteen hundred* feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which again seems to correspond with the Wady el-Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea.

Between the Jabok and this sea, we unexpectedly found a sudden break-down in the bed of the Jordan. If there be a similar break in the water-courses to the south of the sea, accompanied with like volcanic characters, there can scarce be a doubt that the whole Ghor has sunk from some extraordinary convulsion, preceded, most probably, by an eruption of fire, and a general conflagration of the bitumen which abounded in the plain. I shall ever regret that we were not authorized to explore the southern Ghor to the Red Sea.

All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first, the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been so deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous, limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet, while on both sides of the southern portion the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too—as reference to the map will show—have a southward inclination near their outlets; that of Zerka Main or Callirohoe especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument which has been based on this supposition would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities, without regard to angular inclination. The Yermak flows into the Jordan at a right angle, and the Jabok with an acute one to its descending course.

There are many other things tending to the same conclusion; among them the isolation of the mountain of Usdum; its difference of contour and of range, and its consisting entirely of a volcanic product.

But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical, and another, I believe, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of would-be-unbelievers.—Pp. 378-380.

As we have chosen a way of our own in which to state some of the other results of this explora-

tion, we must hasten to complete the historical notice of its incidents, by stating, that before quitting the shores of the Dead Sea, the party made an excursion to Kerak, with the view principally of affording the men an intermediate refreshment from the close atmosphere of the lake. Here there are about 1000 Christians kept in most oppressive subjection by about one third of the number of Moslem Arabs, who live mostly in tents outside the town. They have commenced building a church in the hope of keeping all together, and as a safe place of refuge for their wives and children in times of trouble; but the locusts and the sirocco have for the last seven years blasted the fields, and nearly all spared by these distractions has been swept away by the Arabs. They furnished the party with the subjoined appeal to the Christians in America, and which deserves to be known in this country.

By God's favor!

May it, God willing, reach America, and be presented to our Christian brothers, whose happiness may the Almighty God preserve! Amen.

8642.

BEDUAH.

We are in Kerak, a few very poor Christians, and are building a church.

We beg your excellency to help us in this undertaking, for we are very weak.

The land has been unproductive, and visited by the locust for the last seven years.

The church is delayed in not being accomplished for want of funds, for we are a few Christians surrounded by Muslims.

This being all that is necessary to write to you, Christian brothers of America, we need say no more.

The trustees in your bounty.

ABD' ALLAH EN NAHAS, Sheikh.

YÂKÔB EN NAHAS, Sheikh's brother.

Kerak, *Jânnad Awâh*, 1264.

These poor people behaved very well, as they always do, to our travellers; but from the Arabs of Kerak they were, on their return, threatened with much danger—with greater danger, indeed, than had previously been known. But this and all dangers passed, and the survey of the lake being soon after completed, the boats, no longer needed, were taken to pieces, and sent, with two camels' loads of specimens, to Jerusalem, whither the party itself followed by the route of Santa Saba. After some stay there they crossed the country to Jaffa. Nor was this without object or labor, a line of levels having to be carried, with the spirit level of the most recent and improved construction, (Troughton's,) from the chasm of the Dead Sea, through the desert of Jordan, "over precipices and mountain ridges, and down and across yawning ravines, and for much of the time under a scorching sun." The merit of this operation is assigned to Lieutenant Dale. The results are not stated, but are said to be confirmatory of the skill and extraordinary accuracy of the triangulation of Lieutenant Symonds.

At Acre the party divided, one portion proceeding in a Turkish brig to Beirut, and the other re-

turning across the country to Tiberias, by way of Nazareth. The object being from hence to follow the Upper Jordan to its source, our interest in the special objects of the expedition is revived. This part of the business is, however, passed but lightly over, there being no very new or very adventurous work to execute, and, as it seems to us, the officers being but ill-informed as to the points which in this part specially demanded attention.

In his way up the shore of the lake of Galilee, Lieutenant Lynch very modestly expresses an opinion in favor of Tell Hum as the probable site of Capernaum, in preference to Dr. Robinson's Khan Minryeh; and his return to the old ways we hail as a proof of his sound judgment. In respect of Bethsaida he is less fortunate, confounding the north-east Bethsaida with the western Bethsaida, as the city of Andrew and Peter. But mistakes of this sort swarm throughout the work. The chances being only a degree or two less in this work than in Montague's that we encounter a blunder in connection with every proper name that turns up.* Between the two lakes the river hastens—a rapid and foaming stream, between a thick border of willows, oleanders, and ghurrah. Of the lake Huleh nothing is added to our previous information, indeed, scarcely anything is said; and we are quite distressed to say that the commander does not seem to have been at all aware that it was an object of interest to ascertain whether the river from Hasbeiya, which, as the remoter source, must be regarded as the true Jordan, unites with the river from Baniyas before it enters the lake Huleh, or else reaches it as a separate and parallel stream. Not a word is said on this point, and there is no map or plan that might indicate the view taken of the matter.

The sources of the Jordan have been so often visited, and are so well known, that we could hardly expect much that is new on the subject. We certainly do not find anything that was not previously well known. Upon the whole, this exploration of the Upper Jordan is a failure altogether. But this is excusable from the unbent attention of men whose energies had of late been greatly overtasked, and who regarded the great objects of their undertaking as already accomplished.

The party proceeded to Damascus, and returned by way of Baalbek to Beirut. It was with dis-

may that it was found the Supply had not, according to appointment, arrived there to receive them—the rather as Mr. Dale and some of the men became sick, and needed medical assistance. In a few days, however, they all recovered except that able officer, who, after lingering a few weeks, died of the same low nervous fever which had carried off Costigan and Molyneux—the former explorers of the Dead Sea. He died at a village twelve miles up the Lebanon, to which he had withdrawn, in the hope of being invigorated by the mountain air. The afflicted commander, determined to take the body home, if possible, immediately started with it to Beirut. "It was a slow, dreary ride, down the rugged mountain by twilight. As I followed the body of my late companion, accompanied only by worthy Arabs, and thought of his young and helpless children, I could scarce repress the wish that I had been taken and he been spared." The body was, however, not taken home, but was deposited, "amid unhidden tears and stifled sobs," in the Frank cemetery at Beirut.

There is much reason to apprehend that the report of the results of this expedition has suffered much from the loss of this accomplished officer. We see from a paper by Dr. Robinson in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, for November, 1848, that he anticipated this would be the case. He states—

Lieutenant Dale had reached the age of thirty-five; he was a man of fine appearance and elegant manners, and was selected by Lieutenant Lynch to be his companion because of his experience in the exploring expedition under Captain Wilkes, and as an engineer, first in connection with the coast survey, and afterwards in Florida. His loss will doubtless be greatly felt in making up the report of the expedition, the end of which he was permitted to behold, but not to participate its fruits, nor to enjoy its rewards.

We grieve to add, from the preface of the volume before us—"His wife has since followed him to the grave; but in his name he has left a rich inheritance to his children." These are sad words, when we recollect the shortness of the interval between the return of the expedition and the appearance of this statement.

About a week after, being a full month after the return to Beirut, the party embarked on board a French brig for Malta, being tired of waiting longer for the Supply. At Malta they were joined by that vessel on the 12th September, and reëmbarking in her, sped homeward, reaching New York early in December, after an absence of something above one year.

Having thus traced the course of the expedition, we must return to offer the reader some remarks upon the Dead Sea, in connection with those researches concerning it which this American expedition may be regarded as having consummated.

The name of "Dead Sea" is not known in Scripture, in which it is mentioned by the various names of the East Sea, the Sea of Sodom, the Sea of the Desert, and the Salt Sea. In Jose-

* We note a few specimens. It is "Collingwood," and not Jervis, who is described as breaking the enemy's line at Cape St. Vincent. The prophet "Isaiah," and not Elijah, as resting under the juniper-tree in the wilderness. Keland is throughout "Reyland." "The Arab has no name for wine, the original Arabic word for which is now applied to coffee!" The truth being, that one of many Arabic words for wine is so applied. "J. Robinson, D. D., of New York," for E. Robinson, D. D. "The Chinese Kotan" for "Kotou," "Almeidan" for "Atmaidan." "We saw the river Cayster (*modern Meander*!)" "Acre derived its name from the church of St. Jean d'Acre." "Saul and his three sons threw themselves upon their swords." "Near the palace of Beschiktasche on the Bosphorus stood the column of Simeon and Daniel Stylites, two saintly fools, who spent most of their lives upon its summit." Simeon was never near the Bosphorus. But enough of this.

phus and the classical writers, it is known by the name of the Lake of Asphaltites, from the great quantities of bitumen it produced. Its current name doubtless originated in the belief that no living thing could subsist in its waters. In the incidental allusions to it in the Old Testament—for it is not named in the New—there is nothing to suggest a foundation for the statements which have since been disproved; and all recent research confirms the scriptural intimations. We no sooner, however, get out of the Bible into the Apocrypha, than we are in the region of exaggeration and tradition. The author of the Wisdom of Solomon, speaking of the cities of the plain, says—"Of whose wickedness even to this day the waste land that smoketh is a testimony, and plants bearing fruits that never come to ripeness; and a standing pillar of salt is a monument of an unbelieving soul."—x. 7. Here are three points—smoke rising from the lake; plants whose fruits will not ripen in this atmosphere; and the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned.

Now it must be confessed that this smoke was a very suitable incident for the imagination to rest upon. It was in keeping. It agreed with the doom in which at least the southern gulf of the lake originated, and suggested that the fires then kindled, and by which the guilty cities were consumed, still smouldered in the depths or upon the shores of the Asphaltic Lake. This smoke, however, turns out to be no other than the dense mist from the active evaporation going on upon the surface, which often overhangs the lake in the morning, and is only dissipated as the sun waxes hot. This is frequently mentioned by our expeditionists. It is seen not exclusively in the morning:—

At one time to-day the sea assumed an aspect peculiarly sombre. Unstirred by the wind, it lay smooth and unruffled as an inland lake. The great evaporation enclosed it in a thin transparent vapor, its purple tinge contrasting strongly with the extraordinary color of the sea beneath, and where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast caldron of metal, fused but motionless.—P. 324.

The idea of fire, which is connected with that of smoke, may in part also have originated in the intensely phosphorescent character of these heavy waters by night. We are not certain that this has been noticed by any other than the present travellers.

The surface of the sea (says Lieutenant Lynch) was one wide sheet of phosphorescent foam, and the waves, as they broke upon the shore, threw a sepulchral light upon the dead bushes and scattered fragments of rock.

Then there are the fruits which will not ripen. It is evident that there are many plants to which the saline exhalations and intense heat of the deep basin of the Dead Sea must be uncongenial, and which will therefore scarcely bring forth fruit to

perfection; but there are others with which these conditions agree well, and which will there yield their fruits. There is not much evidence on this subject to be found in travellers, who have seldom been there in the season of fruit. But our expeditionists found diverse kinds of plants and shrubs in vigorous blossom, and which might therefore be expected to yield their fruits in due season. However, the general character of the shores is dismal, from the general absence of vegetation except at particular spots; and it must be admitted that the exhalations and saline deposits are as unfriendly to vegetable life as the waters are to animal existence.

We suspect, however, that the writer of Wisdom, had in view those same famous apples of Sodom, of which Josephus speaks as of a peculiar product of the shores of this lake. "These fruits," says Josephus, "have a color as if they were fit to be eaten; but if you pluck them with your hands, they dissolve into smoke and ashes." So Tacitus: "The herbage may spring up, and the trees may put forth their blossoms, they may even attain the usual appearance of maturity, but with this florid outside, all within turns black, and moulders into dust." This plant has of course been much sought after by travellers. Haeselquist and others thought it the fruit of the *Solanum melongena*, or egg-plant, which is abundant in this quarter, but which only exhibits the required characteristics when attacked by insects. But since Seetzen and Irby and Mangles, there has been no question that the renowned "Apple of Sodom" is no other than the *Osher* of the Arabs, the *Asclepias procerca* of the early writers, but now forming part of the genus *Callotropis*. Dr. Robinson gives a good account of it; and our expeditionists add nothing to the information already possessed concerning it. The plant is a perennial, specimens of which have been found from ten to fifteen feet high, and seven or eight feet in girth. It is a gray, cork-like bark, with long oval leaves. The fruit resembles a large smooth apple or orange, and when ripe is of a yellow color. It is even fair to the eye, and soft to the touch, but when pressed, it explodes with a puff, leaving in the hand only the shreds of the rind and a few fibres. It is indeed chiefly filled with air like a bladder, which gives it the round form, while in the centre is a pod containing a quantity of fine silk with seeds. When green, the fruit, like the leaves and the bark, affords, when cut or broken, a viscous, white milky fluid, called by the Arabs *Osher-milk*, (*Leben-oshier*), and regarded by them as a cure for barrenness. This plant, however, which from being in Palestine found only on the shores of the Dead Sea, was locally regarded as being the special and characteristic product of that lake, is produced also in Nubia, Arabia, and Persia; which at once breaks up this one of the mysteries of the Dead Sea. It is no doubt found on those shores from the climate being here warmer, and therefore more congenial to it than in any other part of Palestine.

As to the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned, the existence of which has been recorded by many traditions, and of which so many travellers have heard vague reports from the natives; it is one of the most remarkable discoveries of our Expedition, that a pillar of salt does exist, which is, without doubt, that to which the native reports refer, and which, or one like which, may have formed the basis of the old traditions. That this pillar, or any like it, is or was that into which Lot's wife was turned, is another question, which it is not needful here to discuss. The word rendered "a pillar," denotes generally any fixed object; and that rendered "salt," denotes also bitumen; and the plain significancy of the text would therefore seem to be, that she was slain by the fire and smoke, and sulphureous vapor; and her body being pervaded and enveloped by the bituminous and saline particles, lay there a stiffened and shapeless mass. The text appears to mean no more; but whether this mass may not have formed the nucleus of a mound, or even of a pillar of the same substance, forming as it were the unhonored grave of this unbelieving woman, is a question we are not called upon to consider. If the text required us to understand literally "a pillar of salt," we should know that it existed, and should think it likely that it exists still, and the question would be whether this, which our travellers have found, is that pillar or not. We should probably think not; for although its place is in what must have been the general locality of this visitation, yet if Zoar, to which the fugitives were escaping, has been correctly identified (as we doubt not) in Zuweirah, it is difficult to find *this* place for the pillar, upon the route thereto, from any spot which Sodom can be supposed to have occupied. Besides this pillar is upon a hill, whereas the visitation evidently befell Lot's wife in the plain. The following is the account of it which Lieut. Lynch gives:—

To our astonishment, we saw, on the eastern side of Usdum, one third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud, encrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments, and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slowly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone color. Its peculiar shape is attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us, in vague terms, that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea, but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance on them.

Not a word is here said respecting the connection of this pillar with Lot's wife; but in a note it is pointed out that "a similar pillar is mentioned by Josephus, who expresses his belief of its being the identical one into which Lot's wife had been transformed." This is cautious and judicious. Montague's sailor, however, to whom this sort of thing was specially suited, speaks with less reserve; and we remember that this portion of his book had a run through the press in the United States, having been communicated by the publishers before the work appeared. It was well chosen for the purpose of exciting the curiosity of the public for the disclosures the book was to contain. After a somewhat bald description of the pillar, the writer proceeds, and informs us that it was sixty feet high and forty feet in circumference. He then goes on:—

We cannot suppose that Lot's wife was a person so large that her dimensions equalled that of the column. Many think that the statue of Lot's wife was equal to the pillar of salt which the Bible speaks of, let that pillar be whatever it may, and whatever its size. They will not probably credit that this is the pillar; their preconceived notions have much to do with the matter; and they would have everybody—Americans and Syrians alike—think she was at once transformed into a column of very fine grained, beautifully *white* salt, about five feet or a few inches in height, and in circumference that of a middle-aged woman of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, no two minds have, perhaps, formed exactly the same opinion on this matter who have not visited the spot. But here we are, around this immense column, and we find that it is really of solid rock-salt, one mass of crystallization. It is in the vicinity which is pointed out in the Bible in relation to the matter in question, and it appears to be the only one of its kind here; and the Arabs of the district, to [by] whom this pillar is pointed out as being that of Lot's wife, [must believe this to be] the identical pillar of salt to which the Bible has reference; the tradition having been handed down from each succeeding generation to their children, as the Americans will hand down to succeeding generations the tradition of Bunker's Hill Monument in Boston. My own opinion on the matter is, that Lot's wife having lingered behind, in disobedience to God's express command, given in order to ensure her safety; that, while so lingering, she became overwhelmed in the descending fluid, and formed the model or foundation for this extraordinary column. If it be produced by common, by natural causes, it is but right to suppose that others might be found of a similar description. One is scarcely able to abandon the idea that it stands here as a lasting memorial of God's punishing a most deliberate act of disobedience, committed at a time when he was about to show distinguishing regard for the very person.—Pp. 201 202.

We were almost prepared to expect that this writer would shine among those who profess to have seen below the waters the ruins of the submerged cities. Even he, however, does not go to this extent; but, instead, he treats us with a very elaborate picture of the great scene of their destruction, all the outlines of which are amusingly

filled up with details which could only be true of New York, or of some other great cities invested with all the circumstances of modern art and civilization.

Among the other traditions of the lake are those which speak of the peculiar density and saline qualities of the waters; that, from the buoyancy imparted to them by this density, bodies could not sink in them; that, from the ingredients they hold in solution, no animal life could exist in these waters; and that, from the pestiferous effluvia, no birds are found near the lake, and that such as attempt to fly across fall dead upon the surface.

As to the density of the waters, it is said by Josephus that Vespasian tried the experiment of tying the hands of some criminals behind their backs, and throwing them into the lake, when they floated like corks upon the surface. This was, it must be admitted, not a very sagacious experiment, the position of the hands behind the back, whereby the dangerous weight of the arms is supported by the water, being the most favorable for floating safely in any waters. This, therefore, could not prove that bodies would not sink; yet being thought to prove that, or to have been intended to prove it, Dr. Pococke's assurance that he not only swam but *dived* in the water, was thought to show either that the experiment had not been correctly stated, or that the water had, in the course of ages, become more diluted than at the time the experiment was made. This, indeed, is one of the points in which tradition has not erred. From the impregnation of saline and bituminous matters, this water is greatly heavier than that of the ocean. This has been shown by many travellers for a hundred and fifty years past, and scarcely needs the confirmation which our explorers afford. Their long stay on the lake enabled them, however, to put together a greater number of *practical* illustrations of the fact. We will put a few of them together from both books. Some of the particulars almost suggest the idea of a sea of molten metal, still fluid, though cold. The sailor, who took his share in rowing, is most sensible of one of the effects which his commander less notices—the unusual resistance of the waves to the progress of the boat, and the force of their concussion against it. There was a storm of wind when the lake was first entered; and, says this writer, “the waves, dashing with fury against the boat, reminded its bold navigators of the sound and force of some immense sledge-hammers, when wielded by a Herculean power.” Again, he dwells on “the extraordinary buoyancy of the waters, from the fact of our boats floating considerably higher than on the Jordan, with the same weight in them; and the greater weightiness of the water, from the terrible blows which the opposing waves dealt upon the advancing prows of the boat.” There was another circumstance resulting from this density, noticed by the commander, that when the sea rolled, the boats took in much water from the crests of the wave circling over the sides. Before quitting the lake, Lieutenant Lynch

Tried the relative density of the water of this sea and of the Atlantic; the latter from 25 deg. N. latitude and 52 deg. W. longitude; distilled water being as 1. The water of the Atlantic was 1.02, and of this sea 1.13. The last dissolved $\frac{1}{17}$ of the water of the Atlantic $\frac{1}{6}$; and distilled water $\frac{5}{17}$ of its weight of salt; the salt used was a little damp. On leaving the Jordan, we carefully noted the draught of the boats. With the same loads they drew one inch less water when afloat upon this sea than in the river.—P. 377.

Of the experiments in bathing, little is added to those erewhile so graphically recorded by Mr. Stephens in his *Incidents of Travels*. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Montague has drawn somewhat upon the pages of that lively traveller. Stephens says, “It was ludicrous to see one of the horses. As soon as his body touched the water he was afloat, and turned over on his side; he struggled with all his force to preserve his equilibrium, but the moment he stopped moving he turned over on his side, and almost on his back, kicking his feet out of water, and snorting with terror.” This is closely imitated by Montague, who writes, “An experiment with an ass and a horse was also made. They were separately led into the sea, and when the water came in contact with the body of the animals, it was found heavier than the body itself, and consequently supported it upon the surface. The legs of the animals being rendered useless, were brought upon the surface, and they were thrown upon their side, plunging and snorting, puzzled by their novel position.”—P. 219. Now, Lieut. Lynch, in reporting the same experiment, expressly says, that the animals were *not* turned on their sides; and he is at a loss to account for Stephens' statement, but by supposing that the animal was in *that* case unusually weak. He admits, indeed, “that the animals turned a little on one side,” but adds, that “they did not lose their balance.” A similar experiment was made at another time with a horse, which “could with difficulty keep itself upright.” In bathing himself, the commander says, “With great difficulty I kept my feet down; and when I laid [lay] upon my back, and drawing up my knees placed my hands upon them, I rolled immediately over.” We fancy that we should have “rolled over” in any water, or even on land, in making that experiment. But, however, the buoyancy of this water is unquestionable; and it is clear that both man and beast may not only roll over, but roll over with impunity upon it. So in Montague's book we read—

Most of the men have bathed in its waters, and found them remarkably buoyant, so that they float with perfect ease upon it, and could pick a chicken, or read a newspaper at pleasure while so floating; in fact, it was difficult to get below the surface.

These, certainly, are rather luxurious ideas for the Dead Sea—floating at ease, without fear of drowning, upon a soft water-bed, picking a chicken and reading a newspaper. Nevertheless, this like other luxuries has its penalties—for afterwards

we read, "After being in it some few hours it takes off all the skin, and gives one the 'miserables;' on washing in it, it spreads over the body a disagreeable oily substance, with a prickly smarting sensation." Again—"Another peculiarity was, that when the men's hands became wet with it in rowing, it produced a continual lather, and even the skin is oily and stiff, having a prickly sensation all over it." Hence they washed with delight, when opportunities offered, in the fresh-water streams that came down to the sea.—P. 181.

We had quite a task to wash from our skin all the uncomfortable substances which had clung to us from the Dead Sea, for our clothes and skin had become positively saturated with the salt water.—P. 189.

But although thus unpleasant, acrid, and greasy, we are assured by Captain Lynch that the water is perfectly inodorous. And he ascribes the noxious smells which pervade the shores, not, as Molyneux supposed, to the lake itself, but to the fetid springs and marshes along the shore, increased, perhaps, by exhalations from the stagnant pools upon the flat plain, which bounds the lake to the north. Elsewhere, he contends, that the saline and inodorous exhalations from the lake itself must be rather wholesome than otherwise; and as there is but little verdure upon the shores, there can be no vegetable exhalations to render the air impure. The evil is in the dangerous and depressing influence from the intense heat, and from the acrid and clammy quality of the waters producing a most irritated state of the skin, and eventually febrile symptoms and great prostration of strength. Under these influences, in a fortnight, although the health of the men seemed substantially sound,

The figure of each had assumed a dropsical appearance. The lean had become stout, and the stout almost corpulent; the pale faces had become florid, and those that were florid, ruddy; moreover, the slightest scratch festered, and the bodies of many of us were covered with small pustules. The men complained bitterly of the irritation of their sores, whenever the acrid water of the sea touched them. Still, all had good appetites, and I hoped for the best.—*Lynch*, p. 336.

Remarkable effects are afforded by the saline deposits upon the shores. On the peninsula, towards the south end,

There are few bushes, their stems partly buried in the water, and their leafless branches incrustated with salt, which sparkled as trees do at home when the sun shines upon them after a heavy sleet.—*Lynch*, p. 298.

Overhauled the copper boat, which wore away rapidly in this living sea. Such was the action of the fluid upon the metal, that the latter, so long as it was exposed to its immediate friction, was as bright as burnished gold, but when it came in contact with the air, it corroded immediately.—*Lynch*, p. 344.

The shores of the beach before me, as I write, are encrusted with salt, and locked exactly as if white-washed.—*Lynch*, p. 344.

The sands are not so bright as those of the Med-

iterranean and Atlantic Oceans, but of a darkish brown color, and have the same taste as the seawater, although it seldom distributes its waves over them.—*Montague*, p. 186.

We noticed, after landing at Usdum, that, in the space of an hour, our very foot-prints upon the beach were coated with crystallization.—*Montague*, p. 207.

A book of a large octavo size, being dipped in the water, either by accident or otherwise, resisted every attempt made to dry it. I have subsequently seen it in the oven of the ship's galley on several occasions, but without any permanent effect.—*Montague*, p. 224.

Now, as to the non-existence of living things in the water. This tradition, and that respecting the buoyancy of the water, seem to be those alone that are fully true. That creatures from the fresh-water streams that pour into the lake should die in water so essentially different—so salt, so dense, so bitter—was to be expected; but that this condition of the water should be fatal to all animal existence—that it harbored no peculiar forms of life—seemed to require strong proof; and this has, we think, been now sufficiently afforded. This had been stated by other travellers; and being now confirmed by those who were three weeks upon the lake, may be treated as an established fact. No trace of piscatory or lower forms of aquatic life was in all that time seen in these waters. Some of the streams that run into the lake are salt.

In the salt-water streams there are plenty of fish, which, when they are unfortunately carried into the Dead Sea by the stream, or caught in their own element by the experimentalist, and thrown into it, at once expire and float. The same experiment was made and repeated at the mouth of the Jordan, with ourselves, of fish which we caught there, and cast into the sea; and nature, alike in both instances, immediately refused her life-supporting influence.—*Montague*, p. 223.

The commander himself cites a still more extraordinary fact. In a note at p. 377, he says—

Since our return, some of the water of the Dead Sea has been subjected to a powerful microscope, and no animalculæ or vestige of animal matter could be detected.

This experiment, and proper care to secure some of the water of the lake, reminds us of a curious passage in our favorite old French traveller, Nau, who seems to regard this interest in the lake as a characteristic of Protestantism:—

Before I finish this chapter, I must not omit to mention one thing that surprised me much in my two journeys. In both there were in the company some heretic merchants, who all manifested a marked devotion for this Sea of Sodom, testifying an extraordinary gladness in beholding it, and filling a large number of bottles with its water, to carry home with them, as if it had been some precious relic. I am not well able to understand the reasons of their devotion, or why they burdened themselves with so much of this water, which is of wrath and vengeance, rather than with that of the Jordan, which is a water of mercy and salvation.

In fact, these men declared that there was nothing in all the Holy Land which they had seen with so much gratification.—*Voyage Nouveau*, p. 384.

The scarcity of vegetation upon the bushes would account for the comparative absence of land birds from the lake; and the absence of fishes and other aquatic creatures from the waters would sufficiently explain the absence of aquatic fowl. There is no doubt, for these causes, some scarcity of birds here as compared with other lakes. But the notion that the effluvia of the waters were fatal to birds that attempted to pass, has been disproved during the present century by a great accumulation of evidence, which our explorers have been enabled largely to confirm. In fact, though we have long ceased to have any doubts on this point, we feel somewhat surprised at the number and variety of birds that are mentioned as found upon the borders of the lake, as flying over it, or as skimming its surface. It is scarcely worth while to multiply instances of what almost every recent traveller has noticed. One instance is sufficient and conclusive, which is, that wild bucks were more than once seen floating at their ease on the surface of the lake. The tradition, now to be treated as obsolete, probably originated in the bodies of dead birds being found on the shore or upon the water. Such were, indeed, three times picked up by our travellers; but Lieut. Lynch feels assured that they had perished from exhaustion, and not from any malaria of the sea. Montague thinks they had rather been shot in their flight, and adds the interesting fact, that they were in a good state of preservation, though they appeared to have been for some time in the water. The water, he adds, seems to have the quality of preserving whatever is cast into it. Specimens of wood found there were in an excellent state of preservation.

We now quit with reluctance a subject in which we feel very much interest. Lieut. Lynch's book must be pronounced of great value, not only for the additions which it makes to our knowledge, but as the authentic record of an enterprise in the highest degree honorable to all the parties concerned. Our only regret is, that the author's avowed anxiety to occupy the book-market has prevented him from digesting his materials so carefully as the importance of the subject demanded, and has left inexcusable marks of haste, which should in any future edition be removed. Mr. Bentley is not, in this matter, altogether free from blame; for there are numerous persons in this country whose services would have removed most of the grosser errors by which the work is disfigured. As for the other book, what we have already said, we say once more:—It is a bushel of chaff, from which those who think it worth their while, and who have sufficient patience and skill, may contrive to extract a few grains of wheat.

SONNET.

COME, difficulty—hindrance to desert,
Bugbear to fear, to dullness final stop—

Contend with me! My heart shall never drop
From its resolves, nor rest, for thee, inert,
Though in thy strength e'en treble strong thou wert;
I'll use thy opposition as a prop
To help me onward to that field whose crop
Is golden fame. Arouse thee then! Alert!
My breast is bent against thee. Come! the charge!
Oh the fine tourney, when the soul of man
Doth tilt 'gainst human weakness! When at large
The spirits fly and soar past mortal scan!
What can discomfort him upon whose targe
This war-word's written, What I will I can!
Examiner.

From the Boston Courier.

NO MORE.

No more—it is a harp's low tone
Whispering of light and pleasure gone;—
No more—it is a broken lute;
A fading flower, with blighted root.

No more—it is a murmuring rill,
Whose waves will soon be hushed—be still—
But while they run, keep chanting low
The hymn of all things here below.

No more—it is a severed chord;
The breaking of a plighted word;
An echo of the pulse's beat,
Ere quiet are its hastening feet.

No more—it is a shadow fled;
A haunting thought of loved and dead;
A cloud that hovers over earth;
A discord in each song of mirth.

No more—it is a passing bell,
Of youth, and love, and life, the knell;
A cypress wreath;—a pall;—a bier;
The end of human hope and fear.

[MAJOR GORDON'S PRUSSIAD.]

MAJOR ALEXANDER GORDON, a volunteer in the Prussian service, wrote an heroic poem called the *Prussiad*, which he presented to the King of Prussia, at the camp of Madlitz, near Furstenwalde, Sept. 7, 1759, and then published at London, with the letter from that king prefixed, thus translated by the poet himself.

To Major Alexander Gordon.

Sir—I have read your poem with satisfaction: and thank you for the many genteel compliments you have paid me in it. Towards the expense of having it printed, I have ordered my secretary to pay you two hundred crowns, which I desire you will accept of, not as a reward of your merit, but as a mark of my benevolence.

FREDERICK.

It is a neat poem, as the following passage may show.

Upon the precipice of danger, see
The king in person, while his blazing sword
Hangs o'er the verge of death, and rules the fight.
Beneath him, in the dark abyss, appear
Carnage, besmeared with gore, and red-faced Rout;
Pursuit upon the back of panting Flight
Hacks terrible, and gashes him with wounds.

A VERY WOMAN.

BY S. M., THE AUTHOR OF THE MAIDEN AUNT.

"FERTILE in expedients!" said Clara Capel to herself, as she stood alone at the breakfast-table with a spoon filled with tea-leaves carefully poised in her hand on its way from the caddy to the teapot. The life of Sully lay open on the table beside her, and was the immediate cause of her soliloquy. "Fertile in expedients!" thought she, "it is always the same. All great men are so, whether statesmen, or generals, or authors. They don't make a handsome, tidy, comfortable theory in their own minds, and then throw away everything they meet with because it does not exactly suit the place they have got ready for it; but they take the world as they find it, and having got their materials they improve here and correct there, they invent this and beautify that and combine all, till at last they have built up a great edifice to the glory of God; and the irregularity and variety, the dreamy lights and doubtful shadows, are, in fact, the beauty of it." (Clara was pleased with her illustration, and so paused to polish it a little ere she proceeded.) "To give up laboring because the persons, or the systems, by whom and under which you have to labor, are not ideally perfect, is very much as if an artist were to give up painting because his oil-colors did n't smell of otto of roses, and were apt to soil his fingers. 'Make the best of it!'—that is the motto of all practical greatness—and what a *best* it is sometimes! How infinitely and wonderfully the result transcends the means! Well, and the same sort of mind which, when the proportions are large, is fit to rule the world must be necessary, though with small proportions, for the guidance of a family, or a course of every-day duties. Of that I am quite sure. And this is a woman's business, not to sit down as I do and grieve inwardly because she cannot do what she would, but to do what she can, and that cheerfully. Goethe says, 'It is well for a woman when no work seems too hard for her or too small, when she is able to forget herself and to live entirely in others.' Why am I not thus? I can be, and by God's help I will be. Unselfishness and energy, these are the great secrets, and these are within everybody's reach. I may be, if I choose, the life and centre of this home of mine—the one who helps all, the one to whom all appeal. I may bring order and even elegance out of all this confusion, by descending to details and going to work heartily. Why should I be ashamed to do so? The heroine of a Swedish novel goes into the kitchen to dress beef-steaks for her husband's dinner, and yet is capable of discussing æsthetics in a manner that few Englishwomen could equal. One would not be less liked and admired—(here it must be confessed that a particular person was in Clara's thoughts, though she gave mental utterance to no name)—for such exertions, but rather more. Men, especially, never think so highly of a woman as when she contributes to the comfort of others; and how can she contribute, to the comfort of

others, if her most active bodily exertion is to dance the polka? But this must be all *real*. It must be *done*, not thought about; and the disgreeables and the failures, which one must needs encounter, must be laughed at and overcome. Then how charming it will be when I see my work, and feel that I hold the family together, and that they all look to me and have recourse to me; and that by sacrificing my own particular wishes and tastes I am able to sustain them all, and to make them all happy!"

Clara clasped her hands together in the enthusiasm awakened by this idea, and the contents of the teaspoon went fluttering over the white tablecloth, not omitting to sprinkle the open butter-dish which stood near.

"Is n't my mistress' breakfast ready yet, Miss Clara?" asked a somewhat untidy looking maid, as she entered the room, carrying an empty tray, and followed by the master of the house and sundry other members of the family; "she has been waiting for it this quarter of an hour."

Clara looked bewildered at this sudden summons from her castle in the air.

"Why, the tea is n't even made!" cried Mr. Capel, indignantly. "Really, Clara, it is very tiresome. Books," with a wrathful glance at the volume of Sully, "are exceedingly well in their way; but it is one of the worst characteristics of a regular blue-stocking to be dreaming over a book when she ought to be making herself useful. Half-past nine o'clock, too, and the children's breakfast not ready yet. If this goes on I shall have Julia installed as housekeeper in future; she may, perhaps be better, and it's quite certain she could n't be worse!"

"I am very sorry, papa," said Clara, meekly, the ready tears gathering in her eyes.

"O! it's easy to be very sorry," returned her father, as he sat down and began cutting bread and butter with great vehemence; "but the fact is, you don't care for such things—you never think about them—your head is full of other matters; and as long as you have your German and your music it's nothing to you that your mother has to wait for her breakfast. If you gave one twentieth part of the thought which you bestow on a sonata by Beethoven to the comfort of your family, it would be better for all of us!"

How unjust we are to each other! and yet scarcely to be condemned, for the action is all we can see; and when the action belies the thought how can we form a right judgment? And who is there so perfectly disciplined that his habitual actions do indeed represent his inward aspirations?

Clara was naturally timid; she attempted no self-defence, but hurriedly and nervously proceeded with the business of breakfast. She made tea, conscious that the water had ceased to boil, but afraid to expose the fact by ringing the bell for a fresh supply. Quietly and silently she provided the children with their bread and milk, distributed the steaming cups to her elder brother and sister, and finally placed the strongest beside her father,

who vouchsafed no acknowledgment of the attention, his temper not being improved by the discovery that he was spreading tea-leaves upon the bread with his butter. Then, while the servant and tray still waited, she was hurrying out into the garden, leaving her own meal untasted, when her brother stopped her: "Where, in the name of wonder, are you going, Clara?"

"Only to gather a nosegay, to send up with mamma's breakfast," replied she, apologetically, as she paused on the threshold.

"A nosegay!" cried Mr. Capel, with an indescribable mixture of wrath and contempt, while George and Julia could not restrain their laughter, and the younger members of the family observed that restrained and awkward silence natural to children when a disturbance is going on among their elders. "A NOSEGAY! upon my word and honor, Clara, you are too provoking. Just come back and sit down, will you? I hate this confused uncomfortable way of having one's breakfast—it is wretched—it puts me out for the whole day. And your mother waiting all this while! She would much rather have a cup of tea, than all the nosegays in the world. It will be time enough to think of the *graces* of life when you have learned a little better to fulfil the commonest duties."

This closing sarcasm was quite too much for poor Clara; and as she resumed her seat and her occupation, her tears fell fast. She tried hard to restrain them, and cautiously screened them from her father's observation behind the urn. Then followed sundry of those small, quiet kindnesses, which are always forthcoming when any member of an affectionate family is in trouble, however deserved. George and Julia exerted themselves to maintain a forced conversation, and the former kept vigilant watch over the sugaring and creaming of his father's cup, in order to repair any oversight, without drawing attention to it; Emily silently supplied her sister's plate with bread and butter; and little Annie, who understood nothing except that Clara was crying about flowers, stole round to her side with a rosebud, just gathered from her own garden, soft and fresh as her own smiling lips, and quietly slipped the offering into Clara's hand.

Mr. Capel was angry enough to feel his indignation rather increased than abated by the evident distress of the culprit; it seemed to reproach him for a severity which justice had entirely demanded, and by aggravating his discomfort, aggravated also his ire. He pushed his plate from him, saying, in a kind of *finale* tone of intense disgust, "A wretched breakfast, indeed!" then sharply rebuked Emily for spilling her bread and milk on the carpet, and trod hard on the toes of the family spaniel, who spent his life in an abortive attempt to commit suicide by thrusting himself under the feet of each member of the household in succession, but who, being a favorite, was generally praised and petted for this, as though the natural place of dogs was wherever human feet were about to be planted; and if the dog escaped being trampled on, and the

human being escaped a fall, it was a wonderful exercise of skill and affection on the part of the former, and he deserved high commendation for it. Ponto howled aloud; and Emily, who was very tender-hearted, and whose nerves were somewhat affected by the preceding scene, burst into a violent flood of tears; little Annie, as a matter of course, roaring, with all her might, for sympathy.

The Capels were universally pronounced a very happy family; nevertheless, this specimen of their domestic felicity was by no means solitary of its kind.

Mr. Capel could scarcely be blamed for seizing his hat, and rushing forth to his office in a passion; however, he was by no means a fundamentally ill-natured man, only a little hot-tempered and fussy; so he came back again in five minutes, and made his peace with Clara, kissing her, and telling her "only to be a little more thoughtful in future, and these unpleasant scenes would n't happen." He then patted Emily's head, and bade her not be such a little goose; neither did he omit to stroke Ponto, as he passed out for the second time. Poor Clara, with swollen eyes and aching forehead, betook herself, work in hand, to her mother's bedside, there to reflect upon this first specimen of her powers as leader and life of a family.

I suppose it will be thought that my heroine was a very weak, inconsistent, self-indulgent young lady, whose good resolutions evaporated in soliloquies, or had just solidity enough for the construction of a castle in the air. We must, therefore, endeavor to give an idea of her character and position, which, as generally happens, were, in the first instance, peculiarly unsuited to each other; whether she ever succeeded in solving the great problem how to bring them into harmony, remains to be seen. She was nineteen years old, and the eldest of seven children; her mother was a confirmed invalid, who never left her bed till noon, and then only to be moved to a sofa; a gentle, uncomplaining sufferer she was, somewhat weak both in will and intellect, but full of tenderness, and beloved by all who knew her. Mr. Capel was, as we have seen, a good kind of man, hot-headed and warm-hearted, deficient in cultivation, but not in natural capacity, a rigid disciplinarian by fits and starts, and, consequently, the man, of all others, to produce utter confusion in his household. Seven children and a sickly wife taxed to the utmost the moderate income which he made as a lawyer in a country town, and the perpetual struggle of a naturally liberal disposition, compelled to live and make live upon insufficient means, was quite enough, when not converted by self-discipline into a means of improvement, to account for the growing irritability of his character. George, a promising youth of eighteen, and the delight of his elder sister's heart, was intended for holy orders; he was amiable and clever, even elegant in mind, but somewhat irresolute; there was about him a feminine want of self-dependence, combined with an occasional obstinacy of purpose, so sudden and disproportionate that it seemed to arise from

a secret suspicion of his particular defect and a desire to prove to himself that it had no real existence. As it often happens in such cases, he was apt to overdo the cure, and to apply it at wrong times ; he was like a person who coddles himself all the summer when he is quite well, and goes out without a hat on the first frosty morning. Of course, he catches so violent a cold that he must needs stay in-doors for the next six months. Julia was a pretty good-humored common-place girl of sixteen, very ready with small-talk, and passionately fond of partners. She was popular wherever she went, and was just the sort of person to be habitually quoted by gentlemen as an example, to prove that it was quite unnecessary for a woman to have a mind.

The two little boys, Frank and Hugh, had rosy, smiling faces, hands never clean, and shoe-strings never tied. They got on very well at the day-school, thought it great fun to call their master "Dick" when he was quite out of hearing ; invariably slammed the doors in summer, and left them wide open in winter ; and always had in their pockets a knife, a piece of string, six marbles, two broken slips of wood, a rusty nail, the leaf of a Latin grammar, an ounce of toffy, some crumbs of bread and cheese, a hard ball, and an apple. Emily was a rather self-sufficient lady of nine years, who thought it great promotion to put back her hair with combs and wear worked collars. She was a vigorous stickler for the rights of woman, which she not unfrequently attempted to obtain from her brothers by personal violence, being always ready with the true English sentiment, "How cowardly to touch a girl !" if the smallest retort were attempted. To say the truth, the two schoolboys suffered many an instance of grievous tyranny at her hands, which they bore the better because they had not yet opened their eyes to the fact. Little Annie, with her earnest blue eyes, sweet shy manners, and pretty loving ways, was the pet, the plaything, and the sunshine of the whole household. Clara herself was the genius of the family, and as inoffensive a genius as it would be possible to find anywhere. She had been a precocious child, having learned all her letters before she was two years old, and composed a decided rhyme before she was four ; neither had her talents evaporated as she grew up. She played very well, and sang with much feeling ; she had a great aptitude for languages, was fond of reading, fonder of thinking, fondest of dreaming. She was very shy, and did not please in general society ; she was uncomfortably conscious that her abilities were overrated, and believed herself to be destitute of those attractions which perhaps most women covet more than ability. In person she was interesting rather than pretty, having much intelligence and sweetness of countenance without regularity of feature, so she believed herself ugly, and tried to persuade herself that she was careless of admiration ; yet she had much grace of manner, a musical voice, and a captivating smile, and if she had not often made herself repulsive out of the fear of being so, she might have been as pop-

ular as her sister. She had a most warm, loving, tender heart, a gentle, timid temper, a strong though quiet will, great natural reserve, great anxiety to be loved, boundless aspirations after excellence. She was at once enthusiastic and indolent, sadly deficient in continuous energy, yet never slothful. She felt herself useless, and despised herself for being so, and was almost ashamed to set about curing herself of the faults peculiar to what is called a "woman of genius," because she was not certain that she was one. She had all kinds of ideal pictures before her eyes which she was impatient to realize ; but she was obliged to be architect and mason in one, and she did not know the simplest rules of construction. She was the person of all others most likely to be misjudged by those who did not thoroughly understand her ; for, with an original and striking character, keen thoughts and decided opinions, she had so little natural presence of mind that she often appeared to have no character at all, and she was so self-distrustful that she sometimes disclaimed an opinion almost in the moment of uttering it, lest it should turn out to be wrong. She saw all the evils around her with a perception almost morbidly acute ; and she was too busy with self-contempt for the sorry part she had played in the family drama, to think for a moment of criticizing her fellow-actors. Suddenly she had waked up to the consciousness of all this, having hitherto lived, half-studiously, half-dreamily, indulged in all her inclinations both by the love of her parents and the pride which they felt in her talents ; and while frequently regretting and feeling teased by the civil disorders of the little commonwealth, contenting herself with the notion that she never could amend them, as it was useless for her to try to be practical. This, however, was but a vague half-expressed thought, although it was decidedly acted upon, and the evils were perpetually growing, and at last her eyes opened. Sorrowfully and earnestly her heart accused itself before God, and then took refuge from its own reproaches in the intensity of a fresh resolution. No one suspected what was going on in her mind, and numberless were the little difficulties unconsciously thrown in her way ; not a few, also, were the helps lent to her as unconsciously. Indeed, she began to think that it only depended upon herself to turn every difficulty into a help ; the steeper the path the sooner you reach the summit, if only you have strength and breath for the ascent. Clara thought she *had* strength and breath, and should they fail her she knew where and how to renew them. Her purpose burned within her with a fervor, almost with a passion, which those only can understand who are in the habit of feeling much which they never betray, and who, believing with all their hearts that the will *has* power over life and circumstance, and soul, are yet conscious, even to agony, of its practical impotence. The words, "conquer self !" were ringing in her ears, throbbing in her heart and brain, blinding and deafening her for the time to all outward sights and sounds. With an almost terrified hope that she

should ensure their fulfilment she repeated them inwardly as she knelt at the altar on the following Sunday, her whole spirit being (so to speak) in the attitude of a vow, though her lips pronounced no deliberate pledge. And afterwards during the evening luxury of a walk with the children, when they, bounding away in all directions, left her to solitary meditation, she calmly reviewed and sealed her resolution. How strange and how happy is the effect of even the most transient intercourse with nature upon a heart, wounded and erring, and yet desirous of good. How it soothes agitation, and softens pain, and creates life afresh, and in a nobler mould! And this work is done not merely by gorgeous skies or lovely moonlights, by bright waters looking up like children into the solemn faces of mountains, or sleeping under the shadowy guardianship of overhanging woods, by the glory and the beauty of earth; it is done likewise by her simplest and quietest pictures, by her cheapest and most unpretending gifts. The sight of one dark-leaved tree rocking slowly against a dim heaven; the mere aspect of one green field is often enough to change and subdue the whole course of thought. Is it not, perhaps, because these creations are fresh and unmarred from God's hands that they so speedily affect us; because in this they transcend man, in whom there is so much of personal and of evil that the workmanship of God is, as it were, disguised, and only to be discovered by careful search? The blade of grass which we pluck is what its Creator intended it to be; who shall dare say so much as this of himself, or of any other?

Clara was very happy, so long as she was busy with reveries of the future, and generalizations of duty; but she was far too much in earnest to rest in these, and on the Monday morning she determined to begin her new work heartily. She asked herself the question, "how?" and the sublime of thought instantly became the ridiculous of action. She would superintend their very indifferent cook in the preparation of dinner, and she would make herself a gown! Her mother had presented her with one on her last birthday, which lay useless in a drawer because she had not yet been able to save enough out of her scanty allowance to pay the dressmaker. How easy it is to look upon life as a whole—how *very* difficult to encounter its details! Clara got up three hours earlier than usual; and when the housemaid descended to her morning toils, she found the field preoccupied with shapeless segments of calico and unmeaning strips of silk, and a vast array of variously contorted wisps of paper which were afflicted with a mental hallucination, and believed themselves to be patterns. Her young mistress stood in the midst, considerably flushed and somewhat despondent, having as yet achieved no visible end but the scattering of an immense multitude of minute pieces of thread and sewing-silk upon the surface of the drugget. She now submitted, with rather an ill-grace, to be hunted from room to room by the much-worried domestic, being finally

dispossessed of the parlor only just in time to gather up her museum of materials with all haste, and thrust them at random into a closet, to make way for breakfast. After that meal she resumed her labors, varying them by an occasional excursion into the kitchen, which so amazed the cook that she had not self-possession enough to organize any immediate plan of resistance. The confusion of the apartment was at its height, when a knock at the door announced a visitor, and Mr. Archer entered. This was a gentleman who had been known to the Capel family for some years. He was good, clever, agreeable, and slightly satirical; at thirty-six a confirmed old bachelor in all his ways and thoughts; everywhere much liked, and everywhere a little feared; a great admirer of Julia, with whom he flirted in the easy, frank, comfortable way peculiar to his class, but by no means so fond of Clara, who was afraid of him, and whom he had never taken the trouble to know. In person he was gentlemanlike and pleasing, without being handsome; but he was afflicted with lameness, the consequence of a fall from his horse in college days. He assumed complete indifference to this defect, spoke of it openly, nay, even jested upon it, but in reality, and in secret, he was conscious of it, even to painfulness, believed himself (absurdly enough) unacceptable to any woman by reason of it, and, though he never betrayed, by look or manner, the slightest sensitiveness when any allusion was made to it, and, though his own freedom of expression rather encouraged such allusions in persons of coarse feeling, yet there can be no doubt that all such words inflicted their wounds, and that the delicacy which avoided them was among the surest claims to his regard. When a man speaks of himself—except it be in the close and holy confidence of a true friendship, wherein falsehood is impossible and disguise absurd—distrust him! Either consciously or unconsciously, be sure that he is throwing aside a veil to put on a mask.

"Well, Sappho!" cried Mr. Archer, as he entered the room, and came to a dead halt, in front of a mysterious coil of pink ribbon, upon which Clara had some vague, undeveloped designs; "in the name of wonder, what does this portend? Private theatricals, of course!—and you are mistress of the robes! What costume will you provide for me?"

There is no saying how much good Mr. Archer might have done Clara if he had discarded that objectionable habit of calling her Sappho. As it was, in every conversation which took place between them, there was an unhappy little basis of irritation on her part to begin with, which caused her to consider his most innocent remarks sarcastic, and, not unnaturally, disposed him to think unfavorably of her temper. She now answered him as gravely as if no joke had ever been made since the deluge: "Mamma does not approve of private theatricals. I am only making a dress."

He assumed a demure expression of countenance

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," said he, with a profound bow, and then turned to Julia, who came forward with laughing cordiality, holding a book up before his eyes, and assuring him that she had "read it all through—every word of it!"

Mr. Archer was in the habit of lending Julia books, which she read, or professed to read, chiefly with the object of discussing them afterwards with him. To say the truth, her reading was a very desultory kind of skimming; but, as Clara always studied them in good earnest, her sister generally contrived to pick up enough knowledge about them, to carry her effectively through a conversation, as readers of reviews are often known to pass for proficient in the literature of the day. The present volume had not, however, taxed her powers of endurance very heavily—it was Tennyson's poems.

He took it from her hand, and turned the leaves: "And which is your favorite?" asked he; "Locksley Hall, of course—everybody chooses Locksley Hall, on a first reading. What a colorist he is! The Venetian of poets."

"But I like this, very much," said Julia, looking over his shoulder, and laying her finger upon the name "Love and Duty."

He read it—at first carelessly, and as if about to pass from it again; but the passionate music laid strong hold upon him, and he could not leave it unfinished.

Far furrowing into light the mounded rack
Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea.

He closed the book, uttering the two last lines aloud as he did so, with a prolonged emphasis, just a little exaggerated, in order to save himself from being laughed at by making it look as if he were half in joke. "Just a glimpse of light at the end," said he; "a promise of dawn—giving one a faint hope that this most unlucky couple might, perhaps, be happy after all. Do you know, Miss Julia, I should not have expected you to choose this poem for a favorite."

"Why not?" inquired the young lady.

He looked doubtfully at her. "It is so very sentimental," said he, with a half smile.

"I think I am very sentimental," answered Julia, a little affronted.

"Besides," pursued Mr. Archer, "don't you think the verses are wrongly named 'Love and Duty'? Would it not have been more in accordance with duty if the young man had held his tongue about his love, seeing that, for some reason or other, the obstacles to its prevailing were insurmountable?"

Julia did not very well know what to say, so she gave him a bright look and a smile, which implied that she had a vast deal in her mind on the subject, but thought it better not to express it. Clara remarked, bluntly, "That is a masculine view of duty, and therefore, of course, selfish."

"How so?" asked Mr. Archer. Some special interference of his good genius prevented him from

saying Sappho, and consequently Clara, forgetting her shyness in her feeling for the poem, replied without hesitation. "Because she could feel no security that she was beloved till she was actually told so; no woman could; and not to give her that security would be to deprive her of her only comfort in the after desolation."

Julia looked up once more with her expressive smile: "That is exactly what I think," said she. Mr. Archer answered her, not—Clara, thinking the smile a great deal more eloquent than the speech, and giving it full credit for the substance of all that it shadowed forth. "You are perfectly right," said he, "but it is a new view to me." Then he opened the book once more and read the lines half unconsciously—

Was it not well

Once to have spoken?—it could not but be well!

"Come, I shall retort upon you; is n't this a feminine view of duty, and therefore, of course, loquacious? All women think that it cannot but be well to speak under any circumstances."

"What a shame!" exclaimed Julia. Clara went quietly back to her work with a look of contempt. She had not the gift of trifling. Presently, however, she looked up with a brightening face—a new visitor had arrived—Mr. Dacre. (We will inform the reader in confidence that we have some reason for supposing Dacre to be the name which was left blank in Clara's opening soliloquy.) He was also one among the family intimates, and moreover Clara's especial friend, though there was nothing between them partaking of the nature of a *firtation*. They had the same tastes, generally the same opinions; he had considerable genius, which she indisputably overrated, he was elegant in his modes of thinking, feeling, and speaking, and liked few things better than a conversation with her. As to his *character*, that is, the combination of will, temper, heart, and habits, which are somewhat more important than mere intellect, it lacked stability, and was without that nameless ascendancy which seems to be the special mark of a high manly nature, and by virtue of which it stands erect, guiding and subduing those whose merely intellectual gifts may perhaps be superior to its own. This deficiency, however, Clara did not feel; perhaps she was scarcely aware of it; we do not criticize most strictly those to whom we stand the nearest. Clara could speak, and speak freely, to Mr. Dacre of subjects on which, in her own family circle and among her other acquaintance, silence was practically enforced upon her, not by want of comprehension, perhaps, but by want of sympathy. The shyest and most reserved nature is precisely that which most enjoys the rare privilege of speaking—rare to it because it needs so peculiar a combination of outward circumstance and inward disposition to induce, or rather to enable it to do so. So slight a coldness, so small a sneer is enough to repulse it and shut it up for a long while to come. These characters are often boundlessly unjust in their feel-

ing towards others; if not in their judgment about them; but it is very difficult for them to help it. It may be because we are so very thin-skinned that a touch has wounded us; but while the wound still smarts freshly we can scarcely be chidden for avoiding a repetition of the touch.

I am sorry to record that no further progress was made in the construction of the gown that morning.

In her evening self-examination, Clara did not by any means spare her own feebleness of purpose. The next day, and the next, and for many succeeding days, she renewed her efforts with unflagging vigor. "*To be practical*;" this was the sentence inscribed upon every thought, and prompting it to immediate action. Very troublesome she was, there can be no doubt of it, in the first fever of her undisciplined usefulness. She wore a stern aspect, she was grievously and unnecessarily punctual, painfully energetic, and so abrupt in some of her resolves that it was more than ordinary nerves could endure. She would call in all the bills at unheard of times of year, to the great discomfiture of tradesmen, and introduce an unexpected charwoman to clean the drawing-room, in the midst of a morning visit. But these natural exaggerations, like the painter's first efforts at art, which, if he have true genius, are often caricatures, o'erstepping, not falling short of, the modesty of nature, exuberant rather than deficient—gradually softened down, as a habit grew out of a succession of impulses. Her many failures became so many lessons to teach gentleness; her perseverance was too strenuously vigilant of its own defects to degenerate into obstinacy. She imposed one law upon herself which she never broke, and which perhaps more than anything else tended to her improvement; namely, that whenever any service, duty, or business was needful in the family life which was of a disagreeable kind, or in any way repugnant to her own taste, she volunteered to perform it. She resolutely ignored, so to speak, the peculiarities of her own character, doing violence to them with a promptitude and energy which was the surest test of the reality of her intentions. No confession of disinclination—no look of reluctance appealed to the unselfishness of those about her; and it gradually began to be taken for granted that Clara "*did not mind*" doing a hundred things which she did cheerfully, but which perhaps she would have given worlds to avoid. They still called her, with good-humored bantering, the "genius," the "blue-stocking," the "unpractical lady," but somehow or other they did not act upon the notion which was too permanently established in their language to be uprooted.

"News, Clara, news!" cried Julia, as, squired by Messrs. Archer and Dacre, she entered the room, full of glee and glowing with the exercise of a country ramble.

Clara looked up; she was teaching Annie her lessons, and Annie was wilful, and by consequence slow to learn, and Clara had the headache.

"O, we must not disturb Miss Capel," said Mr. Archer, with assumed deference; "this is one of the awful duties with which our frivolous conversation must not interfere for a moment. If we were to be compassing the queen's death our treason would not check that running accompaniment, 'i, n, in—a, t, r, u, e, struc—t, i, o, n, tion, instruction.' Have I divided those syllables correctly, you poor little victim?" and he pulled the unreluctant Annie upon his knee, and began to play with her long curls.

"I don't know," replied Annie; "I have not got into four syllables."

"That's a pleasure to come," answered her friend; and opening her writing-book he volunteered to provide her next copy, and solemnly set down in huge text-hand the words, "Heaven preserve me from four syllables."

Clara laughed; but it was somewhat languidly.

"There, there, we will release you this once, Annie," said she. "And pray tell me your news, for I am all curiosity."

Her eye wandered to Mr. Dacre and Julia, who were whispering together in the background; but they did not respond to the look, and Mr. Archer answered her, "Mr. Middleton is going to be married."

Clara was as much excited as any news-teller in the world could wish. Her wonder and interest were great. Mr. Middleton was the vicar of the parish, a sensible, agreeable, middle-aged man, indefatigable in his duties, and supposed by all his friends to be a confirmed old bachelor. She inquired eagerly concerning the lady.

"To begin with the most important part," said Mr. Archer, "she is very pretty, and she is twenty-five years younger than her husband."

"Have you seen her?" exclaimed Clara, "and what sort of person is she? Will she make a good clergyman's wife! O! how anxious the poor will be about her!"

"She will make a perfect wife," said Mr. Archer; "she will always look handsome and good-humored, she will be active and affectionate, and she will never require the smallest mental exertion on her husband's part. It will be a very easy life for him; so long as he is satisfied with himself, he may feel quite sure that she is satisfied with him."

"Mr. Middleton deserves something more than that," observed Clara, with quiet disdain.

"Deserves? Perhaps; but what if he does n't want it? A hard-working man like Middleton does n't want a spur for his times of leisure—he wants a pillow."

"And you think a wife is only meant for times of leisure?" said Clara.

"And times of sickness," replied Mr. Archer; "she may nurse him if he is ill, and I think Mrs. Middleton will make a very good nurse."

Clara's lips curled as she asked, "Will she be a companion for him?"

"She is the companion he has chosen," answered Mr. Archer, leaning back in his chair and laughing. "A woman's notion of a wife is so

different from a man's! Let her be handsome, good-tempered, warm-hearted, and well-principled, and she is a fit companion for the greatest man that ever was born, always supposing she is devoted to him."

"Without either refinement or intellect?" enquired Clara.

"Certainly without intellect," replied he; "intellect in a wife gives one so much trouble. It is rather in the way than otherwise. Let her be positively stupid, dull, slow of perception, if only she looks handsome, and flatters one's vanity, by seeming to be fond of one, you will find a clever man talk to her and busy himself about her for hours together without being weary. And as to refinement, that too may be very easily dispensed with; one grows accustomed to its absence, and so forgets to miss it. After habitual intercourse with a mind that is *not* refined, one's whole estimate alters, and a mind that is so, seems prudish, affected, oppressive to us."

"Of course you are not in earnest," said Clara; "you cannot *really* mean that the very highest and closest union of which human creatures are capable, should—but why do I argue about it! It is very absurd."

"I am not talking about *theories*," he answered, "such as young ladies cherish in the deep recesses of their hearts; but about plain matters-of-fact. It may be very shocking that it should be thus; nevertheless, thus it is, and it is useless to attempt to conceal it. But I should like very much to hear your notion of what a wife ought to be, though I think I pretty well know it without asking."

"Tell me, and I will tell you if you are right," replied Clara.

Mr. Archer heaved a deep sigh, cast up his eyes, and answered in a low, agitated voice: "She should live only for him; be his in every word, thought, and feeling; cling to him with the most submissive devotedness; and have her own way in everything."

Mr. Dacre and Julia, who had joined the disputants, laughed heartily at this definition, but Clara looked cross. "After this," observed she, "I can hardly be expected to state my theory."

"Oh," cried Mr. Archer, "I was n't talking about theories, but about practice. Very few people would like the look of their practice if it was exhibited to them in the shape of a theory."

"Clara, how *can* you look so grave?" exclaimed Julia; "we all know Mr. Archer is not in earnest."

"Indeed, I am," persisted he; "I never joke. My witticisms are as lame as my leg. When I introduce Mrs. Archer to you, you will all discover that my theory, at least, suits my practice."

Six weeks after this conversation, Clara and Julia paid their bridal visit at the vicarage, and were introduced to Mrs. Middleton. She was very pretty, with lively, open manners, and but little of the bashfulness which is generally supposed to be indispensable to a bride. She made the girls feel quite at their ease, walked round the grounds with them, to exhibit the improvements, and dwelt particularly

on the charms of a certain new bay-window, which "Mr. Middleton had built for her, to her own little sitting-room." The apartment in question had been a mere closet, but was now the prettiest in the vicarage, with its delicately-tinted walls and white muslin curtains, its flower-strewn carpet, luxurious couch, and low, embroidered chairs, its prints, and its books, and, above all, its delicious, half-solitary, half-social window, with a charming view of lawn, and ornamental flower-baskets, and winding walks, and cool, shadowy trees in the background. It looked the very temple of pleasant study, dreamy leisure, or intimate *causerie*.

"What a boudoir!" cried Julia, as they walked home. "It is perfection. I declare, I think I could marry Mr. Middleton for the sake of such a room as that!"

"And how exactly the lady suits the room!" rejoined George, who had accompanied his sisters; "she is much better-looking than I expected. She has more elegance of person, if not of manners, than Mr. Archer led one to imagine. How blue her eyes are! I do admire blue eyes."

"Talking of the bride, of course," said Mr. Dacre, joining himself to the group.

"Yes," answered Clara; "what do you think of her?"

"She is exquisite!" exclaimed Mr. Dacre; "and so naive and girlish—she is like one of Murillo's pictures."

"She is very pretty and pleasant," said Clara; "but I do wish she had not made Mr. Middleton build that bay-window."

There was a general outcry, what could she mean? was it possible she did not admire it? It was the greatest improvement conceivable, &c. &c.

"Well," said Clara, "I think it is a great improvement in one sense, but not in another. Mr. Middleton used to spend all he could save from his income in charity; and I think a clergyman's wife ought to help her husband in his self-denials, not encourage him to relax them."

"Oh, dreadful! my dear Miss Capel," cried Mr. Dacre; "the poor clergyman has trials enough out of doors. Do, for pity's sake! let him find comfort and indulgence at home."

Clara thought it perfectly necessary that he should do so; but she did not think that a wife's devotion to her husband's comfort implied the necessity of her leading him into expenses for mere luxuries, and so she said. She said it, moreover, in a very unpleasant tone of voice, shortly and sternly, as if she were sentencing Mrs. Middleton to the galleys, and feeling that she deserved it.

"My dear Clara," observed George, "I think this is uncommonly like judging one's neighbors."

Clara felt rebuked. She was never cross to anybody except Mr. Archer; so, after reflecting a moment, she looked up at George with a frank, bright smile, and replied, "It must be *very* like indeed, George, for I suspect it is the thing itself; and as that is a much worse offence than building unnecessary bay-windows, I will let poor Mrs. Middleton alone."

"Yes, pray leave her to enjoy her sweet little boudoir unmolested," said Mr. Dacre. "All the bloom and fragrance would be crushed out of life, if duty held it in so iron and perpetual a grasp. A woman's greatest charm, after all, is that she is—a woman! and that charm Mrs. Middleton possesses in the highest degree."

He turned to Julia as he finished, and the rest of the walk he spent in wrangling with her about the color of her ribbons, and commenting upon the curls of her glossy dark hair, apparently quite as much to his own satisfaction as to hers. He followed them into the house to ask Clara's opinion upon a difficult German passage, discussed it with her for about a quarter of an hour in a steady, business-like manner, and then took his leave.

Shall we admit the reader to another soliloquy of Clara's, as in one of her rare half-hours of idleness she stood at the table arranging some freshly-gathered flowers to decorate her mother's bedroom? "Charm!" she repeated slowly to herself, "that is what I have not. Mrs. Middleton is captivating; she may do what she pleases, she has the gift, the mysterious, enviable gift of winning that interest and admiration which are sure to ripen into love. Julia, too—it is no matter what she *does* or *says*—she fascinates by what she *is*. But I—people esteem me, and make use of me, and are very much obliged to me, and value me, and so forth; but for me, for my own self, they care nothing. It is the book I discuss, or the sonata I play, or the service I perform, about which they think; the *person* who discusses, or plays, or does what they want, has no interest for them except as a vehicle. Those whom I best love miss me in absence because of what I did for them, not because of what I was to them. I have not the gift—I have no charm." Poor Clara! was she not a very woman? I am ashamed to confess it; but I suspect she would gladly have changed places with Julia at that moment, for the sake of possessing Julia's mysterious power of attraction. I am afraid that she would rather have been teased about ribbons than consulted about German. Then she resorted to Mrs. Middleton and her bay-window, and condemned herself for censoriousness; but after all could not manage to bring herself into a right state of feeling about it. Surely it was, without doubt, a deliberate act of self-indulgence; and it was difficult for Clara to be lenient to deliberate acts of self-indulgence in others when they were just the very things against which she was making so vehement a crusade in herself. It is so hard to avoid self-consciousness in the voluntary and independent pursuit of duty.

Clara went up stairs with her flowers, but was stopped in the dressing-room by little Annie, who came to meet her on tiptoe, and with her finger at her lips. "Mamma is asleep," whispered she; "I have been sitting to watch her, and she is quite fast asleep now. I gave mamma her dinner. She said, when you came in, I was to be sure and

tell you that she wants a new book from the library, and that there was rather too much salt in the broth. I was to tell *you*—not Julia, because Julia never remembers. I have been hemming a pocket handkerchief for mamma. O, Clara, how happy it is to be useful!"

The little girl's face was radiant with innocent pride and glee; and she looked up into her sister's eyes for approval and sympathy. "Do you think," asked she, "when I grow up, I can ever be as useful as you are?" Clara kissed her, without speaking; and they went out together to procure the new book for Mrs. Capel. It was quite an expedition for Annie to go to the library, and she was in the highest exultation. As they passed through the garden, they came upon a most busy and tumultuous scene; the next day was Mr. Capel's birthday, and the children were to surprise him with a feast in the summer-house. Emily and the boys had just completed their preparations, wreathing the pillars and pediment with green leaves, and bringing their choicest geraniums to stand on either side of the entrance; they were contemplating their finished work with the highest satisfaction. Poor Annie! She was to have helped in the arrangements, but she had been forgotten. True, they had called her, but she did not answer, for she was in her mother's room; so they went merrily to work, and never thought of her again. She stood still, tears of anger and grief gathering in her eyes. Some slight sense of wrong they had certainly, but after once saying they were sorry, and it was a pity, they went back to their chaplets, quite at ease, Emily expressing a consolatory hope that she "wouldn't be such a baby as to cry about it." Poor Annie! She had not even been missed, and the gathered tears began to fall.

"Stay, and help them, darling," said the sympathizing Clara; "you may fetch the pink gladioles from my garden—and, hark! don't say anything about it, but I will send for a parcel from the town, of something good for the feast!"

O, how quickly the tears changed into sparkling smiles! O, how eagerly the little laborer hurried to her welcome toil! no sense of slight or sorrow remaining, working with all her might among the others, overflowing with gratitude and happiness.

And as Clara went forth on her solitary walk, her conscience said to her, "The kingdom of heaven is of little children."

A year passed away—another note was struck in the scale of life, as it rose towards its final cadence. Who notices enough those solemn sounds—those lonely striking upon the bell which tolls and then is silent—who takes heed whether the note be higher or lower than the last utterance of that grave music, or whether it be unchanged? Our years, for the most part, are like poor Beau Brummell's valet, who, whenever his master went forth to a party, remained behind to gather up the "failures" strewn about his dressing-

room, in the shape of some dozen cravats, rejected because the wearer had been unable to attain due perfection of tie. Only the parallel must not be carried too far—for, alas! we very often strew the floor of time with our failures, and go forth uncravated, after all.

"Julia, dear, what is the matter? Won't you tell me? Why are you crying?—are you unhappy about anything?"

Clara's arms were around the waist of her sister, who wept silently upon her shoulder. After a while she looked up, smiling, through her tears, one of those bright, unmistakable smiles which tell of warmth, life, and light, as truly as sunshine does when it falls upon rippling waters, or woos spring flowers to unfold themselves.

"It is very silly to cry, when I am so happy," answered she, after the fashion of Miranda; "can you guess what has happened?"

Clara looked earnestly into her face. "Yes," said she, "I think I can. Dearest Julia! I have long expected it. Tell me everything as soon as you can speak."

Clara's tears were flowing nearly as fast as her sister's. It is the way which women have of watering all the young, tender plants of happiness, which spring up new in the garden of life, to make them grow.

"He spoke, this morning," said Julia, still hiding her blushing face. "And will you tell mamma? for I shall never find courage. Oh! Clara, it seems so strange—and I never thought he was in love with me."

"But everybody else thought so," replied Clara. "His manner has shown it for a long time—only, I know it is a matter of course that these things are discovered by the lookers-on, and not by the persons whom they most concern. I dare say you thought he was quite indifferent to you, and rather wondered that he did not pay you more attention."

"Yes, indeed!" murmured Julia; "I always thought he liked *you* the best!"

Clara felt greatly astonished, for such a blunder as this outdid the ordinary mistakes of young ladies in Julia's situation. "Liked *me* the best!" repeated she. "What! Mr. Archer!"

"Mr. Archer!" exclaimed Julia, kindling into an articulateness and decision scarcely to be expected of her. "Who was thinking of Mr. Archer?"

Clara looked at her without speaking. "It is Mr. Dacre," added Julia, holding down her face and relapsing into bashfulness.

There was a silence of some minutes, and then Clara warmly renewed her congratulations, and went to tell the news with all possible tenderness to her mother. How did she feel? It is difficult to say. There was immense astonishment and a momentary pang of something that was neither disappointment nor jealousy, and yet there *was* a pang, vehemently and instantly hidden into quietness, with a sensation of horror at its selfishness. And then she talked long and gently with her

mother, listening to all her doubts and hopes, sympathizing with all, dispelling the one by the earnest assurances with which she encouraged the other. And then she told her father, and bore part in the somewhat colder discussion which ensued of ways and means, and future position, times and seasons, and such sublunary matters, of which it would have been profane to breathe a word in Julia's presence. And then she went out for a quiet walk with George, and listened and responded to his unmixed delight—all brothers are so pleased when their sisters marry—with a very good grace. And each one of the three with whom she discussed the great event wound up the conversation by saying, "Do you know it is *such* a surprise to me! I fancied he liked *you*." And to each one she answered, laughing, "Oh, how could you dream of such a thing!"

Her vanity was a little mortified—so she told herself in her subsequent deliberations on the matter. Mr. Dacre had belonged to her, and it was not perfectly pleasant to see him appropriated by another. He had from the first courted her friendship, and she was unused to be preferred, and she felt that her belief in her own incapacity for winning affection was strongly confirmed. She could not escape sundry far from agreeable misgivings; she had supposed him to be liking her best when he was only thinking of Julia. How often must she have bored him by her conversation when he wanted to be talking to her sister! Her cheeks burned at the idea, and she inwardly resolved to withdraw more than ever from attention in society; she must be vain, indeed, far vainer than she had suspected, to have fallen into such an error. She would watch herself strictly for the future.

The real truth was that Mr. Dacre *had* liked her best originally, but had ceased to do so, partly from natural instability of character, partly from another cause which may perhaps seem utterly improbable, but which did, nevertheless, exist. Clara's strenuous efforts to be practical and useful had impaired her attractions in his eyes. When he first became acquainted with her she had been exactly the kind of person about whom he could dream to his heart's content; there was no oppressive reality about her; no substance of character. Her time was divided pretty equally between study, music, and conversation—all three very elegant employments which did not in the slightest degree interfere with the consistency of his ideal portraiture of her. But when she took to darning stockings the ideal began to fade; and when she was heard pronouncing decided opinions on matters of fact—when she was seen not merely hurrying, but absolutely bustling, about her household concerns—when she cut short a disquisition on æsthetics to go and assist in putting up the drawing-room curtains, and was too busy settling accounts to come and play Beethoven, he quietly gave her up and betook himself to her sister. It may sound paradoxical, but the truth is, that Julia's uselessness was her great attraction in his eyes. Of course he was unconscious of it, but so

it was. In the first place, it enabled her to be always at his beck and call; no imperative duty thrust itself between them. As she had nothing particular to do, she might just as well be making herself agreeable to him. Moreover, she was never preoccupied—a great charm to man's vanity—because, in fact, she was never occupied at all except when he occupied her. And the very absence of all that was definite or interesting in her character, while it ensured placidity of temper, gave his restless imagination free play. She was nothing at all, and therefore he might fancy her to be just whatsoever he pleased. There are certain smooth tablets on which you may write whatever you like; it needs but a wet sponge to efface the whole inscription. It is said that these tablets are made of the skin of an ass, but I would not for the world make an uncivil use of this fact in natural history.

Clara's next feeling was compassion for Mr. Archer. She was quite sure that he was disappointed, and, in fact, he had reason so to feel. Even a man so free from vanity as he was might have been led to believe himself preferred, by Julia's manner. She wondered how he would take it, but could not help laughing when she caught herself devising gentle means of breaking it to him. Soon afterwards he drank tea with the Capels; his congratulations were cold, decidedly cold; Clara was certain that it cost him much to offer them at all. She exerted herself to talk to him, and though he was in a more than ordinarily sarcastic humor, she did not lose her patience, for it seemed to her quite natural. Subsequently she prevailed on her father to forego his intention of asking Mr. Archer to the wedding, and reflected with pleasure that she had at least spared him that pain. As a matter of fact, Mr. Archer, being wholly unconscious of the special kindness which dictated his exclusion, was a good deal hurt by it, which Clara, happily, never discovered.

And the wedding came and passed—a commonplace wedding enough. The bride, of course, had never looked so pretty, and the bridegroom behaved admirably. I never yet heard of a wedding at which it was not expressly stated that the bridegroom behaved admirably. Sometimes I cannot help wondering what it can be that bridegrooms are so strongly tempted to do, that resisting the temptation is enough to entitle them to such extravagant praise. The bridegroom on the present occasion looked at least as well as he behaved, being, by good luck, an unusually handsome man, tall, and distinguished in figure. There was a great deal of white lace, and a great many tears, and a crowd of people staring at the bride, and prophetically calling her "poor dear" at every third word, and a quantity of flowers to walk upon, which performed their symbolism to perfection, looking bright and fresh when the bride set her fairy feet upon them, but getting crushed and decidedly shabby by the time that the other members of the procession followed, and there was a priest in white saying

solemn words, and two faint voices slowly faltering their responses, speaking, in fact, with their hearts, which seems to be almost as difficult as reading with the back of one's neck; and there was a cluster of faces in the little vestry looking like rain-clouds at sunset, so glowing and yet so tearful; and there was a small collection of autographs made by trembling hands for the benefit of the parish; and there was hurrying back to the sound of a perfect steeple-chase of bells; and there was a breakfast which was a dinner in a stage disguise which deceived nobody, but just enabled people to call it by a wrong name; and there were a few desperate struggles at small talk made and then abandoned; and there were healths drunk, and speeches grotesquely pathetic delivered, and a band outside playing "Hearts of Oak," with a vague idea that it was appropriate to the occasion; and an agitated toilette, in which it seemed wonderful that the lady's stockings did not get upon her hands, or her bonnet upon her feet; and a rushing down stairs and sundry close embraces in the hall, silent and sobbing, as though the form thus passionately grasped were just about to be committed to the executioner; and four horses galloping as fast as four horses ought to do when they are carrying joy away from sorrow; and it was all over.

Clara felt very lonely—not that Julia had been a companion to her in the highest sense of the word—nevertheless, it seemed as though a completer kind of solitude than heretofore were come upon her life. She had no one but George to whom she could now speak of what she felt, and to him she clung with a fervor of affection absolutely passionate. This was, in truth, the greatest fault of her character, and it may be described in a single phrase—the need of idolizing. That a woman must needs lean and love who will deny? But that she should lean helplessly, and love immoderately, is the evil. Yet never was there woman in the world, of true woman-nature, to whom this was not a danger narrowly escaped, an obstacle scarcely surmounted, if, indeed, escaped or surmounted at all. Clara followed her brother's college career with proud and joyful devotion; in a very agony of hope she watched through each crisis of the course, and language is powerless, indeed, to express the rapture of her thankfulness when the final trial was passed, and the honors of the first class were won. With her whole heart she believed that the world had never before owned such a genius as George's. She associated herself in all his pursuits, tastes, troubles, and pleasures, with a touching mixture of reverence and tenderness, and so made him her all, that she could scarcely be satisfied to be less than all to him. The incredulous scorn with which she turned away from sundry intrusive whispers, that he was not quite so steady as he might have been, was too lofty to be otherwise than calm. It is little to say that she would have given her life for him. An every-day affection could do thus

much out of mere shame, if the alternative were distinctly set before it; but she gave her life to him, and that is far more.

His college course was now over, and, in one of those fits of enthusiasm natural to a character of his stamp, he announced his intention of devoting a year to retirement and study preparatory to his examination for deacon's orders. He talked and felt beautifully concerning the responsibility about to come upon him; and his sister's warm heart bowed itself before him as he talked, grateful to him for thus realizing its highest ideal. There was a painful struggle in her mind when he asked her if she would come with him to the cottage which he had chosen in a retired village on the sea-coast. At first she believed that her duty forbade her this great happiness, and that she must needs stay at home to uphold the system of domestic comfort which she had constructed; but she was overruled in her own favor by her parents. They did not tell her all the motives which determined them upon sending her with George, for many reasons; but the fact was that their experience had by no means encouraged them to a perfect reliance upon his steadiness, and they had so grown into the habit of looking to Clara in all trials, of seeing her arrange all difficulties, endure all annoyances, and bring order and comfort out of all confusions, that they felt, as though by establishing her under her brother's roof, they were setting a guardian angel to watch over him, and keep him from going astray. Circumstances, unfortunately, prevented this plan from being put into practice according to their original intention. Little Annie was ill, and Clara was obliged to stay at home to nurse her. George had been more than four months in his solitary abode when his sister set forth to join him. Long enough to commence, to waver in, and to forsake his original resolution—or to persevere in it till he made a habit of it.

Clara had never in her life felt so perfectly happy as she did when her brother's arms received her on alighting from the — stage-coach. The solitary journey, always a nervous business, was over; the warm welcome so long looked forward to was actually being received. She was now with him; in five minutes more she was making tea for him. How comfortable the little room looked in her eyes, with its soiled carpet, gaudy paper, straight-backed chairs, and narrow horse-hair sofa! How delicious was the tea, made with water guiltless of having ever boiled; and surely never before was such a dainty tasted as the under-done mutton-chop which the good offices of the hostess had provided for the refreshment of the traveller! If she noticed anything amiss it was only with the agreeable anticipation of reforming it, and so making him more comfortable than he could possibly have been without her. And she looked greedily at the well-filled book-shelf, and thought how she should make extracts and look out passages for him, and sit by his side while he worked, holding her breath lest she might disturb him; and how delightful it would be when he should look up for a memento to read a striking sentence, or discuss a doubtful argument!

He looked a little pale, he had certainly overworked himself. Now *she* was come, that could never happen again; she would beguile him into the refreshment of a walk, or the luxury of a little chat; she could help him in all his labors, and ensure his not overdoing them.

"You look tired, dear!" was her observation, her eyes fondly fixed upon his face.

"I was up late, last night," he replied; "and I have a little headache."

"You will have no more headaches now I am come," said she. "When I think bed-time has arrived, I shall take away the books, and put out the candles. I have no notion of letting you work so hard in the present as to impair your power of working for the future."

He laughed. "Oh!" answered he; "I was not working *last* night. Wonderful to relate, I was at a party! Three old college friends of mine have taken a shooting-box in the neighborhood, and I dined with them, and we kept it up rather late. They are capital fellows."

"I am so glad!" cried Clara; "I was afraid you had no society or amusement at all here, and that must be bad for anybody. You know, love, you mustn't think of me; I am used to be alone, and rather like it. So I hope you will spend as much time with your friends as you did before I came. Are *they* studying too?—how lucky it was that you met them here!"

"Not exactly. Very lucky!" replied George, with a slightly embarrassed manner; and the next minute he began to talk of home, and they separated for rest, after one of the most delightful evenings that Clara had ever spent. The next morning, after a happy *tête-à-tête* breakfast, she fetched her work and sat quietly down, anxious not to be troublesome or officious in her offers of service, but ready to work, to wait, to talk, to be silent, to sympathize, with alacrity, as she might find that she was wanted. George produced his books and papers, and took his seat with a desultory yawn. The length of time that it cost him to find his place, the vague, aimless manner in which he went to work, the parade of new pens and clean paper might have caused a more suspicious person than Clara to guess that, at the very least, he was resuming an interrupted habit. He had not been employed above an hour, when a note was brought him, and he started up eagerly. "I am going out, Clara, dear—I shall be back to dinner;" and he was gone, without further explanation. That day he *did* return to dinner; but the compliment to his sister was not often repeated. Gradually, even her loving incredulity was forced to confess that he was idle—even her faith in him, which could have removed mountains, began to waver. He was scarcely conscious himself how far he had departed from his own determinations; he was so resolutely blind to his own defects, that it would have needed a stronger hand than poor Clara's, who, alas! was only anxious to be blind with him, to open his eyes. Moreover, he *did* work by fits and starts; and she remembered each day of work with a vigilance more

eager than his own, and added it scrupulously to the account, and tried to persuade herself that his relaxations were only necessary, as long as she could. Her sense of her own inferiority to him was so strong, that it was long indeed before she ventured on a remonstrance, and what she suffered, ere she did so venture, can scarcely be described. It was about three weeks after her arrival—he had been out all day, and she was sitting up for him. He came at about one o'clock in the morning, and she heard his voice in the passage, calling vehemently for tea, before he would go to bed. She hurried out to him: "George, dear! come in—nobody is up—I will get you some tea, directly."

He came in—his manner was strange and abrupt—he looked vacantly at her—uttered an oath, the first she had ever heard from his lips—threw himself on to a sofa, and before she could complete her hasty and trembling preparations, was breathing hard, in sudden, heavy sleep. Even Clara's inexperience could not mistake the symptoms, and, instead of making tea, she sat down and cried—*how* bitterly, none but those can tell who have believed in, and doated upon, and worshipped an imaginary divinity, and then suddenly discovered it to be weaker than ordinary human weakness. To Clara's pure and gentle eyes, this was grievous sin—and, with the painful charity of disappointed affection, she began to devise excuses for what she could not refuse to see; but, oh! the bitterness of the new, terrible truth, which made those excuses necessary!

When George awoke on the following morning, he was still on the sofa, and his sister still watching beside him. It was some time before he thoroughly comprehended what had passed, and then, half ashamed, half angry, he made an awkward explanation; he had been out all day in the open air, had returned quite exhausted, and a glass or two of wine more than his habit had been too much for him—he was afraid he had frightened her—what a simpleton she was, not to have gone to bed! &c. &c. And poor Clara took this scanty balm to her aching heart, and tried to be satisfied with it.

George was by no means very bad, only Clara had fancied him so very good that it was hard to be undeceived. Her influence, patiently, tenderly, trustfully exerted, was not without its effect. And, bitter as was her disappointment, she lived through it; the path which seems perpendicular when you gaze at it from a distance, may toilsomely be climbed when your feet are actually set upon it. Some half dozen times, in the course of Clara's sojourn with him, the scene which had so bitterly afflicted her was repeated; but, on the whole, he improved. He tried to work more regularly; occasionally he refused an invitation; sometimes he laid out a plan for the distribution of his time, and once he kept to it for a whole week. Clara learned to rejoice in things which, three months before, she would have disdained to believe. It is wonderful what love will bear—how perfect is its theory, yet with what a

beautiful hypocrisy that theory will accommodate itself to facts, and strive to seem unaltered. The union between this brother and sister was never disturbed: she never spoke harshly to him; indeed, she was too timid to speak as freely as she ought. But gradually the reproving silence of her quiet sorrow did its work, and the last month that they spent together, resembled, in some faint degree, the portrait of her imagination; and the time for returning home arrived.

"Yes, there it is! That is the church tower, George; how kind of the moon to appear for a moment, and show it me! We are almost at home. In five minutes more, the horses' feet will be upon the stones."

Their heads were put eagerly out of the carriage windows as they drove up the street, and turned the well-known corner. Soon, by the light of the wayside lamps, they distinguished the small, formal-looking, red-brick house, with its green door and trellised porch, its miniature front garden, some thirty feet square, with a straight gravel walk up the middle, and a circular border on each side, in the centre of a plot of grass. The upper and lower windows of the house were dark, though it was already two hours after sunset; suddenly the gleam of a candle was seen; it passed rapidly from one window to another; then the door of the house was thrown violently open, and a female servant, without bonnet or cloak, rushed out, and ran at full speed up the street, scarcely a second ere the carriage stopped before the swinging gate. Quick, speechless terror came upon George and Clara, and the former was out of the carriage almost before it had ceased to move—sick at heart with nameless fear, his sister followed him into the house. There was no one in the hall. From above-stairs came the sound of hurrying footsteps, interrupted by a low moaning and sobbing, as of some one in great agitation, but unable to give it free vent. Clara stood still, appalled. She would have given worlds to know, either at once or never, what was happening. She felt tempted to turn and run away, as if she could so escape what was about to come upon her. In another moment, the loud, unrestrained cry of childish sorrow burst upon her ears, and little Annie came running down stairs, weeping bitterly, and covering her face with her handkerchief. The brief paralysis which had rendered Clara incapable of thinking or acting, passed away in an instant; taking the child in her arms, she asked, in low, hasty accents, "What is it, Annie!—what is it?"

"Papa, papa!" sobbed the little girl; "he has had a fit—he is dying."

They stood together, a moment, in the dark hall, closely folded in each other's arms, but unable to see each other's faces. Then Clara hurried up stairs—but ere she joined the ghastly and troubled group who stood around the bed, all was over, and she was an orphan.

The course of a great sorrow is common-place enough, a thing of every day. There is the wild incredulity and the unreal composure, half stupor, half excitement; there is the struggle, more or less vehement, of the will against the adverse power which is laboring to subdue it; the defeat and the victory, the brave effort, the helpless surrender. There are prayers, such as that prayer which was once wrung from the agony of a great heart, and which is the voice of a new grief for all time. "Lord! thou hast permitted it, therefore I submit with all my strength."* There is the heavy weariness, and the aching resignation, and the utter weakness, and the deep solemn calm, and the holy strength, and the melancholy peace so sweet in the midst of bitterness, when the vision of heaven dawns upon those eyes which are too blind with tears to see any longer the beauty of earth; there is the slow, painful return to old habits and ways, the endeavor, now feeble, now vigorous, the gradual interrupted success, the shuddering recurrence of familiar images and associated sounds—and the final closing up of a memory into the heart's inmost temple, where it dwells and lives forever, which the world calls forgetfulness, or at least recovery. And the mourner goes back again to the outer world and common life, like one who has had a fever and is in health again, though somewhat wan and feeble, and needing more than heretofore to be cared for and considered. Sorrows are the pulses of spiritual life; after each beat we pause only that we may gather strength for the next.

Mr. Capel's affairs were found to be in great confusion. It often happens that the men whom we have believed to be most cautious and least sanguine are the very men to engage in some sudden rash speculation which results in ruin. Such was the case now. He had embarked what little principal he possessed in a new railroad; the scheme failed, and his family found themselves literally penniless. The poor widow and little Annie were taken by Mrs. Dacre, whose very moderate income was taxed to its utmost to maintain them. A situation as pupil-teacher in a considerable school was found for Emily; Clara and George were, for the present, received at the vicarage. Mrs. Middleton was throughout Clara's chief support; her warm unselfish kindness amply atoned for any little deficiency in refinement. She insisted upon taking the poor dejected girl to her own home till a suitable position as governess could be found for her, and she interested herself most earnestly in the preliminary negotiations, taking special care that Clara should not "throw herself away in a hurry, which would be perfectly absurd, as the vicarage was open to her for any length of time, and she would not suffer her to leave it unless the prospect were thoroughly satisfactory." As Clara witnessed her life of busy

* This was the ejaculation repeatedly uttered by the unhappy Henrietta Maria, when she began to recover from the stupor into which she was thrown by the news of her royal husband's murder.

charity and honest self-denial she forgave her the bay-window, and reproached herself not a little for her former censorious judgment. Every comfort and help came from or through Mrs. Middleton; it was she who found the situation for Emily, and assisted Clara in arranging and carrying through the whole affair; it was she too who cheered George when his heart was heavy and his hopes were low, as giving up of course his intention of taking orders, he began the wearisome task of looking for employment. Aided by her, Clara began gradually to rally from her extreme depression, and to exert herself as heretofore. Her greatest present difficulty, the maintenance and destination of her two younger brothers, was relieved in an unlooked-for and mysterious manner. In the midst of her first despondency arrived a letter from the master with whom the boys were placed, acknowledging the receipt of a year's payment in advance for his pupils. On inquiry it was found that the sum had been sent in Mr. Capel's name; but all exertions to discover the source from which it came proved utterly futile. This bounty, come whence it might, came like manna in the desert; yet poor Clara was nearly as much inclined to murmur at it as were the Israelites of old. There was in her character a strength of natural pride, hitherto unsuspected by herself, mingling a bitterness with her gratitude, of which she felt deeply ashamed. The discipline which she was now undergoing was specially needful to her, and therefore, of course, specially painful; she had so loved to be all-sufficient in her family, to know secretly, however little she presumed upon it outwardly, that she was the prop, the guide, the guardian of them all. Now she found herself helpless, powerless, useless; one whom she had well-nigh despised was her supporter, one unknown was her benefactor. She herself was—nothing!

It was Clara's birth-day; no one ventured to congratulate her, and she herself shrank from any allusion to the subject. When we are in much affliction it seems natural to put out the lights. They can but show others what we suffer, or force us to contemplate their tears. At breakfast, Clara received a note from a lady in the neighborhood, a stranger to her, who required a governess for her children, and requested an interview with Miss Capel. Twelve was the hour appointed, and the writer's residence was two miles distant from the vicarage; with many a good wish and many a salutary caution from Mrs. Middleton, who failed not to remind her, again and again, that she had *promised* not to conclude an engagement without previous consultation, Clara set forth on her solitary walk. As she went, she thought anxiously about George; he was trying for a situation as mathematical tutor in a scholastic establishment, which had just been founded under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The founder was a man of large fortune, and eccentric habits; he had reserved to himself alone, the selection and appoint-

ment of the various professors, and it was said that he tried the patience of the applicants not a little, in the course of his investigation of their claims, moral, intellectual, and theological. George's college honors had been much in his favor, and Clara's hopes had been high till a few days before, when he received a letter which appeared to annoy him, and which he did not show her. He was a long while composing his reply, and after he had despatched it, he seemed more than usually low-spirited, and evaded all discussion of the subject with his anxious and vigilant sister. It was not possible to her nature to seek the confidence even of those she most loved, when they withheld it, so she wondered and grieved in silence; and many a fear, and many a prayer, passed through her heart, in the hours when her aching head rested on a pillow now unfamiliar with sleep. Thus, more than commonly anxious, and with the bitter memory of former birthdays stirring within her, she knocked at Mrs. Bouverie's door, and was admitted into that lady's presence.

Clara felt too sorrowful to be shy, otherwise the exceeding coldness of her reception might have daunted her a little. Mrs. Bouverie, a tall, lean, hard-featured woman, of fifty-six, with keen eyes, thin lips, and a general dryness of expression perfectly indescribable, slightly bowed, and, without rising, motioned her visitor to a seat. She uttered two civil sentences, which she had learned by rote, about its being a fine day, and a long walk; and then proceeded at once to business. She was one of those people who are as chary of small talk as though they were capable of conversation, and as niggard of courtesies as though they were ready with secret kindnesses. Now it is all very well to be reserved when you have got something to hide, but it is really too provoking to see people so careful to lock up empty caskets, and seal blank envelopes. It is an imposition upon society, and ought not to be tolerated.

We will not weary the reader with the oft-repeated scene of hiring a governess. Suffice it to say, that Mrs. Bouverie having inquired into Clara's qualifications, and examined her testimonials with apparent satisfaction, proceeded to sum up her own requisitions in the following manner:—

"You will have six pupils, Miss Capel, between the ages of seven and fourteen; you will have the exclusive charge of their education in English and French, and the two elder girls will learn German. The music-master attends once a week, and you will be present at the lessons, and will very carefully watch—I am particular about this—the practising of each of your pupils daily. Drawing and fancy-work you will of course teach yourself. You will breakfast and dine early with your pupils, and walk with them for two hours a day; and at eight o'clock, when the younger girls go to bed, I shall expect the pleasure of your company at my tea-table. I always like music in the evening, and shall hope to hear you play and sing

with your pupils. You will have perfect freedom, and I hope you will be very comfortable. My housekeeper will settle the pecuniary arrangements with you."*

Miserable as Clara was, she yet shrank from the future indicated by these words. She remembered at a little fishing village on the sea-coast to have seen a mule employed in carrying sand and sea-weed; the animal had a kind of wooden saddle fitted upon its back, and was sent to and fro between the carts waiting to be loaded and the water's edge, a distance of some eight hundred yards. To and fro, across this measured melancholy space, it trudged doggedly and patiently, pausing at the one end of its journey to receive its burthen, and at the other end to be relieved of it, and pausing for nothing else. Clara thought of the mule when Mrs. Bouverie described her governess' day, and felt glad that she had pledged herself not to decide. She replied quietly and courteously that she would send a definitive answer in the evening, as she was bound to consult a friend ere she finally determined. Mrs. Bouverie drew herself up, and Clara became aware that it was possible for her manners to assume an additional coldness; a fact which the strongest imagination could scarcely have conceived before experiencing it. However, Mrs. Bouverie piqued herself upon being always considerate, so she said with grim civility, "You will do what you think best, Miss Capel; and now I need detain you no longer."

When Clara reëntered the drawing-room at the vicarage, she found George alone. His face was flushed, and his manner perturbed; he started up, as she came in, with a nervous eagerness very unusual in him. Not a question did he ask as to the result of her expedition; he began at once upon a totally different topic. "My dearest Clara, I am so glad you are returned. This is a matter of the greatest importance. Read this letter; you will soon learn how much depends upon you; and I am happy, indeed, that it is upon you that it depends." He placed an open letter in her hands as he spoke, and Clara read as follows:—

Brampton, April 17.

DEAR SIR—I am most anxious, in circumstances which it must be allowed are somewhat difficult, to act with all the consideration towards yourself which is compatible with justice, and with a strict adherence to that determination with which I have already acquainted you. Common fairness requires that you should be the first person to learn the steps I may resolve upon taking. I have, therefore, to inform you, that, not considering your explanation of the very painful reports alluded to in my last, perfectly satisfactory, I have written to Mr. Middleton, (who, besides being the clergyman of your parish, is an old and highly respected acquaintance of my own,) to say that if he is ready to vouch for your freedom from this pernicious habit, I am ready on my part to appoint you to the vacant professorship. I have the honor to remain, yours sincerely,

RICHARD BROOKES.

* This trait is from life.

Clara looked up wonderingly and full of inquiry. Her brother had scarcely patience to wait till she had finished the letter. "Now, Clara," exclaimed he, "it all depends upon you. Mr. Middleton's conscience, it seems, is very squeamish in these matters; he heartily wishes to serve me, I do believe, but it seems he has made a rule of never becoming responsible for any man on his own assertion merely. But if you will assure him that during the time you kept house for me, you had no reason to believe—in short, I suppose you guess what these confounded reports are. Old Brookes has been told that I drank, and it seems he has a vow not to give one of his professorships to any man on whom such an imputation rests. You have only to free me from it, and I am secure. These miserable reports refer to the time that we were together; and Mr. Middleton says that he will pledge himself for me if you will give him your assurance that he may do so. He is in his study. Go to him directly, there's a good girl, for it only wants an hour of post time."

The words were poured forth breathlessly; but Clara stood immovable, clasping her hands together with a look of misery. Then she ran to George's chair, and folding her arms about his neck covered his face with tears and kisses, as if to atone for the pain she was about to inflict. He half pushed her away, saying impatiently, "Come, come, what does this mean?"

"I cannot do it," murmured the sobbing girl; "you *know* I cannot. Oh, my dearest brother, what will become of me!"

George was furious; he affected incredulity, he tried entreaties, protestations, menaces, ridicule. She *could* not be in earnest. Would she ruin her own brother, because some once or twice she had seen him when he had been a little imprudent? And when he said this he positively believed that it was but once or twice, and that her scruples were as absurd as they were unkind. Clara wept to agony, but never wavered. It was, indeed, a martyrdom which had more than the bitterness of death. And this idolized brother parted from her at last with words which burned indelible traces upon her heart—she did not love him—she was his enemy—she had ruined his prospects forever. She felt that she had alienated from her the only heart which she had believed to be entirely her own. She sat down in a kind of desperation, and wrote to Mrs. Bouverie, accepting the situation, and offering to come to her immediately. She did not like to send a servant with the note; she feared to be prevented from sending it at all if she delayed, and yet she felt that it was the only thing to be done. Inaction seemed impossible, and she hurried out with it herself. How she walked those two miles she did not know. Her head ached to distraction, and her thoughts were all bewildered; but she left the note, sealed her own fate, and then set forth again to the vicarage. "I shall be very unhappy, always, all my life," said she to herself; "but George will not care! George will not care!" and the words seemed to strike heavily against her

brain, and ring dizzily in her ears. She held her forehead with her hand, and stood still, wondering if any woe could go beyond what she then felt, and feeling certain that if there were any such sorrow she should be called upon to endure it. She longed for death, for imbecility, for madness; for anything that should obliterate consciousness and destroy the capacity for suffering.

"May I speak to you, dear Miss Capel?" said a gentle voice, at her side; "I have so long wished to see you. Surely, so old a friend as myself has some privilege." And Mr. Archer took her trembling hand in his, and then drew it within his arm, looking earnestly into her face, and adding, "You are ill—is anything fresh amiss? Can I serve you? *Pray* tell me."

Clara burst into an agony of weeping; and, as soon as she could speak, tried to put aside his questions, but he was not so to be baffled. He persevered till he had drawn from her the history of what had occurred, which she gave with the less reluctance that she knew him to be already aware of George's misconduct. Indeed, it was a hint received from Mr. Archer which had induced Mr. Capel to send Clara to his son. Incoherent and interrupted were her words, but her listener speedily apprehended their meaning. He soothed her with the utmost tenderness, and once more put hope into her desolate heart. He knew Mr. Brookes well, and had, indeed, recommended George to him; he would speak to George, and if he found him properly disposed, (of which he felt no doubt,) he would himself see Mr. Brookes, and endeavor to induce him to accept his (Mr. Archer's) surety for George's future steadiness and good conduct. He entertained no fears. Above all, never let Clara for one moment regret that she had done right in circumstances so painful. She had probably saved her brother, for this lesson would be one that he never could forget. Clara could scarcely express her gratitude. They walked together for some time in silence, her tears flowing quietly and relieving her overstrained nerves. At last he spoke again: "Do you remember a conversation we had, some years ago, about Tennyson's Love and Duty?"

She looked up in surprise. Yes, she had not forgotten it.

"You said then," he pursued, "that no woman could feel sure that she was beloved till she was actually told it; and that it was selfishness in a man to keep silence, because, in order to avoid the possible humiliation of a refusal, or the pain of a scene of parting if separation were necessary, he *might* be depriving her (mark I only say *might*) of a certainty which—which—she *might* wish to possess. Clara . . . ! all this while I have loved you!"

There was again a silence, Clara's face hidden in her hands. And so, not absolutely discouraged, Mr. Archer told his history. He had loved her all this while—for her charms, for her faults, for her noble struggle against those faults, for her self-conquest, for *herself*. He believed it impossi-

ble that she should love him ; he had never meant to speak of it. But those words of hers had remained unforgotten ; and, at last, he was doing what, perhaps, he might ever afterwards repent. *Did he repent it ?* He spoke of his defect, he accused himself of presumption, he was ashamed, afraid of what he had done. Reader, did he repent it ?

Oh, how often did Clara Archer, the happy, idolized wife, recur to those days of self-deception when, out of the bitterness of her mortification, in believing that he did not like her, she persuaded herself that she disliked him ! How did she delight to trace the marks of her secret, unsuspected, unacknowledged love, in her irritability towards him, her shyness in his presence, her unsatisfied and morbid cravings after affection, which were, in

truth, so many witnesses to that inner sense which was awake indeed, but unconscious and ungrateful ! How did she, who had so gloried in her self-dependence, glory now, in owing all to him ! Yes, all ! Her happiness, the comfort of her family, (for I need scarcely say that *he* was the anonymous benefactor,) the complete reformation of George, who distinguished himself to her heart's content, as mathematical professor ; and the improvement in her own character, which she verily believed to have been caused, though unconsciously at the time, by her contemplation of his. In her happiness as in her bitter grief, in her weakness as in her strength, in her faults as in her noble qualities, she remained, from first to last—

A VERY WOMAN.

[MORAL IDOLATRY.]

"THE Soul of man, like common Nature, admits no *vacuum* ; if God be not there, Mammon must be ; and it is as impossible to serve neither, as it is to serve both. And for this there is an essential reason in our constitution. For man is designed and born an indigent creature, full of wants and appetites, and a restless desire of happiness, which he can by no means find within himself ; and this indispensably obliges him to seek for his happiness abroad. Now if he seek his happiness from God, he answers the very intention of his frame, and has made a wise choice of an object that is adequate to all his wants and desires. But then if he does not seek his happiness from God, he must necessarily seek it somewhere else ; for his appetites cannot hang long undetermined—they are eager, and must have their quarry : *if he forsake the Fountain of Living Waters, yet he cannot forsake his thirst*, and therefore he lies under the necessity of *hewing out broken cisterns to himself* ; he must pursue, and at least promise himself satisfaction in other enjoyments. Thus when our hope, our trust, and our expectations abate towards God, they do not abate in themselves, but are only scattered among undue and inferior objects. And this makes the connection infallible between indevotion and moral idolatry ; that is, between the neglect of God's worship, and worshipping the creature : for whatsoever share we abate towards God, we always place upon something else ; and whatsoever thing else we prosecute with that share of love, desire, or complacency, which is due unto God, that is in effect our idol."—*Dean Young's Sermons*, vol. 1, p. 19.

[FASCINATION OF DANGER.]

AT the siege of Gibraltar, Lieutenant Lowe of the 12th regiment, a superintendent of the working parties, lost his leg by a shot, on the slope of the hill under the castle. He saw the shot, before the fatal effect, but was fascinated to the spot. This sudden arrest of the faculties was not uncommon. Several instances occurred to my own observation, where men totally free have had their senses so engaged by a shell in its descent, that though sensible of their danger, even so far as to cry for assistance, they have been immediately fixed to the place. But what is more remarkable, these men have so instantaneously recovered themselves on its fall to the ground, as to remove to a place of safety before the shell burst.—*Drinkwater*, p. 156.

[JACOB BEHMEN'S SECOND RAPTURE.]

WHEN Jacob Behmen was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, he was "enraptured a second time with the light of God, and with the astral spirit of the soul, by means of an instantaneous glance of the eye cast upon a bright pewter dish ;—being the lovely Jovialist shine or aspect, introduced into the innermost ground of the recondite, or hidden nature."—*Okely's Memoirs of Jacob Behmen*.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 63, p. 523.

"This," says the reviewer, "is another instance of that strange mixture of metaphysical and chemical terms to which the ingenuity and learning of Paracelsus, and after him, of our English Fludd, gave some credit. The pewter dish is here represented as the *medium* of the divine influence ; and the light reflected from it is called the *Jovialist* shine, because Jupiter, or Jove, was the astrological or chemical representation of tin, of which metal pewter chiefly consists."

[SOUL AND BODY.]

GREAT Nature she doth cloathe the Soul within
A Fleeshy Garment which the Fates do spin ;
And when these Garments are grown old and bare,
With sickness torn, Death takes them off with care,
And folds them up in Peace and quiet Rest ;
So lays them safe within an Earthly Chest,
Then scours them and makes them sweet and clean,
Fit for the soul to wear those cloaths again.

Duchess of Newcastle, Poems, p. 135.

NEW APPLICATION OF STEAM.—A new application of the principle of steam has been successfully made during the last eight months. A few words will suffice to indicate it. Water boils and gives off steam at 100 degrees, French scale. Heat the boiler to 800 degrees, and the same quantity of water will give off steam with an expansive power, perhaps fifty times as great. The heat should be always kept just below that at which the water takes the spherical state and gives off no steam at all. A French mechanic has made a small boiler, which, under the great heat above-mentioned, runs powerful machinery. The boiler and engine occupy about one twentieth part of the space occupied by a common boiler of the same power. We need not point out the great utility of this for vessels of all kinds, especially for sea packets, where economy of space is important.

From the Examiner, 26th Aug.

DEFEAT OF THE HUNGARIANS.

WE have on former occasions pointed out the advantages that would have accrued to Europe, and to England in particular, from the victory of the Hungarians, and the maintenance of Hungarian independence. A market would have been opened that would go far to compensate for any diminution of trade in other parts of Europe. A firm barrier against Muscovite aggression would have been established. And a rational constitutional government would have existed in the east of Europe, as a model for neighboring nations.

But we must now contemplate the reverse of the picture. Hungary, it is to be feared, must succumb in the struggle. Could she, as a practically independent state, have had but a few years to develop her enormous material resources, we should have entertained no fears for the result. We should have had full confidence in her being able to cope, single-handed, with any forces that might have been brought against her by the confederated despots of Europe. But as it is, she has been taken by surprise, and forced into a contest for which she was not prepared. At its commencement she was without an army, without generals, and without arms; and, worse than all, her seaports were in the hands of her enemies. What Hungary has accomplished under these disadvantages, what a determined and energetic resistance she has opposed to the united forces of two empires, affords ample evidence of the internal resources, moral and material, which she possesses; and shows how firm a barrier she would have constituted against northern aggression, and how apt a guardian she would have been of western civilization. But the odds against her were such as history has not yet recorded. The Muscovite czar hoped to crush, at one blow, the Hungarian nation and all principles of freedom on the continent; and for this great end, like a desperate gamester, he has played his last stake. Already were his last reserves—the barbarous and uncouth tribes of the Asiatic steppes, armed not with the musket, but with the bow and arrow, Kirgises, Baschkirs, and Calmucks—on their march towards the devoted country. “A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.” Must we add, “Yea, and nothing shall escape them.”

Meanwhile, civilized Europe determined to maintain the attitude of an “impartial spectator,” and to look calmly on while the Hungarians were fighting no less for the liberties of Europe than for their own. But let the Hungarians now be completely crushed, let the great principle of rational self-government once be thoroughly put down, and the system of military despotism predominant over the greater portion of the continent, and lately reinforced by the government of Louis Napoleon, will take root and flourish with more luxuriant growth than ever. This is, and always has been, the very

essence of Russian rule. The bureaucratic system of Austria, Prussia, and France, has shown itself as lamentably insufficient to provide for the wants, as to prevent the disturbances, of the respective populations. In Austria, some years ago, no less than 140,000 officials were employed to govern a population of 21,000,000. In other words, about one man out of every 150 individuals was a permanent policeman, besides extra hands employed on special occasions; and the number was daily increasing. In France, Louis Philippe supposed he should always be able to buy over his political adversaries by the creation of fresh places of honor and emolument. Even in Prussia, where the system shows itself under the most favorable aspect, and where the officials are at least men of education and intelligence, it was a universal complaint that all individual energy had been annihilated, and the welfare of the country sacrificed to routine and paper formulas. But the inefficiency of the system has become thoroughly evident, from the events of the last and the present year; and the real means of governing which the great continental powers at present depend upon, are bayonets and cannon, and the command, by means of a forced conscription, over the population who are to be trained to use those bayonets and cannon against their fellow-citizens.

Such is the system now predominant. It stands out in all its naked deformity. It is no less the instrument of a President of a republic than of an Autocrat of all the Russias. We, in this fortunate country, find some difficulty in realizing to ourselves the exact state of things that is understood by a state of siege. Accustomed as we are to the equitable rule of law, we can hardly picture to ourselves the arbitrariness and brutality of martial sway. We perfectly agree with the *Times*, in an article of Monday last, that “the control of armed power and military authority is a bad substitute for established laws and civil justice;” but we cannot admit that “in many parts of Europe the armies alone have saved society, and saved whatever remains of freedom.” The evils of seditious turbulence are at the worst but transitory; those of military despotism are permanent and enduring. They are destructive not merely of freedom for the moment, but all hopes of freedom hereafter. but, in point of fact, on which side has terrorism been found? What excesses have anywhere been committed by the people at all comparable to the atrocities of Haynau, or even to the Prussian executions by court-martial? On this subject we have valuable testimony in the accounts that have from time to time appeared in moderate German papers; and above all in that Diary of Auerbach concerning the events of last October at Vienna, of which a translation was recently published, enabling the English reader to form a correct opinion concerning the present condition and future prospects of Central Europe. Auerbach is not at all disposed to believe that armies “have alone saved society, and saved whatever remains of freedom.” His re-

flections on the closing of the diet after the capture of Vienna by Prince Windischgrätz are of a different character.

The diet closed by the troops! all the boasted liberty of the people is illusory and an empty cheat, so long as the soldiery are held in constant readiness to cut short the debates with violence at any moment. In all the movements in Germany, therefore, the chief object of attack is the military power. We have been, and are still, kept in thralldom by this power. Notwithstanding all the professions of attachment and good faith, of the common interests of the people and the princes, the power of the princes is still supported by bayonets, and the popular spirit is everywhere subjected and kept under by force of arms.—The state has abandoned its proper centre of gravity in the diet, and transferred it to the army. The struggle will now begin anew.

Pending that sure recommencement of the struggle, we shall have an opportunity of observing how far the new theory of foreign policy adopted by a large section of the mercantile classes in this country, and their oracles the *Times* and Lord Aberdeen, is a sound one; whether, as they assert, England ought to hold herself aloof, whatever infractions of international law may be committed by other states, and not even to raise her voice in remonstrance, lest she should incur the hostility of some powerful sovereign. We shall learn by experience (may the lesson not be taught too late!) whether the traditionary policy of England, which watched with a keen eye and upheld with a firm hand the balance of power in Europe—the policy of Cromwell, of William the Third, and of Chatham—is, as we are informed by these modern luminaries, an unnecessary interference in affairs which do not concern us, and an excess of precaution against imaginary dangers from which our insular position already sufficiently protects us. For our own part, we may perhaps, until this new-fangled doctrine shall have been confirmed by experience, be permitted to entertain some doubts respecting it. We may question whether, even on a mere calculation of profit and loss, the balance would not have been in favor of a system which should have encouraged the establishment of constitutional governments and opposed the extension of restrictive tariffs, the usual concomitants of despotic rule; which should have maintained the dignity of England, even at the risk of a depression of some eighths per cent. in the funds; and by which she would have discharged the duty in our judgment imposed by Providence on those to whom power is entrusted, the duty of watching over, advocating and enforcing the rights of the weak. It may be that the conquest of Hungary, and the establishment of Russian predominance in the east of Europe, will not be followed immediately by the closing of the Bosphorus to British commerce; it may be that Hamburg will not share the fate of Cracow; and that an European war will not be produced by an attempt on the part of Austria, supported by Russian bayonets, to reestablish her supremacy in Germany. But we must not forget

that a nation is permitted, as little as an individual, to violate duties with impunity; and that for the one, as for the other, a day of retribution, it may be late or it may be early, will assuredly arrive.

From the Spectator, 25 Aug.

HUNGARY—CANADA—WEST INDIES—INDIA.

HUNGARY succumbs to Russia. The war is at an end; and, for the moment, a thorough frustration appears to have finished the revolutionary movement of 1848. Reaction, more or less pronounced, is everywhere in the ascendant—in Rome, Paris, Prussia, Hungary; in every quarter. But the nature, objects, and prospects of the reaction, are not clearly to be described. We only know that they vary in every quarter.

From letters published by the Austrian papers as the intercepted correspondence of Kossuth with Bem, it appears that the Magyars had for some time been reduced to the greatest straits, especially for the want of money. At last Kossuth is induced to resign the dictatorship; Görgey is appointed, and he makes his submission to Prince Paskiewicz. Russia is the conquering "mediator" between Austria and the kingdom which was maintaining its old constitutional forms with the sword. A letter in the *Times*, on "the common sense of the Hungarian question"—in which an attempt is made, with considerable effect, to show that the Hungarian claim to independence by prescription is vitiated by the Turkish occupation—looks so much like a "feeler," that it would not be surprising if Lord Palmerston were to put forth a suggestion for absorbing Hungary into Austria, with some guarantees for respect to her nationality, and for constitutional freedom under a federation like that drawn up by Count Stadion. Meanwhile, the unconquered Magyars have been conquered and have yielded. So much for "spirited protests," or succors from Notting Hill and Marylebone.

One report is momentous if true—Russia is to be paid for her services by the cession of an Austrian port in the Mediterranean! Such a gift could not be regarded by Western Europe with indifference. Not only would Russia have "turned" Turkey and the Slavonian provinces on which she casts so greedy an eye, but the great representative of old absolutism would thus have established an outpost in the most important part of Europe. What will she please to have next! a port on the Atlantic—on the coast of France or Spain?

Italy is, and may well be alarmed. Reaction is rampant in Rome; where the Pope's commissioners are playing such antics as cannot fail to keep open the memories of the shortlived republic. Radetzky moves towards Venice; whose continued holding out is a marvel. Mazzini sits in council at Geneva, watching events. Hope rests in the fact that absolutism, though partially restored, is really weak and worn out—too far superannuated to be even discreet. But if Russia, the champion of absolutism, were established

in the Adriatic, the old spirit of tyranny, however antiquated and insane, would be strengthened with a barbaric strength, and the work of the last two centuries at least would have to be done over again. It cannot be. If for no other reason, France will have to retrace the steps of her policy in Italy. And our own diplomatists should understand what they are doing.

Meanwhile, the Peace Society has assembled in convention at Paris, to preach the efficacy of moral resistance and the virtue of arbitration. Good things, which have been advocated long, especially since the Christian dispensation, as yet so little obeyed, which enjoined men to think less of Judaic forms, and to "love one another." The commandment to do no murder is still defied, both on a small and on a large scale; and we still require the police to defend us, both on a small and on a large scale. M. Victor Hugo's able but rhetorical sermon is only a few pages added to whole libraries of such literature. The acutest of the pacificators, like Mr. Cobden and the Archbishop of Paris, only give a qualified adhesion. If, however, the Peace Society has some new and substantive doctrine, some influence by which it can supersede the use of war, let it be tried on the spot; let the society ask France, into whose capital it is so politely welcomed, to withdraw the most gratuitous and vain of all warlike expeditions, that to Rome; let it ask Russia and Austria to waive their victory over the Hungarians; let it ask Russia to forego an outpost on the Mediterranean, needless if peace and arbitration are to rule the world.

The advices from the British dependencies are not hopeful for the permanence of tranquillity and concord. In Canada, the British League has completed its session, and has sent home a manifesto, the sum of which is, that the "British" party in Canada regretfully hankers after commercial protection in the tariff of the English customs, and to counteract the "factious" operations of the French Canadians desires a confederation of the Provinces in British North America. In what respect such a measure could *materially* benefit the colonies, is not very clear. By the analogy of the neighboring Union, the Colonial Congress would have jurisdiction over customs, navigation, waste lands, the composition of the central legislature, and some other matters, which would all, no doubt, be modified by the peculiarities of the colonies and their relation to this country; but in any case the pride of the "British" party would be soled, because they would become the leading section of an immense British majority in the central Parliament, instead of being a minority in the Parliament of United Canada. That is probably the paramount object of the British League.

Invited to join the league, New Brunswick has astutely established a league of its own, to correspond with the other and watch New Brunswick interests. The Atlantic Province seems not averse from federation, but equally disinclined to

enter it on terms merely dictated by Upper Canada.

The West Indian colonies exhibit a continuance of the same discontented not to say disaffected spirit which is growing habitual to them. In British Guiana, Mr. Barkly maintained his tone of quiet firmness, but had not escaped a severe lecture from the Combined Court; and his partial "reform" is met by a cry for a total change in the constitution of the colony, with two chambers, one wholly elective.

In India, Gholab Singh has excited such grave suspicions of his fealty, that Lord Dalhousie has demanded the surrender of all his guns; he replies, that his soldiers won't let them be given up, but that the British may come and take them. The worst of it is, that this pretext is probably true; for in the Sikh territories the soldiery really dictate, except while their chiefs keep the lead by superior ambition and energy. Sikh chiefs *must* let their soldiers fight, and it is quite possible that Gholab Singh cannot be true to his British allegiance if he would—quite as possible that he has no great wish to be so, if he can play the traitor with safety or probability of advantage. Of course, he will be put down—in spite of the Peace Society!

The trial of Moolraj, Dewan of Moultan, for complicity in the murder of Lieutenant Anderson and Mr. Agnew, has the same political element in a form which may become peculiarly interesting. His defence implies that he was acting under the compulsion of terror, taking the part he did in fear of his soldiery. This is one more of many circumstances which indicate the necessity of effectually breaking up and dispersing a military power that too much resembles the Prætorian bands or the Mamelukes, a military force independent of any soil or political bonds, acting solely for its own military interests.

COLONIAL POLICY.

TRADITION says that Queen Mary died of grief for the loss of Calais: how would Queen Victoria take the loss of her colonies? Such a result is not impossible. On the first blush of the thing it does seem incredible that this mighty empire, "upon which the sun never sets," should go to pieces, and signalize the commencement of its downward career by imitating the dismemberment of the Spanish and Portuguese empires; but such things have been, and England herself has lost one colonial dominion. The idea of independence is becoming familiarized to colonists in various quarters; and several English statesmen, actuated by indifference or the fatalism of official routine, studiously and avowedly contemplate the ultimate separation of the colonies. The "old English" notion of maintaining the integrity of the empire has succumbed before the philosophy of the Manchester school, which can respect nothing that is not vindicated by the direct profit and loss account in a money value.

Thus there is no influence opposed to the disintegrating process which is at work in the colonies themselves. It is not to be denied that in all directions the ties are considerably loosened. The Orange party of Canada West is making an organized demand for commercial protection and a federal union of the provinces as a means of overwhelming the Franco-Canadian majority: but whatever may come of that movement, "annexation" will be the policy of the opposition in Canada: if federation answer the purpose of the Orangemen, the Franco-Canadians and British liberals will look to overcome it by annexation; if federation fail the Orangemen, *they* will look to annexation; material interest points to annexation; the official trifling with the colony converts loyal regard into vexation and dislike; the seclusion of Lord Elgin, apparently in fear of popular outrage, brings the monarchy which he represents into contempt. The Canadians have poor inducements to loyalty. The Cape of Good Hope is so exasperated by being mocked with a pretence of free institutions and a reality of convictism, forced upon the colony by a breach of faith, that it would do little to defend itself against the occupation of any foreign power: let Canada break loose, and the Cape would not long remain bound. The Australians have the advantages of distance from the metropolis, great activity, and cultivated political ideas: let Australia see the North American federation break loose, and the Australasian federation would soon be independent. And all our other colonies gone, would the aggrieved and injured West Indies alone remain faithful?

In one sense, three alternatives appear to exhaust the prospect of eventualities: to continue as we are; to commence the work of separation by the annexation of Canada to the American Union; to supersede the motives to such annexation by improving the relation of the colonies to the United Kingdom.

To continue as we are is manifestly impossible. In most of our colonies there are grievances wholly unsettled, provoking new exasperations, and inflicting a continuance of material injury: it is so with the fast and loose free-trade policy exercised towards Canada; the political and *penal* treatment of the Cape; the treatment of the labor question in the West Indies. In all those colonies the sense of injury is too material, and too exasperating, while in all of them the intellectual activity is too great to permit a passive sufferance of the actual policy. Some of our present rulers avowedly contemplate dismemberment: we tell them that it is not distant; we tell Queen Victoria that her reign may see it begun.

Separation, beginning with North American annexation, is not only possible, but highly probable, considering the motives already mentioned, and the official indifference. But how it would be possible to maintain the rank of England in the scale of nations when she had been stripped of her colonies, or how whig optimists and Manchester economists could reconcile the sovereign and

people of England to the "dismemberment of the empire," we do not foresee.

To improve the colonial relation, therefore, is the alternative that ought to be earnestly considered. Some broad principles, possessing unity in themselves, but capable of diverse application, should be settled. It seems quite possible to do that. To limit and define the matters which must be reserved for the imperial authority, is the first essential—sovereignty, foreign relations, ubiquity and inviolability of British citizenship. All other matters may be safely surrendered to the colonies, to govern according to local knowledge and the varying necessities of varying latitudes. Under the present system, federation can do nothing for the colonies which they cannot attain separately; but it might greatly facilitate a reformed organization of the colonial empire. Every group must, in some degree, acquire its own nationality: in character, the West Indian, the North American, the South African, and the Australian, differ as much from each other as they do from the home-keeping Englishman. That distinct nationality ought to be respected in the spirit as well as the letter of the new colonial constitution. By bringing to bear upon the government of the colonies grouped into federations all the resources of the empire, it would be possible to excite stronger sympathies than ever—ambition for official promotion, the more attractive if it were carried through an ascending scale; love of honors, the greater if they were recognized at home; affection for the monarchy, if that were reciprocally represented in every part of the colony by colonists, and accessible to the colonists by deputy in the metropolis.

This policy would scarcely be an innovation; it would only be to extend to our colonies proper the spirit of a policy already pursued towards foreign dependencies like the Ionian Islands and India. And we have, it is alleged, even in the present cabinet, a statesman susceptible of development to any exaltation of statesmanship. Here then is a task for him: as a compensation for setting Europe by the ears, he may restore our colonial relations and consolidate the integrity of the empire—which is now imperilled by the very colleague that declined to sit in council with one reputed so destructive!—*Ibid*.

From the Examiner, 25 August.

THE COMMON SENSE OF THE HUNGARIAN QUESTION.

It is a gallant and noble thing to trample upon a fallen nation. We may expect that the reverses of the Hungarian arms will be followed up by attacks upon the Hungarian character. Already this has been begun by the writer of an article in Thursday's *Times*, headed as above. The writer professes to have resided on various occasions in Hungary, and to have carefully studied Hungarian history and political geography. If this is the case he has done so to little purpose.

He says, "the ultra Magyars wished to drive the Croats and Tschechs by force into a foreign nationality;" and proceeds to assert, that "the unjustifiably violent methods used by them are indisputable. The flogging of peasantry that refused the change of language in public worship; the innumerable cases of forcible interference between parent and child, in the matter of education; the refusal of the Magyar censors to allow the Tschechs any newspaper whatever, in their mother tongue; are all too incontestable to be effaced from the page of history."

Now it happens that there are no Tschechs in Hungary. The writer, doubtless, means the Slovaks, who belong to the same great Slave branch as the Tschechs of Bohemia. But, letting this pass, we may ask why, instead of vague charges, he does not produce at least one single fact bearing upon these charges. Such similar accusations as have been made in German papers have been invariably refuted. As for Magyar censorship, the notion of such a thing is most ridiculous. The censorship in Hungary was in the hands of the government, and consequently anti-Magyar; and it was always the policy of that government to fan the jealousies which existed in Hungary, as they do everywhere else, between races speaking a different language.

It is false to date the occupation of the greater part of Hungary by the Turks from the battle of Mohacs. After that battle, Solyman withdrew without occupying a single village of the realm. Whatever he and his successors acquired, was gained from sovereigns of the house of Hapsburg. After Austria had been saved by Sobieski, the Austrian arms made progress in Hungary, and gradually the Hungarian kingdom was reextended to its present limits; but Hungary could never, according to any maxim of national law, have been considered a conquered province by the house of Hapsburg. The election of each Hapsburg sovereign was accompanied by a solemn oath on his part to respect the liberties and independence of the realm; and when, in 1687, the crown was rendered hereditary in that family, (consequently after the time from which the writer of the letter dates the commencement of the constitution in Hungary,) an equally solemn oath was taken to the same effect by the heir Joseph I., who was crowned in the lifetime of his father Leopold; and has been repeated by every one of the hereditary sovereigns since that time, with the exception of Joseph II.—who is, therefore, always counted an usurper.

But it seems that Austria "rendered Hungary *de jure* an independent kingdom, but *de facto* married to Austria, by the imperial and royal armies forming one corps under the War Office of Vienna." This the writer of the article asserts; and does not perceive that by so doing he shows, in its strongest colors, the perfidy of the house of Hapsburg. For 165 years, according to this calculation, the house of Hapsburg admitted by solemn oaths the *de jure* independence of Hungary, while she was doing all in her power *de facto* to

render that independence a nullity. Of course, as long as the house of Hapsburg could send Hungarian regiments to Italy, and garrison Hungary with Bohemian and Italian troops, her independence was in a most precarious condition. The Hungarians were fully justified in demanding a separate ministry of war, without which there could be no permanent security for their liberties. Such was the opinion of that great man, Count Szecsenyi, whose name has been pressed into the service of absolutism in a way that he would be the first to repudiate if Providence should be pleased to restore his faculties, and who himself took office, by the side of Kossuth, in a constitutional ministry formed upon those principles.

The curious ascending scale of civilization in rural Hungary, according to this writer's views, is one that will hardly bear the test of inquiry. It must be indeed a very strange taste that would prefer the condition of the military frontier to that of any part of civil Hungary. In most parts of the Banat there are local advantages which will account for its flourishing condition, without seeking any such cause as that of its having been longest under imperial civil administration. But villages could be pointed out in the Banat as wretched as any that are to be found in any other part of Hungary; and villages could also be named in other parts of Hungary that would do credit to the Banat. With regard to passable roads and bridges, smiling villages and neat cottages, the best-informed travellers have been able to discover them in Hungary without ascending the Save, Drave, or Danube, into Styria, Austria, and the Tyrol.

If the Hungarian reform bills were passed only at the eleventh hour, it was solely because, since 1832, they have met with a most determined resistance on the part of the Austrian government. The present war in Hungary cannot be said, according to any known and familiar application of language, to have begun in preventing a repeal of the union; for no union ever existed except according to this newly-fangled, far-fetched, *de facto* interpretation. But a union *did* exist, and had existed for eight centuries, between Hungary and Croatia, which the house of Hapsburg attempted by the most perfidious means to dissolve.

As for the supposition that Austria will introduce any system but that of absolutism, it is too childish to be worth answering. The essence of the Austrian system of government is to govern by a complicated mechanism of salaried officials. The charter of Count Stadion makes no provision for any real self-government, and can only be forced upon the various peoples that inhabit the Austrian territories at the point of the bayonet.

The fruits of the great crime of the annihilation of Hungarian independence will be reaped by Russia. The Austrian emperor is henceforth the vassal of the czar, dependent upon Russian bayonets for protection against his subjects. Russia will bide her time. She will wait till the fruit is ripe, and the provinces fall first under her influence, and then under her dominion. The last barrier is swept away between Russia and Turkey.

PEACE ASSOCIATION.

ONE of the most peculiar, useful, and glorious political habits of Englishmen, is that of associating for a certain end; of forming a body which is to receive funds, appoint officers, become what foreigners call a *propaganda*, and meet in public to instruct the public, and encourage each other by expressions of feeling and of eloquence, or by argumentative discourses, destined to spread conviction through the press. These means of peaceful and argumentative agitation form one of the noblest products of our free constitution. And it requires a country of much steadiness and wisdom in the practice of freedom to enjoy such an institution without the certainty of its being abused. Other countries have been more free than England, at least in the theory of their charters. But none, save the United States, have ever been able to enjoy the benefit of political associations—and it may be doubted whether, in the United States, it is not grossly abused and turned to evil.

There are, however, more ways than one of neutralizing, or bringing into discredit the power of association. It may be turned, for example, into treason; at a time, too, when all the objects to be obtained by the most successful treason are to be obtained by constitutional and pacific efforts. This is the Irish and the French way of destroying or annulling the right of association. There is also another way—for instance, that of employing the grave extreme of political association for idle, for trifling, or for needless purposes. There are associations which we could name, got up with no higher aim than merely to kill the leisure or gratify the vanity of individuals. The efforts of some single person, who has marked out himself as the paid secretary, who has succeeded in becoming such, and whose activity perpetuates the association for no better reason and to no greater end, have sufficed in a majority of cases to originate them.

Of these trifling associations, however, there are fortunately but few and unimportant. Public opinion does justice by them. There are others which have filled the world with their success and their fame, which have enlisted all that was generous, liberal, able, and eloquent in their ranks, which have overwhelmed the public with their appeals, nay more, which have beat down powerful opposition, even that of the prevailing political party, and which have won their way despite of every obstacle in Parliament, and every hesitation on the part of the most practical and eminent men. Such was the Anti-Slave-Trade Association. Yet what have been its results? Glorious some, but doubtful others. For it disdained to attempt less than the utter destruction of abuses, which an association of less power and zeal might more wisely have remained content with the resolution to mitigate and correct.

Since the palmy days of the Anti-Slave-Trade Association, we have had those of the Anti-Corn-Law League, one of the most just, most noble, and most

ably-worked agitations, that any country has seen. Its very success, and the political elevation of all engaged in it, has tempted a variety of able and of liberal men to institute similar associations without well considering whether the aim justifies such means, and whether the very principles and habits of political association may not be weakened by its application to unfit objects.

The Peace Association, whose congress at Paris now attracts public attention, is certainly one of the boldest yet attempted, since its sphere is not merely confined to England, but extends all over Europe. We may, nevertheless, doubt if its members are quite conscious of the degree of political boldness necessary to the right discharge of their self-appointed functions. They must beware, that for the sake of tolerance or favor they are not led to flatter princes and make light of popular interests. That may be the path of peace and toleration to them, but it is not so for the great mass of the people whom they would relieve. Preach mutual peace to France and to England. None will gainsay it. For what possible good or right would come of a war between the two countries? But will you at the same time and in the same breath preach peace to Poland, and to Hungary, and to Italy? What can peace mean, in an exhortation to the people of these countries, but submission? If the Peace Association preach that, it will be justly despised. On the other hand, to preach justice, mercy, and truth, in respect of popular rights, to a Czar of Russia or an Emperor of Austria, is a mission more for a war society than for one of peace. Is not, indeed, the new holy alliance a war congress in direct opposition to that of peace? Does it not found its right and permanence upon bayonets and bayonets only? Is not the very principle of the new league of government, to which France has disgracefully adhered, the maxim that the army is the true and only support of government, and that the one half or one third of the male population should be kept idle, in arms, in uniform, and in pay, in order to support a chief governor and a dozen politicians in the task of coercing the rest.

Armies, in fact, are now avowedly kept for the purposes of police, and not only for police at home, but abroad. Russia would invade Hungary and govern Poland. Austria has stipulated to do the same by Bavaria. The King of Prussia is the great police magistrate of Germany. What is Louis Napoleon but a general of gendarmerie, not only for his own purposes in France, but to do the cardinals' bidding in Rome? If it is this power of mutual oppression that the association whose congress has met in Paris purposes to abet, then give us a war and resistance association, as something more frank, more manly, and more for the interest of humanity at present, and of permanent peace for the future.

The wars now prevailing in Europe are those of dynasties against nationalities. We doubt its being in the power or within the scope of the Peace Society either to persuade dynasties to give

up those nations which abhor them, or to persuade nationalities to forget what is most riveted in the popular affections. The only solid basis on which to establish peace, would be the allowance to each nationality to develop itself according to its nature and its tendencies. Let there be a French, a German, an Italian, a Slavonian, and a Russian empire. Each would be too strong to fear the other, each too content to desire conquest. But the will of the nation in these and other things should prevail over the interests and caprices of a dynasty. A dynasty is warlike. A developed nation is never so, unless when provoked or oppressed.

FALL OF ROME.

[The following private letter has lately been published in England. We copy it from the New York Tribune. It is a good commentary upon the late events, and—like everything he has done or written—is honorable to Mazzini.]

Rome has fallen! It is a great crime and a great error. The crime belongs entirely to France; the error to civilized Europe, and above all to your England. I say to your England, for in the three questions which are now at issue at Rome, and which it is vain to attempt to stifle by brute force, England appears to me, and did appear to us all, to be especially concerned. Three questions,—the question of principle, of international right, of European morality—the political question, properly so called, the balance of power in Europe, influence to be preserved or obtained—and the religious question,—all were, in fact, raised already in Rome before the entrance of the French. The question of principle is, thank God, sufficiently clear. A population of more than two millions of men having peacefully, solemnly, and legally chosen, through a constitutional Assembly, regularly elected, a form of government, is deprived of it by foreign violence, and forced again to submit to the power which had been abolished; and that without that population having furnished the slightest pretext for such violence, or made the slightest attempt against the peace of neighboring countries.

The calumnies which have been for months systematically circulated against our republic, are of little importance; it was necessary to defame those whom it had been determined to destroy. But I affirm that the republic voted almost unanimously by the Assembly, had the general and spontaneous approbation of the country; and of this the explicit declaration of almost all the municipalities of the Roman States voluntarily renewed at the time of the French invasion, without any initiative on the part of the Roman government, is a decisive proof. I affirm that with the exception of Ancona, where the triumvirate were obliged energetically to repress certain criminal acts of political vengeance, the republican cause was never sullied by the slightest excess; that never was there any censorship assumed over the press before the siege, never did the occasion

arise for exercising it during the siege; not a single condemnation to death or exile bore witness to a severity which it would have been our right to have exercised, but which the perfect unanimity which reigned among all the elements of the state rendered useless.

I affirm that, except in the case of three or four priests, who had been guilty of firing upon our combatants, and who were killed by the people during the last days of the siege, not a single act of personal violence was committed by any fraction of the population against another, and that if ever there was a town presenting the spectacle of a band of brothers pursuing a common end, and bound together by the same faith, it was Rome under the republican rule. The city was inhabited by foreigners from all parts of the world, by the consular agents, by many of your countrymen; let any one of them arise, and under the guarantee of his own signature, deny, if he can, the truth of what I say. Terror now reigns in Rome; the prisons are choked with men who have been arrested and detained without trial; fifty priests are confined in the Castle of St. Angelo, whose only crime consists in their having lent their services in our hospitals; the citizens the best known for their moderation are exiled; the army is almost entirely dissolved, the city disarmed, and the "factions" sent away even to the last man; and yet France dares not consult in a legal manner the will of the populations, but re-establishes the Papal authority by military decree.

I do not believe that, since the dismemberment of Poland, there has been committed a more atrocious injustice, a more gross violation of the eternal right which God has implanted in the people—that of appreciating and defining for themselves their own life, and governing themselves in accordance with their own appreciation of it. And I cannot believe that it is well for you or for Europe that such things can be accomplished in the eyes of the world without one nation arising out of its immobility to protest in the name of universal justice. This is to enthroned brute force where, by the power of reason, God alone should reign—it is to substitute the sword and poniard for law—to decree a ferocious war without limit of time or means between oppressors rendered suspicious by their fears, and the oppressed abandoned to the instincts of reaction and isolation. Let Europe ponder upon these things. For if the light of human morality becomes but a little more obscured, in that darkness there will arise a strife that will make those who come after us shudder with dread.

The balance of power in Europe is destroyed. It consisted formerly in the support given to the smaller states by the great powers; now they are abandoned. France in Italy, Russia in Hungary, Prussia in Germany, a little later perhaps in Switzerland; these are now the masters of the continent. England is thus made a nullity; the "celæ sedet Eolus in arce," which Canning

delighted to quote, to express the moderating function which he wished to reserve for his country, is now a meaningless phrase. Let not your preachers of the theory of material interests, your speculators upon extended markets, deceive themselves; there is history to teach them that political influence and commercial influence are closely bound together. Political sympathies hold the key of the markets; the tariff of the Roman republic will appear to you, if you study it, to be a declaration of sympathy toward England to which your government has not thought it necessary to respond.

And yet, above the question of right, above the question of political interest, both of which were of a nature to excite early the attention of England, there is, as I have said, another question being agitated at Rome of a very different kind of importance, and which ought to have aroused all those who believe in the vital principle of religious reformation—it is that of liberty of conscience. The religious question, which broods at the root of all political questions, showed itself there great and visible in all its European importance. The Pope at Gaeta was the theory of absolute infallible authority exiled from Rome forever; and exiled from Rome was to be exiled from the world. The abolition of the temporal power evidently drew with it, in the minds of all those who understood the secret of the papal authority, the emancipation of men's minds from the spiritual authority. The principle of liberty and of free consent, elevated by the Constituent Assembly into a living, active right, tended rapidly to destroy the absolutist dogma which from Rome aims more than ever to enchain the universe.

The high aristocracy of the Roman Catholic clergy well know the impossibility of retaining the soul in darkness, in the midst of light inundating the intelligences of men; for this reason they carried off their Pope to Gaeta; for this reason they now refuse all compromise. They know that any compromise would be fatal to them; that they must reënter as conquerors, or not at all. And in the same way that the aristocracy of the clergy felt this inseparability of the two powers, the French government, in its present reactionary march, has felt that the keystone of despotism is at Rome—that the ruin of the spiritual authority of the middle ages was the ruin of its own projects—and that the only method of securing to it a few more years of existence, was to rebuild for it a temporal domination.

England has understood nothing of this. She has not understood what there was of sublime and prophetic in this cry of emancipation—in this protestation in favor of human liberty, issuing from the very heart of ancient Rome, in the face of the Vatican. She has not felt that the struggle in Rome was to cut the Gordian knot of moral servitude, against which she has long and vainly opposed her biblical societies, her Christian and evangelical alliances; and that there was being opened, had she but extended a sisterly hand to

the movement, a mighty pathway for the human mind. She has not understood that one bold word, "respect for the liberty of thought," opposed to the hypocritical language of the French government, would have been sufficient to inaugurate the era of a new religious policy, and to conquer for herself a decisive ascendancy upon the continent.

Is England beginning to understand these things? You answer me, Yes. I doubt it. Political and religious indifference appears to me to have taken too deep a root with you to be conquered by anything short of those internal crises which become more and more inevitable. But if it be true that the unequal struggle which has been maintained for two months at Rome has borne fruits—if it be true that you begin to understand all that there is of brutal in the league of four powers against the awakening of the Eternal City—all that there is of grand and fruitful for humanity in this cry of country and liberty, rising from among the ruins of the capital—all that there would be of noble, of generous, of profitable for England in responding to this cry, as to that of a sister toward whom a debt of gratitude is owed—you can still do us a great good. You may console—this you have always done—the exile of our combatants, whom the French government tears from their homes, poor, mistaken souls, who dreamed of the fraternity of France, in utter physical destitution and in despair of mind. You can save for us these spirits by preserving them from the attacks of doubt and of unmeasured reaction. You can, by your press, by the voice of your meetings, fix upon the forehead of the French republic the mark of Cain; upon the front of Rome the glory of a martyrdom, which contain the promise of victory; you can give to Europe the consciousness that Italy is being born anew, and to Italy a redoubled faith in herself. You may do more.

The Roman question is far from being resolved. France finds herself placed between the necessity of giving way to a new insurrection, and that of prolonging indefinitely the occupation by her troops; thus changing intervention into conquest. Assemble yourselves, associate yourselves, organize a vast agitation for the political and religious independence of the people; and say to your government, that honor, duty, and the future of England demand that her flag shall not hang idly in atheistic immobility, amid the continued violation of the principle which it represents; that France has not the right to dispose of the Roman States as she pleases; that the will of the Roman people ought to be expressed, and that it cannot be freely expressed while four hostile armies are encamped upon its territories. Call upon France to fulfil her promises. We could not admit—we, the elected of the people—that they should be called upon to express a second time what they had already peaceably, completely, and in the most unfettered manner, declared. We could not commit suicide upon ourselves in our most sacred

right. But, since violence has annihilated the consequences of its exercise, it is for you now to recall France to its engagements, and to say to her: "All that you are about to do is null and illegal, if the will of the population is not consulted." And if your government remain silent—if France pursues her career of violence—then it is for you, the people, to aid us, you men of justice and liberty, in the struggle. With or without the aid of the people we will re-commence this struggle. We cannot, we will not, sacrifice our future, and the destinies toward which we are called by God, to the caprices of egotism and of blind force. But the assistance of the people may spare us many bloody sacrifices, much reactionary violence, that we, men of order and peace, have striven to avoid, but which, in the powerlessness of exile, we may not be able to prevent.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

August 6, 1849.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. WALSH'S LETTER, 15TH AUGUST, TO THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

THE Paris insurgents, made prisoners in the four days of June, 1848, who were sent to the hulks in the ports of France, and to be transported to Cayenne and Tahiti, are now destined to Algeria. Their number, originally, was upwards of twelve thousand. It is a lucky escape for Tahiti.

It is said that the Jews of Buda, the old Hungarian capital, have announced their intention to emigrate to the American Union.

The French government is stated to be reorganizing the army of the Alps, as if not quite easy on the Italian question.

The recent speech of M. de Falloux, the Minister of Public Instruction, may be pronounced the finest specimen of oratory furnished in the Legislative Assembly during its session of a hundred days. I refer to his reply to M. Jules Favre's declamation about the affair at Rome. It is distinguished by philosophical elevation and force; novel and striking historical views of the popedom, and a broad flow of beautiful diction. The president of the Assembly, when de Falloux was violently interrupted by the Mountain, turned towards the brawlers, and said, "Learn at least to respect the ability of the orator; we should all listen to what does honor to us all." The lesson is good for every debating body, and the compliment was both happy and well merited in this instance. If de Falloux should continue in public life, his general powers, his resolute spirit, his literary advantages, his rich and fluent elocution, his engaging person and address, will place him on a high eminence. He was born in 1811. If not as a poet, he may yet, as a prose writer, a public speaker, and a statesman, outstrip Lamartine.

There is an affinity between the present phase of this continent, and that of the first years of the old French Revolution, which, in my view, ren-

ders applicable, or *quotable*, the language of Burke, in his masterly epistle to the Empress of Russia, dated in 1791:

Madam, your glory will be complete, if, after having given peace to Europe by your moderation, you shall bestow stability on all its governments by your vigor and decision. The debt which your imperial majesty's august predecessors have contracted to the ancient manners of Europe, by means of which they civilized a vast empire, will be nobly repaid by preserving those manners from the hideous change with which they are now menaced. By the intervention of Russia the world will be preserved from barbarism and ruin.

Some of your readers may be startled, and even indignant, at this my addition—that the repression of anarchy, the restoration and rescue of political order—the safety of civilization itself—may yet be the work of Russia. Distrust is banished from my mind, by the character, the declarations, and the very obvious interests of Czar Nicholas. Respectfully to utter what we believe to be the truth, is the best homage which can be rendered to real dignity in the sovereign people, or any other sovereignty, or at any bar.

The number recently issued of the Bulletin of the Paris Geographical Society contains a notice by M. Jomard, in six pages, of Lieutenant Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea; also, from the same savant, some pages on the discovery of an ancient city near San Louis de Potosi. He had often expressed the opinion that the "Maya" language would furnish the key of the *Katouns*—that is, of the groups of figures and characters which abound in the admirable monuments of Palenque and Yucatan."

In the United States how much rancorous invective, malignant humor, violent passion, fretful impatience or testiness, is lost in the immensity of space, and the very latitude of universal freedom, and public conscious security. Not so here, in a population of twelve hundred thousand, within a circumference of twenty leagues. Any spark may kindle a conflagration.

The smugglers in Spain are now estimated at sixty thousand. At the end of the last century, Count Florida Blanc computed them at one hundred thousand.

The Berlin *Triple Union* has been recognized by all the northern, central, and western states of Germany. Bavaria and Wurtemberg are not indispensable to its success.

The best informed observers in Germany think it probable that the governments of Bavaria and Wurtemberg will ere long accede to the Prusso-Germanic constitution, as a security against internal dangers.

Martial law being withdrawn from Paris, several of the suppressed journals, *La Reforme* at the head, have reappeared. The *National* and *La Presse*, which were spared, but obliged to curb their animosities, are now giving loose to them in the most rancorous and vindictive spirit. Extremely rigorous and reaching as the new code of

the press may be deemed, it will be found insufficient for its purposes. This is manifest, from the fresh experience of only a few days.

De Lesseps, the late French envoy at Rome, arraigned before the council of state at Paris, has included in his defensive memoir, to that tribunal, some curious particulars of the attempt of the American charge d'affaires, to mediate between the French commander and the Roman rulers.

It is my intention to report to you, in some detail, the whole Lesseps case. His copious memoir possesses historical interest; it discloses a singular game between the French ministers, on one hand, and a semi-envoy plenipotentiary on the other; the one having ends which they wished to veil, and selecting an agent whose political predilections and associations might serve as a blind; the other, exerting himself, while he believed the ministry strong, according to the sense in which he supposed they wished him to act; but, as soon as he learned that the Constituent Assembly disavowed, and voted an order of the day to rectify, the proceedings of the military expedition, turning short round, violating his instructions, conceding everything to the rulers of Rome, and seeking to please only the majority of the Constituent Assembly. The *National*, his former patron, was so deeply irritated by his first course, that it represented him as having literally lost his reason. His singular evolutions and self-contradiction, which so quickly followed the news of the Assembly's vote, rendered the allegation of the *National* so specious, for his friends, family, and the public in general, that his wife set out in all haste for Rome, to nurse the crazed negotiator. She arrived there the morning after he had departed for Paris with his treaty, by which he truly condemned the French forces to a result as bad as the Candine Forks. He performed the journey from Rome to Paris in four days and a half—the greatest speed known at the time. The ministry had recalled him by telegraph, before his treaty reached them; which, naturally, they at once rejected. A recognition of the Roman republic was the reverse of their whole scheme. It is not uncharitable to infer from all particulars, that the negotiator colluded with the Triumvirate and their privy council, against the French army before Rome, and the cabinet at Paris. He has never been more than what you call a smart man; his official notes were so feeble and so vulnerable in the topics, that they seem to have been concerted with the Roman republic and its French scribes, for the purpose of enabling it to frame victorious and impressive replies, which were immediately transmitted to the Roman committee of the Mountain in Paris, and their common organ, the *National*.

You will see that the French government has authorized an Englishman, Mr. Jacob Brett, to establish a sub-marine electrical telegraph across the channel between Calais and Bologne and Dover. He is to bear all expenses, and retain his privilege for ten years in case of success, which, truly, would be of vast importance to both coun-

tries, and of no small convenience for the world. We are told that M. Segnier, of the French Institute, a practical savant of the first order, is about to be appointed director-general of the French magnetic telegraph, and will, before he enters on his functions, repair to the United States, to become acquainted with your wires and railroads. You have received from me some account of his recent similar errand to Great Britain.

From the same—23d Aug.

Within the three days past this capital has experienced a strong sensation from the various most important news, of which you will have the details in the London papers. The surrender to the Russians of the Hungarian general, Georgey, with a large part of his army, thirty or forty thousand men, seems to decide the struggle. The Austro-Russian forces appear to have been victorious in every direction. Few of the better-informed observers here entertained hope of the success of the Hungarian cause, but still fewer expected so sudden and abrupt a catastrophe. The contest was with two of the most powerful empires in the world. Prussia would have thrown herself into it if it had been protracted. A declaration on the side of Hungary by England (which has never been in the least probable) could not have materially influenced the case. Russia, Austria, and Prussia had too much staked on the issue, to desist through the fear of any British hostilities. With France on their backs, the result might have been different, but the yawning gulf of bankruptcy, and the dread of revolutionary paroxysms at home, would alone have sufficed to restrain the French government. In the legations of the northern powers at Paris, a uniform confidence in the Austro-Russian league has prevailed to a degree that could well beget despondency in the most zealous advocate of Hungary; in the French departments of war and foreign affairs there was also an unfeigned, though somewhat fretting, assurance of the inevitable triumph of the league.

Our *lion* in this capital now is the Peace Congress, which was opened yesterday. Multitudes have repaired to the Rue de Rivoli, to see the fifty Quaker families, reported to be inmates of its hotels. All the journals furnish articles more or less civil to the congress, though with very different measures of faith and honor. The *Debats* has some semi-ironical paragraphs. It observes, "To choose Paris as the centre of a crusade in favor of universal peace, is to carry the war into the very focus or hearth of the enemy."

Louis Philippe is in the enjoyment, in England, of good health and spirits. He is free now, and his nature and his habits before he mounted a throne were such as that he may rejoice in his enlargement.

The clever literary critic of the London Morning Chronicle observes of Mr. Samuel Elliot's work on the *Liberty of Rome*, &c.: "This production, on a first hasty perusal, appears to be characterized by great learning and ability, no less

than by a Christian and philosophic spirit. It is a remarkable work ; the style is often highly eloquent, and distinguished generally by calm dignity and power." Similar testimony is borne by the London literary journals.

The London Morning Chronicle of the 10th inst. has an editorial article on the American free soil question ; more is promised—a systematic discussion. In the same number of the Chronicle are two extensive documents, suggestive and instructive for the United States. I refer to the report of the commissioner appointed to inquire into the state of the population in the mining districts of Great Britain, and a letter to the lord chancellor from the commissioners on *lunacy*, with regard to their duties and practice.

The Chronicle of the 17th inst. has a continuation of the editorial views of the Wilmot Proviso question. It is severe on the free soil party, and on Presidents Tyler and Polk. The matter is very curious on the whole, if from a foreigner. The writer says :—"The success of the Wilmot Proviso is the doom of slavery." This is to be shown.

Lamartine advertises in his journal all his patrimonial estates. By his writings he has gained as much nearly as Walter Scott received. These men of genius ended in the same ruin, though from different causes, and with very different characters.

The Travels of Lyell and Mackay scale many eyes in Great Britain ; perhaps, also, in the United States, where some Americans are not less prejudiced against their own country.

Louis Napoleon has taken up his residence for the vacations, in the palace of St. Cloud. All the vacant ex-royal palaces must, then, be at his disposal !

Nearly all the continental governments are negotiating, or about to negotiate, loans. The comparative prosperity of the Prussian finances is a wonder.

In the *Constitutionnel* of 20th inst., and on the same day in the *Journal des Debats*, there are articles on California, in which the worst aspects are presented by the former, the best by the other. General Riley's proclamation is expounded and praised by both. The *Constitutionnel* treats the plan of the St. Francisco Assembly as revolutionary. Allow me to translate for you a paragraph of each.

From the *Constitutionnel*.

If the attempt of General Riley succeeds, he will preserve the rights and maintain the authority of the central power. Part of the population has already adhered to his proclamation, and consented to pursue the plan he has indicated to them. But the provincial assembly of St. Francisco refuses him the right of taking such a step ; it protests against the union of civil and military power, and proposes in its turn, that the different districts should elect delegates for a convention, which should give to California a definitive constitution, without refer-

ence to the will or the ulterior displeasure of the ruling powers at Washington. Such a step would cause a separation between California and the Union, and would be almost equivalent to a declaration of independence. The next news will inform us which have succeeded—the plans of General Riley, or the revolutionary ones of the assembly of San Francisco.

From the *Journal des Debats*.

We return often to the subject of California. It is in fact a most interesting spectacle to behold the Anglo-Saxon race there taking possession, colonizing, administering laws, and making a flourishing country of that, which, a year ago, was a vast desert, and where the immense wealth which it has been discovered to contain, has drawn adventurers from all parts of the world. It is a study full of instruction for France, now attempting the work of colonization, and who for eighteen years has been mistress of one of the most beautiful countries on the face of the globe, where she has expended millions of treasure, and shed the blood of her brave soldiers, but without being able to establish herself permanently on the rich soil and under the delicious climate. For France, still reeling and shuddering from revolution and anarchy, it is well worth the trouble of learning how such a government is founded ;—how the concert, liberality, and courage of a handful of honest men, who know what they are about, will succeed in establishing a regular system, make the laws respected, and maintain order and liberty in the midst of a population, of which the elements are, for the most part, as desperate and vicious as those which are now to be found amid the gold mines of San Joaquin and the Sacramento. We must not forget that the greatest number of these intrepid explorers, inured to all danger by their wandering lives, and hardened to all privations and misery, are also men, who, in violence and disorder, do not yield in any degree to the demagogues of our cities, and who have no more idea of respecting property, the rights of *mine* and *thine*, than the socialist school here and elsewhere. But, notwithstanding these evil qualities, which must make a struggle with such men terrible, still, they are in a measure controlled by the energy of honest men, who go to seek fortune by their side. Here, then, is a subject for useful meditation for that laborious but timid population, enemies of anarchy, but who do not know how to unite and organize themselves, which forms the immense majority of the French society, and who have left, more than once, the country without defence, to the hands of a few bold conspirators.

The *Moniteur* of yesterday morning contains the official report from the Council of State, in the case of M. Lesseps, the late envoy or commissioner of France. It censures and condemns his conduct and treaty in the severest terms, and assigns the reasons of this judgment in detail. It pronounces that he entirely violated his instructions, and signed a convention of which the stipulations were contrary to the interests and dignity of France. The *Constitutionnel* of this day has another article on the Canadian question. It is treated as still pregnant with danger for Great Britain, and interest for the United States.

Aug. 1st.—Mr. Agnew said to me this morning, somewhat gravelie, “I observe, cousin, you seem to consider yourselfe the victim of circumstances.” “And am I not?” I replied. “No,” he answered, “circumstance is a false god, unrecognized by the Christian, who contemns him, though a stubborn yet a profitable servant.”—“That may be alle very grand for a man to doe,” I sayd. “Very grand, but very feasible, for a woman as well as a man,” rejoined Mr. Agnew, “and we shall be driven to the wall alle our lives, unless we have this victorious struggle with circumstances. I seldom allude, cousin, to yours, which are almoste too delicate for me to meddle with; and yet I hardlie feele justified in letting soe many opportunities escape. Do I offend? or may I go on!—Onlie think, then, how voluntarilie you have placed yourself in your present uncomfortable situation. The tree cannot resist y^e graduall growth of y^e moss upon it; but you might, anie day, anie hour, have freed yourself from the equallie graduall formation of y^e net that has enclosed you at last. You entered too hastily into your firste—nay, let that pass—you gave too shorte a triall of your new home before you became disgusted with it. Admit it to have beene dull, even unhealthfulle, were you justified in forsaking it at a month’s end? But your husband gave you leave of absence, though obtayned under false pretences.—When you found them to be false, should you not have cleared yourself to him of knowledge of y^e deceit? Then your leave, soe obtayned, expired—should you not have returned then?—Your health and spiritts were recruited; your husband wrote to reclaim you—should you not have returned then? He provided an escort whom your father beat and drove away.—If you had insisted on going to your husband, might you not have gone *then*? Oh cousin, you dare not look up to heaven and say you have been y^e victim of circumstances.”

I made no answer; onlie felt much moven, and very angrie. I sayd, “If I wished to go back, Mr. Milton would not receive me now.”

“Will you try?” sayd Roger. “Will you but let me try? Will you let me write to him?”

I had a mind to say “Yes.”—Insteade, I answered “No.”

“Then there’s an end,” cried he sharplie. “Had you made but one fayre triall, whether successfulle or noe, I could have been satisfied—no, not satisfied, but I would have esteemed you, could have taken your part. As it is, the less I say just now, perhaps the better. Forgive me for having spoken at alle.”

—Afterwards, I hearde him say to Rose of me, “I verilie believe there is nothing in her on which to make a permanent impression. I verilie think she loves everie one of those long curls of hers more than she loves Mr. Milton.”

(Note:—I will cut them two inches shorter to-night. And they will grow all y^e faster.)

• • • Oh, my sad heart, Roger Agnew hath pierced you at last.

I was moved, more than he thought, by what

he said in y^e morning; and, in writing down y^e heads of his speech, to kill time, a kind of resentment at myselfe came over me, unlike to what I had ever felt before; in spite of my folly about my curls. Seeking for some trifle in a bag that had not been shaken out since I brought it from London, out tumbled a key with curious wards—I knew it at once for one that belonged to a certayn alghum-wood casket Mr. Milton had recourse to dailie, because he kept small change in it; and I knew not I had brought it away! ’Twas worked in grotesque, the casket, by Benvenuto, for Clement the Seventh, who for some reason would not have it; and soe it came somehow to Clementillo, who gave it to Mr. Milton. Thought I, how uncomfortable the loss of this key must have made him! he must have needed it a hundred times! even if he hath bought a new casket, I will for it he habituallie goes agayn and agayn to y^e old one, and then he remembers that he lost y^e key the same day that he lost his wife. I heartilie wish he had it back. Ah, but he feels not the one loss as he feels the other. Nay, but it is as well that one of them, tho’ y^e lesser, should be repaired. ’Twill shew signe of grace, my thinking of him, and may open y^e way, if God wills, to some interchange of kindnesse, however fleeting.

Soe I sought out Mr. Agnew, tapping at his study doore. He said, “Come in,” drylie enoughe; and there were he and Rose reading a letter. I sayd, “I want you to write for me to Mr. Milton.” He gave a sour look, as much as to say he disliked y^e office; which threw me back, as ’t were; he having soe lately proposed it himself. Rose’s eyes, however, dilated with sweet pleasure, as she lookt from one to y^e other of us.

“Well—I fear ’t is too late,” sayd he at length reluctiantlie, I might almost say grufflie—“what am I to write?”

“To tell him I have this key,” I made answer faltering.

“That key!” cried he.

“Yes, the key of his alghum-wood casket, which I knew not I had, and which I think he must miss dailie.”

He lookt at me with y^e utmost impatience.

“And is that alle?” he sayd.

“Yes, alle,” I said trembling.

“And have you nothing more to tell him?” sayd he.

“No—” after a pause, I replied. Rose’s countenance fell.

“Then you must ask some one else to write for you, Mrs. Milton,” burst forthe Roger Agnew, “unless you choose to write for yourself. I have neither part nor lot in it.”

I burst forthe into teares.

“No, Rose, no,” repeated Mr. Agnew, putting aside his wife, who would have interceded for me; “her teares have noe effect on me now—they proceed, not from a contrite heart, they are y^e tears of a child that cannot brook to be chidden for the waywardnesse in which it persists.”

“You doe me wrong everie way,” I sayd; “I

came to you willing and desirous to do what you yourself would, this morning, have had me do."

"But in how strange a way!" cried he. "At a time when anie renewal of your intercourse requires to be conducted with y^e utmost delicacy, and even with more show of concession on your part than, an hour ago, I should have deemed needfull—to propose an abrupt, trivial communication about an old key!"

"It needed not to have beene abrupt," I said, "nor yet trivial; for I meant it to have beene exprest kindlie."

"You said not that before," answered he.

"Because you gave me not time—because you chid me and frightened me."

He stood silent some while upon this; grave, yet softer, and mechanically playing with y^e key, which he had taken from my hand. Rose looking in his face anxiously. At length, to disturb his reverie, she playfully took it from him, saying, in school-girl phrase,

"This is the key of the kingdom!"

"Of the kingdom of heaven, it might be!" exclaimed Roger, "if we knew how to use it aright! If we knew but how to fit it to y^e wards of Milton's heart!—there 's the difficulty—a greater one, poor Moll, than you know; for hithertoe, alle y^e reluctance has been on your part. But now——"

"What now?" I anxiously askt.

"We were talking of you but as you rejoined us," said Mr. Agnew, "and I was telling Rose that hithertoe I had considered the onlie obstacle to a reunion arose from a false impression of your own, that Mr. Milton could not make you happy. But now I have beene led to y^e conclusion that you cannot make *him* soe, which increases the difficulty."

After a pause, I said, "What makes you think soe?"

"You and he have made me think soe," he replied. "First for yourself, dear Moll, putting aside for a time the consideration of your youth, beauty, franknesse, mirthfullnesse, and a certayn girlish drollerie and mischiefe that are all very well in fitting time and place—what remains in you for a mind like John Milton's to repose upon? what stabilitie? what sympathie? what steadfast principle? You take noe pains to apprehend and relish his favorite pursuits; you care not for his wounded feelings; you consult not his interests, anie more than your owne duty. Now, is such the character to make Milton happy?"

"No one can answer that but himself," I replied, deeplie mortyfyde.

"Well—he *has* answered it," said Mr. Agnew, taking up y^e letter he and Rose had beene reading when I interrupted them.—"You must know, cousin, that his and my close friendship hath beene a good deal interrupted by this matter. 'Twas under my roof you met. Rose had imparted to me much of her earlie interest in you. I fancied you had good dispositions which, under masterlie traying, would ripen into noble

principles; and therefore promoted your marriage as far as my interest in your father had weight. I own I was surpris'd at his easilie obtained consent—but, that *you*, once domesticated with such a man as John Milton, should find your home uninteresting, your affections free to stray back to your owne family, was what I had never contemplated."

Here I made a show of taking the letter, but he held it back.

"No, Moll, you disappointed us everie way. And, for a time, Rose and I were ashamed, for you rather than of you, that we left noe means neglected of trying to preserve your place in your husband's regard. But you did not bear us out; and then he beganne to take it amisse that we upheld you. Soe then, after some warm and cool words, our correspondence languished; and hath but now beene renewed."

"He has written us a most kind condolence," interrupted Rose, "on the death of our baby."

"Yes, most kindlie, most nobly exprest," said Mr. Agnew; "but what a conclusion!"

And then, after this long preamble, he offered me the letter, y^e beginning of which, though doubtlesse well enough, I marked not, being impatient to reach y^e latter part; wherein I found myself spoken of soe bitterlie, soe harshlie, as that I too plainly saw Roger Agnew had not beene beside y^e mark when he decided I could never make Mr. Milton happy. Payned and wounded feeling made me lay aside y^e letter without proffering another word, and retreat without soe much as a sigh or a sob into mine own chamber; but noe longer could y^e restraint be maintained. I fell to weeping soe passionatlie that Rose prayed to come in, and condoled with me, and advised me, soe as that at length my weeping bated, and I promised to return below when I should have bathed mine eyes and smoothed my hair; but I have not gone down yet.

Bed time.—I think I shall send to father to have me home at y^e beginning of next week. Rose needes me not, now; and it cannot be pleasant to Mr. Agnew to see my sorrowfull face about y^e house. His reproofe and my husband's together have riven my heart; I think I shall never laugh agayn, nor smile but after a piteous sorte; and soe people will cease to love me, for there is nothing in me of a graver kind to draw their affection; and soe I shall lead a moping life unto y^e end of my dayes.

—Luckilie for me, Rose had much sewing to doe; for she hath undertaken with great energie her labors for y^e poore, and consequentlie spends less time in her husband's study; and, as I help her to y^e best of my means, my sewing hides my lack of talking, and Mr. Agnew reads to us such books as he deems entertayning; yet half y^e time I hear not what he reads. Still, I did not deeme so much amusement could have beene found in books; and there are some of his, that, if not soe cumbrous, I woulde fain borrow.

Friday.—I have made up my mind now, that I shall never see Mr. Milton more; and am resolved to submit to it without another tear.

Rose said, this morning, she was glad to see me more composed; and soe am I; but never was more miserable.

Saturday night.—Mr. Agnew's religious services at y^e end of the week have alwaies more than usuall matter and meaning in them. They are neither soe drowsy as those I have beene for manie years accustomed to at home, nor soe wearisome as to remind me of y^e Puritans. Were there manie such as he in our church, so faithfull, fervent, and thoughtfull, methinks there would be fewer schismatics; but still there would be some, because there are alwaies some that like to be y^e uppermost.

—To-night, Mr. Agnew's prayers went straight to my heart; and I privilie turned sundrie of his generall petitions into particular ones, for myself and Robin, and also for Mr. Milton. This gave such unwonted relief, that since I entered into my closet, I have repeated the same particularlie; one request seeming to grow out of another, till I remained I know not how long on my knees, and will bend them yet agayn, ere I go to bed.

How sweetlie y^e moon shines through my casement to-night! I am almoste avised to accede to Rose's request of staying here to y^e end of the month:—everie thing here is soe peacefull; and Forrest Hill is dull, now Robin is away.

Sunday evening.—How blessed a Sabbath!—Can it be, that I thought, onlie two days back, I shoulde never know peace agayn? Joy I may not, but peace I can and doe. And yet nought hath amended y^e unfortunate condition of mine affairs; but a different coloring is caste upon them—the Lord grant that it may last! How hath it come soe, and how may it be preserved? This morn, when I awoke, 'twas with a sense of relief such as we have when we miss some wearying bodilie payn; a feeling as though I had beene forgiven, yet not by Mr. Milton, for I knew he had not forgiven me. Then, it must be, I was forgiven by God; and why? I had done nothing to get his forgiveness, only presumed on his mercy to ask manie things I had noe right to expect. And yet I felt I was forgiven. Why, then, might not Mr. Milton some day forgive me? Should y^e debt of ten thousand talents be cancelled, and not y^e debt of a hundred peice? Then I thought on that same word, talents; and considered, had I ten, or even one? Decided to consider it at leisure, more closelie, and to make over to God henceforthe, be they ten, or be it one. Then, dressed with much composure, and went down to breakfast.

Having marked that Mr. Agnew and Rose affected not companie on this day, spent it chiefly by myself, except at church and meal times; partlie in my chamber, partlie in y^e garden bowre by the bee-hives. Made manie resolutions, which,

in church, I converted into prayers and promises. Hence, my holy peace.

Monday.—Rose proposed, this morning, we shoulde resume our studdies. Felt loth to comply, but did soe nevertheless, and afterwards we walked manie miles to visit some poor folk. This evening, Mr. Agnew read us y^e prologue to the Canterbury Tales. How lifelike are y^e portraictures! I mind me that Mr. Milton shewed me y^e Talbot Inn, that day we crost the river with Mr. Marvell.

Tuesday.—How heartlie do I wish I had never read that same letter!—or rather, that it had never beene written. Thus it is, even with our wishes. We think ourselves reasonable in wishing some small thing were otherwise, which it were quite as impossible to alter as some great thing. Nevertheless I cannot help fretting over y^e remembrance of that part wherein he spake such bitter things of my "most ungoverned passion for revellings and junketings." Sure, he would not call my life too merrie now, could he see me lying wakefullie on my bed—could he see me preventing y^e morning watch—could he see me at my prayers, at my books, at my needle. —He shall find he hath judged too hardly of Moll, even yet.

Wednesday.—Took a cold dinner in a basket with us to-day, and ate our rustically repast on y^e skirt of a wood, where we could see y^e squirrels at their gambols. Mr. Agnew lay on y^e grass, and Rose took out her knitting, whereat he laught, and said she was like y^e Dutch women, that must knit, whether mourning or feasting, and even on y^e Sabbath. Having laught her out of her work, he drew forth Mr. George Herbert's poems, and read us a strayn which pleased Rose and me soe much, that I shall copy it herein, to have always by me.

How fresh, oh Lord; how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as y^e flowers in spring,
To which, beside their owne demesne,

The late pent frosts tributes of pleasure bring.

Grief melts away like snow in May,

As if there were noe such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart

Would have recovered greenness! it was gone
Quite underground, as flowers depart

To see their mother root, when they have blown,
Where they together, alle y^e hard weather,

Dead to the world, keep house alone.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power!

Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell

And up to heaven, in an hour,

Making a chiming of a passing bell.

We say amiss "this or that is;"

Thy word is alle, if we could spell.

Oh that I once past changing were!

Fast in thy Paradise, where no flowers can wither;
Manie a spring I shoot up faire,

Offering at heaven, growing and groaning tither,
Nor doth my flower want a spring shower,

My sins and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were my own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline.—
What frost to that? What pole is not y^e zone
Where alle things burn, when thou dost turn,
And y^e least frown of thine is shewn!

And now, in age, I bud agayn,
After soe manie deaths, I bud and write,
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing! Oh my onlie light!
It cannot be that I am he
On whom thy tempests fell alle night!

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,

Which, when we once can feel and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
Who would be more, swelling their store,
Forfeit their Paradise by theire pride.

Thursday.—Father sent over Diggory with a letter for me from deare Robin; alsoe, to ask when I was minded to return home, as mother wants to goe to Sandford. Fixed the week after next; but Rose says I must be here agayn at y^e apple-gathering. Answered Robin's letter. He looketh not for choyce of fine words; nor noteth an error here and there in y^e spelling.

[CHARM OF A FAMILIAR OBJECT SEEN IN ITS HAPPIEST LIGHT.]

MRS. CARTER, speaking of her journey home, in one of her letters to Mrs. Montagu, says, "I need not tell you, for I am sure you feel it, how much I longed for you to share with me in every view that pleased me; but there was one of such striking beauty, that I was half-wild with impatience at your being so many miles distant. To be sure the wise people, and the gay people, and the silly people of this worky-day world, and for the matter of that, all the people but you and I, would laugh to hear that this object which I was so undone at your not seeing, was no other than a single honeysuckle. It grew in a shady lane, and was surrounded by the deepest verdure, while its own figure and coloring, which were quite perfect, were illuminated by a ray of sunshine. There are some common objects, sometimes placed in such a situation, viewed in such a light, and attended by such accompaniments, as to be seen but once in a whole life, and to give one a pleasure entirely new; and this is one of them."—*Mrs. Carter's Letters to Mrs. Montagu*, vol. 1, p. 117.

[HUMAN NATURE OPPOSITELY ESTIMATED.]

"FROM those that have searched into the state of human nature, we have sometimes received very different and incompatible accounts; as though the inquirers had not been so much learning as fashioning the subject they had in hand; and that as arbitrarily as a heathen carver, that could make either a god or a tressel out of the same piece of wood. For some have cried down Nature into such a desperate impotency, as would render the grace of God ineffectual; and others, on the contrary, have invested her with such power and self-sufficiency, as would render the grace of God superfluous. The first of these opinions wrongs nature in defect, by allowing her no strength, which in consequence must make men desperate. The second wrongs nature in excess, by imputing too much strength, which in effect must make men confident; and both of them do equally destroy the reason of our application to God for strength. For neither will the man that is well in conceit, nor yet the desperate, apply himself to a physician; because the one cries there is no need, the other, there is no help."—*Dean Young's Sermons*, vol. 1, p. 4.

[ROWLAND HILL'S "FARRAGO."]

"A NOBLEMAN, well known on the turf, accidentally fell in company with a gentleman whose heart and head were chiefly occupied with some

small controversies that had lately taken place among the two sects of Methodism. The man of zeal very eagerly asked his lordship if he had seen Mr. Hill's *Farrago*? His lordship, whose ideas ran on Newmarket, whither he was at that time bound, replied, he had not—and begged the gentleman to inform him by whom *Farrago* was made.—'Made?—why I told you, my lord—by Mr. Hill himself.'—'The d—l he was,' said my lord; 'pray, sir, out of what mare?'—'Mare! my lord—I don't understand you.'—'Not understand me!' said the noble jockey. 'Why, is it not a horse you are talking about?'—'A horse! my lord—why you are strangely out. No, I am not talking about a horse, I am talking about a book.'—'A book!'—'Yes, my lord, and a most excellent one indeed, against John Wesley and universal redemption, by Mr. Rowland Hill—the GREAT Mr. Hill, my lord, whom everybody knows to be the first preacher of the age, and the son of the first baronet in the kingdom.'—'I ask his pardon,' said his lordship, 'for not having heard either of him or his book—but I really thought you was talking about a horse for Newmarket.' It is indeed of little consequence to 'those persons who now lead the opinions of a great part of Europe,' whether Mr. Rowland Hill's *Farrago* be a horse or a book: whether it is to start for the sweepstakes at Newmarket or the Tabernacle: and it is a matter of perfect indifference to them whether it wins or loses the odds. The contention is too trifling, and the success too insignificant, to excite either hope or fear for one moment."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 62, 1780,—*Williams's Lectures on the Duties of Religion and Morality*, p. 98.

[CHANGE OF TASTE IN THE COMPOSITION OF SERMONS.]

"THERE is a taste in moral and religious as well as other compositions, which varies in different ages, and may very lawfully and innocently be indulged. Thousands received instruction and consolation formerly from sermons, which would not now be endured. The preachers of them served their generation, and are blessed for evermore. But because provision was made for the wants of the last century in one way, there is no reason why it should not be made for the wants of this in another. The next will behold a set of writers of a fashion suited to it, when our discourses shall in their turn be antiquated and forgotten among men; though if any good be wrought by them in this their day, our hope is, with that of faithful Nehemiah, that our God will remember us concerning them."—*Bishop (Rev. Dr.) Horne, Preface to his Discourses*, 1779.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work— and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—CHATEAUBRIAND'S MEMOIRS.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, when skilfully and judiciously done, is one of the most delightful species of composition of which literature can boast. There is a strong desire in every intelligent and well-informed mind to be made acquainted with the private thoughts, and secret motives of action, of those who have filled the world with their renown. We long to learn their early history, to be made acquainted with their first aspirations—to learn how they became so great as they afterwards turned out. Perhaps literature has sustained no greater loss than that of the memoirs which Hannibal wrote of his life and campaigns. From the few fragments of his sayings which Roman admiration or terror has preserved, his reach of thought and statesman-like sagacity would appear to have been equal to his military talents. Cæsar's *Commentaries* have always been admired; but there are some doubts whether they really were written by the dictator; and, supposing they were, they relate almost entirely to military movements and public events, without giving much insight into private character. It is that which we desire in autobiography: we hope to find in it a window by which we may look into a great man's mind. Plutarch's *Lives* owe their vast and enduring popularity to the insight into private character which the innumerable anecdotes he has collected, of the heroes and statesmen of antiquity, afford.

Gibbon's autobiography is the most perfect account of an eminent man's life, from his own hand, which exists in any language. Independent of the interest which naturally belongs to it as the record of the studies, and the picture of the growth of the mind of the greatest historian of modern times, it possesses a peculiar charm from the simplicity with which it is written, and the judgment it displays, conspicuous alike in what is revealed and what is withheld in the narrative. It steers the middle channel so difficult to find, so invaluable when found, between ridiculous vanity on the one side, and affected modesty on the other. We see, from many passages in it, that the author was fully aware of the vast contribution he had made to literature, and the firm basis on which he had built his colossal fame. But he had good sense enough to see that those great qualities were never so likely to impress the reader as when only cautiously alluded to by the author. He knew that vanity and ostentation never fail to make the character in which they predominate ridiculous—

if excessive, contemptible; and that, although the world would thankfully receive all the details, how minute soever, connected with his immortal work, they would not take off his hands any symptom of his own entertaining the opinion of it which all others have formed. It is the consummate judgment with which Gibbon has given enough of the details connected with the preparation of his works to be interesting, and not enough to be ridiculous, which constitutes the great charm, and has occasioned the marked success, of his autobiography. There are few passages in the English language so popular as the well-known ones in which he has recounted the first conception, and final completion of his history, which, as models of the kind, as well as passages of exquisite beauty, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing, the more especially as they will set off, by way of contrast, the faults in some parallel passages attempted by Chateaubriand and Lamartine.

At the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum. Each memorable spot—where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell—was at once present to my eyes; and several days of intoxication were lost, or enjoyed, before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. It was at Rome, on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing this *Decline and Fall* of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city, rather than of the empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work.—(*Life*, p. 198, 8vo edition.)

Again, the well-known description of the conclusion of his labors:—

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception; I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old

* *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*. Par M. le VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND. 4 vols. Paris, 1846-49.

and agreeable companion ; and that, whatever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.—(*Life*, p. 255, 8vo edition.)

Hume's account of his own life is a model of perspicuity, modesty, and good sense, but it is so brief that it scarcely can be called a biography. It is not fifty pages long. The wary Scotch author was well aware how vanity in such compositions defeats its own object ; he had too much good sense to let it appear in his pages. Perhaps, however, the existence of such a feeling in the recesses of his breast may be detected in the prominent manner in which he brings forward the discouragement he experienced when the first volume of his history was published, and the extremely limited sale it met with for some time after its first appearance. He knew well how these humble beginnings would be contrasted with its subsequent triumphant success. Amidst his great and good qualities, there is none for which Sir Walter Scott was more admirable than the unaffected simplicity and good sense of his character, which led him to continue through life utterly unspotted by vanity, and unchanged by an amount of adulation from the most fascinating quarters, which would probably have turned the head of any other man. Among the many causes of regret which the world has for the catastrophes which overshadowed his later years, it is not the least that it prevented the completion of that autobiography with which Mr. Lockhart has commenced his *Life*. His simplicity of character, and the vast number of eminent men with whom he was intimate, as well as the merit of that fragment itself, leave no room for doubt that he would have made a most charming memoir, if he had lived to complete it. This observation does not detract in the slightest degree from the credit justly due to Mr. Lockhart, for his admirable *Life* of his illustrious father-in-law ; on the contrary, it forms its highest encomium. The charm of that work is mainly owing to its being so imbued with the spirit of the subject, that it may almost be regarded as an autobiography.

Continental writers of note have, more than English ones, fallen into that error which is of all others the most fatal in autobiography—inordinate vanity. At the head of all the delinquents of this class we must place Rousseau, whose celebrated *Confessions* contain a revelation of folly so extreme, vanity so excessive, and baseness so disgraceful, that it would pass for incredible if not proved by the book itself, which is to be found in every library. Not content with affirming, when past fifty, that there was no woman of fashion of whom he might not have made the conquest if he chose to set about it,* he thought fit to entertain the world with all the private details of his life, which the greater prudence of his most indiscreet biographers would have consigned to oblivion. No one who wishes to discredit the Genevese philoso-

pher, need seek in the works of others for the grounds of doing so. Enough is to be found in his own to consign him to eternal execration and contempt. He has told us equally in detail, and with the same air of infantine simplicity, how he committed a theft when in service as a lackey, and permitted an innocent girl, his fellow-servant, to bear the penalty of it ; how he alternately drank the wine in his master's cellars, and made love to his wife ; how he corrupted one female benefactress who had sheltered him in extremity of want, and afterwards made a boast of her disgrace ; and abandoned a male benefactor who fell down in a fit of apoplexy on the streets of Lyons, and left him lying on the pavement, deserted by the only friend whom he had in the world. The author of so many eloquent declamations against mothers neglecting their children, on his own admission, when in easy circumstances, and impelled by no necessity, consigned five of his natural children to a foundling hospital, with such precautions against their being known that he never did or could hear of them again ! Such was his vanity, that he thought the world would gladly feed on the crumbs of this sort which fell from the table of the man rich in genius. His grand theory was that the human mind is born innocent, with dispositions only to good, and that all the evils of society arise from the follies of education or the oppression of government. Judging from the picture he has presented of himself, albeit debased by no education but what he himself had afforded, we should say his disposition was more corrupt than has even been imagined by the most dark-minded and bigoted Calvinist that ever existed.

Alfieri was probably as vain in reality as Rousseau ; but he knew better how to conceal it. He had not the folly of supposing that he could entertain women by the boastful detail of his conquests over them. He judged wisely, and more like a man who had met with *bonnes fortunes*, that he would attain more effectually the object of interesting their feelings, by painting their conquests over him. He has done this so fully, so sincerely, and with such eloquence, that he has made one of the most powerful pieces of biography in any language. Its charm consists in the picture he has drawn, with equal truth and art, of a man of the most impetuous and ardent temperament, alternately impelled by the strongest passions which can agitate the breast—love and ambition. Born of a noble family, inheriting a great fortune, he exhibited an uncommon combination of patrician tastes and feelings with republican principles and aspirations. He was a democrat because he knew the great by whom he was surrounded, and did not know the humble who were removed to a distance. He said this himself, after witnessing at Paris the horrors of the 10th August.—“*Je connais bien les grands, mais je ne connais pas les petits.*” He drew the vices of the former from observation, he painted the virtues of the latter from imagination. Hence the absurdity and unnatural character of many of his dramas, which, to the inhabitant of

* “*Il y a peu des femmes, même dans le haut rang, dont je n’eusse fait la conquête si je l’avais entreprise.*” —*Biographie Universelle*, xxxix., 136.

our free country, who is familiar with the real working of popular institutions, renders them, despite their genius, quite ridiculous. But, in the delineation of what passed in his own breast, he is open to no such reproach. His picture of his own feelings is as forcible and dramatic as that of any he has drawn in his tragedies; and it is far more truthful, for it is taken from nature, not an imaginary world of his own creation, having little resemblance to that we see around us. His character and life were singularly calculated to make such a narrative interesting, for never was one more completely tossed about by vehement passions, and abounding with melodramatic incidents. Alternately dreaming over the most passionate attachments, and laboring of his own accord at Dante fourteen hours a-day; at one time making love to an English nobleman's wife, and fighting him in the Park, at another driving through France with fourteen blood horses in harness; now stealing from the Pretender his queen, now striving to emulate Sophocles in the energy of his picture of the passions, he was himself a living example of the intensity of those feelings which he has so powerfully portrayed in his dramas. It is this variety joined to the simplicity and candor of the confessions, which constitutes the charm of this very remarkable autobiography. It could have been written by no one but himself; for an ordinary biographer would only have described the incidents of his life, none else could have painted the vehement passions, the ardent aspirations, from which they sprang.

From the sketches of Goëthe's life which have been preserved, it is evident that, though probably not less vain than the French philosopher or the Italian poet, his vanity took a different direction from either of theirs. He was neither vain of his turpitudes, like Rousseau, nor of his passions, like Alfieri. His self-love was more of a domestic kind; it partook more of the home-scenes of the Fatherland. No one will question the depth of Goëthe's knowledge of the heart, or the sagacity of the light which his genius has thrown on the most profound feelings of human nature. But his private life partook of the domestic affections and unobtrusive rest in which it was passed, exempt alike from the grinding poverty which too often impelled the Genevese watchmaker's son into disgraceful actions, or the vehement passions which drove the Italian nobleman into brilliant crimes. Hence his biography exhibits an extraordinary mixture of lofty feelings with puerile simplicity, of depth of views with childlikeness, of divine philosophy with homely inclinations. Amidst all his enthusiasm and effusions of sentiment, he was as much under the influence as any man of creature comforts; and never hesitated to leave the most lofty efforts of the muse, to participate in the substantial advantages of rich preserves or sweet cakes. This singular mixture arose in a great measure from the habits of his life, and the limited circle by which, during the greater part of it, he was surrounded. Living with a few friends in the

quiet seclusion of a small German town, the object of almost superstitious admiration to a few females by whom he was surrounded, he became at once a little god of his own and their idolatry, and warmly inclined, like monks all over the world, to the innocent but not very elevating pleasures of breakfast and dinner. Mahomet said that he experienced more difficulty in persuading his four wives of his divine mission, than all the rest of the world besides; and this, says Gibbon, was not surprising, for they knew best his weaknesses as a man. Goëthe thought, on the same principle, his fame was secure, when he was worshipped as a god by his female coterie. He had the highest opinion of his own powers, and of the lofty mission on which he was sent to mankind; but his self-love was less offensive than that of Rousseau, because it was more unobtrusive. It was allied rather to pride than to vanity—and though pride may often be hateful, it is never contemptible.

From the *Life of Lord Byron* which Moore has published, it may be inferred that the latter acted wisely in consigning the original manuscript of the noble poet's autobiography to the flames. Assuming that a considerable part of that biography is taken from what the noble bard had left of himself, it is evident that a more complete detail of his feelings and motives of action would have done anything rather than have added to his reputation. In fact, Moore's *Life* has done more than anything else to lower it. The poetical biographer had thought and sung so much of the passions, that he had forgotten in what light they are viewed by the generality of men: he was so deeply imbued with the spirit of his hero, that he had come to regard his errors and vices as not the least interesting part of his life. That they may be so to that class of readers, unhappily too extensive, who are engaged in similar pursuits, is probably true; but how small a portion do these constitute of the human race, and how weak and inaudible is their applause when compared to the voice of ages! What has become of the innumerable licentious works whose existence in antiquity has become known from the specimens disinterred in the ruins of Herculaneum! Is there one of them which has taken its place beside the *Lives of Plutarch*? Whatever is fetid, however much prized at the moment, is speedily sunk in the waves of time. Nothing permanently floats down its stream but what is buoyant from its elevating tendency.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is so replete with the sayings and thoughts of the intellectual giant, whom it was so much his object to elevate, even above his natural Patagonian stature, that it may be regarded as a sort of autobiography, dictated by the sage in his moments of *abandon* to his devout worshipper. It is hardly going too far to say that it is the most popular book in the English language. Johnson's reputation now mainly rests on that biography. No one now reads the *Rambler* or the *Idler*—few the *Lives of the Poets*, interesting as they are, and admirable as are the criticisms on our greatest authors which they con-

tain. But Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is in everybody's hands; you will hear the pithy sayings, the admirable reflections, the sagacious remarks it contains, from one end of the world to the other. The secret of this astonishing success is to be found in the caustic tone, sententious brevity, and sterling good sense of Johnson, and the inimitable accuracy, faithful memory, and almost infantine simplicity of his biographer. From the unbounded admiration with which he was inspired for the sage, and the faithful memory with which he was gifted, he was enabled to commit to paper, almost as they were delivered, those admirable sayings which have ever since been the delight and admiration of the world. We almost live with the members of the Literary Club; we hear their divers sentiments, and can almost conceive their tones of voice. We see the gigantic form of the sage towering above his intellectual compeers. Burke said that Johnson was greater in conversation than writing; and greater in Boswell than either; and it is easy to conceive that this must have been the case. The *Life* contains all the admirable sayings, *verbatim* as they were delivered, and without the asperity of tone and manner which formed so great a blot in the original deliverer. Johnson's sayings were of a kind which were susceptible of being accurately transferred, and with full effect, to paper, because they were almost all reflections on morals, men, or manners, which are of universal application, and come home to the senses of mankind in every age. In this respect they were much more likely to produce an impression in biography than the conversation of Sir Walter Scott, which, however charming to those who heard it, consisted chiefly of anecdotes and stories, great part of the charm of which consisted in the mode of telling and expression of the countenance, which, of course, could not be transferred to paper.

But it is not every eminent man who is so fortunate as to find a biographer like Boswell, who, totally forgetful of self, recorded for posterity with inimitable fidelity all the sayings of his hero. Nor is it many men who would bear so faithful and searching an exposure. Johnson, like every other man, had his failings; but they were those of prejudice or manner, rather than morals or conduct. We wish we could say that every other eminent literary man was equally immaculate, or that an entire disclosure of character would in every case reveal no more weaknesses or failings than have been brought to light by Boswell's faithful chronicle. We know that every one is liable to err, and that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. But being aware of all this, we were not prepared for the immense mass of weaknesses, follies, and errors, which have been brought to light by the indiscreet zeal of biographers, in the character of many of our ablest literary, poetical, and philosophical characters. Certainly, if we look at the details of their private lives, these men of literary celebrity have had little title to set up as the instructors, or to call themselves the benefactors, of mankind. From the days of Milton,

whose divine genius was so deeply tarnished by the asperity of his feelings, and the unpardonable license in controversy which he permitted to his tongue, to those of Lord Byron, who scandalized his country and the world by the undisguised profligacy of his private life, the biography of literary men, with a few brilliant exceptions—in the foremost of which we must place Sir Walter Scott—consists in great part of a series of follies, weaknesses, or faults, which it would be well for their memory could they be buried in oblivion. We will not say that the labors of their biographers have been the *Massacre of the Innocents*, for truly there were very few innocents to massacre; but we will say that they have, in general, done more to degrade those they intended to elevate, than the envenomed hostility of their worst enemies. We forbear to mention names, which might give pain to many respectable persons still alive. The persons alluded to, and the truth of the observation, will be at once understood and admitted by every person acquainted with the literary history of France and England during the last century.

Vanity and jealousy—vanity of themselves, jealousy of others—are the great failings which have hitherto tarnished the character and disfigured the biography of literary men. We fear it is destined to continue the same to the end of the world. The qualities which contribute to their greatness, which occasion their usefulness, which insure their fame, are closely allied to failings which too often disfigure their private lives, and form a blot on their memory, when indiscreetly revealed in biography, either by themselves or others. Genius is almost invariably united to susceptibility; and this temperament is unhappily too apt to run into irritability. No one can read D'Israeli's essay on *The Literary Character*, the most admirable of his many admirable works, without being convinced of that. Celebrity of any sort is the natural parent of vanity, and this weakness is in a peculiar manner fostered in poets and romance writers, because their writings interest so warmly the fair, who form the great dispensers of general fame, and convey it in the most flattering form to the author. It would perhaps be unjust to women to say that poets and novelists share in their weaknesses; but it is certain that their disposition is, in general, essentially feminine; and that, as they attract the admiration of the other sex more strongly than any other class of writers, so they are liable in a peculiar degree to the failings, as well as distinguished by the excellencies, by which their female admirers are characterized. We may regret that it is so; we may lament that we cannot find poets and romancers, who to the genius of Byron, or the fancy of Moore, unite the sturdy sense of Johnson, or the simplicity of character of Scott; but it is to be feared such a combination is as rare, and as little to be looked for in general life, as the union of the strength of the war-horse to the fleetness of the racer, or the courage of the mastiff to the

delicacy of the grey-hound. Adam Smith long ago pointed out the distinction between those who serve and those who amuse mankind; and the difference, it is to be feared, exists not merely between the philosopher and the opera-dancer, but between the instructors of men in every department of thought, and those whose genius is devoted rather to the pleasing of the eye, the melting of the feelings, or the kindling of the imagination. Yet this observation is only generally, not universally, true; and Sir Joshua Reynolds remains a memorable proof that it is possible for an artist to unite the highest genius and most imaginative power of mind to the wisdom of a philosopher, the liberality of a gentleman, the benevolence of a Christian, and the simplicity of a child.

We are not at all surprised at the intoxication which seizes the literary men and artists whose genius procures for them the favor or admiration of women. Everybody knows it is the most fascinating and transporting flattery which the mind of man can receive. But we confess we are surprised, and that too not a little, at the *want of sense* which so frequently makes men even of the highest abilities mar the influence of their own genius, and detract from the well-earned celebrity of their own productions, by the indiscreet display of this vanity, which the applause they have met with has produced in their minds. These gentlemen are charmed with the incense they have received, and of course desirous to augment it, and extend the circle from which it is to be drawn. Well, that is their object: let us consider what means they take to gain it. These consist too often in the most undisguised display of vanity in their conduct, manner, and conversation. Is this the way likely to augment the admiration which they enjoy so much, and are so solicitous to extend? Are they not clear-sighted enough to see that, holding this to be their aim, considering female admiration as the object of their aspirations, they cannot in any way so effectually mar their desires as by permitting the vanity, which the portion of it they have already received has produced, to appear in their manner or conversation? Are they so little versed in the female heart, as not to know that as self-love acts, if not in a stronger at least in a more conspicuous way in them than in the other sex, so there is nothing which repels them so effectually as any display of that vanity in men which they are all conscious of in themselves, and nothing attracts them so powerfully as that self-forgetfulness, which, estimable in all, is in a peculiar manner graceful and admirable when it is met with in those whom none others can forget? Such a quality is not properly modesty—that is the retiring disposition of those who have not yet won distinction. No man who has done so is ignorant of it, as no woman of beauty is insensible to her charms. It is more nearly allied to good sense, and its invariable concomitant—a due regard for the feelings of others. It is not unfrequently exists, in the highest degree, in those who have the strongest inward consciousness of the services

they have rendered to mankind. No man was more unassuming than Kepler, but he wrote in reference to his great discoveries, and the neglect they at first met with, “I may well be a century without a reader, since God Almighty has been six thousand years without such an observer as me.” Yet is this universally felt to have been no unworthy effusion of vanity, but a noble expression of great services rendered by one of his most gifted creatures to the glory of the Almighty. Such men as Kepler are proud, but not vain, and proud men do not bring their feelings so prominently or frequently forward as vain ones; for pride rests on the consciousness of superiority, and needs no external support; vanity arises from a secret sense of weakness, and thirsts for a perpetual solace from the applause of others.

It is in the French writers that this inordinate weakness of literary men is most conspicuous, and in them it exists to such an extent as, on this side of the Channel, to be altogether ridiculous. Every Frenchman thinks his life worth recording. It was long ago said that the number of unpublished memoirs which exist in France, on the war of the League, would, if put together, form a large library. If those relating to the war of the Revolution were accumulated, we have no doubt they would fill the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. The number already published exceeds almost the dimensions of any private collection of books. The composition and style of these memoirs is for the most part as curious, and characteristic of French character, as their number is descriptive of their ruling passion. In the age of the religious wars, every writer of memoirs seems to have placed himself in the first rank, Henry IV. in the second; in that of the Revolution, the greater part of the autobiographies scarcely disguise the opinion, that, if the first place may be reluctantly conceded to Napoleon Bonaparte, the second must, beyond all question, be assigned to themselves. The Abbé de Pradt expressed the feeling almost every one entertained of himself in France, not the sentiment of an individual man, when he said, “There was one who overturned Napoleon, and that man was me.” Most persons in this country will exclaim, that this statement is overcharged, and that it is incredible that vanity should so generally pervade the writers of a whole nation. If they will take the trouble to read Lamartine’s *Confidences* and *Raphael*, containing the events of his youth, or his *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848*, recently published, they will find ample confirmation of these remarks; nor are they less conspicuously illustrated by the more elaborate *Mémoires d’Outre Tombe* of Chateaubriand, the name of which is prefixed to this essay.

One thing is very remarkable, and forcibly illustrates the marked difference, in this respect, between the character of the French and the English nation. In France all memoirs assume the form of autobiographies: and so general is the thirst for that species of composition that, where a man of any note has not compiled his own life, his papers are put into the hands of some skilful

bookmaker, who speedily dresses them up in the form of an attractive autobiography. This was done with the papers of Brissot, Robespierre, Marshal Ney, Fouché, and a great many others, all of which appeared with the name of their authors, and richly stored with these private papers, though it was morally certain that they could not by possibility have written their own lives. In England nothing of the kind is attempted. Scarcely any of the eminent men in the last age have left their own memoirs; and the papers of the most remarkable of them have been published without any attempt at biography. Thus we have the *Wellington Papers*, the *Marlborough Papers*, the *Nelson Papers*, the *Castlereagh Papers*, published without any autobiography, and only a slight sketch, though in all these cases very ably done, of the author's life by their editor. The lives of the other eminent men of the last age have been given by others, not themselves; as that of Pitt, by Tomline and Gifford; that of Fox, by Trotter; that of Sheridan, by Moore; that of Lord Eldon, by Twiss; that of Lord Sidmouth, by Pellew. There is more here than an accidental diversity; there is a difference arising from a difference of national character. The Englishmen devoted their lives to the public service, and bestowed not a thought on its illustration by themselves; the French mainly thought of themselves when acting in the public service, and considered it mainly as a means of elevation and self-laudation to themselves.

In justice to the literary men of France, however, it must be stated that, of late years at least, they have been exposed to an amount of temptation, and of food for their self-love, much exceeding anything previously seen among men, and which may go far to account for the extraordinary vanity which they have everywhere evinced. In England literary distinction is neither the only nor the greatest passport to celebrity. Aristocratic influences remain, and still possess, the deepest hold of the public mind; statesmen exist, whose daily speeches in Parliament render their names as household words. Fashion exercises an extraordinary and almost inexplicable sway, especially over the fairest part of creation. How celebrated soever an author may be, he will in London soon be brought to his proper level, and a right appreciation of his situation. He will see himself at once eclipsed by an old nobleman, whose name is fraught with historic glory; by a young marquis, who is an object of solicitude to the mothers and daughters in the room; by a parliamentary orator, who is beginning to acquire distinction in the senate house. We hold this state of things to be eminently favorable to the right character of literary men; for it saves them from trials before which, it is all but certain, both their good sense and their virtue would succumb. But in Paris this salutary check upon individual vanity and presumption is almost entirely wanting. The territorial aristocracy is confiscated and destroyed; titles of honor are abolished; historic names are almost

forgotten in the ceaseless whirl of present events; parliamentary orators are in general unpopular, for they are for the most part on the side of power. Nothing remains but the government of mind. The intellectual aristocracy is all in all.

It makes and unmakes kings alternately; produces and stops revolutions; at one time calls a new race to the throne, at another consigns them with disgrace to foreign lands. Cabinets are formed out of the editors of newspapers, intermingled with a few bankers, whom the public convulsions have not yet rendered insolvent; prime ministers are to be found only among successful authors. Thiers, the editor of the *National* and the historian of the Revolution; Guizot, the profound professor of history; Villemain, the eloquent annalist of French literature; Lamartine, the popular traveller, poet, and historian, have been the alternate prime ministers of France since the Revolution of 1830. Even the great name of Napoleon cannot save his nephew from the irksomeness of bending to the same necessity. He named Thiers his prime minister at the time of the Boulogne misadventure, he is caressing him now in the salons of the Elysée Bourbon. Successful authors thus in France are surrounded with a halo, and exposed to influences, of which in this country we cannot form a conception. They unite in their persons the fame of Mr. Fox and the lustre of Sir Walter Scott; often the political power of Mr. Pitt with the celebrity of Lord Byron. Whether such a concentration is favorable either to their present utility or lasting fame, and whether the best school to train authors to be the instructors of the world is to be found in that which exposes them to the combined influence of its greatest temptations, are questions on which it is not necessary now to enter, but on which posterity will probably have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion.

But while we fully admit that these extraordinary circumstances, unparalleled in the past history of the world, go far to extenuate the blame which must be thrown on the French writers for their extraordinary vanity, they will not entirely exculpate them. Ordinary men may well be carried away by such adventitious and flattering marks of their power; but we cannot accept such an excuse from the first men of the age—men of the clearest intellect, and the greatest acquisitions—whose genius is to charm, whose wisdom is to instruct the world through every succeeding age. If the teachers of men are not to be above the follies and weaknesses which are general and ridiculous in those of inferior capacity, where are we to look for such an exemption? It is a poor excuse for the overweening vanity of a Byron, a Goëthe, or a Lamartine, or a Chateaubriand, that a similar weakness is to be found in a Madame Grisi or a Mademoiselle Cerito, in the first cantatrice or most admired ballerina of the day. We all know that the professors of these charming arts are too often intoxicated by the applause which they meet with; we excuse or overlook this weakness from respect due to their genius and their

sex. But we know, at the same time, that there are some exceptions to the general frailty; and in one enchanting performer, our admiration for talents of the very highest order is enhanced by respect for the simplicity of character and generosity of disposition with which they are accompanied. We might desiderate in the men who aspire to direct the thoughts of the world, and have received from nature talents equal to the task, the unaffected singleness of heart, and sterling good sense, which we admire, not less than her admirable powers, in Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.

The faults, or rather frailties, we have alluded to, are in an especial manner conspicuous in two of the most remarkable writers of France of the present century—Lamartine and Chateaubriand. There is some excuse for the vanity of these illustrious men. They have both acquired an enduring fame—their names are known all over the world, and will continue to be so while the French language is spoken on the earth; and they have both, by their literary talents, been elevated to positions far beyond the rank in society to which they were born, and which might well make an ordinary head reel from the giddy precipices with which it is surrounded. Chateaubriand powerfully aided in crushing Napoleon in 1814, when Europe in arms surrounded Paris; with still more honorable constancy he resisted him in 1804, when, in the plenitude of his power he executed the Duke d'Enghien. He became ambassador to London for the restoration—minister of foreign affairs, and representative of France at the Congress of Verona. He it was who projected and carried into execution the French invasion of the Peninsula in 1823, the only successful expedition of the restoration. Lamartine's career, if briefer, has been still more dazzling. He aided largely in the movement which overthrew Louis Philippe; by the force of his genius he obtained the mastery of the movement, "struggled with democracy when it was strongest, and ruled it when it was wildest;" and had the glory, by his single courage and energy, of saving the character of the revolution from bloodshed, and coercing the red republicans in the very tumult of their victory. He has since fallen from power, less from any known delinquencies imputed to him, than from the inherent fickleness of the French people, and the impossibility of their submitting, for any length of time, to the lead of a single individual. The autobiography of two such men cannot be other than interesting and instructive in the highest degree; and if we see in them much which we in England cannot altogether understand, and which we are accustomed to stigmatize with the emphatic epithet "French," there is much also in them which candor must respect, and an equitable spirit admire.

The great thing which characterizes these memoirs, and is sufficient to redeem a multitude of vanities and frailties, is the elevated and chivalrous spirit in which they are composed. In this respect they are a relic, we fear, of the olden time; a remnant of those ancient days which Mr.

Burke has so eloquently described in his portrait of Marie Antoinette. That is the spirit which pervades the breasts of these illustrious men; and therefore it is that we respect them, and forgive or forget many weaknesses which would otherwise be insupportable in their autobiographies. It is a spirit, however, more akin to a former era than the present; to the age which produced the crusades, more than that which gave birth to railways; to the days of Godfrey of Bouillon, rather than those which raised a monument to Mr. Hudson. We are by no means convinced, however, that it is not the more likely to be enduring in the future ages of the world; at least we are sure it will be so, if the sanguine anticipations everywhere formed, by the apostles of the movement of the future improvement of the species, are destined in any degree to be realized.

Although, however, the hearts of Chateaubriand and Lamartine are stamped with the impress of chivalry, and the principal charm of their writings is owing to its generous spirit, yet we should err greatly if we imagined that they have not shared in the influences of the age in which they lived, and become largely imbued with the more popular and equalizing notions which have sprung up in Europe during the last century. They could not have attained the *political* power which they have both wielded if they had not done so; for no man, be his genius what it may, will ever acquire a practical lead among men unless his opinions coincide in the main with those of the majority by whom he is surrounded. Chateaubriand's earliest work, written in London in 1793—the *Essai Historique*—is, in truth, rather of a republican and sceptical tendency; and it was not till he had travelled in America, and inhaled a nobler spirit amid the solitudes of nature, that the better parts of his nature regained their ascendancy, and his fame was established on an imperishable foundation by the publication of *Atala et René*, and the *Génie du Christianisme*. Throughout his whole career, the influence of his early liberal principles remained conspicuous: albeit a royalist, he was the steady supporter of the freedom of the press and the extension of the elective suffrage; and he kept aloof from the government of Louis Philippe less from aversion to the semi-revolutionary spirit in which it was cradled, than from an honorable fidelity to misfortune, and horror at the selfish corrupt multitude by which it was soon surrounded. Lamartine's republican principles are universally known: albeit descended of a noble family, and largely imbued with feudal feelings, he aided in the revolt which overturned the throne of Louis Philippe in February, 1848, and acquired lasting renown by the courage with which he combated the sanguinary spirit of the red republicans, when minister of foreign affairs. Both are chivalrous in heart and feeling, rather than opinions; and they thus exhibit curious and instructive instances of the fusions of the moving principle of the olden time with the ideas of the present, and of the manner in which the

true spirit of nobility, *forgetfulness of self*, can accommodate itself to the varying circumstances of society, and float, from its buoyant tendency, on the surface of the most fetid stream of subsequent selfishness.

In two works recently published by Lamartine, *Les Confidences* and *Raphael*, certain passages in his autobiography are given. The first recounts the reminiscences of his infancy and childhood; the second, a love-story in his twentieth year. Both are distinguished by the peculiarities, in respect of excellences and defects, which appear in his other writings. On the one hand we have an ardent imagination, great beauty of language, a generous heart—the true spirit of poetry—and uncommon pictorial powers. On the other, an almost entire ignorance of human nature, extraordinary vanity, and that susceptibility of mind which is more nearly allied to the feminine than the masculine character. Not but that Lamartine possesses great energy and courage: his conduct, during the revolution of 1848, demonstrates that he possesses these qualities in a very high degree; but that the ardor of his feelings leads him to act and think like women, from their impulse rather than the sober dictates of reason. He is a devout optimist, and firm believer in the innocence of human nature, and indefinite perfectibility of mankind, under the influence of republican institutions. Like all other fanatics, he is wholly inaccessible to the force of reason, and altogether beyond the reach of facts, how strong or convincing soever. Accordingly, he remains to this hour entirely convinced of the perfectibility of mankind, although he has recounted, with equal truth and force, that it was almost entirely owing to his own courage and energy that the revolution was prevented, in its very outset, from degenerating into bloodshed and massacre; and a thorough believer in, the ultimate sway of pacific institutions, although he owns that, despite all his zeal and eloquence, the whole provisional government, with himself at its head, would on the 16th April have been guillotined or thrown into the Seine, but for the determination and fidelity of three battalions of the *Garde Mobile*, whom Changarnier volunteered to arrange in all the windows and avenues of the Hôtel de Ville, when assailed by a column of thirty thousand furious revolutionists.

Chateaubriand is more a man of the world than Lamartine. He has passed through a life of greater vicissitudes, and been much more frequently brought into contact with men in all ranks and gradations of society. He is not less chivalrous than Lamartine, but more practical; his style is less pictorial but more statesmanlike. The French of all shades of political opinion agree in placing him at the head of the writers of the last age. This high position, however, is owing rather to the detached passages than the general tenor of his writings, for their average style is hardly equal to such an encomium. He is not less vain than Lamartine, and still more egotistical—a defect which, as already noticed,

he shares with nearly all the writers of autobiography in France, but which appears peculiarly extraordinary and lamentable in a man of such talents and acquirements. His life abounded with strange and romantic adventures, and its vicissitudes would have furnished a rich field for biography even to a writer of less imaginative powers.

He was born on the 4th September, 1768—the same year with Napoleon—at an old melancholy chateau on the coast of Brittany, washed by the waves of the Atlantic ocean. His mother, like those of almost all other eminent men recorded in history, was a very remarkable woman, gifted with a prodigious memory and an ardent imagination—qualities which she transmitted in a very high degree to her son. His family was very ancient, going back to the year 1000; but, till illustrated by François René, who has rendered it immortal, the Chateaubriands lived in unobtrusive privacy on their paternal acres. After receiving the rudiments of education at home, he was sent at the age of seventeen into the army; but the revolution having soon after broken out, and his regiment revolted, he quitted the service and came to Paris, where he witnessed the horrors of the storming of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, and the massacre in the prisons on 2d September. Many of his nearest relations—in particular his sister-in-law, Madame de Chateaubriand, and sister, Madame Rozambo—were executed along with Malesherbes, shortly before the fall of Robespierre. Obligated now to fly to England, he lived for some years in London in extreme poverty, supporting himself by his pen. It was there he wrote his earliest and least creditable work, the *Essai Historique*. Tired of such an obscure and monotonous life, however, he set out for America, with the Quixotic design of discovering by land journey the north-west passage. He failed in that attempt, for which, indeed, he had no adequate means; but he dined with Washington, and in the solitudes of the far West imbibed many of the noblest ideas, and found the subjects of several of the finest descriptions, which have since adorned his works. Finding that there was nothing to be done in the way of discovery in America, he returned to England. Afterwards he went to Paris, and there composed his greatest works, *Atala et René* and the *Génie du Christianisme*, which soon acquired a colossal reputation, and raised the author to the highest pinnacle of literary fame.

Napoleon, whose piercing eye discerned talent wherever it was to be found, now selected him for the public service in the diplomatic line. He gives the following interesting account of the first and only interview he had with that extraordinary man, in the saloon of his brother Lucien:—

I was in the gallery when Napoleon entered; his appearance struck me with an agreeable surprise. I had never previously seen him but at a distance. His smile was sweet and encouraging; his eye beautiful, especially from the way in which it was overshadowed by the eyebrows. He had no char-

latanism in his looks, nothing affected or theatrical in his manner. The *Génie du Christianisme*, which at that time was making a great deal of noise, had produced its effect on Napoleon. A vivid imagination animated his cold policy; he would not have been what he was if the Muse had not been there; reason in him worked out the ideas of a poet. All great men are composed of two natures—for they must be at once capable of inspiration and action—the one conceives, the other executes.

Bonaparte saw me, and knew me I know not how. When he moved towards me, it was not known whom he sought. The crowd opened; every one hoped the first consul would stop to converse with him; his air showed that he was irritated at these mistakes. I retired behind those around me; Bonaparte suddenly raised his voice, and called out, "Monsieur de Chateaubriand." I then remained alone in front; for the crowd instantly retired, and re-formed in a circle around us. Bonaparte addressed me with simplicity, without questions, preamble, or compliments. He began speaking about Egypt and the Arabs, as if I had been his intimate friend, and he had only resumed a conversation already commenced betwixt us. "I was always struck," said he, "when I saw the scheiks fall on their knees in the desert, turn towards the east, and touch the sand with their foreheads. What is that unknown thing which they adore in the east?" Speedily then passing to another idea, he said, "Christianity! the *Ideologues* wished to reduce it to a system of astronomy! Suppose it were so. do they suppose they would render Christianity little! Were Christianity only an allegory of the movement of the spheres, the geometry of the stars, the *esprits forts* would have little to say; despite themselves, they have left sufficient grandeur to *l'Infame*!"*

Bonaparte immediately withdrew. Like Job in the night, I felt as if a spirit had passed before me; the hairs of my flesh stood up. I did not know its countenance; but I heard its voice like a little whisper.

My days have been an uninterrupted succession of visions. Hell and heaven continually have opened under my feet, or over my head, without my having had time to sound their depths, or withstand their dazzling. I have met once, and once only, on the shores of the two worlds, the man of the last age, and the man of the new—Washington and Napoleon—I conversed a few moments with each—both sent me back to solitude—the first by a kind wish, the second by an execrable crime.

I remarked that, in moving through the crowd, Bonaparte cast on me looks more steady and penetrating than he had done before he addressed me. I followed him with my eyes.

Who is that great man who cares not
For confagurations?†

(Vol. iv. 118-121.)

This passage conveys a just idea of Chateaubriand's Memoirs; his elevation of mind, his ardent imagination, his deplorable vanity. In justice to so eminent a man, however, we transcribe a passage in which the nobleness of his character appears in its true lustre, untarnished by the weaknesses which so often disfigure the character of men of genius. We allude to his courageous throwing down the

gauntlet to Napoleon, on occasion of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien:—

Two days before the fatal 20th March, I dressed myself, before taking leave of Bonaparte, on my way to the Valais, to which I had received a diplomatic mission; I had not seen him since the time when he had spoken to me at the Tuileries. The gallery where the reception was going on was full; he was accompanied by Murat and his aide-de-camp. When he approached me, I was struck with an alteration in his countenance; his cheeks were fallen in, of a livid hue; his eyes stern; his color pale; his air sombre and terrible. The attraction which had formerly drawn me towards him was at an end; instead of awaiting, I fled his approach. He cast a look towards me, as if he sought to recognize me, moved a few steps towards me, turned, and disappeared. Returned to the Hôtel de France, I said to several of my friends, "Something strange, which I do not know, must have happened; Bonaparte could not have changed to such a degree unless he had been ill." Two days after, at eleven in the forenoon, I heard a man cry in the streets—"Sentence of the military commission convoked at Vincennes, which has condemned to the pain of DEATH Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, born 2d August, 1772, at Chantilly." That cry fell on me like a clap of thunder; it changed my life as it changed that of Napoleon. I returned home, and said to Madame de Chateaubriand—"The Duke d'Enghien has just been shot." I sat down to a table and began to write my resignation—Madame de Chateaubriand made no opposition; she had a great deal of courage. She was fully aware of my danger; the trial of Moreau and Georges Cadoudel was going on; the lion had tasted blood; it was not the moment to irritate him.—(Vol. iv. 228-229.)

After this honorable step, which happily passed without leading to Chateaubriand's being shot, he travelled to the East, where he visited Greece, Constantinople, the Holy Land, and Egypt, and collected the materials which have formed two of his most celebrated works, *L'Itinéraire à Jérusalem*, and *Les Martyrs*. He returned to France, but did not appear in public life till the allies conquered Paris in 1814, where he composed with extraordinary rapidity his famous pamphlet entitled *Bonaparte and the Bourbons*, which had so powerful an effect in bringing about the Restoration. The royalists were now in power, and Chateaubriand was too important a man to be overlooked. In 1821 he was sent as ambassador to London, the scene of his former penury and suffering; in 1823 he was made minister of foreign affairs, and in that capacity projected, and successfully carried through, the expedition to Spain which reseatled Ferdinand on the throne of his ancestors; and he was afterwards the plenipotentiary of France at the congress of Verona, in 1824. He was too liberal a man to be employed by the administration of Charles X., but he exhibited an honorable constancy to misfortune on occasion of the revolution of 1830. He was offered the portfolio of foreign affairs if he would abstain from opposition; but he refused the proposal, made a last noble and eloquent speech in favor of his dethroned sovereign in the Chamber of Peers, and, withdrawing into privacy, lived in retirement, engaged in literary

* Alluding to the name *l'Infame*, given by the King of Prussia, D'Alembert, and Diderot, in their correspondences, to the Christian religion.

† Dante.

pursuits, and in the composition or revising of his numerous publications, till his death, which occurred in June, 1848.

Such a life of such a man cannot be other than interesting, for it unites the greatest possible range and variety of events with the reflections of a mind of great power, ardent imagination, and extensive erudition. His autobiography, or *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, as it is called, was accordingly looked for with great interest, which has not been sensibly diminished by the revolution of 1848, which has brought a new set of political actors on the stage. Four volumes only have hitherto been published, but the rest may speedily be looked for, now that the military government of Prince Louis Napoleon has terminated that of anarchy in France. The three first volumes certainly disappointed us; chiefly from the perpetual and offensive vanity which they exhibited, and the number of details, many of them of a puerile or trifling character, which they contained. The fourth volume, however, from which the preceding extracts have been taken, exhibits Chateaubriand, in many places, in his original vigor; and if the succeeding ones are of the same stamp, we propose to return to them.

VENICE.

Albion, the Ocean Queen, should not
Abandon Ocean's children in the fall
Of Venice—think on thine, despite thy watery wall.
BRON.

WHEN empires fade, and dynasties decay,
Let history's page record their fallen sway;
Let kings deplore a prostrate monarch's case,
And statesmen mourn a minister's disgrace:
Leave such to rue the extinction of a throne
Whose crumbling fortunes must involve their own.
But there are cities, in whose rise and fall
Is stamped the common destiny of all—
Whose glories were the glories of the mind,
That dawned with them, and with their wane declined—

Whose beams were like the lunar light to guide
The ebb and flow of learning's sacred tide—
Whose world-wide story spreads through every
clime,

Their scope, the soul; their chronicle, all time.

Who wept when Odoacer's conquering hour
Deposed the minion of prætorian power,
The last degenerate of a dwindled line,
The imperial puppet of the Palatine?
But when, in sandy Afric's arid waste,
The soul of Rome in Cato looked her last,
True as an Indian widow to her lord,
Expiring freedom fell on Cato's sword;
While the same stroke that laid the patriot low,
To freedom dealt the suicidal blow.

'Tis Venice—thus the world has wept for thee,
Cradle thou wert and grave of liberty;
From thy first sires her nourishment she drew,
Born at thy birth, and with thy stature grew;
Thy fostering hand to glory was her guide;
Thy home her empire, and thy seat her pride;
And when decay had stamped thy brow serene
With age, and shame, and sorrow, Hadrian Queen—
When France, enslaving all in Freedom's name,
Had signed thy doom and her eternal shame—
When the last Doge resigned his ducal throne,
And Mark beheld his winged lion frown—

Then Freedom gave her last expiring sigh,
And, born with Venice, learned with her to die,
And fled from violated rights below
To plead above a prostrate city's woe.

But as, when Arethusa's fountain source
Fled from Thessalian Alpheus' wanton force,
The limpid stream through many a hidden vein
Rose to the earth at Syracuse again,
Thus Venice mocked the spoiler's wasting band,
And springs again upon her island strand.

Say, when the latest Doge, Manini, saw
His country prostrate to the conqueror's law,
The historic glories of her ancient sway
In one Lethean ocean swept away,
And deemed her shore should yet deserted lie,
A second Tyre for fishers' nets to dry—
Or where the unfrequent gondolier would scan,
With careless gaze, Rialto's broken span,
Where sunken shafts and shivered marble piles
Should stand, the relics of her hundred isles—
Say, could the Doge himself—the last who wore
The crown a Dandoli had worn before—
Say, could Manini deem his fallen name*
Should yet wipe out long centuries of shame—
That as with him began her servile state,
So from his sons her second rise should date?
Then should the dragon-teeth of conquest, sown
In well-won fields of glory once her own,
Spring in a night with warrior's serried files,
The iron harvest of her hundred isles.

Ye that at Candia or Lepanto bled—
Shades of the mighty, Venice claims her dead—
Old Contarini and the swarthy Moor,
Immortal chiefs, your laureled swords restore.
While names like these were victory alone,
Shall Venice sue from strangers for her own?
While names like these her annals yet record,
Can Venice crouch before a Croat horde?
Ah! no: let desolation rather sweep
Her tarnished trophies to the yawning deep,
Ere Venice lingers an inglorious slave,
Without the nerve to die, the power to save.

—*Dublin Univ. Mag.*

J. B. H.

[ENGLISH REPUGNANCE TO THE CLASSIC SCHOOL OF POETRY.]

WRITING to a Frenchman, (1765,) Horace Walpole says, "All that Aristotle, or his superior commentators, you authors, have taught us, have not yet subdued us to regularity; we still prefer the extravagant beauties of Shakespeare and Milton to the cold and well disciplined merit of Addison, and even to the sober and correct march of Pope. Nay, it was but t'other day that we were transported to hear Churchill rave in numbers less chastised than Dryden's, but still in numbers like Dryden's."—*Correspondence*, vol. 3, p. 26.

[HERVEY'S INFLUENCE UPON PURITAN TASTE.]

"THE celebrated Mr. Hervey succeeded so well in his attempts to unite the flowers of poetry with the thistles of theological controversy in his Dialogues between Theron and Aspasio, as to introduce among the modern Puritans a taste for the gaudy and brilliant in writing, and a fondness for religious books of entertainment, which was unknown to their ancestors."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 61, p. 95.

* It is a curious coincidence, that the name of the last Doge, Manini, who survived the extinction of Venice at the treaty of Campo Formio, and whose tomb still remains in the Church of the Scalzi, should be the same as that of the first president of the new republic lately established.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NEW LIGHT ON THE STORY OF LADY GRANGE.

BEFORE we offer our readers some new light on this renowned mystery, it is necessary that we should give them, in a sentence, the briefest possible outline of the oft-told tale, so far as it has been hitherto known. John Erskine, Lord Grange, a judge of the Court of Session, and a leader of the ultra-religious party in Scotland, was married to the daughter of that Chiesley of Dalry who had shot the Lord President in the High Street of Edinburgh, for giving a decision against him. The marriage was a very unhappy one. The pious leader of a religious party was scandalized in various ways, obliged to live separate from his wife, and subjected to many outrages from her. At length her death was announced, her funeral was duly attended, and the widower preserved the decorous silence of one to whom death has brought relief from what is generally counted a calamity.

This occurred in January, 1732. The lapse of nearly nine years had almost consigned the remembrance of the unfortunate woman to oblivion, when strange rumors gained circulation, that she who was believed to be dead and buried was living in bondage in the distant island of St. Kilda. The account she subsequently gave of her adventures, bore, that one night in her solitary lodging she was seized by some Highlanders, whom she knew to be retainers of Lord Lovat, and conveyed away, gagged and blindfolded, in the arms of a man seated in a sedan chair. It appears that she was kept in various places of confinement, and subjected to much rough usage, in the Low Country. At length she was conveyed north-westward, towards the Highland line. She passed through the grim solitudes of Glencoe, where recent murder must have awakened in the captive horrible associations, on to the western part of Lord Lovat's country, where any deed of tyranny or violence might be committed with safety. Thence she was transferred to the equally safe country of Glengarry, and, after crossing some of the highest mountains in Scotland, was shipped on the wild Loch Hourne, forever darkened by the shadow of gigantic mountains falling on its narrow waters. She was kept for some time on the small island of Heskir, belonging to Macdonald of Sleat, and was afterwards transferred to the still more inaccessible St. Kilda, which has acquired a sort of celebrity from its connection with her strange history. In 1741, when a communication from the captive had, through devious courses, reached her friends in Edinburgh, an effort was made to release her; but it was baffled by her transference to another place of confinement, where she died in 1745.

Little did the old judge imagine, at the time when he had so successfully and so quietly got rid of his domestic curse—when the mock funeral had been performed, the family condolences acted over, and the victim safely conveyed to her distant prison, that on some future day the public, frantic with curiosity, would tear to pieces the covering

of his great mystery, and expose every fragment of it to the admiring crowd. It was but a simple matter in the eyes of those who were concerned in it. The woman was troublesome—her husband was a judge, and therefore a powerful man—so he put her out of the way. Nor was he cruel or unscrupulous, according to the morality of the circle in which he lived, in the method he adopted to accomplish his end. He had advisers about him, who would have taken a shorter and a more effectual plan for ridding themselves of a troublesome woman, wife or not, and would have walked forth into the world without being haunted by any dread that rumors of remote captivities might rise up to disturb their peace. Indeed, when we remember the character of the instruments to whom Lord Grange committed the kidnapping and removal of his wife, it is only wonderful that they had patience enough to carry out so long and troublesome an operation; and that they did not, out of regard to themselves and to their employer, put a violent termination to the career of their troublesome charge, and send her at once to where the weary are at rest. Had this been her fate, the affair of Lady Grange would have been one of secondary interest. Such things were too easily accomplished in those days. The chances would have been greatly against a discovery, and if it took place, equally great against the conviction and punishment of the offenders, unless the lady had a more powerful party at her back than the daughter of Chiesley the murderer would be likely to command. It would have created, so far as it was known, great excitement, and some little horror at the time, but it would have speedily sunk to the level of the ordinary contents of the criminal records, and would never have bequeathed to the ensuing century an object which antiquarians have hunted out as religiously and zealously as if it had involved the fate of Europe.

In fact, Lord Grange was what was called in his day "a discreet man." He wished to avoid scandal, and bore a character for religious zeal, which appears to have been on occasion a very serious burden not easily borne. He dreaded scandal and notoriety, and therefore he shrouded his great act of iniquity in the most profound secrecy. Moreover, he kept a conscience—something that, like Rob Roy's honesty, might be called a conscience "after a kind." He said pretty accurately of himself in his *Diary*—"I have religion enough to spoil my relish and prosecution of this world, and not enough to get me to the next." We may probably believe that, even if he could have performed the deed with perfect secrecy and safety, so far as this world is concerned, he would not have murdered his wife, his conscience recoiling at the dreadful crime—his fear of the world causing him to shrink from exposure. Urged by these two conflicting motives, he adopted the expedient of the secret removal to a desolate and distant spot, believing that he had surrounded the whole project with a deep and impenetrable cloud of mystery. Never was human

foresight more signally set at naught. It was this very machinery of intense mystery that, by ministering to one of the cravings of the human imagination, has made the incident one of the most notorious of human events. It is almost satisfactory to know that this dreaded notoriety visited the hoary tyrant, for after he had for nine years enjoyed in secret the success of his plot, and kept his fair fame with the world, we find him, when legal proceedings were commenced against him, bitterly saying that "strange stories were spread all over the town of Edinburgh, and made the talk of coffee-houses and tea-tables, and sent, as I have ground to apprehend, to several other places of Great Britain."* One may notice, too, in the following discontented mumblings, the bitterness with which he contemplated the divulging of the secret—it is in a letter to the imprisoned lady's champion, Mr. Hope of Rankeillor.

Any of the smallest discretion will see what a worthy part *he* acts towards me and mine, and many others, and even towards the person pretended to be cared for, who, in such an occasion, begins by spreading through Great Britain strange stories, unexamined and unavouched, and not so much as communicated to us concerned; and next, when offered satisfaction, yet proceeds to fix such on public records, and to force others to bring on record sad and proved truths, which he himself knows and formerly has acknowledged to be truths, and that ought forever to be sunk. This cannot be construed to be anything but an endeavor to fix, as far as in him lies, a lasting blot on persons and families. The first was defamation, and the next would be the same, under a cover of a pretended legal shape, but in itself more atrocious. One cannot doubt that this is a serious thing to many more than me, and cannot but be laid to heart.†

The text from which we are at present discoursing, is a bundle of confidential letters from Lord Grange, printed in the *Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, and not the least valuable and curious of the many contributions made by that useful and spirited institution, to the elucidation of Scottish history and manners. At the foot of the high conical hill of Bennochie, in a small group of forest trees, there nestles one of those quaint small turreted mansions of old French architecture so frequently to be seen in the north of Scotland. The owner of this mansion was an Erskine; he was related to Erskine of Grange, and it so happened that this relative was the person in whose ear he poured his secret sorrows, as a disappointed and morbid politician. Such confidential outpourings are not the most interesting of communications, even when one has the fortune to be so far connected with the wailer as to be the chosen vessel into which he pours the anguish of his heart. Some of these letters are portentous—they are absolute pamphlets—in their spirit as yellow and mildewed with discontent, as their outward aspect may have been by the cold damp air of Bennochie, when they were discovered in the worm-eaten chest. It requires

a little zeal to peruse the whole series; but, unless we are greatly deceived, we think we can present our readers with a few plums picked out of the mass, which they may find not unacceptable. And here, by the way, let us observe, how great a service is done by those who ransack the repositories of our old Scottish houses, and make their contents accessible to the public. We are convinced that in dusty garrets, in vaults, in musty libraries, and crazy old oak-chests, there is still an almost inexhaustible wealth of curious lore of this description. The correspondence of the old Scottish families is generally far more interesting than that of English houses of the same rank. Since the civil wars of the seventeenth century, England may be said to have been internally undisturbed, and no private papers contain matters of state, save those of the great families whose ancestors have been high in office. But in Scotland, the various outbreaks, and the unceasing Jacobite intrigues, made almost all the country gentlemen statesmen—made too many of them state offenders. The Essex squire, be he ever so rich, was still but the lord of a certain quantity of timber and oxen, grass and turnips. The Highland laird, be he ever so poor, was a leader of men—a person who had more or less the power of keeping the country in a state of war or danger—a sort of petty king reigning over his own people. Hence, while the letters of the last century one might pick up in a comfortable old English mansion, would relate to swing-gates and turnpike roads, game preserves and tithes, those found hidden behind the wainscoat of a gaunt old cheerless Scottish fortalice, would relate to risings at home, or landings from abroad—to the number of broadswords and targets still kept in defiance of the Arms Act—to communications received through French Jesuits, or secret missions "across the water."*

We believe that the passages from these documents, on which we are now to comment, in the first place exhibit to us pretty plainly the motive of Lord Grange for the deportation of his wife; and, in the second place, prove that he entertained designs of a similar character against another female with whom he was nearly connected.

When Lady Grange's strange history was first communicated to the public, it was believed that

* We remember once in such a house—it was a rainy day, and for the amusement of the inmates a general rummage was made among old papers—that in a corner of a press of a law library were found a multitude of letters very precisely folded up, and titled—they had a most business-like and uninteresting appearance, but on being examined they were found to consist of the confidential correspondence of the leaders of the Jacobite army in 1746. Their preservation was accounted for by the circumstance that an ancestor of the owner of the house was sheriff of the county at the period of the rebellion. He had seized the letters; but, finding probably that they implicated a considerable number of his own relations, he did not consider himself especially called on to invite the attention of the law officers of the crown to his prize; while, on the other hand, the damnatory documents were carefully preserved, lest some opportunity should occur of turning them to use. They are now printed in a substantial quarto, under the patronage of one of the book clubs.

the cause of her abduction was not merely her violent temper, but her possession of certain secrets which would enable her to compromise the safety of her husband and his friends, by proving their connection with the Jacobite intrigues of the period. The view more lately taken of the mystery has been that she was merely a mad woman, and that her abduction, with all its laborious mystery, was only an attempt to accommodate the judge with a resource in which Scotland was then deficient—a lunatic asylum for insane relatives. Though, as we shall presently see, his confidential communications give other and darker revelations, this was the light in which Lord Grange wished the matter to be viewed, after his plot had been discovered; and in his controversial letter to Mr. Hope, already referred to, he gives an account of her frantic outbreaks, which certainly affords a picture of one likely to have been a most distressing partner in life to a grave judge, having a few secrets to conceal which required him to be peculiarly circumspect in his walk; and holding a high, but a rather precarious position, in the opinion of the religious world. After stating that she had agreed to a separation, he continues—

Then it was hoped that I and the children (who she used to curse bitterly when they went dutifully to wait on her) would be in quiet; but she often attacked my house, and from the streets, and among the footmen and chairmen of visitors, cried and raged against me and mine, and watched for me in the streets, and chased me from place to place in the most indecent and shameless manner, and threatened to attack me on the bench, which, dreading she would do every time I went to it, made my duty there very heavy on me, lest that honorable Court of Session should be disturbed and affronted on my occasion. And not content with these, and odd and very bad contrivances about the poor children, she waited on a Sunday's afternoon that my sister, Lady Jane Paterson, with my second daughter, came out of the Tron church, and on the street, among all the people, fell upon her with violent scolding and curses, and followed her so down Merlin's Wynd, till Lady Jane and the child near the bottom of it got shelter from her and being exposed to the multitude in a friend's house. You also know, and may well remember, that before you and the rest advised the separation, and till she went from my house, she would not keep herself in that part of it (the best apartment) which was assigned her, but abused all in the family, and when none were adverting, broke into the room of an old gentleman, recommended to me for housekeeper, and carried off and destroyed her accoutrements, &c., and committed outrages, so that at length I was forced to have a watch in my house, and especially in the night time, as if it had been in the frontier of an enemy's country, or to be spoiled by robbers.*

This was doubtless the truth, but not the whole truth. Founding apparently on these statements, which are Lord Grange's vindication of himself, the editor of the collection of letters says—"The letters now printed must considerably impair the mystery of the reasons which led to the abduction of Lady Grange. They may be held conclusively

to refute the supposition that the affair had any connection with the political intrigues of the period." On the contrary, we cannot read the confidential portion of the correspondence without feeling that it almost conclusively establishes the fact, that the affair *had* a "connection with the political intrigues of the period;" and that the reason why so many people of rank and political influence aided the plot, why the removal was conducted with so much secrecy, and the place of seclusion was so remote and inaccessible, was because Lady Grange was possessed of dangerous secrets, which compromised her husband and his friends. The general tone of the letters, and their many cautious and mysterious, yet unmistakeable, references to the proceedings of friends across the water, show that the judge confided to the owner of the old mansion at the foot of Bennochie some things which it would be dangerous for an enemy to know. But we shall cite just one passage, which we consider sufficient of itself to support our position. It is taken from a letter dated 22d March, 1731, just ten months before his wife was seized and carried off. There is something very peculiar in the structure of the letter; and, whether in pursuit of some not very appreciable joke, or to waylay the penetration of any hostile party who might take the liberty of opening the packet on its journey, the writer speaks of himself, during the most curious and important part of it, in the third person. Talking of a very difficult and hazardous project in which he is about to be engaged, he thus passes a neat commendation on himself—"But I am sure he never yet was frightened from what was right in itself, and his duty towards his friends, by his own trouble or danger, and he seems as little frightened now, as ever in his life." He then approaches the subject of his wife's character and intentions, like a man treading on the verge of a frightful pitfall. "I have found that, in such a case, there is no bounds set to such mischief, and it is pushed on though it should go the length of your utter ruin, and of Tyburn itself, or the Grassmarket!"—the one being the place where the gibbet of London, the other where that of Edinburgh, stood. From such portentous associations he passes immediately to his wife and her proceedings. To make the passage more distinct, we fill up the names, of which the letter contains only the first and last letters; it will be remarked that he still assumes the third person, and that he himself is the person about to depart for London.

"Then I am told that Lady Grange is going to London. She knows nothing of *his* going, nor is it suspected here, nor shall it be till the day before he goes off, and so she cannot pretend it is to follow him. She will certainly strive to get access to Lady Mary Wortley, Lady Mar's sister, (whom she openly blesses for her opposition to our friends,) and to all where her malice may prompt her to hope she can do hurt to us. You will remember with what lying impudence she threatened Lord Grange, and many of his friends, with accusations of high treason and other capital

*Miscellany of the Spalding Club, iii., 60.

crimes, and spoke so loud of her accusing directly by a signed information to Lord Justice-Clerk, that it came to his ears, and she was stopped by hearing he said, that, if the mad woman came to him, he would cause his footmen to turn her down stairs. What effect her lies may have, where she is not so well known, and with those who, from opposition to what Lord Grange is about, may think their interest to encourage them, one cannot certainly know; but *if proper measures be not fallen on against it, the creature may prove troublesome*; at any rate, this whole affair will require a great deal of diligence, caution, and address.”*

He talks of her as mad; and so far as passion and the thirst of vengeance make people mad, she undoubtedly was so. He speaks of her intended accusations as lies—that is, of course, a convenient expression to use towards them. But what is very clearly at the bottom of all the trepidation, and doubt, and difficulty, is, that she might be able, mad and false as she was, to get facts established which called up very ugly associations with Tyburn and the Grassmarket. A minute incident stated in the common histories of the affair, that Lady Grange planned a journey to London for the purpose of taking her accusation to the fountain-head of political power, is confirmed by this extract. It may easily be believed that, among Grange’s official colleagues—some of whom had also their own secrets to keep—the lady’s frantic accusations met with little encouragement. The Justice-Clerk referred to in the extract, Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, was, like Grange himself, a great professed light of the church, and what sort of interview he would have held with the furious lady, may be inferred from the character given him by a contemporary: “He became universally hated in Scotland, where they called him the curse of Scotland; and when ladies were at cards, playing the nine of diamonds, commonly called ‘the curse of Scotland,’ they called it the Justice-Clerk. He was indeed of a hot temper, and violent in all his measures.”†

In the old narratives of the affair, it is stated that Grange felt his position to be the more dangerous, as some letters had been intercepted tending to inculcate him with the Jacobites on the continent. It is singular that this should also be pretty satisfactorily proved by the present correspondence. It will be remembered that Grange was a brother of the Earl of Mar, whose prominence in the affairs of 1715 had driven him into exile. A strong attachment to this unfortunate man is, on the whole, the most pleasing feature in the character of the more cautious and more fortunate judge. It was natural that the brothers should keep up a correspondence, and quite as natural that Sir Robert Walpole should be particularly anxious to discover what they said to each other. Grange conducted some negotiations with the government for his brother’s pardon and restoration,

and we find him defeated in his aim, and receiving some very significant hints about the nature of his correspondence.

“Sir Robert told me in wrath that he would have nothing to do with Lord Mar, that he had dealt ill with him, and he should not have his pardon; and he would by no means give me any reason for it, but Lord Townsend did, whom they had stirred up; for he in anger told me Sir Robert had intercepted his letters to me with very odd things in them, injurious to Sir Robert and his friends. * * * Soon after this, Ilay, with cloudy looks, began to make insinuations of some discoveries against me too, and at length told me that Sir Robert said that he had also intercepted bad letters of mine to Lord Mar, but confessed they were not directed to Lord Mar, and neither subscribed by me nor in my hand or write, but that by the contents they knew them to be mine to Lord Mar. I answered that they might assert what they pleased of letters said to be directed to me, and which they owned I had never seen, but that I must know of letters wrote by myself, and that I ever wrote any such was a damned, villanous, malicious lie; and let Sir Robert or any else be the asserter of it, whoever did assert it, was a liar.”*

This is a very successful outbreak of virtuous indignation, and does considerable credit to its author, as a pupil of that school of which his dear friend Lord Lovat was the undoubted head.

We cannot help considering that it is a question of some historical interest and importance, whether the abduction of Lady Grange was or was not a measure adopted for political reasons, and that the letters before us, by finally deciding the question, throw an important light on the political state of Scotland in the early part of the eighteenth century. If we suppose that the lady was carried under circumstances of such profound mystery, and by the agency of some conspicuous and distinguished personages, to the distant island of St. Kilda, merely because she was a lunatic who required to be in custody, we only see that many important and sagacious people were taking a very complex and cumbrous method of accomplishing what might have been done with ease; for in those days, few would have troubled themselves about the wretched woman, if her husband had chosen to keep her in any place of confinement, telling the neighborhood that she was insane. But when we find that the Jacobite party in Scotland were powerful enough to kidnap a person obnoxious to them, and keep her for nine years in a place to which the laws of the realm and the authority of the crown nominally extended, but where their own power was the real operative authority, we have a very formidable notion of the strength and compactness of the Jacobite union during Walpole’s apparently powerful ministry.

The correspondence of Lord Grange admits its reader to a species of confidential intercourse with him, which can scarcely be called agreeable. It

* Miscellany of the Spalding Club, iii., 6.
† Houston’s Memoirs, 92.

* Miscellany of the Spalding Club, iii., 34, 35.

exhibits one of the most disgusting of all the moral diseases—the rankling of the arrow of disappointment in the heart of a defeated political schemer. It is not the man of brave and bold designs baffled, or the utopian enthusiast disappointed of the fulfilment of his golden dreams, or the adherent of one absorbing political idea looking at it lying broken to pieces at his feet: in all of these there is a dash of noble and disinterested sentiment, and the politician, defeated in his conflict with the world, has still the consolation of an honest if mistaken heart, into which he can retire without the sting of self-reproach. But all Grange's disappointments were connected with paltry schemes of personal aggrandizement. Fawn and flatter as he might, Sir Robert Walpole, and his Scottish coadjutor Ilay, knew him and distrusted him, and when he came to court them, gave him but fair words, and sometimes not even that. With Sir Robert he carried on an unequal war. Believing that he could scourge the minister in Parliament, while he was a judge of the Court of Session, he resolved to obtain a seat, and thereupon the all-powerful minister at once checkmated him, by carrying an act to prohibit judges of the Court of Session from holding seats in the House of Commons—it was a less invidious proceeding than the dismissal of his lordship from the bench would have been, and it had the appearance of being dictated by a desire for the public good. Grange preferred the senate to the bench, and resigned his judgeship; but he never achieved political eminence. In the mean time he acquired Dr. Johnson's desideratum of an honest hatred towards his enemy, and indeed hatred appears to have been the only honest ingredient in his character. He expressed it so well towards Walpole, that we must quote his confidential opinion of that mighty statesman:—

An insolent and rapacious minister, who has kept us under the expense of war in time of peace, yet hindered us to fight to vindicate our trade, so grossly violated by Spanish robberies, and when we could have put a stop to it, and corrected them without drawing upon us the arms of any other nation, maintained his hollow and expensive peace by ridiculous contradictory treaties, trying us to take part in all the quarrels of Europe, and sometimes to be on both sides, and at the same time allowing confederacies to go on so powerful, and which we are not of, that now when a war is breaking out we know not where to turn us; laying plots to devour the land by new swarms of officers of the revenue, to put the merchants' stocks in the possession of these vermin, and trade under their power, &c., as by that most damned excise scheme; openly protecting the frauds and villains that plunder the stocks and ruin multitudes, and must sink the kingdom; plundering the revenue, and using all his art, and power, and bribes to stop all inquiry into, or the least amendment of these things, either by Parliament or otherwise; openly ridiculing all virtue and uprightness; enhancing all power to himself and his brother, and suffering almost none else to do or know anything; barefaced and avowed bribing of members of Parliament and others, and boasting of it; heaping up immense wealth to himself

and his most abject, profligate creatures of both sexes, while the public treasure and trade of the nation is ruined; suffering and encouraging these locusts to get large bribes, and giving considerable employment at their recommendation, while men of merit and service, and of the best families and interest, are neglected or abused, employing insignificant brutes or the greatest rogues, and favoring almost none but such; maltreating and insulting all whom his rascals and jades complain of. But the list is too long to go through with here.”*

Grange thought at one time that he had great claims on Walpole and Lord Ilay; and he seems to have very diligently performed one class of duties which politicians sometimes think sufficient to establish a claim for reward—he had been an indefatigable petitioner for ministerial favors. We have heard somewhere of a story of a political economist, who during a long walk is pestered by an Irish beggar, who asks his honor just to give him a sixpence, “for the love of God.” The economist turns round to argue the matter: “I deny,” says he, “that I would be showing my love to the Deity by giving an idle rascal like you money; if you can state any service you have ever done to me worth the sixpence, you shall have it.”—“Why then,” says the mendicant thus appealed to, “have n't I been keeping your honor in discourse this half hour?” Such seems to have been the character of Grange's claim on the ministry—he kept them in unceasing “discourse” as a petitioner. Not that he did not profess some claims of another kind. “During all this time,” he says, “I ran their errands and fought their battles in Scotland.” Nor did he fail sometimes to allude to his services as a religious professor, so ill-requested, that he taunts Ilay with having “already effectually interposed for Tom (now Baron) Kennedy, who had been queen's advocate, and obnoxious to all the Presbyterian party, *which I was not*.” And how was he rewarded for all this running errands, fighting battles, and being religious enough not to be obnoxious? “Ilay showed me no countenance, and Argyle shunned to see me. * * * He [Ilay] never speaks nor writes to me of any business, but to shamm me (as you have seen) about my own; and, these three or four years past, has visibly to all the world drawn off by degrees from all familiarity with me, and has dropped me even from his conversation about trifles or mirth. I could give you many strong instances of this.” Here is an incident told with a pathos sufficient to move a whole antechamber to tears:—

Before I came from London in November last, he bade me wait on Sir Robert at his levee. I told him I had always done so, but was not in the least noticed, or had so much as a smile or a gracious nod from him. But said he, “I promise you I'll tell him to take particular notice of you, and to assure you of favor, and that he will do for you: which (said his lordship) will make my game more easy when I ask anything for you;” and he bid me come to him that he might carry me to the levee in

his coach. This was done, and I set myself in Sir Robert's eye in the front of the crowd that surrounded him, and I lay was by and looking on. Sir Robert came and went by me without the least regard. I lay slipped into another room; and, that I might not wait longer in so silly a figure, I made up without being called to the great knight; and told him I came to testify my respect, and ask his commands for Scotland. His answer, with a very dry look and odd air, was, "I have nothing to say to you, my lord. I wish you a good journey." I saw I lay afterwards, and he said there was nothing in it. Sir Robert had only forgot, and I am sure (said he) he will do for you what I desired him.*

In the sequel he exclaims, "Can such usage be borne, even by the spirit of a poor mouse!"—deeming probably that its endurance by a *rat* was quite out of the question.

It is singular enough to find from these revelations of Lord Grange's character and habits, that while he was plotting the abduction of one mad woman, he was busily engaged in attempting the release of another. Yes, as a first step, he was intending to release her; but there are a few hints, elight in themselves, but wonderfully suggestive when they are associated with his wife's history, showing us that his ultimate intention was to make a second victim. In this scheme he was defeated by a spirit less crafty but more audacious than his own—by no less renowned a person than Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whose name has already been mentioned as "openly blessed" by Lady Grange for her opposition to our friends," meaning the Jacobites. We have among the papers the history of the baffled attempt—at least one side of the history, and, when shaken free of the dust of Grange's prolix grumblings, it is infinitely amusing. The intended victim in this instance was Lady Mar, Lady Mary's sister, the wife of Grange's brother. Lady Mar was insane, and in some shape or other committed to the guardianship of her sister. There were some pecuniary matters depending on the question of her detention or release, so vaguely hinted at that it is not easy to discover their nature. It would appear that Lady Mar was allowed by the favor of the court, and probably through the interest of her relatives, a jointure of £500 a year over the estates which were forfeited from her husband. Lord Mar was then living in poverty abroad; and Lord Grange was inclined to think that this sum would be better administered by himself and his friends than by Lady Mary. Looking at the £500 from his own side, he of course saw Lady Mary on the other, and judged that her motives were as parallel to his own as the one jaw of a shark is to the other—so he says, "Lady Mar, they say, is quite well; and so as in common justice she can no longer be detained as a lunatic; but she is obstinately averse to appearing in chancery, that the sentence may be taken off. Her sister probably will oppose her liberty, for thereby she would lose, and Lord Mar in effect gain, £500 yearly; and the poor lady, being in her custody, and under her management,

had need to be very firmly recovered, for the guardian may at present so vex, tease, and plague her, that it would turn anybody mad."*

It was believed that if Lady Mar were released from Lady Mary Wortley Montague's influence, means might be taken for so arranging matters that her husband should participate in her jointure. There was another matter, however, in which Grange himself had a more particular prospect of pecuniary advantage. Lady Mar appears to have had a beneficiary interest in a lease of a house in Whitehall, forming part of the royal demense. An arrangement seems to have been made by which, during her incapacity from insanity, her own term was conveyed to her brother-in-law, Lord Grange, while he at the same time obtained a reversion of the lease in his own favor. He had, it appears, sold his whole interest in the property—both the lease he had obtained from Lady Mar's guardians and his own reversionary interest. He was now, therefore, in endeavoring to procure the release of Lady Mar, on the ground of her restoration to sanity, about to enable her to revoke the transference that had been made to him of her own share in the lease. In his own words, "On Lady Mar's being at freedom, the assignment of her lease to Lord Grange becomes void, and so does the sale he has made of it; and in that sale the lease to Lady Mar was valued at £800 sterling, which will be lost by the avoidance of it." Such is the danger; and now, in a very brief continuation of the quotation, let us observe the way in which it was to be met, for, considering who was the writer, it is really well worthy of observation. "Were Lady Mar in her freedom, in right hands, she would ratify the bargain, but if in her sister's, probably she will not." Such was the plot; she was to be restored to her freedom that she might be put "in right hands"—in hands in which there was no chance of her refusing what might be demanded. But there was a lion in the way, or rather a lioness, as we shall see. Lord Grange's anticipation of Lady Wortley Montague's operations is not the least remarkable of his revelations. It is "the power within the guilty breast" working as in Eugene Aram's dream. What Lady Mary suspected it were difficult to say, but he who ventured to predict her suspicions spoke from his own guilty conscience—spoke as the kidnapper and secret prisoner. We pray attention to the remarkable expressions with which the following quotation closes:—

May not an artful woman impose on one in such circumstances, and whose mind cannot yet be very firm? And this is the more to be feared, because at the beginning of her illness the sister said loudly, and oftener than once to Lord Grange himself, that her husband's bad usage had turned her [Lady Mar] mad. Supposing, then, the sister tell and persuade her to this purpose: "You see your husband's friends quite neglect you. Lord Erskine, though in the place, seldom comes near you. How easy were it for Lord Grange to have made you a visit on hearing you are so well. Surely it became

* Miscellany of the Spalding Club, iii., p. 46.

* Miscellany of the Spalding Club, iii., p. 4.

the fellow to pay you that regard, and he would have done it had he any kindness for you; and, if the husband had, he would have laid such commands on his son and brother which they could not have resisted. Now, you may get your freedom, but can you again trust yourself in their hands? Quite separated from your father's and mother's friends, and from your country, *locked up in Scotland or foreign parts, and wholly in their power*, what can you expect? Your friends here could give you no relief, and you should be wholly at the barbarous mercy of those whose sense get not sufficiently the better of their hatred or contempt, as to make them carry with seeming respect to you till they get you in their power. *What will they not do when they have you?!*"

Such are Lord Grange's "imaginary conversations" of Lady Mary Wortley—like many others, a more accurate reflection of the thoughts habitually dwelling within the writer's own mind, than of those of the person in whose name they are uttered. And then, in continuation, he paints the formidable effect of the imaginary pleading—"Such things to a woman so lately of a disturbed brain, constantly inculcated by so near a relation whom she only sees, and her creatures, and depends on her entirely for the time—what may they not produce! And if they have their effect, then the consequences are these: the lady being at freedom legally, but *de facto* still under her sister's absolute government, the bargain about her jointure becomes void, and thereby she (or rather the sister) gets more than £500 sterling yearly, and our friend has nothing at all." Then follows the statement about the lease; and the meaning of the whole is, that Lady Mar, as a free woman, would be entitled to live with her sister, and dispose of her own property, unless she were put in the "right hands" to make her "ratify" any desired bargain.

The interchange of compliments between the parties, when they came to actual conflict, is extremely instructive. "She concluded with rage," says the judge, "that we were both rascals, with many other ridiculous things." But, perhaps, more people will think her ladyship's penetration was not more ridiculously at fault on this than on other occasions. Horace Walpole left an unfavorable testimony to her treatment of her sister, when he alluded to "the unfortunate Lady Mar, whom she treated so hardly when out of her senses." Pope caught up the same charge in the insinuation—

Who starves a sister, or denies a debt.

Lord Grange, for his own part, has the merit, when characterizing his opponent, of a coincidence with the illustrious poet—at least in the bestowal of an epithet. Every one remembers Pope's—

Avidien and his wife, no matter which;
For him you call a dog, and her a —.

It is satisfactory to find, on the most palpable evidence, that Lord Grange had sufficient poetical genius to supply this rhyme, though whether his

poetic powers went any further, we are unable, and perhaps no one will ever be able, to determine.

We must quote, unmutated, one of Grange's conflicts with Avidien's wife. Though the scene be roughly described, it has an interest, from the unscrupulous vehemence of the principal actors, and the eminence of the little group, who cluster round it like a circle of casual passengers round the centre of disturbance, where the wife and the brother-bacchanalian compete, on the pavement, for the possession of some jovial reveller, whose half-clouded mind remains vibrating between the quiet comforts of home and the fierce joys of the tavern. There is something affecting in the vacillating miseries of the poor invalid—we wonder how much of the cruel contest can be true; for, that it is all true, it is impossible to believe—yet Lady Mary could be violent, and she could be hard, when she was attacked or baffled; and she had a rough and unscrupulous nature to combat with, in the historian of their warfare.

Lady Mary, perceiving how things were like to go, did what I was always afraid of, and could not possibly prevent: she went in rage to her poor sister, and so swaggared and frightened her, that she relapsed. While she was about that fine piece of work, Lord Erskine happened to go to Lady Mar's; and in his presence Lady Mary continued to this purpose with her sister: "Can you pretend to be well? Don't you know you are still mad? You shan't get out of my custody; and if Lord Grange and his confederates bring you before lord chancellor, I'll make you, in open court, in presence of the world, lay your hand on the gospel, and swear by Almighty God, whether you can say you are yet well. Your salvation shall be at stake; for, remember, perjury infers damnation—your eternal damnation." So soon as I was informed of this, I assured my lady, (and so did others,) that in law no such oath could be put to her, and that Lady Mary had only said so to fright her. But so strong was the fright, that nothing we could say was able to set her right again. And Lady Mary, having thus dismounted her, came again and coaxed her, and (as I found by diverse instances) strove to give her bad impressions of her family, and everybody but Lady Mary's sweet self. Yet next day Lady Mar went and dined at Mr. Baillie's, in town, and there saw a deal of company, and behaved very well. And Dr. Arbuthnot, who, among others, saw her there, said he thought her very well; and had not the turn happened you will presently hear of, he and Dr. Monro, (son to Mr. Monro who, at the Revolution, was Principal of Edinburgh College, and is now physician to Bedlam,) and Dr. Mead, were to have gone to her with me next day and afterwards, that they might have vouched her condition before the chancellor. I believed it best for me not to be at Mr. Baillie's, that all might appear as it was, free and natural, and not conducted by any art of mine; only I went thither about seven at night, and found her in a room with Ladies Harvey, Binning, Murray, Lady Grizel Baillie, and others. She was behaving decently, but with the gravity of one that is wearied and tired. Mr. Baillie himself, and the other gentlemen and ladies, (a great many being in the next room,) now and then joined us, and she seemed not in anything discomposed, till the conversation turned on

* Miscellany of the Spalding Club, p. 6.

her sister's late insult, which, it was visible, gave a shock to her, and disconcerted her; and when Lady Murray and I went home with her to Knightsbridge, she was so dumpy that she scarcely said one word. When I went to her next day, I saw how strongly Lady Mary's physis wrought, and dissipated her poor returning senses. She had before urged me earnestly to proceed faster than was fit, to get her before the chancellor, and do everything needful for her liberation, that she might go to her husband and family. But now she told me she would not for the world appear before the chancellor, and that neither she nor any other must make oath as to her recovery, (at this time, indeed, it had been a very bold oath;) and that she preferred her soul's salvation to all things. And, among other things, she said, what a dismal condition shall I be in if, after all, the chancellor send me back under Mary's government; how shall I pass my time after such an attempt? In short, she was bambouled, and frightened quite. But that her head was really turned by Lady Mary's threats of damnation, further appeared by this instance: Lady Grizzel Baillie and Lady Murray having gone to take leave of her, (their whole family is gone to Spa,) when I saw her next day, she gravely told me that Lady Murray was no more her friend, having endeavored, when taking leave, to deprive her of all the comfort left her—the hope of heaven. And though (said she) I was bred to the Church of England, and she to that of Scotland, yet merely the difference is not so great that she must pronounce me in a state of damnation; and she asked me seriously, what Lady Murray had said to me about her being damned? Never in my life, madam, answered I, did she or any London lady speak to me about salvation or damnation; but I'm sure my Lady Murray loves you as her sister, and heartily wishes your happiness here and hereafter. Then she gave me a sealed letter to Lady Murray, begging me to deliver it and bring an answer. I read it with Lady Murray. It was long, and all expostulatory why she pronounced her to be damned; and said many odd things. Lady Murray's answer was the proper one—short and general, but very kind, which I also delivered; and Lady Mar said no more to me on that head. Before she took this turn, perceiving her so vaporish and easily disconcerted, I would not venture to put the case wholly on perfect recovery, but stated it also as I really thought it—viz., recovered from all that could properly be called lunacy, yet exceeding weak, and apt to be overturned. And I had prepared a memorial in law on that supposition, which I was to have laid before Mr. Talbot, solicitor-general, and other counsel, the very day she took this wrong turn; but thereupon stopt altogether. At parting, she appeared to me as one who, fearing to provoke a worse fate by attempting to be better, sat down in a sort of sullen despairing, content with her present condition, which she (justly) called misery. Thus seemed she to be as to any sense that remained with her; but all her sense was clouded, and, indeed, fancies which now perplexed her brain were, like the clouds, fleeting, inconstant, and sometimes in monstrous shapes.*

We have no more of this affair until the lapse of several months, when the judge, at the very moment of apparent victory, is routed by his watchful antagonist. He had obtained possession of Lady Mar—she was on her way to Scotland,

"in right hands," but had not crossed the border. This was in 1733, a few months after Lady Grange had been safely conveyed to the grim solitudes of Hester. Surely some bird of the air had whispered the matter to Lady Mary; for her measures were prompt and stern, and they drew from the baffled plotter many hard expressions and insinuations. "But on the road, she [Lady Mar] was seized by lord chief-justice's warrant, procured on false affidavit of her sister Lady Mary, &c., and brought back to London—declared lunatic, and by lord chancellor (whose crony is Mr. Wortley, Lady Mary's husband) delivered into the custody of Lady Mary, to the astonishment and offence even of all the English, (Sir Robert among the rest;) and Ilay pretended to be angry at it, yet refused to give me that relief by the king in council, which by law was undoubtedly competent."*

The people with whom his London connection brought the judge in contact, display a gathering of dazzling names in the firmament of fashion and wit. Bolingbroke, Windham, and "the courtly Talbot" are casually mentioned. Grange says in passing, "I am acquainted with Chesterfield." He has something to say of "sweet Lepel," the "wife of that Lord Hervey who last winter wrote the pamphlet against Mr. Pulteney, and on Mr. Pulteney's answer, fought with him and was wounded." Arbuthnot, and the prince of classical collectors, Richard Mead, mix with the ordinary actors of the scene. Young Murray, not then a crown lawyer—but sufficiently distinguished for wit, eloquence, and fashionable celebrity, to have called forth the next to immortal compliments of Pope—*must* have been one of the brilliant circle; and in the early period of his intercourse with his brother's sister-in-law, accident would be strangely against him, if he did not sometimes meet in the ordinary circle the pale distorted youth, with noble intellectual features and an eye of fire, whose war of wit and rancor with "furious Sappho" left the world uncertain whether to laugh with their fierce wit, or lament the melancholy picture of perverted genius, exhibited by a hatred so paltry yet so unquenchable.

In his autobiographical revelations, the economical old judge leaves some traces of his consciousness that his journeys from Merlyn's Wynd to Whitehall were a decided transition from the humble to the great world. He thus describes one of these journeys, in the letter already cited, in which he gratified his humor by talking of himself in the third person.

Lord G. is now pretty well acquainted with the ways there; his personal charges, he is sure, will be small in comparison; he will not be in expensive companies or houses, but when business requires it; nor at any diversion but what he finds necessary for keeping up the cheerfulness of his own spirit, and the health of his body. He wears plain and not fine clothes. When there last he kept not a servant, but had a fellow at call, to whom he gave a shilling a-day such days as he was to be at court

* Miscellany of the Spalding Club, pp. 17-20

or among the great, and must have a footman as necessarily as a coat on his back or a sword by his side. He never was nice and expensive in his own eating, and less now than ever; for this winter he has quite lost the relish of French claret, the most expensive article in London. He is to travel without a servant, for whom he knows not any sort of use on the road, and only has a post-boy, whom he must have, had he twenty servants of his own; and so he travelled last year.*

Strange indeed were the social extremes between which this journey lay. At the one end we see the brilliant assemblages of the most brilliant age of English fashion. The rays of the wax-lights glitter back from stars and sword-hilts, diamond buttons and spangles. Velvet coats, huge laced waistcoats, abundant hoops, spread forth their luxurious wealth—the air is rich and thick with perfumed powder—the highest in rank, and wealth, and influence are there, so are the first in genius and learning. Reverse the picture, and take the northern end of the journey. In an old dark stone house, at the end of a dismal alley, Lovat's ragged banditti throttle a shrieking woman—a guilty cavalcade passes hurriedly at night across the dark heath—next opens a dreary dungeon in a deserted feudal fortalice—a boat tosses on the bosom of the restless Atlantic—and the victim is consigned to the dreary rock, where year follows year, bringing no change with it but increasing age. The contrast is startling. Yet, when we read Lady Grange's diary and Lady Mary Wortley's letters together, they leave one doubtful whether most to shudder at the savage lawlessness of one end of the island, or the artificial vices that were growing out of a putrid civilization in the other.

LAMENT OF A ROMAN PATRIOT.

I.

He that hath poured a filial woe,
Or bent him o'er a lover's bier,
And felt bereavement's bitterest throes,
When grief forbids the starting tear,
Congenial spirits bring relief,
And share with me this double grief.

II.

Oh, Rome! from thy maternal breast
My infant mind her nurture drew;
Alas! can tears alone attest
The debt to thee, my parent, due!
Flow on, my tears—still freely flow,
Ye cannot drain the depths of woe.

III.

Oh, Rome! in childhood thou to me
Wert all a mother could supply;
Still, when in youth I turned to thee,
I viewed thee with a lover's eye.
Flow on, my tears, I vainly mourn
The hopes that from my soul are torn.

IV.

Oh, Rome! I feel within me here
The tide of sorrow darkly flow;
For thou who wert so doubly dear,
My dream of youth art laid so low.

* Houston's Memoirs, p. 8.

Flow on, my tears, but flow in vain,
The depths of woe ye cannot drain.

V.

It is not that a Vandal horde
Has burst within thy shattered wall,
That Brennus waives his reeking sword,
Exulting in thy second fall.
Oh! 't is not this extreme of woe
That bids the streams of sorrow flow.

VI.

It is not that a vulture crew
Of bigots, hovering in the rear,
Their purpled talons now imbue
In all to me that once was dear—
Who, while they tear each mangled part,
Must rend the life-strings of my heart.

VII.

'T is not for this my tears are shed—
This could not so my spirit rive;
For, Rome, I could not think thee dead,
And with the thought consent to live!
Eternal Rome, my tearful eye
May see thee droop, but never die!

VIII.

For though, to Gallic Brennus bowed,
She seem to close her high career,
Hope beckons through yon threatening cloud,
And sheds an Iris bright and clear,
Foresadowing, with auspicious ray,
The glories of some future day.

IX.

Then why these tears? Ah! ask not why
I bid the streams of sorrow start;
For hope deferred will dim the eye,
And wring with doubt the sickening heart.
Oh, Rome! my spirit aches for thee—
Oh! when shall I behold thee free?

X.

Thou canst not die; thy very name
Must live while earth's foundations stand.
But thou mayest linger on in shame,
And stamped with slavery's searing brand.
'T is this my scalding eyeball laves
With tears, that Rome should cherish slaves.

XI.

Let bigot tyrants fetter thee—
Rome yet shall mock their mad control;
Like Xerxes, they but lash the sea.
The onward billows of the soul
Shall, heaving with a people's hate,
O'erwhelm them in a Pharaoh's fate.

XII.

Flow on, my tears!—I may not see
The dawn of freedom long delayed;
But still my heart must pine for thee,
And sicken in oppression's shade—
Flow on, my tears, nor cease to flow,
Till Rome has passed that gulf of woe!

Dublin U. Mag.

HUNGARY.

Away! would you own the dread rapture of war
Seek the host-rolling plain of the mighty Magyar,

Where the giants of yore from their mansions come
down,
O'er the ocean-wide floor play the game of renown.

Hark ! hark ! how the earth 'neath their armament
reels,

In the hurricane charge—in the thunder of wheels ;
How the hearts of the forests rebound as they pass,
In their mantles of smoke, through the quaking mo-
rass !

In the tent of Dembinski the taper is dim,
But no need for the dusk light of tapers for him ;
In the mind of the chief—in his intellect's ray—
All the war stands revealed with the splendor of
day.

God ! the battle is joined ! Lord of Battles, rejoice !
Freedom thunders her hymn in the battery's voice—
In the soaring hurrah—in the half-stifled moan—
Sends the voice of her praise to the foot of thy throne.

Oh hear, God of Freedom, thy people's appeal ;
Let the edges of slaughter be sharp on their steel,
And the weight of destruction and swiftness of fear
Speed death to his mark in their bullets' career !

Holy Nature, arise ! from thy bosom in wrath
Shake the pestilence forth on the enemy's path,
That the tyrant invaders may march by the road
Of Sennacherib invading the city of God !

As the stars in their courses 'gainst Sisera strove,
Fight, mists of the fens, in the sick air above !
As Scamander his carcasses flung on the foe,
Fight, floods of the Theiss, in your torrents below !

As the snail of the Psalmist consuming away,
Let the moon-melted masses in silence decay ;
Till the track of corruption alone in the air
Shall tell sickened Europe the Russ has been there !

Stay ! stay !—in thy fervor of sympathy pause,
Nor become inhumane in humanity's cause ;
If the poor Russian slave have to wrong been
abused,
Are the ties of Christ's brotherhood all to be
loosed !

The mothers of Moscow, who offer the breast
To their orphans, have hearts, as the mothers of
Pest ;

Nor are love's aspirations more tenderly drawn
From the bosoms of youth by the Theiss than the
Don.

God of Russian and Magyar, who ne'er hast de-
signed

Save one shedding of blood for the sins of man-
kind,

No demon of battle and bloodshed art thou,
To the war-wearied nations be pitiful now !

Turn the hearts of the kings—let the Magyar again
Reap the harvests of peace on his bountiful plain ;
And if not with renown, with affections and lives,
Send the poor Russians home to their children and
wives !—

But you fill all my bosom with tumult once more—
What ! Görgéy surrendered ! What ! Bem's bat-
tles o'er !

What ! the horrible Haynau victorious !—Oh God,
Give us patience to bow to thy terrible rod !

Weep, Freedom ! in all thy last citadels, weep,
From the Adrian mole to the Adrian deep ;
And England, seducer, deserter ! prepare
On the heights of the Koosh for the hug of the
Bear !

Dublin U. Mag.
Dublin, August 22d, 1849.

From the Banner of the Cross.

Then we which are alive, and remain, shall be caught
up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in
the air ; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thess.
iv. 17.

FOREVER with the Lord ! O, can it be,
That this bright promise is for child of earth !
That for the sons of frail mortality,
Is given this heritage of priceless worth !

Forever with the Lord ! Then to thy heart,
Believer, take this star of hope to cheer
And guide thy steps, when e'er in life thy part
Is dark with woes, and all around is drear.

Forever with the Lord ! Let this sure word
Be a glad note, to quicken into life
Those dead in sin, whose spirits have not heard
Their Saviour's call to join the Christian strife.

Forever with the Lord ! Soon shall the light
Of the eternal day in splendor dawn ;
Then let us cast away the works of night,
And take God's armor ere that night be gone.

Forever with the Lord ! Then, at the last,
We which remain shall meet him in the air ;
The care, the grief, the joy of earth all past—
With his redeemed the bliss of heav'n to share.

Forever with the Lord ! Ages shall roll
Onward in ceaseless flow, yet still with *Him*
We shall abide—blest portion of the soul !
Equal to that of brightest seraphim !

Sept. 6th, 1849.

C. L.

WORLD WEARINESS.

I AM weary of straying—oh fain would I rest
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

I am weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright dew ;
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth ;
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot as-
suage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of
age.

I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas ! may not stay ;
I long for that land where those partings are o'er ;
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Saviour ! of grieving thy love ;
Oh ! when shall I rest in thy presence above !
I am weary—but oh ! let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are
mine.

Episcopal Recorder.

THE MODERN VASSAL.

BY JOHN WILMER.

CHAPTER I.

"LEON, you shall stay in this room because I bid you," said a tall, soldierly-looking man, imperatively, to a handsome, well-grown boy—ten years old, or thereabouts—who stood, with frowning brow and flushed cheek, in the middle of the apartment. "Do you hear, sir?"

The only effect of this command was the protrusion of a ripe under lip, and a flashing of the dark, lustrous eyes, from beneath long, black lashes of remarkable beauty; and as the father gazed on a form which already betrayed a promise of future strength and grace, and on features not strictly regular, indeed, but striking, and announcing in their general expression an unusual degree of firmness and daring, the symptoms of anger faded from his countenance, and the pride of a fond parent beamed from his eyes—in which he in vain tried to throw severe and reproving glances.

The boy stood his ground in stubborn silence; not daring to advance towards the door, but ready for a spring the moment the opportunity offered.

"Leon, will you not stay a little while with your poor, sick mamma?" said a low, soft voice, rendered still weaker by distance, for the speaker lay at full length on a couch at the extremity of the room; one of unusual dimensions, when compared with those of other countries, though common enough to houses of any pretension in Galicia. The feeble accents no sooner reached the child's ear than he flew to the sofa, knelt beside it, and buried his face in the robe of the lady there extended. Her snowy fingers played languidly with his coal-black locks as she said,

"There—I knew you were a good boy, and would not pain me."

"No, mamma, no!" said Leon, large tears hanging like dew-drops on his dark lashes—"not for all the beavers in the lake."

"What have the beavers to do with it, Leon?"

"Why, you see, mamma, the forester had promised to take me to the pond where they build so prettily, and I wanted to go with him—that's what made me so restless."

"But where are you come from so flushed and heated?"

"I have been riding my pony about the grounds."

"But before that?"

"Before that, mamma—why, before that I was rowing down the river."

"Wild scapegrace!" exclaimed the father, "when you ought to be at your desk, doing something better."

"Sometimes he will pore over books whole days together," said the lady.

"Oh, ay," replied her husband, shrugging his shoulders, "over French novels, which you or his French tutor have the folly to leave in his way. My duties do not allow me to watch over him as I should; your state of health, my poor Vanda,

as to the French tutors we get hereabouts, they are so detestable, that withal he gets a pretty education—a little music, a little drawing, a good deal of dancing and French reading, swimming and rowing *ad libitum*."

"And shooting, papa; I can fire a gun, and the forester says I take a good aim," put in Leon.

"And fire a gun!" I beg pardon for not having enumerated this last fine accomplishment. But regular habits of mind are wanting, and their deficiency will be felt through life."

"Then why not send him to Lemberg?" said the mother, hesitatingly.

"To Lemberg! Are you in earnest, Vanda? Would you that my boy, my only son, my heir, were Austrianized, Teutonized, schooled into tame submission to the oppressor from his earliest years, when, God helping, I trust to make him one day fit to throw off the foreign yoke?"

The general, in great excitement, strode up and down the apartment, and the countess' pale cheek flushed with the glow of responsive sentiments. "Ah!" she murmured, "we should have Polish schools."

"Ay—native schools—native schools—that were our right—those the only places where our children can be properly educated. For, first and last, a home education is unfit for young men—it prepares them neither for the world nor for life—makes neither scholars nor soldiers of them."

"Oh! Ladislas—all Poles are born soldiers—they need no teaching," warmly exclaimed the countess.

"Well, that may be—nay," said the count, "I will candidly admit that it is so; but still our youths are obliged to put up, for the most part, with a frivolous, incomplete education, unworthy their station, or to mingle with the oppressors. If driven to the latter alternative, then let it be as late as possible, that's all. So we now await our new French tutor; and, in the interim, between his arrival and the departure of the late one, I suppose I must not quarrel with your wildness, Monsieur Leon—eh?"

The child, with instinctive tact, saw that the wind was blowing in his favor, and flew into his father's arms, who brushed back the clustering hair from his brow, and gazed his fill on the young face he loved so well.

"My boy," he said, patting the curly head, "it is of no use trying to deceive you; we are fond of, and foolish with you, because you are our only child; but let your own reason, as you grow, guard you against the weakness of our love. Not another being in the wide world will feel for you as do the two beings under whose fostering care you are growing up—not one, Leon, be sure of that. And now I must away, Vanda, and look after my farming and bailiffs; for my young heir will have broad lands, but they must be worth the inheriting. Now, Leon, be good, and stay with mamma till I return—will you?" The promise was readily given.

"You see," murmured the countess, as the

general stooped to kiss her wan cheek, and press her feverish hand, "You see how gentle Leon is when you treat him gently."

"Ay, but that won't do," said the count, shaking his head, with a smile. "The world is apt to rough it with us. Besides, Leon must one day be a soldier, like me; we poor Poles have no other chance or opening. Napoleon used to say he knew no prince in the army. I shall echo the sentiment, and say heirs and only sons are unknown in the army. But, my poor Vanda, how hot your hand is! I think I had better again have the physician from Lemberg. You seem very weak, my dearest." The tone of command natural to the general always gave way, when he addressed his wife, to accents of almost feminine solicitude.

Wasted as she was by the insidious disease that was hurrying her to the grave, the countess still bore in her elegant form and interesting countenance traces of great personal charms, and her whole air and manner had that aristocratic grace peculiar to the women of her nation; but more winning than the stamps of birth and the lingering evidences of beauty, was the soul that breathed from her dark eyes, and played in her mournful smile.

When the general had left the room, the lady desired her son to bring the History of Poland from her own bookcase; but somehow he missed the volume, and brought one of the Arabian Nights instead. His mother smiled at the mistake, but made no comment. Gazing steadily at the youthful reader with eyes whose melancholy deepened as his countenance became irradiated with the growing interest of the tale, she seemed absorbed in some meditation apart from the occupation of the moment. The languor of her frame, however, could not resist the soothing effect of the reading; and the long lids drooped over the thoughtful orbs so lately filled with intense, though, to the child, incomprehensible meaning.

Carried away by his childish eagerness, the boy did not lower his voice, and the monotonous murmur kept his mother's senses lulled. Half an hour or more thus passed away, when a side-door was gently opened, and a female stole softly in. Leon, wholly engrossed with the fairy existence his soul was drinking in, did not become aware of the presence of this new-comer until her step, light as it was, roused the countess.

"I beg pardon, my lady," the maid began, "but the woman you pension is again here."

"The third time this month!" said the countess, querulously; "she cannot possibly want anything—this is really tiresome."

"After all the gracious countess has done for her, too!" exclaimed the Abigail, with upraised hands and eyes; "one must be an angel like you, my lady, to put up with it; other ladies would, long since, have cast her off, for she is the most impudent beggar—"

"Hush! Seraphinka, you know I do not approve your speaking thus of the count's vas-

sals." The lady spoke these words in a tone of displeasure so unlike her usual languid meekness, that even the boy was startled, and his attention, already half roused by Seraphinka's remarks, became completely withdrawn from his book. Two crimson spots stained the cheeks of his mother, and her look had fallen to the ground. After a slight pause, which the maid did not venture to break, the countess said: "Tell the woman to call again, in a week or so. I do not feel well to-day, and can see no one. Mind, Seraphinka," she added with some severity, "say just what I say, and no more; add nothing of your own, I beg." Seraphinka withdrew in silence, and the countess, sinking back on her couch, bade Leon continue his reading; but the boy's mind ran on the maid's errand.

"What a nasty, idle, filthy old witch is that Jakubka! I wonder, mamma, you do not get her whipped for coming up so often to the chateau."

The countess rose to a sitting posture, and fixed upon her son a long, melancholy gaze. At last her eyes filled with tears, and her voice trembled with emotion, as, taking his hand, she said, with an earnestness most rare with her:—

"My poor Leon, do not speak thus: you know not what you say; but it is very, very wicked. I am not well enough to make you feel how wrong it is, and what pain you give me." She laid her hand on her heart to stop, as it were, its throbbing.

"And why is what I say so very wrong?" demanded the boy; "my cousin Joseph speaks such things, and is never reproved for them."

The countess, after a moment's pause, resumed.

"How can you ask, Leon! Does not your own heart tell you it is not the poor woman's fault that she is destitute, any more than it is through any merit of your own that you are rich and happy? Your being so happy, and she so wretched, should induce you to pity her all the more. How can you hate the unfortunate, Leon? You know not how unfortunate you may yourself be one day, for sorrow is as much at home in the halls of the great as in the huts of the poor. I hope, Leon, you have not a bad heart," she added, musingly.

"Oh! mamma, I could like any one else; but Jakubka I can't help hating!—she is so very frightful;" and the boy, with the repulsion of childhood from personal disgrace, covered his face with his hands.

Seraphinka again made her appearance. "I beg pardon, my lady, but the insistence of this old woman is such that I cannot get rid of her; she says she will not go away till she has seen you."

"Fool! to brave me thus," said the countess; "but," she added with a sigh, "she knows my weakness."

"Mamma, let me send her off," said Leon, fiercely.

The countess, glancing at her son's contracted brow, rose hastily, and, folding an India shawl

closely round her emaciated, lofty form, leaning on her maid's arm, slowly crossed the room. Her silent acquiescence in what both the young heir and Seraphinka considered an impertinence that deserved chastisement, caused an expressive glance to pass between them. Before opening the door leading to her own apartment, the countess turned, and said: "Leon, now you may go and play about the grounds; I don't wish you to read any longer, and you need not look for my return, for I am going to lie down and sleep."

As the door closed on his mother, Leon darted through the opposite one, and in a minute had cleared the straggling corridors and stairs that separated him from the so-called pleasure-grounds.

The Castle of Stanoiiki—for the house bore this sounding appellation—like most of the mansions belonging to the nobility of that neighborhood, was a long, low, irregular edifice, with so few pretensions to style, either architectural or decorative, that it might have been mistaken for a farm or manufactory; and, though by no means of a remote date, it already bore an air of dilapidation, owing to the want of timely repair. Where a tile fell, there it remained, the servants being too idle to remove it, and the noble possessors deeming such trifles altogether beneath their notice. A huge hole in the roof allowed the rain to enter the upper chambers, which, however, being the apartment allotted to guests, in nowise incommoded the family. A visitor, on one occasion, being obliged to adjust a large umbrella over his bed, and to sleep beneath its protection throughout the night, informed his hosts in the morning of the circumstance, and his expedient. It was laughed at as a good joke, but, with habitual carelessness in such matters, was forgotten the next instant. Large patches of plaster had fallen here and there from the walls, and revealed the red brick beneath, which greatly disfigured the general appearance of the building. The count once remarked that the house was getting sadly out of repair, and that a new one was becoming necessary; but the simple plan of fresh plastering and painting the old one never suggested itself to his mind, nor, indeed, to that of any one about him.

In front of the castle, a large waste of scanty, discolored grass extended in wearisome uniformity—a type of the surrounding landscape—until, by a rather abrupt descent, it sloped into a swamp, where the grass grew rank, and harbored under its tall blades hosts of toads and water-snakes—vermin and reptiles of all kinds and varieties. Beyond this swept a river; shallow or nearly dry in summer, a rapid torrent in autumn, hard frozen in winter, regularly overflowing each spring, and as regularly carrying away the many fragile bridges that intersected it and united that part of the count's domains with his lands lying on the other side the stream. The flats—sand-pits and bogs alternating—extended as far as the eye could reach, and gave the country a desolate, monotonous aspect, which was increased by the total absence of human habitation, except the count's

mansion, and of trees, except those of his garden, that rose immediately behind it. The garden was large, and well shaded; and as the countess had not, for some years past, been able to extend her walks beyond its limits, it had been kept in better style than was to be expected from the disorderly look of the house and the rest of its belongings. It had an aviary, a fine hothouse, plenty of fragrant shrubs and flowers, some statues, and many a neat bower, which the poor lady called her stages, for each seat marked the place where rest became necessary to her. Here Leon spent most of the time he devoted to his mother; though he hated its trimness, and was ever anxious to escape to the large pond, some distance off, over whose wide expanse he could manage a boat, unassisted by any one.

But, notwithstanding the neglected look of all around, the count was immensely rich. His wealth, however, like that of most landed proprietors towards the south of Galicia, chiefly consisted in metal and salt mines, so abundant in these parts. This may excuse his having bestowed so little attention on the improvement or cultivation of land, which would have absorbed more time and money than its returns would have justified. His mines, and the intricate nature of the accounts connected with them, wholly engaged his attention when not visiting his friends and connexions whose intimacy he wished to keep up for Leon's sake; for the general, a good man in the main, but whose education had been most superficial, had no interest in life beyond his estate and his heir.

Besides the last-named all-engrossing object of tenderness, the general had never known but two affections—the Emperor Napoleon, under whom he had served, and Vanda, his first and only love. His existence had been under a spell. Whatever he most desired he obtained, indeed, but only after years of hope deferred, which proverbially maketh the heart sick; it produced on him, however, the contrary effect of strengthening, perhaps it might be said, of hardening, his character. Stanoiiki being the younger son of a younger son, his cousin Vanda had been destined to another; and, landless, hopeless, he had followed the banners of Napoleon at an age when most men are intent on their studies. Thus he became the pupil of the drum, as he himself termed it, and ripened to the din of arms; the real element of the Pole, the only one in which he can live content—never being at peace with himself except when he is at war with others.

Vanda and he patiently waited years for the attainment of their most ardent wish—their union. At his return from Moscow, death having thinned the ranks of his family with inconceivable rapidity, he became heir to the property which he now enjoyed. Shortly after, he had the satisfaction to introduce Vanda as mistress of it. He might now have been truly happy, in spite of the sighs he gave to the fate of his country and his hero—Poland and Napoleon—had not destiny again balked

his legitimate desires. All he demanded was an heir to the family honors about to be extinct in his own person, and that heir Heaven had denied. In vain the countess spent hours kneeling on the cold pavement of her chapel—in vain did she open a bountiful hand to the poor, in order to call down the blessed boon from Heaven—it was still denied. In vain did the count resort to less spiritual means, dragging his wife to all the spas of Germany in succession, and tormenting her with a continual change of habit and regimen; his wishes were frustrated, and the countess, always delicate, grew weaker and sadder with every new voyage. At last, when the hope of both had well nigh given way to despair, and their domestic felicity was beginning to cloud over, the countess became a mother, and, oh joy! the mother of a son! The count was wild with delight; and not even in the days of early love had he so surrounded his wife with attention and tenderness as he did now. The countess, too, bloomed afresh under the tardy but welcome emotion; and though the child seemed to partake in her delicacy of constitution, the fond parents anchored their every hope on this solitary treasure—for solitary it proved. Towards the close of the first year the child grew hearty and robust, but the countess began to droop, and gradually sank into decline, towards whose last stage she was now rapidly progressing. She bore her sufferings with a resigned, if not a strong heart, and was gentle and patient as ever; but, never buoyant, even in her best days, she gave way in time to a despondency from which nothing but her husband's presence could rouse her. Such Leon's birth and parentage, which may account for the lax education under which the weeds of his young mind were growing apace.

Leon stood on the lawn before the mansion, breathing health and enjoyment. What cared he for the absence of the picturesque? For him there were plenty of turreted castles in the clouds when the evening sun gilded them with a parting tinge, and he missed not those reared by human hands. He was at the age when trees are only desired to be climbed—when the inexperienced eye and heart feel the want of nothing, and the fresh fancy conjures up the images it would feed upon. But Leon was not in a dreamy mood. There were boats and boatmen at his command, grooms and ponies in the stable, and, in the back-yard, a kennel full of dogs, a heterogeneous mixture of his own selection; and he was revolving in his mind whether he should yield to any of these temptations, or seek the game-keeper and his beavers, gazing the whilst mechanically towards the river, when he felt a slight tug at his velvet *polonaise*. The boy started; and, turning round, perceived the hated Jakubka standing close to him, and attempting, with the humility of a Polish vassal, to kiss the hem of his robe. Customary as was this token of respect, Leon shrank from her touch with a shudder of aversion which he did not feel for the various reptiles that crawled across the grass. The woman perceived it, and

her features, originally fine—for she had a touch of Armenian blood in her veins—but distorted by age, the indulgence of low habits, and the hardships of a rough life, became softened from their usually lowering expression as she said, with whining familiarity,

"Surely—surely—you'll let me kiss your robe; you'll not be prouder than the countess herself. Now do, my little lord, and such a handsome lord, too, as you are—it's a prince you ought to be, not a count, with that face and that air—do, now, let me but just feel that soft velvet!"

Leon drew himself up with all his father's severity. "Leave me!" he said; "begone, beggar! You get alms enough from the chateau, what more would you have?"

"Ay, alms," she muttered. "When you are master, I wonder if you'll give me any."

"I!" said he, impetuously—"I shall have you taught with the lash to forget the road to the chateau."

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the woman, "so young, and already so hard-hearted! Do you know," she added, grasping with her long, bony fingers the stick that supported her, and fixing her wild black eyes intently upon those of the child, "do you know that I could find it in my heart to curse you?"

"Do not—do not!" exclaimed the boy, hastily. "There," he added, drawing from his shirt front the small gold buttons which fastened it, "these are valuable—take them, and do not cast an evil eye upon me, for I see it—you have an evil eye; or, if they do not satisfy you, take my watch"—it was one belonging to his mother, which she had given him but a few days previously—"take this—take everything I have, but do not touch me—do not look at me—and, oh! pray do not curse me."

"Keep your watch," the woman sternly said, closing her hand the moment the gold buttons touched her palm; "it would be missed and reclaimed, and my lord, the count, would have me punished like a thief for it—the buttons I will keep, and even endure a whipping for them, if they must be bought at that price. No! I will not curse you—not for your own sake, but for your mother's"—she spoke the last words emphatically—"take heed, however, young lordling, that your luck in life match your pride;" so saying, she shook her rags about her, and, grasping her stick tightly, moved off without bestowing another look at the boy.

Leon remained transfixed to the spot, gazing after the old woman, like one in a trance. To him she appeared little else than one of those wicked fairies he had so often read of, whose wand had the power of transforming diamonds and rubies into ashes, and lovely young princesses into hideous wenches; and, as he now beheld her, diminutive and spare in form, yet moving forward with a rapidity that would have baffled pursuit, and without any appearance of effort, striding

across the plain like a huge spider, her legs seeming to the child's fancy to start from her very neck, there was about her something so witch-like, that Leon might be forgiven for entertaining towards her both disgust and apprehension. Fresh from the nursery, as it were, he harbored the most superstitious dread of the evil-eye, common to the people of this country,* and was convinced that a malignant glance shot at him from those piercing black orbs had, in some mysterious way or other, inflicted a mortal injury upon him; and, in a fit of despondency, with head bent on his breast, he returned home.

In the hall, he met his mother's maid, from whom he learned that the countess was resting in her own apartment, where she wished to remain undisturbed until the count should return. "But why do you look so pale, Leon?" she asked.

"Oh! Seraphinka," he exclaimed, bursting into tears, "Jakubeka has thrown an evil-eye on me."

"You don't mean to say so?" said the maid, devoutly crossing herself. "Lord—lord! Are we then to see you fade away like that poor child in the village yonder? I knew a lady once, who had lost five children, without any one ever knowing what ailed them, until it was discovered that an old, wandering beggar was in the habit of receiving charity at the castle, and had cast an evil-eye on them. It is fearful to think of, but true. Well, my lady ought to know best, but——"

At that moment the countess' bell called Seraphinka to her mistress' apartment, whither Leon was soon summoned. He found his mother looking very pale and weary, sitting in her arm-chair.

"My dear boy," she began, "I just saw you talking with Jakubeka; what can she have wanted with you? Tell me all that passed, without restriction."

Leon, unaccustomed to any check formidable enough to engender the habit of falsehood, gave his mother, according to his own views, a correct account of the great misfortune that had befallen him. The countess listened with deep attention. When his little narrative came to an end, she gently drew him towards her.

"Thank Heaven, my dear boy, that woman did not curse you! And never again treat any one, especially herself, in a way to deserve it. As to the evil-eye," she added, "I am not prepared to decide how far it may be founded on truth; but I am assured that Jakubeka has no other evil in her eye, or in her heart, than the impatience of a bitter spirit. But don't anger her, Leon; her anger were dreadful. And, above all, don't tell your father anything about the loss of your buttons, or, in short, about your meeting with her; and, remember, whenever you are tormented with a notion of the evil-eye, that the worst evils are not in the eyes or hearts of others, but in your own. Don't take for confidant and adviser that poor Seraphinka, who sees ghosts

every night in the corridor. Your pale cheek and tearful eyes do not testify of the courage I expected in you. A Pole should know no fear but the fear of God. Be a brave boy, and think no more of this silly business."

Leon solemnly promised to do as his mother bade him, and saw no more of her till the count's return; but though he did not tell the general of the day's occurrence, still it weighed upon his mind, and he believed himself predestined, thenceforward, to some great misfortune. The count perceiving that the child wearied of his favorite games, and became subject to fits of abstraction foreign to his years and temperament, did his best to divert his mind. At last, he hit upon the expedient of taking him to a bear-hunt in the mountains, which, being a strange sight to the inhabitants of the plains—and Leon had never quitted them from his birth—was proportionably elating.

As the count had no property near the Carpathian mountains, this plan included a visit to a friend—an additional treat to his son, since the house was filled, not only with the numerous children of their host, but those of the neighboring gentry, who were invited to establish an early acquaintance with the heir of Stanoiki. Leon was now as happy as the heroes of the fairy tales he loved so well—admired and caressed by all—ever some fresh amusement whiling away days untroubled by teaching of any kind, and the rencontre with the beggar woman retired somewhat into the background of his thoughts.

Weeks passed thus; the count exchanging the hospitable roof of one friend for that of another; when, perceiving his boy to be restored to his accustomed health and spirits, he decided on returning home to look after his dear invalid. The affection of childhood, so much less reflective than that of riper years, did not prompt Leon to desire his return. Here, in the distant hills, he thought himself safe from the intrusion of her he dreaded; but down there in the plains he felt sure to meet again the frightful old Jakubeka, and the thought was fraught with terror.

They found the countess sensibly altered for the worse. She now seldom quitted her apartment. Ordinarily so gentle, and even indolent in her temper and habits, she was now fretful and irritable. Even the presence of her son was irksome to her; and though, when absent, she ever seemed to miss something, yet she could not endure his society for any length of time. Perhaps the unavoidable and fast-approaching separation made such interviews painful—at least, the count thought so; for he entertained no illusion as to her state of health, and was only anxious to soften the last bitter trial as much as lay in his power, devoting now his time exclusively to his beloved Vanda. So Leon was altogether left to his own resources. His mind having recovered its tone, with the volatileness of youth, he turned to his own amusements, without any thought of the future. The boatmen, the grooms, the pony, the dogs, and the chance peasants he encountered, had

* The belief in the evil eye is common to all the Slavonian tribes, especially in Galicia and Bohemia.

no sinecure, and the latter put up their daily prayers to Heaven for the arrival of the expected tutor.

One evening, the countess, feeling a little better, permitted Leon to remain with her. The general had that morning received a letter from a friend in Paris, respecting the difficulty of finding a proper person who would consent to undertake the charge of training a youth so far from the French capital.

"This gives me great pain," said the count, "for it is a shame to see Leon growing up so wild."

The countess was not inclined to enter on the subject. She seemed absorbed in thought. At last, rousing herself, she said—"I know, my dear Ladislav, you would do much to oblige me—nay, I think, at this moment, you would not have the heart to refuse any request of mine; but before I give utterance to the wish that pre-occupies me, promise to grant my request."

"If it be one that my means can encompass, Vanda, it is granted before it is asked."

"Even if you had a prejudice to conquer?"

"I would lay more than that at your feet," he said, smiling.

"I do not speak of the cost," said she, "because you have often spent infinitely more to satisfy my most idle caprice."

"I own that you are so mysterious on the subject, that I begin to feel curious. Tell me at once—what is this mighty project?"

"Will you erect, in my honor, a school in your village?"

The count started, and an angry frown gathered on his brow. "I said—I meant anything in reason," exclaimed he, pettishly; "but this is an impossibility."

"The poor villagers desire it," the countess said, with earnestness.

"I dare say they do," was the reply. "Don't they wish a French tutor, and a dancing-master, too? Surely they do not limit their pretensions to so trifling a thing as a school?"

"Do you think their desire extravagant?—I do not," replied the countess.

"Bah! you speak like a child, Vanda. I do not mean merely with reference to our own interests—though these point pretty clearly to the propriety of keeping our vassals in their present state of subjection, which would not long exist if means of education were afforded them—but do you think it were a blessing to escape from it? They'd go starve, beg, and steal on their boasted liberty! You see few or no beggars on our estates; for are we not obliged to provide those with a roof, a hearth, and fuel, who want it? Have they not fields to cultivate, on whose produce they can not only feed their families, but, with a little industry, lay up a store for the future? It is true they are bound to the soil; but I do not perceive that the wanderings of the present generation have much improved it. Look at the state of Germany. You know little of it—less of its inhabitants; but think you the system of its free colleges has

been a source of happiness to individuals, or has insured the peace of the country? It swarms with a set of needy adventurers, too proud of their acquirements to return to the simple mode of life of their fathers, yet often not sufficiently accomplished to strike out any other line for themselves. They overcrowd the cities, embarrass every path of liberal employment, and, because they are themselves discontented and ill at ease in a state of society which affords not sufficient scope to their vanity and ambition, they make others discontented and unhappy, and become dangerous subjects. What the German students are to the German governments, ours would soon prove to us, if your suggestions were generally carried out. It is a strange thing, but a fact proved by the state of our own class, that the mind seldom ripens to peace and content, but rather to dissatisfaction and doubt."

"I am not able to reason with you, Ladislav—my motives are rather of the heart than of the head—but I still think, even if it be a wise policy, it is an unchristian deed to debar the poor from the right of cultivating their understanding."

"My dear Vanda, you might as well question our right of taking a knife from a child's hand."

"But still there are natural rights," persisted the countess.

"Pshaw!—cant phrase of the day!" exclaimed the count, impatiently. "Natural rights, indeed! Does nature herself respect them? Do we not see youth languish and pine away with the decay of old age? Ask the blind, the deaf and dumb, the infirm of every kind, who are debarred from the joys of youth, why nature robbed them of her sweetest gifts and poisoned for them the dawn of life; ask the bursting heart of the deformed, whose spring has no flowers, whose youth has no love, who sees the cold, averted eye seek with rapture a fairer form; ask that anguished heart if there be torture a tyrant can inflict equal to that caused by this injustice of nature! When genius, when strength, when beauty will lie within our own command, then talk of nature's freedom, nature's rights, and not till then."

Vanda replied not, but a few silent tears stole down her pale cheek.

"I am wrong to argue with you in your present delicate state; but really—really, Vanda, in conscience, I cannot grant your request."

"I do not think it wise to let men remain wild beasts," said Vanda.

"But do you think, dearest, that painters and poets would till the ground!—that a Petrarch's Laura would milk the cows?"

"Oh, I don't mean that; there is a medium in all things," replied Vanda.

"That's a mistake," said the general. "Every single concession is a stepping-stone to the next. There is a trite German saying which is, nevertheless, very true—He who gives A, must give Z along with it.' We must always be prepared for the consequences of each movement.

Besides, my dear Vanda, if I wished to deviate from my principles, in this respect, to oblige you, I could not; for we have, at a late meeting of nobles and proprietors, agreed upon an unanimous resistance to all encroachments on the part of our peasantry; and you cannot but feel how impossible it would be to break a plighted word. You see the thing is not to be done. You must discard it from your mind. Anything else—anything unconnected with my duties as a gentleman and a father, I shall be most happy to do for you. Now, pray, Vanda, try to coax your mind to some one of those thousand feminine caprices which men are so charmed to gratify."

Vanda shook her head, and sighed as she said, "Is there never to be progress?"

"And has there been no progress?" said the general impatiently. "Was I not present when my own father took off the head of a gypsy lad with the sword that hung by his side? I can remember the day when each lord made his own laws. Now, our private justice were murder, and you call that no progress! What would you have more?"

"I would have Seraphinka and my bed-light," said the countess, closing the discussion.

The count was now desirous of removing to Lemberg, where the best medical advice might be procured for his suffering wife, but the countess would not hear of this plan. She dreaded the fatigue of the journey, and was soon soothed by the notion of lingering in her loved home to the last. The count, above all anxious not to distress her, yielded the point at once, the more readily, perhaps, that his ample fortune enabled him to command the frequent visits of the first medical practitioners in that city. The countess found her chief solace in the unremitting attentions of her husband, and in the consolations of her ghostly monitors; one of whom, a stern Jesuitical-looking clergyman of the church of Rome, seldom, of late, quitted the castle. With him the countess remained closeted for hours; but the general observed with sorrow how much worse she seemed after each of those conferences.

Prepared as they both were for their approaching separation, the awful moment came when they least expected it. The countess had of late shown symptoms of renewed strength. The leaves were rapidly falling, and the count was positive, and the countess began to hope that she would pass through the ensuing winter. The physicians, as usual, confirmed those expectations. But one autumnal morning, as the general paid her his accustomed visit, he perceived at a single glance a rapid alteration in her features, and instantly knew, what she felt in her inmost heart, that the dreaded blow was about to fall. The countess having gone through her religious duties, dismissed her confessor, begging that her husband and herself might be left alone together. She thought her desire had been complied with, when she suddenly perceived Leon, who, half-concealed by its draperies, was sobbing at the foot of her bed.

"Must he, too, leave you at this moment?"

"Yes, yes, let him leave the room this instant—moments are precious."

The count took Leon by the hand, and gently forced him from the room.

"And now, dearest, that the child is gone, say, what have you on your mind?"

"Oh, a fearful load!" said the countess; "it has weighed and glowed *here*," pressing her hand tightly on her bosom, "until I thought I could bear it no longer—indeed, it is that, partly, which has worn me so fast."

"Your mind wanders, my poor Vanda. Of what can you—of what can one so pure—ever have been guilty?"

"A great sin towards you, and a more helpless being. But I feel my strength wearing fast—I must be brief. Leon is not our child!"

The soothing expression of tender pity for an instant gave way to one of unutterable anguish on the general's countenance; but the latter faded away as his first surmises came back to his mind. He had started from his seat by the bedside, and dropped the hand he held—he now resumed his place, and calmly said,

"Go on, my dear Vanda."

"Oh, I see you are incredulous," she said, "and that I am going to make you very unhappy; but my conscience does not permit me to withhold the truth any longer. You see, Ladislav, I was sorely tempted. You remember, when our own blessed Leon was but a few months old, imperative duties called you to Lemberg. You left our child weak and puny; at your return, months later, you found him strong and hearty—but it was not our boy you then gazed upon, it was a changeling!"

The count was mute with contending emotions, among which doubt and surprise were predominant.

"When I saw our darling fade away," continued the countess, "day by day, hour by hour, and thought of your sorrow, for which there was no hope, and no comfort—when I thought that your affection to me might alter—that you would, perhaps, travel far away in search of some relief to your affliction—or that I should be condemned to watch during long years your undying grief—I had not the heart to meet my fate. I would spare myself, but you yet more. The nurse—poor old soul, if she were not dead I should have left her the care to reveal this secret, and not have undertaken so painful a task at such a time; let it be my punishment—the nurse had a cousin, a serf on our estate, who had a child of precisely the same age as ours. The woman was in the deepest destitution; her husband was dead; she had no means of supporting her children. What shall I say more? That poor child we have cherished under the name of our lost Leon. Remember," she said, as she saw the general cover his face with his hands, and his breast heave with suppressed passion, "remember that culpable as was this fraud, you have owed it eleven years of felicity." Digitized by Google

"If you speak the truth—if you are not dreaming," said the general, in choking accents, "why rob me of my only comfort—my only consolation?"

"Because it would have been doubly a sin to deceive you and the world, and allow your honor and wealth to pass to one who had no right to either when fate again left you free to have a lawful heir. I know the wound, how severe soever it may be, will heal again. But I had learned to love the child so well, I should not, perhaps, have had the fortitude to act as duty dictated, had not the woman tormented me as she has done since the death of my poor nurse. But, for the last two years, not content with the pension I made her, which was ample, and the kindness I extended to all her children, she has harassed me beyond the powers of endurance. Latterly, her insistence and her insolence have almost driven me mad; and, unjust as it may be, I felt that I loved the poor child less when so constantly reminded of his odious mother. You see, Ladielas, I leave not one weakness concealed from you; pity and forgive."

"The woman's name?"

"Jakubka, my pensioner in the village yonder. My confessor, with herself and me, are the only persons in possession of this secret. But oh! Ladielas—for justice, for humanity's sake—it is my last prayer—be kind to the poor boy."

"Madam," said the general, starting up, and giving way to an explosion of uncontrollable anger, "if I can find it in my heart to forgive you, it is as much as mortal has a right to demand! Betrayed!—deceived!—fooled, as I have been, for years!—persuaded to foster, with a parent's care, the brat of a vassal! I hardly know what restrains me from washing away all trace of this disgrace in the changeling's blood!"

A scream burst from Vanda's lips, and she fell back, to all appearance lifeless, on her pillow. The general was shocked. Though writhing with the excess of his own passion, still he accused himself of having hastened, by his cruelty, the fatal moment. He rung the bell till the rope gave way. Priests, attendants, nurses, all hastened into the room together, who soon discovered that the countess had but swooned. When she came to herself, the general endeavored, by the tenderest expressions, to soothe the wound he had inflicted. The countess was so weak she could scarcely answer; but, with the last effort of expiring nature, raising her head from her husband's bosom, she cried out, "For God's sake, my letter! my letter!"

She spoke no more.

For some days after the fearful event no one was admitted to the general's presence—not even the priest who had shrived the countess. The bare mention of Leon's name had excited him to such fury that Seraphinka strongly dissuaded the former from his original intention of braving his father's anger, as he had often done before with the successful audacity of a spoiled child. He now thought the misfortunes he had dreaded from

the evil-eye were about to fall upon him, beginning with his mother's death; but little did he anticipate the depth of the abyss down which he was about to be precipitated.

One morning he was 'woke early by an unusual animation in the court below. He sprang out of bed, and, on looking from his window, perceived that the servants had drawn out his father's travelling carriage, and were busily preparing it for the road. Surprise and joy kept the boy for a moment mute; then turning to Seraphinka, who had just entered his room, he exclaimed—

"I am so glad we are going to leave the chateau! We are going back to the hills; or, perhaps to Lemberg. You have been so good to me these last days, and so consoled me in my grief, that I will buy you something fine, Seraphinka."

"Alas! I am afraid you are not going with your papa, for he has given me no orders about packing up things for you, and yet I cannot think he would leave a poor child of your age in this dull, dreary chateau, and not even a tutor to keep you company. But, then, my lord is scarcely himself yet; however, he has had the steward with him making arrangements, as if for a long absence. I began to fear, seeing that the poor late countess brought my lord no dower, as we all know, he might have forgotten her servants—but all those who have had anything to do with my lady are allowed to retain their apartments in this house, and are to enjoy a pension, proportionate to their wages during her life. As for me, I retain every single advantage, even to the coffee and sugar. May the Virgin bless my lord, and lighten his sorrow! for sure there never was a more affectionate husband or a better lord. I own," added Seraphinka, musingly, "the pension I expected, but the coffee and sugar was a surprise."

Leon, wrapped in the ecstatic notion of departure, and being restored to his father's presence and love, heard not a single word of what Seraphinka was saying. At that moment, the count's valet-de-chambre entered the room.

"Seraphinka," he said, "prepare Count Leon for the journey; he is to be simply and warmly dressed, and ready within the shortest possible time. You had better make all the haste you can," said he, turning to Leon—"my lord has already locked the chambers of the late countess, that no one may disturb them—all his orders are given—the horses are putting to, and he will be in the carriage in an instant."

The eager Leon made such haste, that it was lucky an ample cloak hid the inaccuracies of his toilet.

"Your watch—your watch—you have forgotten your watch and chain," said Seraphinka, running after him, as he turned from his small apartment, without a word of leave-taking with his faithful ally.

"No—not now," he hastily answered; "you'll send it after me, or keep it till I return. Adieu, Seraphinka."

According to the custom of her country, the faithful abigail raised his hand to her lips, in token of the submissive devotion which girls of that class entertain towards their superiors. Leon, hastily tearing away his hand, scampered away to join his father. Never had the corridors or flights of stairs seemed to him so long as at this moment of nervous impatience; but, bounding onward like a young fawn, he soon stood at the carriage door. The chasseur lifted him in, banged to the door, and mounted in the rumble behind—the coachman gave the rein to four fiery young horses, and away flew the carriage with our young hero and his misfortunes.

The count addressed not a word to the child, though he had not seen him since the moment he had so reluctantly led him from the chamber of death. Leon stole a timid glance at him—he was closely muffled in a travelling cloak, and his foraging cap was drawn deeply over his eyes. Little of his face as these precautions permitted to become visible, however, the contrast of his ashy pallor with his deep mourning, and the almost sinister expression of his brow, frightened the boy, and he shrank into his corner of the carriage. But the count, keeping his eyes in a marked manner riveted on his own window, Leon's situation became too painful to be endured, and he attempted to rouse his attention.

"Papa," he began—but he could get no further, for the count cried aloud—"Silence!" in a voice of thunder.

Never in his life had he heard these accents, or, at least, addressed to himself. Terrified, convinced now his mother was gone, that he was become an object of hatred to his father after having been one of love, the poor boy sank back in mute anguish. But Leon had a proud heart, and a keen natural sense of injustice. He could not prevent the boyish tears from coursing one by one down his burning cheek; but he stifled the thick sobs that nearly choked him, lest the count should discover that he was weeping. Perhaps this stubborn pride deprived him of the only opportunity that offered for melting the count's heart; for he was by no means what could be strictly called an unfeeling man, though he was stung to madness by the shock of losing at once his wife and his child—at having to blot from his existence eleven long years of hope and joy. His pride, too, revolted at having fostered in his halls a beggar's brat; and, accustomed to the roughness of the camp, to the authoritativeness of military command, his temper, naturally firm and hasty, had become harsh; and the cringing dread of his serfs, amongst whom he had chiefly lived of late years, had not tended to teach him self-control. Leon had much of the same ingredients in his composition for good or for evil; and, thanks to his training, was as obstinate and wilful as any feudal lord need be.

The day was drizzly and rainy. The roads were heavy. There was nothing in the atmosphere nor the features of the country to attune the mind to a soft mood; and, accordingly, neither of

the travellers was diverted from his inward brooding by external objects. They had hurried along at extraordinary speed for above an hour in this enforced silence, when they came to a bleak, barren common, more desolate than anything they had yet seen. A solitary stone cross, with an effigy of Christ, whose outlines were worn by wind and weather—the only object that appeared above the dreary line of the horizon in any direction—stood at a short distance from the main road, pointing the way, as it were, to the deep rut of a country by-path. At the foot of this cross sat, huddled up, an indistinct human figure which, from its appearance, might have been mistaken for a bundle of rags. The count pulled the check-string. In a moment the carriage stopped, and he leapt from it, motioning with his hand to the boy to follow; then said to the attentive chasseur—"Let the carriage wait for me beyond the turn of the road, at the old bridge."

Though not a little amazed at the command he received, the well-trained domestic suppressed every outward mark of surprise; and, having transmitted the order to the coachman, resumed his seat in the rumble, without so much as casting one glance of curiosity at the three figures exposed to a pelting rain in a bleak waste, on which not a house, or a tree, or any object whatever, except the stone cross, was within the range of the eye. The count now moved forward, followed by the child, straight up to the cross.

"Jakubka!" he called out. The object cowering at the foot of the stone monument rose hurriedly to her feet. "I need not, I suppose," continued the count, "repeat the conditions I have stipulated with you—I think, for your own sake, you are not likely to forget them. Boy," said he, turning sharply to Leon, "from this day you cease to fill the place you have too long usurped—you are not my child—I restore you to your legitimate parent—you are yet young enough to forget the duty you now think you owe me, and to learn that which is due to her—the past is but a dream, suffer it not to linger on your mind."

So saying, he coldly turned from the mother and her son, and moving away with hasty strides reached the bend of the road and his britchka before Leon had recovered from the first stunning effect of his words. The wheels of the retiring carriage first roused him from his stupor. He stared wildly round. The naked plain—the old witch in her dark cloak to whom he had just been delivered over—the carriage rolling in the distance—the solitude, the silence of the place—the rain falling in blinding mist on the delicately-nurtured boy, all confused and bewildered his senses. He felt as if they were leaving him entirely; and, with a cry of pain, he clasped his little hands and pressed them to his burning brow.

Jakubka remained silent. Pity for the grief of her child, mingled with a sort of respect for the station he had but so lately filled, subdued her usual vein of loquacity. The blow had stunned her too. Though prepared for it by a hurried in-

terview that morning at the chateau, she had not yet got over the shock; nor could she find any balm of consolation to pour on the fresh wound. At last the poor abandoned boy yielded to his despair, and, flinging himself down on the stones, howled and shrieked in the very convulsion of agony. It was awful to behold the anguish of the untrained mind. Not for a second did he grasp the notion that the object of his fantastic terror was connected with him in the way the count had described; but the idea that her malignant sorcery had prevailed at last, and that now she had got possession of him, she would transform him into something horrible, or make the world believe that he was her son, force him to toil and carry weights—vague and wild notions, in short, drawn from the "Arabian Night," struggled with the still more appalling reality, as a nightmare contends with our waking senses. The misery of childhood is more exquisite, though less lasting, than that of after years; because the tender mind has not the power to encompass its sense of misfortune; the child is overwhelmed by its incapacity for action—the feeling of its utter helplessness—of its being, as it were, but a mere ball in the hands of others.

Jakubka suffered this crisis of nature to have full play. She sat herself on the stone steps, and soon became absorbed in thought; so absorbed, indeed, that she was not aware how swiftly time sped. The very excess of the boy's passion soon exhausted it, and he sat at as great a distance as he conveniently could from her he so much dreaded, with his face buried in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees, hoping, poor child, that the weariness, the sickness of heart that weighed him down, was the harbinger of that repose to which his best friend had been consigned a few days ago—the first sorrow is a thing so new; and this was worse than grief, it was a catastrophe!

"Now," said the woman, rising and shaking the rain from her cloak, as if it had been but morning dew, so light did she seem to make of her wetting—"now, Pavel, we must move forward, or we shall not arrive to-night where we must go, though we are not expected—but we'll make our own welcome. Come," she continued, "do not look so wild—you must go with me—it's true, though you are my own flesh and blood, I can't expect you to feel for me what I feel for you; and I am not astonished that poverty frightens you—that you'd rather be a lord than a serf. I had myself destined you for another fate, but Heaven would not permit it—however, I shall take care my brave boy is not lowered down to work like a common peasant. I'll beg, or, for that matter, steal, before it comes to such a pass. No, no; you need not be afraid—be of good cheer, my son. Your fall has been great; but comfort yourself, yours is not the only heavy heart to-day—yon proud man does not bear a light one in his bosom! I say, Pavel—for I must tell you you are christened Pavel, and not by that French name they used to call you by up there in the castle—we must be

tramping—or would you that we spend the night in this uncomfortable spot? Ugh! it is comfortless—but sorrow makes one peevish—when you've known as much of it as I have, you will be tougher than you are now! What will you do?—remain here—well—I am willing—not that I like it, but on a day like this, how can I refuse you anything?"

"I won't go with you," said the boy, resolutely.

"Then, where will you go, pray?"

"Return to the chateau—to my good Seraphinka—the only friend I have left in the world—she'll take care of me."

"You have yet to learn the ways of the world, my boy. Seraphinka would no sooner know you to be what you are than all her boasted friendship were at once forfeited; her kindness was for the heir of Count Stanoiki—to her future lord, and not to the son of the despised Jakubka! If you return to the castle in that character, the very stable boys will hoot at, and set the dogs on you! No, no; you have yet to learn a lesson or two—but those lessons will come fast enough now."

"I'll not move a step with you!"

"Well, then, I'll spend the night here with you."

"I'll appeal to the protection of the first passer-by—don't think I am afraid of you, old witch—for I am sure you are a witch. I will not go with you, I tell you. I will not cease to be a count. I will not be a churl—so you may just say and do what you please."

Jakubka at a single glance perceived the difficulty of her situation, but she was keenly alive to the consequences of neglecting the count's injunctions, and felt, for the child's sake as well as for her own, she must find means to conquer his obstinacy; suddenly a bright thought occurred to her.

"You say truly, my son, I am a mighty witch; and if you do not obey me, I will utter a spell so potent that you will be bound to that stone on which you sit, and the murdered man who lies beneath, and the murderers gibbeted above, shall come and howl throughout the night around you! Now, choose if you will stay. Nay, I see in your eyes you think of running back to the castle in spite of me; but if you attempt to stir, I shall first make you halt of one foot; if you persist, I'll make you blind of one eye—nay, if you move but one inch," she added, with flashing eye, "look here!" and she drew forth a long knife from her girdle.

Leon was as brave as most children of his years; but he was barely eleven. His nerves had received a shock, and he had been bred in the midst of superstition; not, indeed, but the count was quite free, and the countess slightly affected by such considerations, but the servants generally, and Seraphinka in particular, were deeply imbued with all sorts of delusions; and the latter, as we have seen, had imparted much of her way of thinking to Leon. So, terrified at last by the woman's energy and alleged power, he rose and followed her.

RESIGNATION.

BY THE COUNTESS D'ARBOUVILLE.

[For the translation of this story we are indebted to the Boston Atlas. There are some phrases in it which will not be approved of by our readers, but they are not the less natural because they are wrong, and because they are so French.]

I AM simply going to relate an event, of which I was a spectator. It is one of the melancholy reminiscences of my life—one of those impressions to which the soul looks back with gentle sorrow in the hour of discouragement. It diffuses an indescribable renunciation of the too vain hopes of this world—a self-denial, which appeases the murmurings within us, and summons us to silent resignation.

If ever these pages are read, I do not wish it to be by those who are happy, quite happy. There is nothing here for them; neither invention nor events. But there are hearts that have known affliction, that have dreamed of joys that are gone, and are prone to a quick-coming sadness; who if, in passing, they catch but a glimpse of a sorrower, or a sound of suffering meets their ear, they stop, listen, and pity. To such, I can speak—almost at random—and tell a history, simple, like all that is true; touching, like all that is simple.

In the North of France, near the Belgian frontier, is a very small, obscure, unknown town. The casualties of war have caused it to be surrounded with high fortifications, which seem to crush the wretchedly constructed houses within their enclosure. Never, since the erection of this line of walls, has a single hut been built upon the green lawn beyond them; and, as the population of the place increased, they built upon the public squares, or blocked up their streets. Space, regularity, comfort, all had been sacrificed. The houses, thus huddled together, and hemmed in by high walls, presented to the view, at a short distance, the appearance of a large prison.

The climate of the North of France, without being extremely cold, is very gloomy. Humidity, fog, clouds and snow, obscure the sky, and cover the earth with ice, during six months of the year. A dense and black smoke, rising above each habitation, added still more to the gloomy aspect of this small northern town.

Never will I forget the chilling impression of sorrow that I felt when crossing the drawbridge which served as an entrance to it. I asked myself, with a shudder, if it were possible that there could be beings who were born, and might die there, without knowing anything of the rest of the world! There were, in fact, those whose destiny was such. But Providence, whose bounties are concealed even in the privations which he imposes, had made it necessary for the inhabitants of this place to labor—to labor to acquire even comfort; and, by this means, took away from these poor, disinherited children, the time which might otherwise have been occupied in regarding

whether the sky was clear or clouded. They seemed to forget what they never had. But, as to myself, on entering this gloomy and smoke-covered place, I invoked the remembrance of all the days of sunshine in which my life had been passed—of hours spent in the open air, with a clear sky above me, and unbounded space before me. At this moment, I thought with thankfulness of what I had, until then, regarded as the common gifts to all mankind—light, air, the horizon!

I had resided eighteen months in this town, and perhaps was about to murmur at my long captivity, when what I am now going to relate occurred.

To gain one of the gates of the fortifications, I found it necessary, when taking my daily promenade, to go down a small alley, the ground of which, being dug in the form of steps, to render its ascent more easy, gave it the resemblance of a staircase. Passing through this narrow and obscure alley very frequently, my reflections far in advance of my steps, I thought only of the fields I was going to find; but one day, by chance, my eyes fell upon a small house which alone appeared to be occupied. It was only one story high, with two windows; between those windows a door, above them a loft. The walls of the house were painted a dull gray color. The windows were composed of a thousand small squares of a thick and greenish glass. Daylight could never penetrate them, to brighten with its rays the interior of the dwelling. The alley was so extremely narrow, too, that the sun never appeared there. A perpetual shadow hung over it, making the atmosphere always cold there, even when it was quite warm elsewhere.

In the winter, when the snow was frozen upon the steps of the alley, it was impossible to make a single movement without danger of falling. Thus it had become a deserted way, which I alone traversed daily. I do not remember ever to have met any person in it, or to have seen a bird alight, even for an instant, upon the crevices in the walls. I hope, I said to myself, that this sad-looking abode is inhabited only by persons who have almost arrived at the term of life, and whose withered bodies can no longer know sorrow or regret. It would be frightful indeed to be young there!—

The small house remained in silence. No sound escaped from it; no movement could be perceived in it! It was as quiet as the tomb! And every day I asked myself, Who in the world can live so!

Spring came. The ice in the alley was changed to dampness; dampness was succeeded by a dry soil; and then a few blades of grass sprung up near the base of the walls. The small corner of the sky, of which you could just catch a glimpse, became more clear. In fact, even in this obscure passage, spring let fall a shadow of life. But the small house still remained quiet and motionless.

Toward the month of June I was taking, as customary, my daily walk, when I beheld (excuse

the expression) with heartfelt sadness, a small bouquet of violets in a glass, upon the sill of one of the windows in the house.

Ah! I exclaimed to myself, there is some one here a sufferer!

To love flowers we must either be young, or we must have preserved some sweet remembrances of youthful days; we cannot be completely absorbed by the material world; we must possess that sweet faculty of doing nothing without being idle; to muse; to call to mind things passed away; to hope. In the enjoyment which the perfume of a flower gives, there is a peculiar refinement of the mind. It is something ideal; a fragment of poetry gliding in the midst of the realities of life. When in a humble and laborious existence I find a fondness for flowers, I always suspect that there must be a struggle between the necessities of life and the instincts of the soul. It seems to me that I know how to address, that I could almost gossip with any one who cultivates a simple flower near her cottage door. But now this bouquet of flowers saddened me. It said, here dwells one grieving for the air, and the sun, and happiness; one who feels all that is denied her; one so poor in enjoyment that I, a poor bouquet of violets, am a joy in her life!

I regarded these flowers with melancholy. I asked myself if the darkness and the cold which pervaded the narrow alley would not make them fade quickly away—if the wind would not blight them! I felt an interest for them. I would have been happy to have preserved them a long time to the person, whoever it was, that loved them.

The next day I returned. The flowers showed a day's additional existence. They were withered, and their colorless petals curled back upon themselves. Yet they still retained a faint perfume, and they had been taken care of. Advancing, I saw that the window was partly open. A ray, I will not say of sunshine, but of light, penetrated the house, and left a luminous trail upon the chamber floor; but on either side of it the obscurity was even more intense, and I could distinguish nothing.

The next day, again, I passed. This was almost a summer's morning. The birds were singing; the trees were covered with buds; a thousand insects were buzzing in the air. Everything was dancing in the sunshine. Joy was almost everywhere. Life was in all.

One of the windows of the small house was thrown wide open.

I approached, and saw a female seated at work near the window. The first glance I cast upon her added to the sadness with which the aspect of this dwelling had already inspired me. I could not guess her age. She was no longer young; she was not handsome, or she was no longer so. She was pale, from sickness or sorrow—I could not divine which. It is certain, however, that her features wore a sweet expression, and that the absence of bloom might arise from grief as well as from years; that her pallor, if her heart was not

saddened, might have seemed to possess a charm beside the dense blackness of her hair. She inclined over her work. She was thin, or attenuated. Her hands were white, but rather bony and long. She had on a brown dress, a black apron, a small white collar—all plain—and the bouquet, which had bloomed two days at the window, almost hidden in a fold of her corsage, was there, that not even a breath of its last perfume might be lost.

She lifted up her eyes, and saluted me. I saw her better. She was still young; but she had approached so near to that moment when we cease to be so, that this last adieu to youth was sad to look upon. She had evidently endured much—but probably without a struggle or a murmur—almost without tears. Her countenance wore the expression of peace, of resignation and calmness; but it was the calmness which follows death! I imagined that she had never known any very severe shock, but that her soul had languished a long while, and her hopes had died away; that she was not broken-hearted, but dejected—bent down—then levelled to the earth, noiselessly and without pain.

Yes, her appearance, her expression, her attitude, said all this. There are some persons who look at you without saying a word, and whom you never forget to have met.

Each day I found her at the same place. She saluted me; and, in time, she added a sad but sweet smile to her salutation. This was the only glimpse I could catch of the existence of the female whom I constantly saw seated at the window.

She never worked on Sunday. I believed she then walked out, for on Monday there was always a small bouquet of violets at the window. But they drooped with the following days, and were not replaced until after the end of the week. I thought, moreover, that she was poor, and that she worked in secret for her livelihood; for she embroidered most beautiful and rich muslins, and I never observed any change from the most humble simplicity in her dress. In fact, she was not alone in the house, for one day a rather imperious voice called out, "*Ursule!*" and she rose hurriedly. The voice was not that of a master's. Ursule had not obeyed as a servant obeys. There was an indescribable sort of willingness of heart in the precipitation with which she rose; and yet the voice had no expression of affection! I thought that Ursule, perhaps, was not loved by those with whom she lived; that she was even treated harshly—while her sad and gentle nature was attached to them, without receiving any kindly return.

Time passed on, and each day I initiated myself deeper into the existence of poor Ursule. Yet I possessed no other means of divining her secrets than passing once a day before her open window.

I have already said that she smiled when she saw me. A short time after, during my walk, I commenced to gather a few flowers; and one

morning, timidly, and with some little embarrassment, I deposited them on Ursule's window. Ursule blushed, and then smiled even more sweetly than usual. Each day after that Ursule had a bouquet. In a short time, among the wild flowers in the fields, I mixed a few from my own garden. Then there were bunches of flowers in the window, and in Ursule's belt. In fact, it was a spring-time, a summer, for the small gray house.

It happened, when returning home one evening, that a shower of rain began to fall just as I was passing this narrow alley. Ursule flew to the door of her dwelling, opened it, took my hand, made me enter — and, when we were in the passage which adjoined the chamber that she habitually occupied, the poor girl seized both my hands, and with tears starting into her eyes, she said to me: "Thank you!"

This was the first time that we had spoken to each other. I went in.

The room in which Ursule worked was the parlor. The floor was made of red tiles, which almost froze your feet. A few straw chairs were the only seats there; and two old pier-tables ornamented either end of the room. This long, narrow room, being lighted only by the small window that opened on the alley, was dark, cold, and damp!

Oh! but Ursule was right to sit near the window, seeking a little air and a little light to live on! I now understood the cause of the poor girl's paleness. It was not from her bloom that had faded, for her bloom had never existed. — She was etiolated, like a plant that has sprung up in the shade.

In an obscure corner of the room, in two arm-chairs, more comfortable than any of the others, I discovered two persons who, the darkness which at first prevented me from seeing. They were an old man and a woman almost as old as he. The woman was knitting, away from the window, but without seeing — she was blind. The old man did nothing but glance about, in front of him, with a fixed and senseless stare. Alas! he had lived beyond the allotted limits of life, and his body alone existed. It was impossible to regard this poor old man without observing that he had fallen into second childhood.

It may often be remarked, when life is much prolonged, that the soul, fretted at her too long captivity, seeks to be disengaged from her prison house, and, in her struggles to be free, the cords of harmony are rent. Her dwelling-place is disquieted! She is no longer a portion of it; but she is no longer where she should be!

All this was hidden, in the small gray house, with its isolation, its silence, its gloom! A blind woman, an imbecile old man, a poor maiden fading away before her time, whose youth had been oppressed, had been absorbed in the care of her aged parents, and by the old walls which retained her in captivity!

Yet Providence might have given Ursule a limited understanding, an active management,

which might have been absorbed in the occupations of the day, excited by trifles, and talking for the love of talk! — But in this house He had forgotten a melancholy, a dreaming, and exalted maiden; one divining life, imagining its joys, and loving it even in its sadness! He had made her heart an instrument capable of, yielding the most delightful tones, and had then condemned it to an eternal silence!

Alas! the fate of Ursule was still more sad than I had supposed it, when, seeing her paleness and dejection, I believed she was suffering from some disease. She had never been unwell in her life. — Not once!

She had seen time carry off, day by day, her youth, her beauty, her hopes, her life; and still there was nothing to look back on, nothing to hope for, only silence and forgetfulness!

I often returned to see Ursule; and, one day, seated with her near the window, she gave me almost in the following words, her history:

"I was born in this house; I have never left it; but my family do not belong to this country. We are strangers here, without relations or friends. My parents were not young when they married; and, when I first remember them, they were quite old. My mother became blind. This misfortune had a great effect upon her character, and consequently my father's house was always very austere. I never sang in it! No person was ever happy here. My childhood was passed in silence, for the slightest noise was prohibited. It was rarely that I ever received a caress. My parents loved me, however, but they never expressed their feelings to me; I judged their hearts after my own. I loved them, and I concluded that they loved me also. Yet my life was not always so sad as it is now. I had a sister —"

Ursule's eyes were moist with tears: but the tears did not flow; they were accustomed to remain hid in the poor girl's heart. She resumed:

"I had a sister, older than myself. She was rather silent, like our mother; but she was compassionate, gentle, and affectionate to me. We loved each other. — We shared with each other the attention that our parents required. We never had the joy of walking together, below there, in the woods or up on the hill-side. One of us always remained at home to take care of our old father; but the one that went out always brought home to the other a few branches of hawthorn, gathered from the hedges, and spoke to her sister of the sunshine, the trees, and the air! The listener would fancy that she had also left the house; and then, in the evening, we worked together near the lamp. We could not talk to each other, for our parents were asleep beside us; but when we raised our eyes we met, on the face of the other, a gentle smile. We then went up to bed, in the same chamber; but we never went to sleep until an affectionate voice often repeated: — 'Good night! go to sleep, sister!'"

"God might have left us together, do you not think so?— But I do not murmur;—Marthe is happy, up there!

"I do not know if it were the want of air, of exercise, or still more the want of happiness, which planted in Marthe's breast the first germs of disease; but I saw her become weak,—languish, and suffer. Alas! I alone was uneasy for her! My mother could not see her, and Marthe never complained. Father had already become as insensible as you see him now. It was not until some time after she drooped that I could prevail upon my sister to call in a physician.

"But there was nothing more to do. She pined a short time, and died.

"The evening before her death she made me sit down near her bed-side, and took one of my hands in her own trembling hands: 'Adieu! my poor Ursule!' she said to me. 'My only regret is to part from you. Have courage; take good care of mother and father. They are good, Ursule; they love us, although they do not always tell us so. Take care of your health, for them. You must not die until after they do. Adieu! my good sister; do not weep much for me; pray to God often—and—we will meet again, Ursule!'

"Three days after, Marthe was carried from here, laid in her coffin, and I remained alone with my parents.

"When I informed my poor blind mother of my sister's death, she gave one loud scream, made a few steps at hazard about the room, and then fell full upon her knees. I went to her, assisted her to rise, and carried her back to her arm-chair. Since then she has neither complained nor wept; only she has become even more silent than before, and I observe more often than formerly the beads of her rosary pass through her fingers.

"I have scarcely anything more to tell you. My father became completely childish. We lost some of the little fortune which was our only comfort. I was desirous that my parents might not perceive it. To deceive them was easy. One could comprehend nothing; the other could not see. I commenced to embroider, and sold my work secretly. I had no longer any one to talk with since my sister's death. I am fond of reading; and I can never read; I have to work; I never go out except on Sundays, and I do not go far then, for I am alone.

"A few years ago, when I was younger, I used to muse a great deal, seated at this window, looking at the sky! I peopled my solitude with a thousand fancies, which lessened the tedious length of the day. Now a sort of lethargy seems to deaden my thoughts; I muse no more.

"As I was young and rather pretty, I had hoped, at random, for some, I scarcely knew what, change in my destiny. Now I am twenty-nine years old. Sorrow, even more than years, has withered my appearance!—all is told!—I expect nothing; I hope no more; and I will finish here my isolated days.

"Do not believe that I at once accepted this bitter destiny resignedly. No; there were whole days when my heart revolted at the idea of growing old without loving. Not to be loved may be endured; but not to love, is death! Shall I avow it to you? I murmured at Providence! My guilty thoughts revolted against and reproached him!

"But this inner strife has passed away, like my hopes. I think of Marthe's gentle words: 'We will meet again, my sister!'—and no feeling remains in my breast, but of passive resignation, of an humble abnegation of self. I often pray; I weep but rarely. And yourself, are you happy?"

I did not reply to Ursule's question. To speak of happiness to her, would have been like speaking of an ungrateful friend before those he had forgotten.

On a lovely morning in autumn, a few months later, I was about leaving my home for a visit to Ursule, when a young lieutenant belonging to the regiment which at that time garrisoned the small town I lived in, came to see me. Finding me about to depart he offered me his arm, and we directed our steps toward the narrow little alley in which Ursule resided. Chance made me speak of her; of the interest I felt for her; and, as the young officer, whom I shall call Maurice d'Erval, appeared to take pleasure in the conversation, I walked more slowly. When we reached the little gray house, I had related to him all Ursule's history. He looked at her with interest and pity; bowed to her, and left us. Ursule, embarrassed by the presence of a stranger, when she only expected to see me, had faintly blushed. I know not whether it was caused by the momentary animation of her complexion, or whether it was only the interest I felt in her, but the poor girl certainly seemed almost handsome.

I could not describe the vague thoughts which crossed my mind. I regarded Ursule for a long time; and then, absorbed by my reflections, without speaking to her I arose; I passed my hands over the bands of her hair, and brought it down lower over her pale cheeks. I unfastened a narrow black velvet ribband, which I wore round my neck, tied it round hers, and took up a few flowers and placed them in her belt. Ursule smiled, without comprehending. Ursule's smile always pained me. There is nothing so mournful as the smile of an unhappy person! They seem to smile for the pleasure of others, not of themselves.

Many days passed before I again saw Maurice d'Erval; many more before chance led me with him toward the gray house. But it did happen. It was while returning from a gay promenade, in which quite a little party of us had been engaged. Entering the town, we dispersed in different directions; and I took Maurice d'Erval's arm, to make a visit to Ursule's. It was done thoughtlessly; but it occasioned me an involuntary, keen emotion, and I spoke no more, my mind being filled with a thousand fancies. It seemed impossible that the

young officer could divine my thoughts. I believed, I almost hoped, that he would understand my secret agitation; but alas! most probably he did not.—There are so many things that can only be expressed by words.

It was during the evening; one of those beautiful evenings in autumn, when all nature is quiet and reposed. Not a breath of air murmured through the trees, tinged by the last rays of a setting sun. It was impossible not to give one's self up to a gentle revery in presence of such a lovely prospect; for all, save man, who was awake to think, seemed lulled into sleep upon the bosom of nature! It was one of those moments when the soul is softened, when we become better, and feel that we could weep, yet without regret!

I raised my eyes; from the end of the alley, I perceived Ursule. A parting ray of sun-light was shining on the window, and was reflected on her head, giving her black hair an unaccustomed lustre. A gleam of joy rose in her eyes as she saw me; and she smiled with that sad smile which I loved so much! Her black dress, with long falling folds, entirely precluded the least glimpse of her figure, except as shown by her belt. Her person was very slender and flexible, but not wanting in grace. A few violets, her favorite flower, were fastened in her corsage.

There was something in Ursule's paleness, in her black dress, in the sombre-colored flowers, with the last ray of a setting sun upon them all, that harmonized with the beauty of nature on this lovely autumn evening and the gentle revery we were indulging in.

"There is Ursule!" said I to Maurice d'Erval, calling his attention to the low window in the small house. He looked at her, and then walked with his eyes intently fixed upon her. His look disconcerted the poor girl, who was as timid as a maiden of fifteen; and when we arrived in front of her, her complexion was enlivened by a high color. Maurice d'Erval stopped, exchanged a few words with us, and left. But from that day he often returned to the town by the narrow alley in which Ursule lived. Opportunities chanced to bid her "good day!" Indeed, he once called to see her with me.

There are some minds so unaccustomed to hope, that they no longer know how to understand the good that happens to them. Enveloped in the sadness and the dejection of everything round her, as in an impenetrable veil which concealed from her the world without, Ursule saw nothing, interpreted nothing, was agitated by nothing! She remained under Maurice's regards as she had been under mine, downcast and resigned. As to Maurice, I could not clearly make out what was passing in his heart. He was not in love; at least I believed so; but the pity with which Ursule had inspired him, seemed to partake of affection. The somewhat exalted and musing mind which this young man possessed, loved the atmosphere of sadness which prevailed around Ursule. He came there, near her, to talk of the evils of life, to

blaspheme at its enjoyments; speaking alone of its illusions, without perceiving that, in this interchange of sorrows, which their two hearts, still young, were exhaling, there was a gentle sympathy which strongly resembled the enjoyments whose existence they denied!

At length, one evening a few months after, on the edge of a forest, while we were walking in the midst of an uncultivated heath, a few paces from our mutual friends, Maurice said to me:—

"Is it not the most positive happiness in this world, to make another happy? Is there not, in the joy that we give, an unbounded sweetness? To devote ourselves to one who, without us, would have known nothing of life but its tears. Is this not a happiness preferable to the most brilliant destiny? To infuse new life into a dying soul; better than God, perhaps, who gave it life. Is not this a bright dream?"

I looked at him anxiously—a tear glistening in my eyes.

"Yes!" said he, "ask Ursule if she will marry me!"

An exclamation of joy was my response, and I hastened precipitately towards the poor girl's dwelling.

When I reached Ursule, she was seated, as usual, at work, but half asleep. Solitude, the absence of the faintest noise, a want of the slightest interest in things around her, had really lulled her soul to sleep. This was one of the first blessings Providence had bestowed upon her. It relieved her sufferings! There are some who would have pity, even for this immobility of existence, which had not had its part of life and youth. She smiled on seeing me. To smile was the greatest effort her poor paralyzed soul indulged in. I was not fearful of giving a violent shock to an organization which had endured so much, by affecting it with a sudden commotion of happiness; I wished to discover whether its life was absent only, or whether it was definitively extinct!

I seated myself on a chair before her. I took both of her hands in my own, and, fixing my eyes upon hers—

"Ursule," said I to her, "Maurice d'Erval has desired me to ask you if you will be his wife!"

The poor girl looked as if she had been struck by a thunderbolt! In an instant tears were streaming from her eyes; her glance gleamed through this misty veil, the circulation of her blood, so long arrested, gushed precipitately through her veins, and spread a roseate tinge throughout her person, covering her cheeks with a most brilliant color; her breast scarcely affording room for its oppressed respiration, heaved with emotion; her heart beat violently, and her hands closed convulsively in my own. Ursule's soul had been slumbering only; it was now awake. Like the voice of the Lord, which said to the poor dead damsel:—"Arise, and walk!" so love said to Ursule:—"Awaken!"

Ursule had suddenly loved; perhaps she might have felt it before this moment; but it was un-

known to herself and to others. Now the veil was torn asunder, and she saw herself in love !

At the end of a few seconds, she passed her hand over her forehead and said, in a low tone of voice, "No, it is impossible !"

I only repeated the same phrase, "Maurice d'Erval asks if you will be his wife," so to accustom Ursule to this association of words, which, like notes in harmony, formed for the poor girl a melody till then unknown.

"His wife !" she repeated with ecstasy, "his wife !" and precipitating herself toward her mother's chair, "My mother, do you hear ?" said she, "He asks me to be his wife !"

"My daughter," replied the blind, old woman, feeling to take Ursule's hand, "my beloved daughter, God ought sooner or later to reward your virtues !"

"My God !" exclaimed Ursule, "what is all this has happened me to-day ! *"His wife !"* *"My beloved daughter !"*

She threw herself upon her knees ; her hands clasped, her face inundated with tears.—

At this moment steps were heard in the narrow passage.

"It is he !" exclaimed Ursule. "Oh, my God !" she added, pressing her hands upon her heart, "this, then, is life !"

I went out by a private door, leaving Ursule, beautiful in her tears, in emotion, in happiness, to receive Maurice d'Erval alone.

From this day Ursule was completely metamorphosed. She was relieved ; she became animated ; she was rejuvenated under the gentle influence of happiness. She even regained more beauty than she ever had possessed. There existed within her an indescribable radiation, which gave her countenance an undefinable expression of joyful coloring. Her happiness partook somewhat of her early nature. It was collected, silent, calm, mysteriously exalted. Thus Maurice, who had found and loved a woman seated in obscurity, pale and weary of living, had now no change to desire in the picture that had pleased him since Ursule was happy.

Long evenings were passed away beside each other, in the small parlor on the ground floor, with no other light than a few beams from the moon, which fell through the opened window. They talked a little, and gazed on each other often, as they dreamed away the hours.

Ursule loved with frankness and simplicity. She would say to Maurice, "I am happy ; I love, I thank you."

Their love sought neither the sunshine, nor the open air, nor space. The small gray house was its only witness. Ursule was always working, and remained near her parents. But if her person immovably occupied the same place as formerly, her soul had flown away, was free, resuscitated, radiant ; the walls of this narrow dwelling contained it no longer ; she had winged her flight. Thus the sweet magic of hope not only embellished the future, but it also pervaded the

present ; and by its all-powerful prism, metamorphosed the aspect of all things. The small house still remained sad and gloomy, as it had been for the last twenty years. But one thought, creeping into the innermost depth of a woman's heart, had made it a palace. Oh, dreams of hope ! Why do you always vanish, like the purpled clouds that glide over the face of heaven, passing, passing away ! Who has never known you is a thousand times poorer than he who has you to regret ! • • • • •

Thus for Ursule the time passed happily away.

But one day arrived, when Maurice, entering the small parlor, said to his affianced—

"Love, let us hasten our marriage ! My regiment is about to change its quarters. We must be married, so that you may leave with me."

"Shall we go far, Maurice ?"

"Are you alarmed, then, my dear Ursule, at the idea of seeing a new country, or some other corner of the world ? There are many much handsomer places than this !"

"It is not for myself, Maurice, but for my parents. They are very old to undertake a long voyage !"

Maurice remained immovable before Ursule ; although the thick veil which happiness had spread before Maurice's eyes had prevented him from reflecting, yet he well knew that Ursule, to partake of his wandering career, would have to separate herself from her parents. He had foreseen her grief ; but confident in the love with which he had inspired her, he had believed that this devoted love would have power to mitigate any distress the separation might occasion. It had become, at last, necessary to enlighten Ursule as to the future ; and, sad at the inevitable sorrow which he was about to cause his betrothed, Maurice took her hand, made her be seated in her accustomed place, and said to her, gently—

"My love, it is impossible for your father and mother to follow us in our wanderings !—Until now, Ursule, we have loved and wept together ; we have made of life a dream, without resorting to any question which might bear a relation with its actual details. The moment for speaking of the future has arrived. My love, I have no fortune ; I possess my sword, alone. Moreover, being at the commencement of my career, my allowances amount to only a few hundred francs, which will impose upon both of us many privations. I have relied on your courage ! You alone can accompany me. The presence of your parents in our establishment would bring with it calamities that could not be borne. We would not even have enough bread !"

"To leave my father and mother !" cried Ursule.

"Leave them with the little they possess, in this small house ; confide them to some careful person, and accompany your husband !"

"To leave my father and mother !" repeated Ursule. "But you do not know, then, that what they possess is insufficient for their existence !"

That to pay the rent of this miserable dwelling, I work unknown to them! That for twenty years they have been attended alone by me?"

"My poor Ursule," replied Maurice, "you must submit to what is inevitable! You have concealed from them the loss of what little fortune they possessed. Let them be informed of it now, since it has become necessary. Make their wants conform to the little that still remains to them; for, alas! my love, we have nothing to give them!"

"To go away without taking them with us!—It is impossible! I tell you I have to work for them!"

"Ursule, my Ursule!" replied Maurice, pressing the poor woman's hands in his own, "I beseech you, do not permit yourself to be led away by the impulses of your generous heart. Reflect! Look that truth in the face. We do not refuse to give; we have nothing to give. We can barely subsist together; and that only because we have the courage to meet suffering."

"I cannot leave them!"—replied Ursule, in heart-rending grief, looking at the two old people asleep in their chairs.

"Do you not love me, Ursule?" said Maurice to his betrothed.

The poor girl's only reply was a torrent of tears.

Maurice remained some time longer beside her. He said a thousand gentle words of tenderness to her; he explained to her a hundred times their position; brought to her mind the conviction that her dreams upon this subject were impossible; entered into the details of her parents' future mode of existence; and then left her, after lavishing upon her a thousand affectionate epithets. She had permitted him to talk on without reply.

Left alone, Ursule remained for hours, her head leaning upon her hand. Alas! The long-coming happiness shone but an instant upon her life, and vanished away! Sweet dreams, the friends of all young hearts, absent from hers so long, reappeared only to depart again! Forgetfulness, silence, darkness, again resumed possession of an existence which happiness had disputed with them but for an instant! The night so passed away! What passed in the poor girl's heart! God alone knows. She has never spoken of it to one on earth!

At the first glimmering of daylight, she started up; closed the window, which had remained open since the evening before; and, pale and trembling with cold and emotion, she took some paper, a pen, and wrote:

Adieu, Maurice! I remain with my father and mother. To abandon them, in their old age, would be to leave them to die. They no longer have anything but me in the world! My sister, when dying, confided them to me, and said, "We will meet again, Ursule!" I shall never see her again, if I do not perform my duty.

I have loved you well! I will love you always! My life will only be a remembrance of you. You have been good, generous! but, alas! we are too

poor to be married! I understood it yesterday—Adieu!—Oh! it takes great courage to write that word—I hope your life will be calm. Another, more happy than I, will love you—It is so easy to love you! Yet do not entirely forget poor Ursule! Adieu, my friend! Ah! I well knew that I could not be happy!

URSULE.

I abridge my recital. Ursule saw Maurice again; she saw me again. But all our prayers, our supplications, were useless; she would never leave her parents. "They require my support," said she. In vain, being selfish in her place, I spoke to her of Maurice's love, of his kindness to her. In vain, in a sort of cruelty, I reminded her of her age, of the impossibility of finding another chance to change her destiny.—She wept while listening to me; moistening, with her tears, the work which she did not wish to discontinue. Then, her head fallen on her bosom, she repeated, in a faint voice, "They will die, I must work for them!" She exacted of us that her mother should never be informed of what had passed. Those for whom she sacrificed herself were always ignorant of it. A pious fraud deceived them, as to the causes of the rupture of their daughter's marriage!—Ursule again took her place at the window; recommenced embroidering; worked without relaxation, immovable, pale, broken-hearted!

Alas! Maurice d'Erval possessed one of those rational and circumspect minds that assigns limits even to devotion; that is incapable of comprehending a sublime infatuation. His heart, like his mind, admitted impossibilities. If his marriage to Ursule had taken place without any obstacle, perhaps she might have believed, even to her latest breath, in the *boundless* affection of her husband. There are affections which require an easy path. But a barrier to be overcome presented itself, like a fatal ordeal, and held up in the light to Maurice's eyes, the love which he felt. He saw the limits of it!

Maurice supplicated, wept for a long time, and at last became offended, discouraged, and left.

It happened, one day, whilst Ursule was seated near the window, she heard the sounds of martial music, as they swept along, and a heavy and measured tread resounded on her ear. It was the regiment departing, preceded by its band. The farewell flourish of trumpets came reëchoing like a sad adieu, and then died away along the narrow alley where Ursule dwelt. Trembling, she listened. The music, at first brilliant and near her, soon became less distinct, and faded away! Then, from afar, it only reached her ears, a vague, uncertain murmur; then, from time to time, an isolated strain came wafted along on the wind; and at last a dull silence succeeded these martial strains, which space engulfed. The last hope in Ursule's life seemed to attach itself to these faint notes, which reached her from afar;—with them it fled—departed—died away!—The poor girl had permitted her embroidery to fall into her lap, and her face was hidden in her hands. Through her fingers a few tears were coursing. In

this attitude she remained as long as the heavy tread and music of the regiment could be heard; then she again took up her work.—She resumed it for life!

The evening of the day of their last separation, of the day when the grand sacrifice was completed, Ursule, after bestowing upon her parents the attentions with which each day was ended, seated herself at the foot of her mother's bed, and bent over towards her, fixing upon her a gaze, which the blind mother could not see was humid with tears. Gently taking her hand, the poor abandoned affianced one murmured, in a voice choked with emotion:

"My mother! you love me, do you not? My presence is a comfort to you? My attentions are sweet to you, mother? You would suffer, would you not, should I leave you?"

The blind woman turned her head towards the wall and said:

"Oh Lord, Ursule, I am so tired; let me go to sleep!"

This one word of tenderness, which she had wished to obtain as the only recompense for her painful devotion, was not pronounced. The blind old woman went to sleep, pushing away from her the hand which her daughter had extended. But, between the two green serge curtains of the alcove, was a wooden image of Christ, embrowned by time. The hands which no friend on earth would press, Ursule extended toward her God, and, kneeling beside her blind parent's bed, she was long engaged in prayer.

Since then, Ursule became more pale, more silent, more immovable than ever. These newly occasioned tears washed away the last traces of her youth and beauty. In a few days she had grown old. She could please no one now; but if she had possessed the power, Ursule had no desire to please! "All is told!" was a phrase she had already pronounced; this time she was sadly correct—for her all was told!

Maurice d'Erval was spoken of no more. Ursule had pleased him, as a graceful picture whose melancholy expression had touched his soul.—Leaving it, the colors of the picture faded, then became effaced.—He forgot!

Oh, my God! how many things are forgotten in this life! Why has not Heaven, who permits some hearts to grow cold from seeing the object of its love too often, at least accorded to those whom fate separates, the power of weeping forever! My God! the life which thou givest is often full of sorrow!

A year after these events, Ursule's mother became sick. Her disease was of that kind for which there exists no remedy. It was the easy, grad-

ual wearing away of life. Ursule watched, prayed beside her mother's bed; received her last sigh and her last blessing.

"In thy turn, Marthe," said Ursule, "our mother is now with you. Conduct her toward God!"

She then came to kneel beside the old man, who remained alone. She made him put on his dress of mourning, without his seeming to perceive it; but the second day after the blind woman's death, when they removed the old arm-chair in which she had remained seated for so many years beside her old husband, the old man turned toward the vacant place, and cried—"My wife!" Ursule spoke to him, and endeavored to divert him. He replied: "My wife!" and two tears trickled down the old man's cheeks. In the evening they carried him his usual nourishment; but he turned away his head, and with a sad voice, his eyes fixed upon the vacant place, he said again: "My wife!"

Ursule, in despair, essayed everything that grief or affection could suggest.—The idiotic old man remained, leaning forward toward the place to which the blind woman's chair had been moved; and, refusing all nutriment, with clasped hands, he regarded Ursule, repeating, like a child begging to obtain something it desired: "My wife!"

A month after, he died.

In his last moments, when the priest, who had been summoned to his bedside, endeavored to divert his thoughts to God, his Creator, the moment came when he believed he had reilluminated the old man's dying mind, for he joined his hands together and raised his eyes to heaven; but for the last time he again cried: "My wife!" as if he had seen her hovering above his head.

As they were bearing away from the small gray house the coffin of her father, Ursule murmured: "My God, I deserved to have them left living a little longer!"

And Ursule remained alone forever.

All this transpired many years ago.

I was compelled to leave the little town of —; to leave Ursule. I have travelled. A thousand events have succeeded each other in my life, without effacing from my memory the poor girl's history. But Ursule, like those hearts which, when broken, refuse all consolation, became tired of writing to me. After many vain efforts to carry her abroad to weep with me, I lost all trace of her.

What has become of her? Is she yet alive? is she dead?—

Alas! the poor girl never had even that good fortune! I believe that she may still be living!

[CHARACTER OF BERKELEY.]

THE editor of Mrs. Carter's Letters to Mrs. Montagu speaks of Dr. Berkeley, in a note, (vol. 2, p. 52,) as "an amiable man, simple, virtuous and primitive. He once dined at the house of a gentleman

in East Kent, with a well known eccentric Bishop of the sister island. The Bishop drank a bottle of Madeira with his dinner, and swore like a gentleman; the Prebend talked divinity, and drank nothing but water."

From the Examiner, 1 Sept.

RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

RETRIBUTION always follows crime, but seldom so rapidly with nations as with individuals. Hardly, however, does the end so long aimed at by the continental despots and furthered by their accomplices in this country—the suppression of all civil self-government and the substitution of a military despotism—seem to be finally attained, when those very accomplices begin to tremble at the natural and inevitable consequences. The *Times* of Tuesday contains a series of instructive admissions which render but little comment necessary from us.

The first is, that the absolutist system of governing, by means of a bureaucratic centralization and by the suppression of all local self-government, has been weighed and found wanting; and that the bayonet is at present the sole support of the existing authorities of central Europe.

The armies (says the *Times*) everywhere stood firm, and *they alone represented any organized power, based on known principles*. In their ranks at least was to be found regular authority, practical strength, and a definite purpose.

The next important admission is, that whilst the natural weight of England

has been frittered away and alienated from all the established principles of her policy, that of Russia has risen to a degree of power and eminence which we cannot view without apprehension for the liberties and the independence of Europe.

The latter part of this sentence is unfortunately too true; but while we perfectly understand the insinuation conveyed in the former part, we as strongly repudiate it. It would doubtless have been according to the established principles of English policy, as English policy is viewed by Lord Aberdeen and the *Times*, to have sent a British fleet to overawe Venice and Lombardy, and thus to have allowed Radetzky's army to take the field against the Hungarians; when, supposing the united Austrian armies able to have crushed Hungarian independence, (a supposition we greatly doubt the truth of,) the necessity of calling in Russian troops to aid in the crusade against constitutional freedom might *possibly* have been avoided. But admitting that such a result could have been obtained by such means, is there an Englishman worthy of the name who will not feel with us that it is far better for his country to submit to any loss of moral or material influence, to any direct or indirect commercial disadvantages, than to have been guilty of such a piece of baseness? Whatever England may have lost, she has at least preserved her honor.

It is, however, undeniable that the "natural weight of Russia has risen to a degree of power and eminence which cannot be viewed without apprehension for the liberties and the independence of Europe;"—and that this has not been even in a still greater degree the case, is solely owing to the exertions of Lord Palmerston.

The aggressive power of Russia is to be found not in her own resources, but in the weakness and disunion of neighboring nations. It has therefore always been her aim to foment all dissensions, particularly those which arise from differences of language or religion, in those quarters to which her designs extend, whether north or south, whether upon the Baltic or upon the Danube; and by such means to establish, first an overhand influence, and then a protectorate, till time is ready to ripen ulterior plans. The scheme by which the czar would have set himself up as protector of Denmark and virtual ruler of the Baltic, has been signally frustrated by the tact and skill of Lord Palmerston. But, for the furtherance of Russian designs upon the Danubian countries, a combination of circumstances has occurred hardly to be paralleled in any age or country. Who could have supposed the house of Hapsburg so madly suicidal as to invite the intervention of the very power from whose designs it had most to fear? Who could have thought it possible that Turkey or Prussia would have looked tamely on, while the security of their own territories depended upon the success of the Hungarians? Above all, who could have thought it possible that in England, this country of freedom, a large portion of the daily press should have been systematically engaged in misrepresenting the true nature of the contest; in blinding the moneyed interests to the inevitable danger that awaited peace and commerce, in case of the defeat of the Hungarians; and in thus forming a factitious opinion, which, being sedulously circulated throughout the continent, has had no inconsiderable effect in strengthening the hands of the supporters of arbitrary power?

The only means of preventing the interference of Russia in Hungary sooner or later, under one pretext or another, would have been the adoption of an honest and straightforward policy by the house of Hapsburg. That the "*divide et impera*" system of that house must necessarily tend to such a result, was foretold as long ago as 1791 by Charles Jesernitzky in the Hungarian Diet. The blow has fallen; the Hungarians have been defeated; but among their enemies at Vienna and in London, no peans of triumph are heard. At Vienna the financial embarrassment does not decrease. The three millions to be paid by Sardinia is a sum that does not very much exceed the average annual deficit of the Austrian finances during the years of profound peace since 1815. Hungary is drained and exhausted; and the Hereditary States are suffering from a cessation of trade. Another national bankruptcy must inevitably ensue; but whether this can be staved off for a while by wringing the last farthing from the impoverished tax-payers, and by consuming the capital of the country, it is impossible to say at present.

Now it is, then, that the bitter truth must come in a palpable shape before the young emperor, that he is no longer an independent monarch, but a vassal. "Paskiewitch could boast that Hungary lay

at the feet of a Muscovite emperor," not of an Austrian one. Turn where he may, among all the heterogeneous populations of his territories, he meets with only disaffection and discontent. The accession of military force gained by the termination of the Hungarian war may, indeed, be used nominally for the furtherance of the ambitious plans of Schwarzenberg in Germany; but they will be used in reality for the furtherance of the interests of the czar. Should he even emancipate himself from the effects of his Jesuit education and from the evil counsels of his mother, and really wish to govern as a constitutional monarch, he would find almost insuperable difficulties in his way. The complicated and artificial system of Austrian bureaucracy cannot be changed in a day. Yet unless municipal institutions, after the model of the Hungarian, be introduced, all the paper constitutions that could be framed would be utterly without value to attack the root of the evil. In Austria there were, in 1842, besides 30,000 custom-house officers, no less than 140,000 persons employed in the routine of the central government; there were also 100,000 of the same class enjoying pensions; there were numerous extra hands for special purposes; and new offices were being daily created. Of municipal self-government there was hardly a vestige. Would the czar,

whose counsels must unavoidably have great weight for some time to come, and who can scarcely be expected to fortify the constitutional opponents of a return to the old system,

permit the introduction of any real system of self-government? Why, we already see that, in Hungary, the Austrian commissioners are everywhere engaged in suppressing the existing municipal institutions, the only basis upon which a powerful empire could be reconstructed.

But what is the tone of those who, in England, hounded on Welden and Haynau, Cossack and Calmuck, to the death struggle of the gallant Hungarians? "The result," says the *Times*, and says it most truly,

is now dawning on the world. * * * The part which Austria is prepared to play in the affairs of Germany and of Central Europe is necessarily, though perhaps reluctantly, Russian. * * * Certain it is that these events * * * have advanced the power of Russia in Southern Germany to an unprecedented extent, and that she is *destined to play whatever part she may think fit*, or to direct the parts of others, in the next questions that may arise in that part of the continent.

In other words—a Protectorate of Russia in the south of Germany, as well as in Austria and Hungary with a complete suppression of whatever glimmerings of liberty may yet be left in Baden, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria, as well as, in all probability, "intervention" in the affairs of Switzerland!

The opinion expressed by the Russian cabinet will have the greatest influence over the fate of that vast chain of states which reach from the sources of the Rhine and the Danube to her own frontiers. The

policy of these states will be guided by one system, and of that system the Emperor Nicholas will hold the key.

Such is the commencement of the change made in the European system, and the balance of power, by the overthrow of one heroic nation. What is to be the end, it is not easy to foresee. The *Times*, which was so lately convinced that a combination founded on the charter of Count Stadion "would raise the Austrian empire from its ashes," and which

trusted the Emperor of Russia would give the most effectual proof of his disinterested policy, by withdrawing his forces with the least possible delay,

is now reduced to hope, or, to use its very words, to be

not without hopes that the Russian cabinet may disclaim those violent and despotic intentions which are commonly attributed to it.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Whatever the system may be of which the Emperor Nicholas will hold the key, we may be sure that it will not be calculated to promote the interests of civil, religious, or commercial freedom. Already we observe that duties on imports have been raised at Odessa. Russian influence in the Hungarian and Dalmatian ports on the Adriatic will effectually prevent any change from the Austrian restrictive system, which the success of the Hungarians would at once have abolished. But this is not all the injury which England may expect from Austria falling under the *Suzeraineté* of the czar. The districts we have just mentioned furnish admirable sailors, the one element wanting to the Russian navy; and whether the war fleet which they may be used to man be called Austrian or Russian, will matter but little, as long as it is directed by the will of the czar. That, from this position, the Russian intrigues against the integrity of Turkey may be carried on with greater efficacy than ever, it is superfluous to mention.

Such prospects cannot fail to excite the most serious reflections in the breasts, not merely of every sincere lover of rational liberty, and of every one who considers the maintenance of a balance of power an European necessity, but also of every one who knows how much the welfare of this country is influenced by its commercial relations with the rest of Europe, and what a rude shock these may receive from an attempt at reviving the continental system of Napoleon, or even from that natural decay of trade which attends a feeling of insecurity. Well may the *Times* ask upon what principles the affairs of Europe are to be carried on. What will restore that union and confidence between the governors and the governed, without which no state can be powerful, prosperous, or secure? The answer is not difficult. The solution of the problem is to be found in recurring to the fundamental and imperishable principle of self-government; in maintaining municipal institutions wherever, as in Hungary, they do exist;

and in reintroducing them wherever they have fallen a sacrifice to the levelling spirit of modern bureaucratic despotism. Without such institutions, all the *Octroyée* constitutions that may be granted are worth the parchment they are written on, and no more.

But is there any probability that such measures will be resorted to by those into whose hands the destinies of Europe, at the present moment, seem to be given? We confess we are not sanguine. Sometimes, however, out of an extremity of evil good will rise; and the very financial embarrassments which have been brought upon the countries thus ruled, may compel their rulers to pause in a mad career. At all events it is necessary that the opinion of England should be loudly expressed. So far from the friends of Hungary relaxing their exertions, they must now endeavor to save a futurity for her, by petitioning—by beseeching our gracious queen, to use her utmost endeavors that the integrity of Hungary shall be guaranteed, and that her municipal institutions shall be respected; that Hungary may not become “a larger Poland;” and that at least one germ of rational liberty may be preserved, whatever may be the vicissitudes of the Danubian countries. The political horizon of Europe is overcast and gloomy; but we still hope that the minister who so lately thwarted the designs of Russia in the Baltic, may, if duly supported by the voice of the country, be able to oppose some resistance to them in eastern and central Europe.

From the Examiner, 1 Sept.

SWITZERLAND MENACED WITH THE FATE OF HUNGARY.

A BAR has arisen to prevent the perfect adhesion of the French president to that new holy alliance of despotism whose armies and whose principles are now triumphant from the Straits of Sicily to the Baltic. The French government itself had been lulled into the opinion that its circumspect conduct had won the approbation of the courts of the East. During the last fortnight, however, the ulterior views of Russia and of Austria, hidden as long as the Hungarian struggle remained doubtful, have become more fully known; and we have reason to believe that France has received cause for distrust and alarm.

Fortunately, the great bone of contention between France and Austria, the position of Piedmont, had been settled by the conclusion of the treaty before Görgey's submission. But the Roman affair remained undetermined; and in this, it is now acknowledged, the French government will be forced to assume an altogether new attitude. Now, too, in addition to the Roman affair, there has arisen another, as yet almost unnoticed by the press, but very sure, at no great distance of time, to swell into paramount importance. This is, What is to be done with Switzerland?

When the Russian troops lately approached the frontier, the Swiss raised an army. It being

agreed amongst the great courts, however, that they would hereafter settle the Swiss question in common, Russia withdrew for the time. But Hungary subdued, now comes the affair of Switzerland. It is a republic in the midst of Europe, the refuge of republicans, with a free press, with most liberal institutions, and with the democratic party uppermost and governing its respective cantons. Austria declares that the peace of Europe cannot be preserved as long as Switzerland remains in this state; and whilst some recommend a conquest and military occupation, for the purpose of restoring the old aristocratic parties to power, others recommend a partition. Commercial views of course blend with political ones. For Switzerland not only harbors ideas of political freedom, but practises commercial freedom also. An Austrian Zollverein of high duties would be impossible as long as Switzerland remains, as at present, open to British commodities.

Switzerland, therefore, is menaced with the fate of Hungary; and although the Swiss are brave, they cannot, any more than the Hungarians, resist the united forces of Germany and Russia. But in this grave meditation of absorbing a free country, it was hoped that France would prove a willing accomplice. She had shown herself obsequious in Rome, not very exigent in Piedmont, and had betrayed no sympathy for either Hungarian or German resistance. But French statesmen, however conservative, pacific, or monarchic, cannot consent to blot Switzerland from the map of Europe, even at the price of taking a share. It would be not only disgraceful, but highly impolitic, to allow Austria, especially in such hands as she is at present, to advance her military outposts beyond Bregenz. It would not do to play over again in Switzerland the game of Italy. It would not do to allow the Austrians to occupy the Grisons, whilst France was content with a counterpoise in the seizure of Geneva.

But what to do? The Austrians, with the Russians at their back, menace Switzerland. Even the smallest of their demands will not be complied with by the Swiss, who will raise troops, and menace war. Is France at once to forbid the invasion of Switzerland? and if so, is France to undertake, as at Rome, the un-democratizing of Switzerland? She has had enough of this in Rome; but dare she say to Austria and Russia, Switzerland must remain as it is?

These are questions that seriously occupy the consideration of French statesmen. And they are the more serious, because Prussia joins Austria and Russia in the demand to reduce Switzerland to at least homogeneity with the conservative governments around her. A German republic might have been tolerated up to this time; but now it is of too dangerous an example, and great efforts will be made to blot out all such. The difficulty lies in the attitude to be assumed by France, and on that depends the future fate of Switzerland and the peace of Europe.

Much will depend too, no doubt, on the conduct of the British ministry. It will be appealed to by the Swiss, and defied, should it remonstrate, by the powers of the East. If England and France think as one upon the question, it is decided, and Switzerland saved. If they disagree, and act separately, the fate of Hungary is to be feared for Switzerland.

PEACE CONGRESS IN PARIS.

[We make up this article from several papers, but especially request the reader's attention to that from the Times, upon Mr. Gurney's statement;—which appears to have been overlooked by American reporters, ignorant of the weight of his authority. Let the Times continue its battery, and the walls will fall.]

In a future number we shall shew that the cost of government in France has been increasing, and continues to increase so fast as to make everything except disbanding the army hopeless against insolvency. The expense incurred by the continental powers, in keeping down the masses of their own people, is ruinous. *And without these standing armies, peace would soon reign over Europe.*]

From the National Era.

ONE of the most striking speeches made before the congress was the following:—

SPEECH OF RICHARD COBDEN.

I have the honor to submit to your consideration a motion condemnatory of loans for warlike purposes. My object is to promote peace by withholding the sinews of war. I propose that this congress shall make an appeal to the consciences of all those who have money to lend. [Hear, hear.] I do not allude to a few bankers who appear before the world as loan-contractors. They are the agents only for collecting funds from smaller capitalists. It is from the savings and accumulations of the merchants, manufacturers, traders, agriculturists, and annuitants, of civilized Europe, that warlike governments can alone supply their necessities; and to them we will appeal, by every motive of self-interest and humanity, not to lend their support to a barbarous system, which obstructs commerce, uproots industry, annihilates capital and labor, and revels amidst the tears and blood of their fellow-creatures. We will do more; we will in every possible way expose the character and objects, and exhibit to the world the true state of the resources of every government which endeavors to contract a loan for warlike purposes. The time is gone by when barbarous nations, devoted to war, could conquer civilized Europe, unless, indeed, the latter will be so very complacent as to lend the money necessary for its own subjugation. [Hear, hear.] War has become an expensive luxury. It is no longer a question of bows and arrows, swords and shields. [Cheers.] Battles are now decided by artillery, and every discharge of a cannon costs from twelve to fifteen francs. I wish, with all my heart, it was ten times as much. [Loud applause.] The consequence is, that when countries behind the rest of Europe in civilization enter upon hostilities, they are obliged to draw upon the resources of more civilized states—in other words, to raise a loan. And how is the money thus borrowed from the savings of honest industry expended? What is war in our day? Has it learned any of the charities of peace? Let us see. I hold in my hand an

extract from a proclamation issued at Pesth, dated July 19, and signed Haynau. Praying forgiveness from your outraged feelings, I will read it: "Any individual who shall, either by word or action, or by wearing any revolutionary signs or emblems, dare to support the cause of the rebels; any individual who shall insult one of my soldiers, or those of our brave allies, either by words or blows; any individual who shall enter into criminal relations with the enemies of the crown, or who shall seek to kindle the flame of rebellion by reports spread for a sinister purpose, or who shall be rash enough to conceal arms, or not deliver them up within the delay fixed by my proclamation, shall be put to death with the shortest possible delay, and on the spot where the crime shall be committed, without distinction of condition or sex." [Loud cries of "Butchers! butchers!"] This was addressed to the inhabitants of Pesth; and, a few weeks afterwards, the same signature appears to a proclamation addressed to the inhabitants of the countries of the Theiss, from which I will also read a short extract, and which I must declare to be the policy of the devil. [Loud laughter.] "Take care not to incur my vengeance by revolutionary movements. Not being able in such a case to find out the guilty party, I shall be compelled to punish the whole district. If, on the territory occupied by my army, or in its rear, any attempt shall be committed against my soldiers, or if any of the convoys should be stopped, or a courier, or the transport of provisions prevented, an immediate punishment shall be inflicted on the guilty commune; *it shall become the prey to flames, and levelled to the ground*, to serve as a frightful example to other communes." [Renewed cries of "Butchers! butchers!"] I ask you, whilst your flesh creeps, and your hair bristles with horror at these quotations, Has war borrowed any of the charities of Christianity? Have modern warriors repudiated the practices of the barbarians of antiquity? For my part I can see no difference between Attila and Haynau, between the Goth of the fifth and the Goth of the nineteenth century. But we address ourselves to those who by their loans really hire and pay the men who commit these atrocities, and we say: "It is you who give strength to the arm which murders innocent women and helpless old age; it is you who supply the torch which reduces to ashes peaceful and inoffensive villages, and on your souls will rest the burden of these crimes against humanity." I shall be told that it is useless to make an appeal to the sensibilities of men, who, with money lying unproductive at the bottom of their pockets, are thinking of nothing but five per cent. I will undertake to prove, though I shall not weary you now with an argument on the subject, that peace will offer a far better field of battle, and that she will afford a much more profitable investment for the accumulation, than in partnership with Haynau and Co. This discussion will be raised again and again in various places. The Congress of Nations will make the tour of the civilized world. You, Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, who have received with so much enthusiasm your English visitors, in whose name I thank you; who have known so well how to honor the noble zeal in the cause of humanity which has prompted your American guests to cross the great Atlantic, who have welcomed the presence of Germans, Belgians, Dutchmen, and the representatives of other nations, in this hall—you have imparted to the Peace Congress a great moral power, which its members will endeavor to

use for the benefit of humanity. We shall leave you with renewed hopes and courage, confident that we have only to persevere resolutely but legally, and always in a moral sense, and, step by step, we shall propagate the sublime idea which now reigns in this hall, till it embraces within its influence all the nations of the earth. [Loud and long-continued applause.]

There is no statesman in Europe more respected than Richard Cobden, nor yet one who better represents the "good time coming." His presence and aid, upon the occasion under notice, have established the peace movement as "a great fact." What was once but an idea, has, through such auspices, become a life; the word has become flesh.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the congress was the following. Mr. Coquerel (member of the National Assembly) rose, and said—

That he wished to draw the attention of the meeting to the interesting circumstances connected with the volume which he held in his hand. [The gentleman here held up a little black-bound book.] It was an essay on the best means of bringing about a state of general peace in Europe, with the double motto of *Beati Pacifici*, and *Cedunt arma togæ*. The date of this little work was 1693, and the author was the celebrated William Penn, one of the founders of the Society of Friends. [Immense cheering.] There was every presumption in favor of the opinion that this was the very copy that had been originally presented by the author to Queen Mary of England, as on each cover were to be seen the royal initials of her majesty. The volume had been the day before presented by M. A. Barbier to the person then speaking, in order that it might be preserved in the library of the Protestant church of the Oratoire, as a memorial of the first meeting of the Peace Congress at Paris. [Loud cheers.]

Mr. Coquerel is a very influential person in Paris, as is indicated by the fact, that although a Protestant pastor, he is also a *representant du peuple*. He was particularly valuable to the congress, on account of his perfect acquaintance with both the English and French tongues. The president could not speak a sentence of English; nor, in fact, could Girardin or Garnier.

Victor Hugo's closing speech was worthy the author of "*Notre Dame*." The following indifferent translation of it is from *Galignani*:

My address (said he) shall be short, and yet I have to bid you adieu! How resolve to do so? Here during three days have questions of the deepest import been discussed, examined, probed to the bottom: and, during those discussions, counsels have been given to governments which they will do well to profit by. If these three days' sittings are attended with no other result, they will be the means of sowing in the minds of those present germs of cordiality, which must ripen in good fruit. [Hear, hear.] England, France, Belgium, Europe and America, would all be drawn closer by these sittings. [Hear, hear.] Yet the moment to part has arrived; but I can feel that we are strongly united in heart. [Applause.] But before parting I may be permitted to congratulate you and myself on the result of our proceedings. We have been

all joined together, without distinction of country; we have all been united in one common feeling during our three days' communion. The good work cannot go back—it must advance—it must be accomplished. [Cheers.] The course of the future may be judged of by the sound of the footsteps of the past! [Hear, hear.] In the course of that day's discussion, a reminiscence had been handed up to one of the speakers, that this is the anniversary of the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew. The reverend gentleman who was speaking turned away from the thought of that sanguinary scene, with the pious horror natural to his sacred calling. But I, who may boast of firmer nerve, I take up the remembrance. Yes, it was on this day, two hundred and seventy-seven years ago, that Paris was roused from slumber by the sound of that dread bell which bore the name of the *cloche d'argent*. Massacre was on foot, seeking with keen eye for its victim—man was busy in slaying man. That slaughter was called for by mingled passion of the worst description. Hatred of all kinds was there urging on the slayer—hatred of a religious, a political, a personal character! And yet, on the anniversary of that same day of horror, and in that very city where blood was flowing like water, has God this day given a rendezvous unto men of peace, where wild tumult is transformed into order, and animosity into love! [Immense cheering.] The stain of blood is blotted out, and in its place beams forth a ray of holy light. [Renewed cheers.] All distinctions are removed, and Papist and Huguenot meet together in friendly communion! [Cheers, which prevented the speaker for some time from proceeding.] Who, that thinks of these amazing changes, can doubt of the progress that has been made? But whoever denies the force of progress must deny God, since progress is the boon of Providence, and emanates from the great Being above! [Cheers.] I feel gratitude for the change that has been effected, and, pointing solemnly to the past, I say, Let this day be ever held memorable—let the 24th August, 1572, be remembered only for the purpose of being compared with the 24th August, 1849; and when we think of this latter, and ponder over the high purpose to which it has been devoted—the advocacy of the principles of peace—let us not be so wanting in reliance on Providence as to doubt for one moment of the eventual success of our holy cause. [Immense cheering followed this animated address.]

The chief interest of the congress did not reside in what are called its "proceedings." They certainly were interesting, but not enough so to warrant a voyage across the Atlantic. We could have heard as good addresses, and better, in Washington or New York. What was worth crossing the ocean for was the sight of English, French, American, Dutch, Belgian, and German people mingling together in perfect illustration "*liberté, égalité, and fraternité*." The fusion did us all good. It melted down many a national prejudice, and moulded into beautiful shapes some of the best feelings of our nature. It was not a strife of nation against nation as to which should exhibit the greatest amount of cunning and power, but a noble and joyous rivalry as to which should exhibit the most good feeling and Christian sympathy; and the French people seemed to be delighted that we had chosen for such a convention, their brilliant

metropolis. The government, even, received us with open hand, and gave us every facility we could ask. We were allowed to come here from England, six hundred strong, without presenting a single passport, or opening a single portmanteau. On our arrival we were notified, by the minister of public works, that every public building and institution would be freely opened to us, on presentation of our congressional cards. The celebrated Fountains of Versailles were set in operation, at great expense, for our special benefit; and the famous Cascade of St. Cloud was not only set in operation, but magnificently illuminated. To crown all, De Tocqueville, minister of foreign affairs, invited every member of the congress to a soiree at his official residence, where we met nearly all of his official colleagues, and several foreign ambassadors. It was pleasant to see among the latter our distinguished countryman, Mr. Rush.

I shall have another letter to send you upon the congress, and so will close this, lest I weary you.
TAVISTOCK.

P. S. Lamartine was not present at the congress, on account of his illness. Beranger was also absent from indisposition, but sent in a letter approving our movement. While at Versailles, the English members complimented their American brethren by giving them a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and presenting each of us, on the occasion, with a copy of the New Testament, in French. Richard Cobden presided over the ceremonies, and addresses were made, in acknowledgment of the honors, by W. Allen, D. D., Rev. James F. Clark, Elihu Burritt, and Henry Clapp, jun.

From the Independent.

The English papers are filled with the details of the Peace Congress. We have no room for the reports of speeches beyond what have already been furnished by our English correspondent. But there were several incidents in connection with this movement worthy of being chronicled as indicating the state of public feeling towards it. One of these is thus spoken of in the *London Daily News* of August 28:—

The greater number of the gentlemen from England and America left London by special train on the morning of Tuesday, the 21st inst. The party, numbering between 700 and 800, found two special steamers waiting at Folkestone, to convey them to Boulogne, where they arrived at three and half past three, P. M.

In consequence of the kind and active intervention of the President of the Chamber of Commerce, Monsieur Alexandre Adam, the usual passport formalities were dispensed with on this occasion, and the custom-house authorities allowed the whole of the luggage to be landed and conveyed to the railway station without being examined. This last concession is almost without precedent. Although it is generally extended to ambassadors and distinguished official personages travelling as such, it probably has never before been made for a large number of private individuals landing at the same time; and the circumstance offers a subject for much

reflection to those who feel an interest in the extension of the international communication.

Another incident still more striking was the following:—

M. Lacrosse, the minister of public works, issued a circular to the members of the Peace Congress, inviting them to visit the palaces of Versailles and St. Cloud, upon which occasion it was stated that the celebrated water works would play, and the cascade at St. Cloud would be illuminated at night, an honor which, it was intimated, was only conferred upon the visits of sovereigns.

In compliance with this invitation, about 1000 delegates to the congress started by the railway to Versailles, on Monday morning, at 9 o'clock. Upon their arrival they were immediately conducted over the palace, every portion of which was thrown open for their inspection. At half past 12 upwards of 700 of the company sat down to an elegant *déjeuner* in the celebrated Tennis-court, so fraught with historical associations. The residue of the company, on account of the inadequacy of the building to their accommodation, were compelled to seek refreshment in the various *cafés* in the town.

After the repast was concluded, the company were reconducted to the palace, where they were received by the commandant and a guard of honor. Upon their arrival on the terrace, at the entrance of the gardens, they were surprised at finding nearly 30,000 spectators, who had assembled from Paris, Versailles, and other places. The congress halted for a short time upon the terrace, and gave several hearty English cheers for France, which were responded to by cheers from the French, accompanied by shouts of "Vive la Congrès," with which cry they were frequently saluted during the day. The commandant, mounted on horseback, then conducted the congress over the gardens, to visit the fountains.

At 5 o'clock the congress took their leave of Versailles amidst mutual cheering between themselves and the French, and proceeded by railway to St. Cloud, where they were conducted over the palace and grounds by the officers of the palace, the French populace being rigidly excluded from any spot which could intercept the view of the congress. At nightfall, "La Grande Cascade" was illuminated in the most magnificent manner for two hours, a military band playing various overtures, quadrilles, and waltzes during the period. Between 8 and 9 the company took their departure amidst mutual salutations, being conducted out of the grounds by the chief officer in charge of the palace, the road through the long avenue of trees leading from the palace to the town being lighted by flambeaux, held by soldiers at short intervals. The spectators at St. Cloud were nearly as numerous as those at Versailles.

It was intimated in the early part of the day that it was the intention of the President to have met the deputation at St. Cloud, but in the evening the congress were informed that the state of his health would not permit of his carrying out his original intention.

On the following morning the greater part of

the congress left Paris by special train, at 7 o'clock, and arrived in London at 12 the same night.

There were special manifestations of good will between the English and American deputations. At the breakfast, Richard Cobden, Esq., M. P., was called to the chair, and delivered an address highly complimentary to the Americans present. A resolution was then passed to the same purport. The chairman presented to each member of the American delegation a copy of the New Testament in French, with an appropriate inscription, signed by himself in behalf of the meeting.

To these remarks and proceedings Mr. Elihu Burritt responded with his usual eloquence. Rev. Dr. Allen, of Northampton, also made an address, from which we give one or two extracts:—

We are the descendants of the Puritans who, from Leyden, in Holland, and from the chalky cliffs of England, crossed the wide ocean to find an asylum for freedom—freedom as to civil rights—freedom to read the Bible—freedom to worship God. We have crossed the ocean and assisted in this congress in order to give the world freedom from war. We have come from the states of New England, from the snows of Canada, from the sunny region of South Carolina, from the rich land of Ohio, and from the broad prairies of Wisconsin, to meet with men of the same heart in Europe. . . . The New Testament, which had just been presented to them, they received as the Word of God, the light of the world, to teach the principles of universal peace.

Dr. Allen spoke in warm terms of France, but added: What France wants, as it appears to me, is not intellect, is not science, is not literature, taste, refinement; but the familiar knowledge of the great truths of the Bible. One of the kings of France expressed the wish that every peasant in his dominions might have a chicken in his pot. We will express a different wish—that every French peasant may have a Bible in his cottage.

From the Times.

NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY APPROACHING IN ENGLAND.

Among the various speeches and documents elicited by the late Peace Convention, was one which possesses peculiar claims to attention, and happens also to contain some expressions of a very startling import. Mr. Samuel Gurney, as a member of the Society of Friends, holds the doctrine of peace, and his opinions on this subject necessarily assume a dogmatic and controversial character. His objection to armaments is referred to his creed. But Mr. Samuel Gurney has another capacity, in which he is supposed to act and talk more by calculation than theological bias. He is a banker and bill-broker, and is believed to be singularly prudent and successful in that business. That he has had extensive experience is evident enough, nor is there the least doubt that he has turned it to the proper account. As to the only remaining point, whether he can be trusted when he offers to others the benefit of his judgment, probably there is no one in this metropolis who would venture to moot that question. It is, then,

the first bill-broker in the land, and a man of his word, who says—

In respect of my own country, I more boldly assert that it is my judgment, that unless she wholly alters her course in these respects, bankruptcy will ultimately be the result. We have spent from fifteen to twenty millions sterling per annum for war-like purposes since the peace of 1815. Had that money been applied to the discharge of the national debt, by this time it would have been nearly annihilated; but if our military expenditure be persisted in, and no reduction of our national debt take place, at a period of our history certainly characterized by very fair prosperity and general political calm, how is it to be expected that the amount of revenue will be maintained in a time of adversity, which we must from time to time anticipate in our future history? Should such adversity come upon us, I venture to predict that our revenue will not be maintained, nor the dividends paid, unless more efficient means be taken to prevent such a catastrophe in these days of prosperity and peace.

This is a very grave prophecy, and it is no inconsiderable oracle which has pronounced it. Lombard street is the Delphi of commerce. Mr. S. Gurney has had to do with indebted men and estates. He knows the history of many incumbrances. He has seen the vast mortgage lying like an incubus on the resources of nature and the energy of man. He has traced the slow but sure drain of a fixed interest paid out of a fluctuating and perhaps a falling revenue. He has watched the debtor struggling for many years, and just keeping afloat, till there comes some extraordinary aggravation of his burdens, and then down he goes. He has noticed that the chapter of accidents is more fertile in disaster than relief, and in the long run tells against the debtor. From what has come under his own observation in the exercise of his private profession, he draws a political inference. Unless the nation pays off its debt while it can, the day will come when it cannot, and when it will find even the interest of that debt too much for its revenue. The prediction is so serious and so unambiguously expressed, that if it were found in the lucubrations of a mere pamphleteer, it would be thought an exaggerated alarm, or a mischievous suggestion. There are those who think the mere mention of national bankruptcy treason and rebellion, and who feel a patriotic shudder at the word "sponge." We own to a degree of this antipathy ourselves, and candidly confess that had we read the passage we have quoted without knowing its author, we should have conceived an unfavorable opinion not so much of his judgment as of his delicacy and tact. But the name at the foot of the letter is a sufficient reply to any such suspicions. It is Samuel Gurney who tells us that if we persist in our present course, and do not avail ourselves of our comparative prosperity to pay off our debt, a time of adversity will come, when we shall be bankrupt.

It is a hard saying, but nevertheless a true one; and, however we may dislike the obtrusion of such unpleasant thoughts, we cannot dispel them. In-

deed, our readers will remember that we have repeatedly said the same in substance ourselves. Not to reduce debt, we have said, is to increase it. Debt is ultimate insolvency. Bankruptcy is revolution. These are topics we have often urged, and we applied them to France and her desperate finances long before the starving inhabitants of the faubourgs set Europe in a flame. The French Revolution is a very near event. *Proximus ardet*. It is evident that France has hitherto only aggravated her financial difficulties by revolution. She has only widened the gap between her income and her expenditure. She has "put on the screw," but in vain. A large military force, we read to-day, is employed in collecting the 45 centimes additional added last March twelve-month to the direct taxation; while government is endeavoring to borrow at a high rate of interest. But France is only before us on the same path. Within three years we have added twelve millions to our debt, and have barely attained, if we have attained, an equilibrium between our incomings and our outgoings. At the present moment, therefore, we are at a standstill, with a debt the interest of which is about 28,000,000*l. per annum*. But is it reasonable, is it possible, to suppose that we can maintain this equilibrium? Any one of many very probable casualties may compel a sudden increase of expenditure, and hurl the state another step in the downward course to bankruptcy. War is not the only danger; nor is increased expenditure. There are other less violent changes which might render the present taxation intolerable.

Of course there is a bright side as well as a dark side to the prospect before us. The embarrassed trader hopes for a god-send, and perhaps it comes. We may have our windfalls. It has even been suggested that a great depreciation of the valuable metals would proportionally reduce the pressure of our debt, which is a metallic undertaking. After borrowing in a dear market we may pay in a cheap one. But such a result is much too problematic, not to say romantic, to be allowed a place in our financial speculations. The most rational supposition is, that the currency will remain in all our time much as it is now, and that there will be no change of any kind in our favor. In other respects, experience teaches us to expect a change for the worse. Changes generally are for the worse. Should the year 1850 produce any great event, it will most probably be an expensive one. Even in private life, unexpected bequests, lucky windfalls, profitable discoveries, and sudden promotions, are very rare compared with the generally adverse tendency of events. States are still less in the way of luck. Theirs is an almost uniform pull against difficulties. It would, therefore, be as imprudent as it would certainly be impious, to expect some extraordinary relief from our national burdens. For this relief we must look to ourselves; and unless we begin betimes to help ourselves, and pay our debt like men, we shall be bankrupt. So says Samuel Gurney, and so say we also. May it not be in

our time that Pennsylvania shall be enabled to retort the charge of repudiation! But we cannot conceal from ourselves that it is a species of repudiation to suffer our debt to outgrow our power of repayment, and to bequeath to our posterity a task which we thereby confess to be impossible.

From the Spectator, of 1 Sept.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ELIHU BURRITT's explanation of the objects and plans contemplated by the Peace Congress at Paris came somewhat out of time on the closing day. Mr. Burritt is the true missionary of the movement. His force of character, his zeal, and his want of mistrust in himself or others, induce him to impart a completeness and absoluteness to his plan, vastly more respectable than the trimming position of some adherents, but perhaps too absolute and unqualified for the spirit of the day. He proposes, and the congress adopts his proposal, a convention of all nations, represented on the basis of universal suffrage, to revise the so-called international laws, and to elaborate a consolidated and amended code, subject to revision and adoption by the several states severally; then the construction of a tribunal to carry out that code. He does not supply the desideratum in this scheme—the standing-place of Archimedes—a *power* to enforce the behests of the central tribunal. But something may come out of a movement so zealously and widely promoted: if not a formal guarantee of peace, if not the absolute disuse of war, perhaps an enlargement and improvement of those international councils which usually bear the name of "congress;" and such an improvement might make itself felt soon and forcibly.

The victories of Austria and Italy are no doubt watched from Geneva with some hope. Venice has been compelled to submit, and is in possession of Radetzky; whose iron rule is still heavy on Milan, and is mocked by the "amnesty" for political prisoners—with exceptions not stated. The revolution of 1848 has nowhere passed away in vain: by it peoples have learned the feebleness of governments and the outspoken mind of Europe; "public opinion" will no longer countenance Absolutism. Radetzky conquers in the field, but to keep his conquests will need an influence more permanent and tractable than military occupation; and the Council at Geneva is sitting to watch for the mistakes of the victors.

Again: Hungary yields, but is not fully conquered. The new accounts confirm an early impression that Görgey's surrender was prearranged; and the part assigned to Russia in the arrangement is remarkable. Although it was known to the Russian and Austrian commanders that the Hungarians must soon be exhausted, the Russian ally accepts the submission of the insurgent chief. It is usual, we believe, for an ally who merely sends succors, to refer the negotiations of surrender to the principal in the quarrel: the Russian commander has overridden that rule, and in so doing

appears to have accepted the office of mediator between the ally and the insurgent force. The general unsettlement of Europe, followed by a decided reaction, cannot but give Russia hopes of securing something for herself; and she is evidently keeping her own game in her own hands.

While victory is secured in Hungary, the signs of disturbance in various parts of Germany have not ceased. One trait is the mutinous and disaffected state of the army at Baden. Indeed, although "peace" of a certain kind is established by force of arms from the Danube to the Seine, from the Danube to the Seine the sure evidences of social disturbance are universal.

An important consideration for those who desire to effect a real settlement of Europe, is the vast number of persons, belonging to defeated insurgent forces, who are wandering about the world in search of new adventures. These people form a huge army, available for revolution in any country of the continent—a huge polyglot Garde Mobile. True policy would suggest some method of receiving them peaceably into their native populations, so that the army shall be absorbed and the spirit of hostility neutralized. A congress would do good service in this matter, by supplying governments with the warrant for a general measure.

NEW BOOKS.

HILDRETH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—We are surprised, to learn that Mr. Hildreth's book, of which two volumes have now been published, and for several weeks past before the public, has not attracted general attention.

It is by no means true that Mr. Grahame's or Mr. Bancroft's valuable works have so far covered the ground as to deny this new history room or interest. On the other hand, no one can read it, who is familiar with those books, without a feeling of surprise, which ought to be a gratified surprise, in observing the new aspects in which a familiar tale appears.

Both Bancroft and Grahame are eulogistic, whenever they can possibly be so, in the narrative of our earlier annals. They look back on the first settlers with all the glow of what Mr. Choate calls "the reflex and peculiar light" created by the results of their sufferings and labors. Mr. Hildreth, on the other hand, seems proud to show a little spice in him of the very iconoclasm which made the Puritans what they were. He is more willing to strip off a romantic veil than to hang it on.

With this habit of mind, joined with a vigorous resolution, hard to keep in such work, that he will not fall in love with his heroes, he offers a picture of the early settlements here which is new, as we have said, while it is very entertaining, and seems to be very accurate; for it is scarcely ever unkind. It is no such travesty of Puritanism, for instance, as southern oration writers attempt—nor even of Virginians, as northern declaimers indulge in before a partisan audience, but it is very cool—quite without enthusiasm, and usually compels the reader by its sang froid, into something of that confidence, which, whether willingly or not, we give to the verdict of an intelligent jury, after a well-contested trial, although they may have stripped off our prejudices.

To take, as an instance of this, the history of

early Massachusetts. Whoever reads Bancroft or Grahame does not feel constantly that the beginnings here were very small, and that the settlers hardly had a definite idea of the rapid increase and prosperity which was to follow. Rather would it seem as if they came with faith more clear than any prophets', and founded institutions more with reference to the future than their own time. Mr. Hildreth's reader, on the other hand, looks on them, as a few scattered men, fighting hard with the present and conscientiously meeting it—but quite ignorant of the future—quite thoughtless of their own after greatness. He sees their institutions as they were—created for the wants of the time—adapted to emigrants—to the forest—to the virtual independence of a community neglected at home:—and suited to after times not so much by the forethought of those who framed them, as by the eternal worth of the principles of Christian liberty which they embodied.

A critic in some southern journal, who seems to us at least ill-natured, has amused himself with heaping up several instances of careless writing collected from these volumes. There are few books of the size in which such could not be found. But in general, the style of the book, without being florid, is very agreeable and clear. It is entertaining general reading. It ought to seduce to the study of our history the multitudes who only pretend to understand it.

Mr. Hildreth has brought in many topics which are not treated at the same length in Bancroft or Grahame. Thus, his sketches of the progress of slavery are parts of our history which of course ought not to be omitted, and which he has been led to investigate with a peculiar care.

Another volume will complete the work to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, as far as the author proposes to go.

We commend it distinctly to the circle of our readers, with this assurance:—that whoever will read this book, side by side with Mr. Bancroft's, will be far better able to see the full course of American history, than any man can be who has not opportunity to go at length into the original documents; just as, in reading English history, no man ought to be satisfied by reading only a Catholic, or only a liberal author; so the future reader of either of these great works—for great they are—will have to remember that, until he has acquainted himself with the other, he is looking on the national history with only half an eye.

The third volume will enter on the history of the revolutionary struggle, into which we are just introduced in the second. Here fairly begins the history of the *United States*, for the most striking characteristic of colonial history is that till the great struggle they were disunited states. The utter want of any thread by which to give unity to the thirteen colonial histories, is a difficulty which all our historical writers feel when they attempt in one work to combine so many threads. Mr. Hildreth has met it certainly as well as any of them.

He has declined giving any references to his authorities. We must hope that he will reconsider and change the resolution which omits them. The plea in the preface does not meet the case. And, in a book of this kind, the want of a specific authority goes far to make it, for practical purposes, merely a long oration or essay in the guise of history. A trifle like this ought not to debar the volumes from the place which they deserve in the library of any intelligent man.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work:—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4¢ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1¢ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

THE position occupied by Madame Récamier in French society, and the influence which she exercised over it, entitle her to be considered as one of the most remarkable persons of our age. At the same time, to those who did not enjoy the happiness of her acquaintance, the secret of the influence of which we speak, and to which there has been nothing equal in recent times, must, unless the cause of it be explained, remain in mystery. I have so frequently been asked by her countrymen and my own, in what the fascination of Madame Récamier consisted—how it was that after the loss of fortune, youth, and beauty, she still retained an unquestioned and unequalled empire over men's minds—that I venture to attempt some explanation of the problem. For society, and above all the female part of it, has no slight interest in the matter.

The life of Mme. Récamier was not in itself eventful; her history is mainly to be found in that of her friends. She kept aloof from party interests and party passions. The current of her pure and gentle existence flowed like the waters of the fabled brook, which glided through a stormy sea without ever mingling its tranquil and pellucid waters with the turbid waves.

Married at a very early age to a man who then possessed a large fortune, her house gradually became the rendezvous of all that was most distinguished in Europe. France had but just emerged from the horrors of the revolution. Under the Directory and the Empire there were two distinct societies, the old and the new, which it was desirable to amalgamate. The sudden appearance of a woman surrounded with all the *prestiges* of youth, grace, and beauty, marvellously contributed to bring about this result. French society offers willing homage and obedience to the empire of a woman.

In the midst of her triumphs at home, Mme. Récamier made a short visit to England, where she was the object of a homage she was far from expecting. In London, as in Paris, crowds followed her, and murmurs of admiration were heard wherever she showed herself. The Prince of Wales, then the object of general admiration, and the lovely and brilliant Duchess of Devonshire, paid her peculiar attentions. Her portrait was engraved by Bartolozzi, and made its way from England to the Ionian Islands, India, and China.

But whilst this growing celebrity, already so widely spread, seemed to attach solely to her external charms, La Harpe, who at that moment wielded the sceptre of literature, had the merit

of discovering the rare qualities of a woman destined to be the centre of a group of so many other celebrated persons of her time. Notwithstanding Mme. Récamier's extreme youth, Mme. de Staël was strongly attracted by her. Without doubt there was in that perfect and poetical harmony of the soul with the whole person, something which, while it captivated Mme. de Staël's brilliant imagination, offered her a sort of repose from the agitations of a stormy life, and the restless cravings of a spirit which the actual world could never satisfy. It is generally believed that Lucien Bonaparte was not insensible to the magic of her beauty; and that even his brother, armed as he was with power and glory, was made to feel that the purity and dignity of a gentle and lovely woman were enemies too powerful for him.

Mme. Récamier, who set great value on her independence, had refused to adorn the court which Bonaparte was then forming. The false representations of her conduct contained in the *Mémorial de St. Hélène*, furnish fresh and striking proof of that unscrupulous and vindictive tenacity with which the emperor pursued all those who offered any resistance to his will.

Scarcely was he first consul when he found himself engaged in a struggle with the celebrated Mme. Récamier. Soon after he got possession of the government, Napoleon discovered that a correspondence with the Chouans had been carried on with the connivance of M. Bernard, father of Mme. Récamier, who was *administrateur des postes*. He was instantly dismissed and thrown into prison, and was in danger of being brought to trial and condemned to death. His daughter hastened to the first consul, who, at her solicitation, put a stop to the trial. He was, however, inflexible as to the rest; and Mme. Récamier, accustomed to ask for everything and to obtain everything, aspired to nothing short of the restoration of her father to his office. Such was the state of morality at the time; and Bonaparte's severity excited the most violent outcries. Mme. Récamier and her party, which was very numerous, never forgave him.

Would not anybody believe from this statement that, after obtaining remission of the sentence, Mme. Récamier had asked that her father should be restored to his post? Nothing of the kind took place. Mme. Récamier knew too well what she owed to herself, to incur a heavier debt of obligation than she could contract with safety and dignity. Seconded by very powerful friends—among others by General Bernadotte—she succeeded in obtaining M. Bernard's liberty; beyond that, neither her efforts nor her wishes went. It was not, therefore, by any such abuse of her own influence, or that of her friends, that she had offended Bona-

parte. The true ground of offence was, that a society which did not derive all its *éclat* from him, which kept aloof from his sphere, gave him umbrage; and he showed his ill-humor, and even his serious displeasure, on every occasion. To frequent Mme. Récamier's house was far from being the way to obtain his favor; indeed, some courage was needed to carry individuals through such an ordeal, as the following anecdote will show:—

Three of his ministers met by chance in this society—the object of so anxious a *surveillance*. At the council subsequent to this accidental meeting, Napoleon said, in a tone of angry reproach, “Since when has the council of ministers been held at Mme. Récamier’s house?”

A financial crisis, caused by the unexpected renewal of hostilities, gave a fatal shock to public credit. The house of M. Récamier had no assistance to hope from the government, and, like many others, sank under it. Mme. Récamier bore her unlooked-for adversity in such a manner as to inspire universal respect and interest. Though in all the splendor of her youth, she gave up going into society; yet not only did she retain all her friends, she continued to be the centre of that very society which she had renounced. We must extract a note referring to this event from *Corinna*. It is not uninteresting to remark how the description of *Corinna*’s dancing suggests thoughts of so different a kind:—

It was (says Mme. de Staël) Mme. Récamier’s dancing which gave me the idea of that which I have endeavored to depict. That charming woman, so celebrated for her grace and beauty, offers an example of so touching a resignation, so complete a forgetfulness of her personal interests, that her moral qualities seem to all who know her, no less eminent than her attractions.

Shortly after, Mme. Récamier had the misfortune to lose her mother, (herself a very remarkable person,) whose prudence and forethought had secured to her beloved daughter a modest competency. Mme. de Staël was in exile. She had taken refuge in the retreat at Coppet which Napoleon watched with a jealous eye, and held in a sort of blockade by the terror of his name. Thither Mme. Récamier went to visit her, and for a considerable period divided her time between Paris and Coppet. It was during one of these visits that the intimacy between her and Prince Augustus of Prussia, brother of the late king, was formed. The prince, who was passionately enamored of Mme. Récamier, used every persuasion to induce her to obtain a divorce from M. Récamier and to marry him; but in vain.*

This remarkable incident in the life of Mme. Récamier, which is related at some length in the *Mémoires de St. Hélène*, furnished the subject for

*It must be confessed that the project was extremely Prussian. But the laxity of the marriage-tie in Protestant Germany was not likely to find acceptance with a devout Catholic like Mme. Récamier.

one of Mme. de Genlis’ novels, called *Le Château de Coppet*.

Although the blockade became stricter, and the *surveillance* more vigilant and unrelenting every day, Mme. Récamier determined once more to brave it. She did so, and this time was the last. She knew, indeed, to what she exposed herself, for the emperor and his servants made no secret of their intentions; a strong tyranny can afford at least to be open and sincere. Fouché went himself to tell Mme. Récamier that if she persisted in rejoining Mme. de Staël, she would be allowed neither to return to Paris nor to remain at Coppet. She replied, “What can it signify to the emperor, the master of the world, whether I am at Paris or at Coppet? Heroes have been known to yield to the weakness of love for women, but he would be the first who betrayed that of fearing them.”

Mme. Récamier set out in spite of all these warnings. She had hardly reached the spot marked by the imperial ban when she received her letter of exile. “Thus, then,” said Mme. de Staël, “the coalition of two women on the banks of the lake of Geneva frightened the master of the world.” M. Mathieu de Montmorency had just shared the same fate. The *Dix Années d’Exil* contains an account of that cruel separation which was followed by so many fatal results.

I was in this state (says Mme. de Staël) when I received a letter from Mme. Récamier, that lovely woman who has been the object of the homage of all Europe, and who never abandoned a friend in misfortune. I shudder when I think that the fate of M. de Montmorency may extend to her. I sent a courier to meet her, and to entreat her not to come on to Coppet. She would not listen to my prayers; and it was with an agony of tears that I saw her enter a house where her arrival had always been a festival. She left the next day, but it was in vain. Sentence of banishment was passed upon her. The reverses of fortune she had suffered rendered the breaking up of her natural establishment very painfully inconvenient to her. Separated from all her friends, she passed whole months in all the dullness and monotony of a small provincial town. Such is the destiny I have brought upon the most brilliant person of her time!

Mme. de Staël soon began to find a residence in a place so completely proscribed, intolerable, and determined to quit it at any risk. If the independence of Mme. Récamier’s *salon* was in the eyes of the emperor equivalent to opposition, Coppet he regarded as a storehouse of ideas the most diametrically hostile to his dictatorship.

After remaining at Chalons or at Lyons two years, Mme. Récamier, determined not to take the least step to obtain the termination of her exile, formed the project of going into Italy, the climate of which would, she hoped, be favorable to her health, impaired by agitation and suffering. Her exile had, however, been more tolerable at Lyons than anywhere else. There she found Camille Jordan, who had retired from public life that he might preserve the purity of his sentiments

and opinions. It was also in that city that she became acquainted with M. Ballanche, who was then employed in writing his poem of *Antigone*, and who drew from her some of the features with which he invested his heroine.

Mme. Récamier determined to set out for Italy in the month of March, 1813. She was accompanied to the frontier by M. de Montmorency. When the time came to take leave of him, she felt more acutely the grief of quitting France, for she regarded this virtuous man as the representative of all the noble friendships which had formed the charm of her life. She arrived at Rome, alone and without letters of recommendation; but she soon became there, as everywhere else, the object of universal admiration and attention. The venerable M. d'Agincourt, now approaching the close of his long and laborious career, was then putting the last touch to his great work on the history of art. One of the latest objects on which his eyes rested was on that lovely face, whose gentle, elevated, and pious expression, Canova tried to perpetuate in marble. That graceful sculptor did not attempt to copy Mme. Récamier's features, so much as to embody the lineaments of her soul. Such is his bust of Beatrice. After satisfying her passionate and refined love of art at Rome, Mme. Récamier determined to visit Naples. She arrived there at the moment of Murat's defection from France, and was an involuntary witness of the painful efforts it cost him and the queen to persevere in a course demanded of them by the interests of their people. It was from that once powerful sister of Bonaparte that Mme. Récamier learned, amid tears and lamentations, the end of the greatest political drama the world ever beheld.

She returned to Rome, where she witnessed the entry of the Pope, that he might resume possession of his States. She saw the passionate enthusiasm of the people, contrasted with the calm and solemn rapture of the august old man who was the object of it.

Mme. Récamier's sentence of banishment was never formally revoked; it was terminated by the general movement of the world. She reentered France at the same time with the Bourbons; and passing through Lyons to Paris, was present at the first fêtes given in their honor. Her illustrious friend returned at the same time from the other extremity of Europe; but they met again only to part forever.

Soon after Mme. de Staël's death, Mme. Récamier took up her residence at the Abbaye aux Bois. This step, which seemed to sever her from the world, only proved more clearly the irresistible attraction of her society and conversation. The powerful friendships which she had made and retained, enabled her to be useful to many victims of faction and party, and even to save some from destruction.

But the biography of a contemporary can never be more than a bare outline. We must trust to Mme. Récamier's friend to make posterity ac-

quainted with a life which honors and adorns the history of our times. It were much to be desired that she would put on record the thoughts of Mme. Récamier, as she was in the habit of expressing them. Her correspondence would be an invaluable treasure. It would contain intimate and confidential letters from many of the most celebrated persons who occupied the world's stage during that eventful period.

Such are the outlines of Mme. Récamier's history. It only remains for one who saw her only at its close to say a few words as to the impression she produced when the season of her intoxicating triumphs was over.

In the hearts of those who had the honor and the happiness of living in constant intercourse with her, (says M. Lemoine, in a notice which recently appeared in the *Journal des Débats*,) Madame Récamier will forever remain the object of a sort of adoration which we should find it impossible to express; and on the recollection of those who have ever seen her, she has left an impression which the dust of the every-day history of our times will not cover or efface.

The writer of the following slight tribute to her memory, standing midway between these two classes, can, perhaps, speak in some degree both to the impression she made on a stranger, and to the endearing charm she exercised over her friends. Yet the task of saying anything about Mme. Récamier that will not wound my own sense of the refined beauty and nameless grace that accompanied her through every scene of her life is, however, so difficult, that I should have resisted my desire to join my humble voice to the chorus of lamentation over her grave, had it not appeared to me that out of that grave her sovereign beauty might yet read a great lesson to those similarly, if not equally, gifted with herself.

My first impression and my latest conviction with regard to Mme. Récamier were the same; they furnished me with one invariable answer to all the questions I have been asked about her. It was the atmosphere of benignity which seemed to exhale like a delicate perfume from her whole person, that prolonged the fascination of her beauty. It was her heart, rather than her head, that inspired her with the faculty of animating, guiding, harmonizing the society over which she presided, with a quiet yet resistless power, the secret of which was with herself. Mme. Récamier was by no means a talker, nor was I ever struck by her talents or acquirements. She seldom said much; and it was only on an attentive study that one perceived how much of the charm and the value of the conversation was due to her gentle influence, never asserted yet always felt. It would be a mistake, nay, a disparagement, to imagine that she attracted round her such a circle of distinguished men by the brilliancy of her conversation. It was the ineffable charm of the sweetest and kindest of tempers; the strongest desire to give pleasure, to avert pain, to avoid offence, to render her society agreeable and soothing to all its mem-

bers, to enable everybody to present himself in the most favorable light;—it was the suavity, the refined humanity of her nature, that gave grace to all her acts and gestures; that rendered her beauty irresistible in youth, and the charm of her manner scarcely less powerful in age.

It is not, therefore, the sermon so often preached over the grave of beauty—that it is transient and perishable—that we would fain pour into fair and youthful ears. Those who cannot see that most obvious and salient of truths, and upon whom the sight does not force some serious reflections, are far beyond the reach of words. Neither are we at all inclined to assert the well-worn falsehood, so often told by the very men whose whole life belies it, that beauty is of no value. Beauty, like any other power, is one of the great gifts of God, who has so constituted man that he is, and ever must be, its subject, often its slave. It is the highest and the most intoxicating of all powers, for it is at its zenith when the reason is yet unripe; it is attained without toil or sacrifice, and held without responsibility. It is, then, not by decrying or depreciating so mighty a gift that any good can be done. The consciousness of her triumphs (unknown, perhaps, to any but herself) will speak louder to the possessor of beauty, than any attempts of ours to depreciate their value.

But what may perhaps be done, at least where beauty is combined with tolerable understanding, is, to show its high vocation, and its sweet influences on social life; to point to the withered, heartless, and spiteful coquette, whose beauty survives only in her own memory, and to her own torment, and then to Mme. Récamier, old and blind, surrounded with such respectful admiration, such affectionate and almost enthusiastic devotion, as few indeed of the young and brilliant can command.

Such then as hers, we would say, fair creatures, is the sceptre which He who made you fair has placed within your reach. Would you obtain it? He, too, has taught you the means—first, by the law of your woman's nature, which He has written on your hearts; secondly, by that other divine law which He has given you in His word. You are, if you are true-born women, gentle, kind, and loving, anxious to please, and fearful to offend. If you are Christian women, you are meek and lowly of heart, full of pity and charity, of good-will manifested in kindly words and benevolent works. Let these things be added to your beauty, and see, in the example before us, how enduring is its empire!

It is true that Mme. Récamier was gifted with a corporeal grace which is not to be acquired, and which admirably seconded the grace of soul that inspired her lovely person. This was striking to the last. Even when bowed by age, and moving about with the uncertain step and gait of the blind, this did not forsake her. There was a gentleness and suavity in all her movements that excited admiration, even in the midst of the tender pity she excited. It is probable that the impres-

sion she made on me was stronger and more beautiful in her age and darkness, than it would have been had I seen her in the pride of her beauty and the triumphs of her charms. It is certain that those who had known her in the plenitude of her power never forsook her, and that the attachments she inspired ended only with life.

It must be remembered, however, that Mme. Récamier was a French woman, and that Paris, and not London, was the scene of her dominion. I question if a woman with all her gifts and graces (and as many more as imagination can add to them) could ever obtain an equal influence in this country. I have no intention either of depreciating or of exalting France in a comparison with England. I am an Englishwoman, and I not only love my own country, but I prefer it; and I esteem the subordinate position which women occupy in society here as one source of its strength, its constancy, and its thoroughly virile character. It is also, doubtless, the source of some of its most striking and obvious defects; but in the actual state of the world, and weighing the evils arising from either side, I should rather accept those resulting from the complete predominance of the manly character. We must make our election. Social life can attain to its highest culture and perfection only at the expense of domestic life; and *vice versa*. They are two conditions of existence which, to a considerable extent, exclude each other; and they involve or suppose relations of the sexes totally different and incompatible. The English idea of those relations is very nearly the Roman, and will probably be that of every nation in which the character of *citizen* is strongly developed, and is the object of great respect and ardent aspiration. The general diffusion of political interests, duties, and occupations among the men of a community, harmonizes perfectly with the complete and exclusive development of domestic life. The man who is, above all, *civis*, and to whom belong all contests for power and influence, will desire to return home to find his house swept and garnished; the mistress of it, the honored *matrona*, awaiting his return, contented to share the quiet evening which is the only tolerable close to the o'erlabored day of a servant (often a voluntary servant) of the public. It seems questionable whether the duties and labors of the active citizen of a free nation can be pursued with equal ardor and constancy, where the pleasures, successes, and obligations of society are very engrossing; and, accordingly, up to the present moment we see (spite of repeated and violent convulsions to obtain liberty) no trace in France of any desire for really popular government; that is to say, for a general participation in the labors, duties, and responsibilities of public life. We are far enough from dreaming that the type we have spoken of above is commonly, or even frequently, realized amongst us, in the calm grandeur of its submissive and self-denying wifehood. Still we assert that this is the type present to the imagination and the wishes of the nation; that the preva-

lent taste and opinion of the country is, that the house (*home*) is a place to which the man is to retire, in full security that he is to find there nothing to disturb his tranquillity, interrupt his pursuits, or derange his habits; and that this security is afforded him by the general understanding and tacit contract that his wife shall rule his house to that end and intent.

A man who adopts this scheme of life will naturally choose for such constant and exclusive companionship a woman who, he believes, will not be disagreeable to him, and who will love him well enough to endure the monotony and obscurity of domestic life: and hence marriages of inclination will predominate over those of convenience.

In these things it is difficult to distinguish cause from effect. Has the absence of popular institutions in France, and the traditional custom of marriages assorted with a view to station and property, driven men into society, and occasioned that exquisite and complete development of the social talents, tastes, and qualities, which distinguishes the French? Or have those tastes, talents, and qualities, by rendering society the great scene of success and of enjoyment, indisposed men for the drudgery of civic and political, and for the monotony of domestic life?

Has the early development of popular institutions, by occupying the time and thoughts, and the custom of marriages of inclination, by engaging the affections, of Englishmen, indisposed them for the exertions and the constraint of society, and rendered them indifferent to its successes? Have these causes made them grave, reserved, unexpansive? Or have their natural gravity, reserve, and want of ready demonstrative sympathy, driven them from a field in which they were not formed either to enjoy or to shine, or converted what is called society into another form of business?

These are the questions which dispassionate observers will ask themselves, instead of either depreciating what they do not possess and cannot attain to, or asserting their supremacy in irreconcilable qualities. Had Mme. Récamier been called to the performance of maternal duties, and had her influence been confined to the narrow, but, as we think, higher and more sacred circle of family, she would never have been what she was. If we do not envy France the possession and production of a person so exquisitely formed to be the charm and consolation of society, let us neither undervalue her mission, nor affect to be able to show anything comparable to her social gifts and graces. *Suum cuique* is the motto of every enlightened judge of national character. That each should prefer his own lot is desirable;—that he should despise, or seek to appropriate, that of others, is contemptible and absurd.

People who know the sort of rage with which “parties” are given and pursued during “the season” in London, may wonder what we mean; but the very terms employed suffice to prove the truth of our assertion. Does anybody imagine

that “parties” are *society*? or that the true social taste and spirit could content itself with a breathless, fatiguing course of crowds for three months? In London almost every “party” is resorted to with some *arrière pensée*. People dance, or eat, or hear music; or they hope to find themselves in the same room with the Duchess of — and the Marchioness of —; or they go because they must; or—anything, but the pleasure of interchanging thoughts, of hearing and talking, of being amused and amusing, of admiring clever things and saying them, which is the real attraction of society to a French man or woman. It is quite evident that society, in and for itself, has no attractions for English people in general, from the number of things deemed necessary to bribe them to endure it. In England a vast outlay, a vast quantity of “foreign aid and ornament,” is deemed indispensable to those who presume to invite. Houses, servants, viands, all that money can procure, are pressed into the service. In France, though we heard there constant complaints of the degeneracy of the age in this respect, it is still possible to have the best society without bribing or feeding. Good manners and good conversation are sufficient. Indeed, *the best* is to be obtained by no other means. We remember asking the mistress of a most agreeable *salon* how she managed to keep out the bores. She laughed and said—“*Oh, il n’y a pas de danger quand on n’a pas 200,000 francs de rente.*” It is certainly true that show and luxury attract those to whom show and luxury are the main objects; and what manner of men and women they are we all know. The most brilliant and fertile of all conversers, Sydney Smith, said of a very splendid party, “The lights put out the conversation.”

We are quite aware that the sort of society we speak of—the society which was the pride and delight of old France—the compensation for her many political defects and evils—is regarded by those best qualified to compare and to judge it, as extinct. The fashion of showy crowds gains ground, and even the *habitués* of houses run from *salon* to *salon* with a rapidity which augurs ill for the attractive power of any. Mme. Récamier’s *salon* was perhaps the last which kept alive the memory of the ancient order of things. People came to see the mistress of the house, and to meet those they liked and were accustomed to meet; they came to talk and to listen.

At the time I became a resident in Paris, I heard that Mme. Récamier had ceased to receive strangers. Her sight, afterwards completely extinguished, was already dimmed; her health was extremely delicate, and, as she afterwards told me with her gentle smile, she did not care to have people come only to look at the once beautiful Mme. Récamier. I had, therefore, not the smallest hope of seeing a person concerning whom I felt so much curiosity and interest, and it was with equal surprise and pleasure that I accepted the kind permission of her niece, Mme. Lenormant, to accompany her one evening to the Ab-

baye aux Bois. From that time I became as frequent a visitor as all the obstacles interposed by great distance, health, weather, and occupation, would allow me.

For a long time before her death (says Mme. Lenormant) she had ceased to make visits, but her *salon* was open every day before and after dinner. Before dinner (from three to six) was particularly devoted to M. de Chateaubriand. Every day, without fail, he came at three, and did not go till six. During the last two years, his *valet de chambre* and another servant brought him into the room in his arm-chair.

M. de Chateaubriand had entirely lost the use of his legs. When I first saw him, his very elegant head wore no appearance of illness; he was still a singularly handsome old man, but it was evident that he suffered morally as well as physically from an infirmity which exhibited him in so helpless a state. Even then M. de Chateaubriand spoke little, and often appeared to take little part in the conversation. He spoke to me occasionally of England; and in a foreboding tone. He did not like the reform-bill; he augured no good from free-trade agitation, and seemed to fear that we were on a declivity.* Considering the state of his health and spirits, and the nature of his political opinions, this was to be expected. His appearance and manner were those of the most perfect breeding and courtesy. M. de Chateaubriand was the principal person in the group which formed itself round Mme. Récamier, and the object of the utmost respect and attention. There was something imposing in his silence and in his high-bred air, which well fitted him for the place he filled.

Those (says Mme. Lenormant) who have seen them during the last two years, who have seen Mme. Récamier, blind, but retaining the sweetness and brilliancy of her eyes, surrounding the illustrious friend whose age had extinguished his memory, with cares so delicate, so tender, so watchful; have seen her joy when she helped him to snatch a momentary distraction from the conversation which passed around him, by leading it to subjects connected with that remoter past which still lingered in his memory—those persons will never forget the scene; for they could not help being deeply affected with pity and respect at the sight of that noble beauty, brilliancy and genius, bending beneath the weight of age, and sheltered with such ingenious tenderness by the sacred friendship of a woman who forgot her own infirmities in the endeavor to lighten his.

Mme. Lenormant is right in saying that it is impossible to forget this touching scene. How distinctly is she now before me, as she seized my

hand, on one of my latest visits to the Abbaye aux Bois, and said rapidly in her sweet low voice, "Do not speak to him; talk across him!" At that time he had sunk into almost unbroken silence, but she never gave up the chance that conversation might afford him a momentary amusement.

It is characteristic of Mme. Récamier's unselfish nature, that after the operation for cataract had proved unsuccessful, and she had to resign herself to hopeless darkness, she remarked, that an infirmity which was inconvenient only to herself was the one which she could the most easily submit to. I remember on one occasion when I called on her, and she fancied that she had neglected some act of courtesy, she said, with her sweet smile, and as if excusing herself, "*Il est si incommode d'être aveugle.*" As if the chief value of sight was the power it gives of ministering to the pleasure of others!

Next on the list of those who daily assembled about Mme. Récamier was the venerable and amiable Ballanche—that incomparable friend, who from the moment he beheld her devoted his life to her. Nobody who knew M. Ballanche can forget him, or can remember any one like him. He realized all one's conception of the simplicity, serenity, and benevolence of a Christian philosopher. Nothing could be more engaging, nothing more venerable, than his manner. Even his ugliness had something singularly attractive. He inspired love, confidence and respect, in a degree rare indeed when united.

Whilst he was engaged in the composition of his *Antigone* (says another of the illustrious group of devoted friends, M. J. J. Ampère, in his *Mémoire* of M. Ballanche,) poetry appeared to him under an enchanting form. He became acquainted with her, of whom he said, that the charm of her presence had laid his sorrows to sleep; who, after being the soul of his most elevated and delicate inspirations, became in later years the providence of every moment of his life, down to that final one, when she came to take her seat by the deathbed of the faithful friend she so deeply lamented.

M. Ampère quotes the following passage from a letter of M. Ballanche to Mme. Récamier:—

Yes, you are the Antigone of my dreams; her destiny is not like yours, but the elevated soul, the generous heart, the genius of devotedness, are the features of your character. I was only beginning *Antigone* when you appeared to me at Lyons, and God only knows how large a share you have in the portrait of that noble woman! Antiquity is far from having furnished me with all the materials for it; the ideal was revealed to me by you. I shall explain all these things one day; I choose the world to know that so perfect a creature was not created by me.

And again, at a later age, he says,—

If my name survives me, which appears more and more probable, I shall be called the philosopher of the Abbaye aux Bois, and my philosophy will be considered as inspired by you. Remember that it was only through Eurydice that Orpheus had any true mission to his brother men; and remember, too, that Eurydice was a marvellous

* Those who have read the third volume of the *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe* will not be much alarmed at these predictions. The judgments of a man who, after having spent years in England, affirms that at the end of last century but two classes were known in England—patrons and clients, united by a common interest and by amity; that the jealous class called *bourgeoise* did not exist; that there was nothing interposed between the rich land-owners and men occupied with their respective trades, are not very formidable. Into such childish blunders do conceit and prejudice lead even men of genius.

vision. The dedication of the *Paligénésie* will explain all this to posterity. This thought is one of my joys. I believe that I am now entering on the last stage of my life; this stage may be prolonged for some time, but I know well what is at the end of it. I shall fall asleep in the bosom of a great hope, and full of confidence in the thought that your memory and mine will live the same life.

I have been the more desirous to enlarge on this part of Mme. Récamier's life, because it illustrates what I have so often remarked, the incomparable tenderness and constancy of the French in friendship. How the vulgar notion of the instability of French friendship arose, I cannot guess. Nobody can have lived among them without seeing instances of devotedness to which we can offer no parallel. If it be thought that I am exaggerating, let anybody show me here in England an example of a woman who has neither youth nor beauty, fortune, nor what is called connection, living in a most remote and inconvenient spot, and going nowhere, whose modest *salon* is the daily resort of five or six among the most eminent men in the country, and the frequent resort of a great number of distinguished men and women.

And Mme. Récamier, however supreme, was far from being alone in this respect. I could mention other houses in Paris where a faithful band assembled, with nearly equal punctuality, around the friend of many years. Were it permitted to speak of one's self, my own experience would suffice to prove the steadiness, warmth, and devotedness of French friendship; but I shall have another example of it to cite among the friends of Mme. Récamier.

In the month of June, 1847, M. Ballanche, whose health was very infirm, was attacked with inflammation of the lungs. During the eight days his illness lasted, his sweetness and serenity never abandoned him for an instant, and at last he experienced the great joy of seeing her who was the life of his heart take her seat, suffering and blind, by his bedside, which she did not quit, till, with the calmness of a sage and the resignation of a saint, he fell asleep, as he had said, "in the bosom of a great hope."

I shall never forget the sort of consternation, mingled with sorrow, which this death caused. Everybody felt regret for so pure and excellent a man, but yet more of grief and pity for Mme. Récamier, whose loss was felt to be overwhelming and entirely irreparable. I had happened to hear that M. Ampère, whom I knew to have been for some time suffering from the effects of his dangerous illness in Egypt, was going to recruit his shattered health in the Pyrenees. He was to accompany M. Cousin, and the day of their departure was fixed. Two or three days after the death of M. Ballanche I went to the Abbaye aux Bois to inquire for Mme. Récamier. M. Ampère, who had instantly taken, as far as it was possible, the place of his venerable and lamented friend, came out to speak to me. After talking of her and her unutterable loss, I said, "And you?

You will be obliged to give up your journey." "Oh," said he, "*je n'y pensais plus.*" The demands and perils of his own health were utterly forgotten. M. Ampère has, I am sure, totally forgotten our conversation, but I do not forget the effect it produced on me.

I should gladly digress a little to quote the beautiful speech which M. de Tocqueville, in the name of the Académie, pronounced over the grave of M. Ballanche; or the eloquent address to the departed of his fellow-townsmen, M. de la Prade. A few words of the latter I cannot bear to omit:—

There was in your mind, in its serenity, its charming simplicity, its tenderness, something more than is found in the wisest and the best. Your virtue was of a divine nature; it was at once a prolonged innocence and an acquired wisdom. In you, learned old age had retained the purity and the candor which in others does not outlive infancy. Serene and radiant as your soul may now be in the mansions of peace, we can hardly conceive of it as more loving and more pure than we beheld it on this earth of impurity and strife.

Such was the friend who was taken from Mme. Récamier when age and infirmity had made him most necessary to her. No wonder that she never recovered from the shock. The last interview I had with her has left on my mind a picture which no length of years will efface. The servant who came to the door told me he did not think Mme. Récamier could see me; she had one of her attacks in the throat, and had completely lost her voice—but he would inquire. I said, I did not expect to be received; I wanted to know how she was. He returned, saying Mme. Récamier wished to see me. It was early—before three—and she was alone. She was sitting with her hands folded on her lap, and her feet resting on the ledge of a low chair before her, in an attitude of utter though tranquil memory. On that chair I seated myself, and, taking her hand, kissed it. She attempted to speak, but could not, and I entreated her not to try, and offered to go. She held my hand fast, and as often as I proposed to go, fearing to fatigue her, she pressed it; and so we sat; she, blind and speechless, I at her feet, hardly able to keep from tears; but saying, from time to time, something, which she answered by a pressure of the hand. While we were sitting thus, the door was thrown open, and with the usual announcement, "*M. le Vicomte.*" M. de Chateaubriand was brought in in his chair, and deposited by her side; and thus I left the illustrious couple, struck to the soul with this scene from the close of two of the most brilliant of lives. Here were grace and beauty, genius and fame, high birth and honors, all that men love, admire, or covet—and to what were they reduced? Of all that Heaven had so lavishly bestowed, what remained? what had the least value for them, save those humane and pious affections, which alone survive the loss of every external advantage?

M. Ballanche died in June, 1847, M. de Chateaubriand in July, 1848, and the sweet woman

who had been at once the object and the bond of their friendship, on the 11th of May, 1849. The immediate cause of her death was cholera; but affliction, especially from the moment she perceived the injury done by time to the great faculties of M. de Chateaubriand, had already undermined her health, and opened the way to the destroyer. She died at the house of her beloved niece, rejoicing, in the intervals of her terrible agonies, that she was permitted to die surrounded by her family.

There can hardly be a greater proof of the pre-occupation of all minds in Paris, than the small attention this event excited; an event which (as a man distinguished in politics as well as in letters, and not one of her friends, remarked to me,) would, in less stormy times, have formed the sole subject of conversation. But the memory of this gracious woman will outlive those of a hundred noisy tribunes and ambitious schemers.

To be beloved, (says Madame de Hautfeuille in her affectionate lament), was the history of Madame Récamier. Beloved by all in her youth, for her astonishing beauty—beloved for her gentleness, her inexhaustible kindness, for the charm of a character which was reflected in her sweet face—beloved for the tender and sympathizing friendship which she awarded with an exquisite tact and discrimination of heart—beloved by young and old, small and great; by women; even women, so fastidious where other women are concerned—beloved always and by all from her cradle to her grave,—such was the lot, such will be the renown, of this charming woman! What other glory is so enviable?

Mme. Récamier had a quality which, perhaps, more even than her winning kindness, attracted and attached men to her. "*Elle étoit le génie de la confiance*," said one of the noblest and most eminent of her living countrymen. All who were admitted to her intimacy hastened to her with their joys and their sorrows, their projects and ideas; certain not only of secrecy and discretion, but of the warmest and readiest sympathy. If a man had the *ébauche* of a book, a speech, a picture, an enterprise in his head, it was to her that he unfolded his half-formed plan, sure of an attentive and sympathizing listener. This is one of the peculiar functions of women. It is incalculable what comfort and encouragement a kind and wise woman may give to timid merit, what support to uncertain virtue, what wings to noble aspirations.

It is to be lamented that so much beauty should have vanished from the earth without a more perfect portraiture of it. Canova's "Beatrice" is avowedly an inspiration, not a portrait. There is, in the Louvre, an unfinished portrait by David. The head is turned to the spectator, and the attitude is extremely graceful. The celebrated whole-length portrait by Gerard, painted for Prince Augustus of Prussia, though exquisitely beautiful, is one which I always looked at with pain and regret. It is not thus that a woman of pure mind and irreproachable life ought to be transmitted to posterity. The low morality and (its natural offspring) the coarse and depraved taste of the period at

which this picture was painted, have tinged it with a character which is not satisfactory to those who loved her. It was the property of Prince Augustus of Prussia. On his death in 1842, it was sent back from Berlin to Mme. Récamier. I happened to call soon after. As I was going out she took me by the hand, led me to the picture, which hung in the antechamber, and said: "*Voilà comme j'étois il y quarante ans—quand j'étois en Angleterre.*"

I have heard very different opinions, especially among Englishmen, who had only *seen* her, as to Mme. Récamier's beauty. Many have told me that it was by no means consummate; and, indeed, that she was rather sweet, attractive, and graceful, than eminently beautiful. Comparing this statement with the rapturous descriptions of those who lived in intimacy with her, I am inclined to think that it was the "something than beauty dearer," that shed a bright halo around her, dazzled their senses, and disarmed criticism. Whatever be the judgments of the indifferent on her beauty, it is certain that it was irresistibly attractive to her friends.

I must not omit to mention a likeness of Mme. Récamier taken after death by M. Deveria, of which Mme. Lenormant sent me a lithograph. Death seems to have brought back part of the beauty of youth; as he did in the case of one not less beautiful than herself—the late Mrs. Charles Buller. As soon as the sorrowing mother was at rest, the delicate proportions of her features and spotless purity of her skin returned, and I saw with wonder that death had gently removed the load of years; so that the last time I was ever to see her sweet face, it was the same, bating its alabaster whiteness and deep unalterable repose, as I had seen it almost twenty years ago.

I cannot conclude this long outpouring of recollections without some mention of another Frenchwoman, the sublime type of a wholly different nature, with whom Mme. Récamier was brought into contact near the close of her life. It was, I think, in the summer of 1845 that Mme. Récamier visited her niece, then staying at Bellevue, where M. Guizot's family had a house. There she saw his most noble, venerable, and saintly mother, whose commanding intelligence, fervent piety, and devotion to her son and his family, evidently left a strong impression on her mind. She knew that I enjoyed the singular happiness (one of the greatest of my life) of frequent intercourse with a family, the least distinction of which was the station and power of it; and she never failed to ask me with peculiar interest for Madame Guizot. I never think of the meeting of these two remarkable women without intense interest. How different their youth! how widely severed their paths through life! With what feelings did the once adored beauty, the darling of society, contemplate the saintly and heroic widow who, at twenty-six, when the husband of her youth had fallen on the revolutionary scaffold, cut off her long and beautiful hair, and put on the small close

cap which she never laid aside, sought refuge with her two boys in Geneva, and, to the hour of her death, lived devoted to God and her children!

But the same path is not marked out for all. Mme. Récamier's was one of diffusive benevolence, and she walked in it faithfully to the end. She was not called to the exercise of maternal affections and maternal duties. The tenderness and heroism of her nature found a vent in universal kindness and devoted friendship.

It was at the same time and place that M. de Chateaubriand and Mme. Guizot met for the first and only time in their lives. He called upon the venerable lady, for whom he always afterwards expressed the greatest admiration and reverence. What a singular meeting! Like that of two mariners shipwrecked by the same storm, whom fate has led, after long wanderings, to the same resting-place.

Mme. Récamier had the fault of her kindly and sweet nature—excessive tolerance and indulgence. She suffered people to approach her who were unworthy that honor. The consequences are already painfully felt. Our readers may have seen that Mme. Lenormant has been compelled to apply for an injunction (in English phrase) to stop the publication of a part of Mme. Récamier's correspondence. What an outrage this is to her memory, may be seen from what M. Lemoine says.

One of Mme. Récamier's last wishes was, that several manuscript volumes, containing the reminiscences of her whole life, should be burnt immediately after her death. At a time when everybody thinks he has a right to expose to view every palpitation of his heart; when people love, not for the sake of loving, but to write and print about their love; when so many employ their lives in compiling memoirs, and make collections of sentiments as others do of butterflies, we bend piously and almost gratefully before this sacred reserve.

In her letter to me of the first of June, Mme. Lenormant says—

My aunt has left me her residuary legatee, and has besides bequeathed to me all her papers, manuscripts, and correspondence, trusting, as she says, to my tenderness and discretion as to the use to be made of them. Many people have already entreated me to arrange and publish them; but this sort of profanation of the dearest and most sacred recollections, which is become the odious habit of the present day, is utterly at variance with my sentiments, and I am determined not to publish anything for a considerable time. M. de Chateaubriand has devoted a whole volume of his Memoirs to her; but, as it is one of the last, it will be sometime before it appears.

I am the more anxious that some worthy mention should be made of Mme. Récamier, and I assure you that I shall be most grateful if you realize your kind intention of writing some account of her for the English public. My aunt was received in England with a cordiality, an admiration, an enthusiasm, which left a delightful impression on her mind. She kept up an intercourse with several eminent persons of your country for many years:—the two Duchesses of Devonshire, Lord Bristol, Lord and Lady Holland, Lord Ponsonby, Mr. (after-

wards Lord) Erskine, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Adair. She afterwards became acquainted with the Misses Berry, Miss Edgeworth, and many others.

Few, too few, of this brilliant list are alive to attest the charm of Mme. Récamier's society; but there are many who still remember her beauty, and the sensation it created. It is true that the crowds that followed her were not attracted by admiration alone. At that time—the peace of Amiens—foreigners were stared at with a curiosity and wonder of which the present generation has no conception; and the dress worn in France was as monstrous to the eyes of the English people as that of a South Sea Islander. We have heard from an eye-witness that Mme. Récamier was “shamefully mobbed” in Kensington Gardens. If this be true, she certainly never betrayed that she recollected it. Hers was a mind in which pleasant and grateful recollections were sure to survive disagreeable ones.

It was at Paris, after the Restoration, (continues Mme. Lenormant,) that Mme. Récamier became acquainted with the Duke of Wellington, and, by a singular chance, presented him to the Duchess of St. Leu (Queen Hortense.) If you were at Paris, I would lay open to you curious archives, correspondence with all the most eminent persons of this century, in literature, in the elegant world, and even among the sovereigns of Europe, for the last forty years. But you must accept the very incomplete information I send you.

It is a great consolation to me to think that her beloved memory will receive from your pen, and in your country, a homage I so much value, and will be presented to the English public in its true light by the hand of friendship.

Mme. Récamier (Jeanne Françoise Julie Adélaïde Bernard) was born at Lyons, Oct. 1777, and married in 1795. S. A.

THE Glasgow *Chronicle* mentions a peculiar and apparently most valuable mode of obtaining red-hot shot for large guns, recently invented in that city by a Mr. Sculler. The invention consists in the filling the hollow shot with a highly combustible powder. Two or three fuse-holes are made in the shot, so that, when fired from the piece, ignition takes place, and the shot is made red-hot before it arrives at its destination. In the trial witnessed by the editor, the shot, which was about two inches and a half in diameter, was simply laid on the ground and the composition ignited by a light applied to the fuse-hole. Violent combustion immediately ensued—liquid fire appeared to stream from its three fuse-holes, and the metal became quite red-hot in a few seconds. The inventor states, that when fired from a gun a red heat will be attained in less than 20 seconds from its leaving its mouth. The composition will burn under water, and is said to be easily made.

A BOTTLE was washed on shore at Queensborough, Kent, on the 21st July, which contained a slip of paper, apparently hastily torn from a serial publication, upon which was written in pencil mark a statement that the immediate destruction of the steamer *President*—on board of which ill-fated vessel the statement is dated—and the loss of the passengers, was inevitable.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE LATE REV. HENRY COLMAN.

THE sensation produced by the intelligence brought by the last steamer of the death of the Rev. Henry Colman, shows the high estimation in which he was held by his numerous friends and acquaintance. His death may, indeed, be considered as a public loss; for he has been distinguished as a minister of religion, a practical farmer, and a writer upon agriculture and various other subjects. Mr. Colman was graduated at Dartmouth College, and first settled as a minister in Hingham, in the parish which had become vacant by the removal of the Rev. Henry Ware to Cambridge, who for many years filled the office of Professor of Divinity in Harvard College. He afterwards left Hingham, went to Salem, and continued as the pastor of one of the societies in that town, until ill health compelled him to relinquish the profession of his early choice. He subsequently turned his attention to agriculture, for which he has been often heard to say that he had a love from his childhood. His ability and fidelity as a preacher will be duly appreciated by those who were so fortunate as to be his hearers and parishioners, and by all who read his eloquent sermons which have been published. He labored on his farm in Essex county for several years, and brought it to a high state of cultivation; and afterwards cultivated a large farm in Deerfield, where he introduced many improvements in this useful branch of industry. So eminent had he become as a practical farmer, and from his writings upon agriculture, that under an act of the Legislature of Massachusetts creating a Commissioner of Agriculture, he was selected by the Governor for that office, which was accompanied by an annual salary. His reports while he held the office, furnish evidence of his great industry and ability in collecting facts, and his labors in this department continued until public opinion, or what was supposed at that time to be the public opinion, induced the Legislature to adopt the temporary expedient of reducing the salaries of most of the offices in the commonwealth, and of abolishing some. In the latter class was included the office of Commissioner. Mr. Colman afterwards proposed to visit England to learn the state of agriculture and the improvements which had been and were making in that country. For this purpose, in order to defray his expenses, he agreed with several agricultural societies and other individuals, to publish in numbers from time to time such information as he should be able to collect from personal observation and examination. He went to England, and continued abroad for more than five years, until he had completed his undertaking. This work has been published in two volumes, and contains a vast quantity of valuable information relating to the agriculture of England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. By his persevering industry, while abroad, Mr. Colman had collected materials for a volume which was nearly completed, containing his views of the manners, customs, state of society, institutions, condition of the high and low in England; and also another volume embracing similar topics on the continent. But the sudden failure of his eye-sight, so that he was unable to read and revise his manuscripts, has prevented their publication. No person from this country, who has ever visited England, had a better opportunity for observation and means of obtain-

ing information. His agricultural mission introduced him to the great land-holders, and to the most distinguished agriculturists in England; and his intelligence, independence, colloquial power, and free and easy manner, gave him a favorable reception in the highest class of society. He had no pride or vanity in making the acquaintance of the great; and his sympathy for man in his general nature, and in his social qualities, made him equally pleased and delighted with the society of those in humbler rank. He had a strong propensity for foreign travel, and his ardent curiosity, which was never satisfied, kept him in a pleasing state of excitement, and made him always an agreeable companion. He was without envy, hatred, or malice. His great philanthropy and benevolence strongly enlisted his sympathies for the poor and miserable wherever and whenever he could find them. He was indefatigable in his endeavors to ascertain their condition, and, so far as he was able, to assist them, and to devise ways and means for their relief. He often acted from impulse, and sometimes erred in judgment, but he always meant well. He thought that religion consisted in right feeling and acting, and in doing good rather than in making professions. He did not attach much importance to creeds, but had a firm reliance on the rectitude and benignity of an overruling Providence, and that all things were ordered for the best. His heart overflowed with gratitude for the blessings which he had received in this life, and he felt the fullest assurance that they would be continued to him in a greater degree hereafter. He had no fear of death, and when his end of life was near, he longed only to die among his friends in his native land. And now that he is gone, it may be truly said that few, while living, ever possessed the esteem of a greater number of friends, or more highly enjoyed their social intercourse; and there will ever be found, in their remembrance of him, a willing tribute to his many virtues.

EXPECTATION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DELAVIGNE.

Tutto con te mi piace,
Sia colle, O selva, O prato.

METASTASIO.

THE morn has chased the shades of night,
The streams grow bright beneath her eye;
A golden veil of purple light
Hangs o'er the rosy eastern sky.

To catch the sun's awakening rays
Upon the turf still wet with dew,
With trembling haste the rose displays
Her crimson chalice to the view.

A sweeter zephyr fills the place,
The birds in sweeter concert sing;
More closely in a fond embrace
Around the elm the vine doth cling.

Amid these shades so calm and still
All things partake of my delight—
Fresh turf, fair sky, transparent rill—
Ah! can you know she comes to-night?
Dublin Univ. Mag.

CHAPTER II.

THE rain continued unabated. The weather was chill. Jakubska strode on at such a rate that it was with difficulty that Leon kept pace with her. More than once he thought of giving her the slip, but her keen eye was ever on him; until, at last, having long left the sandy ground behind, and entered upon a more fertile country, he so completely lost his bearings, and was so faint, that the thought of escape died away. But he was too proud to complain of fatigue. Once or twice, indeed, the woman rested a short time; but the approach of night made her anxious to push forward; and, accustomed to all the vicissitudes of a vagrant's life, hunger and weariness seldom visited her, or, if felt, they were overlooked whenever she had an object in view. They passed one or two villages; but the woman, evidently desirous of avoiding observation, skirted round in preference to traversing them. At last they approached a gently rising ground, forming an agreeable contrast to the dull flats they had wandered over throughout the day, on whose eminence stood something resembling a farm, though in a very dilapidated condition.

"Have but a little courage," said Jakubska, turning to the boy; "we are now soon over our troubles—up there we shall find rest, food and shelter."

Leon's strength was completely gone; his eyes swam, his head reeled; he followed the old woman mechanically, scarce preserving consciousness. Perceiving his situation, she took his hand and assisted him up the acclivity, when, ringing at the gate of the solitary house, she succeeded in rousing the attention of those within.

"You, Jakubska!—at this hour—in this weather!" exclaimed the man who appeared at the window.

"Don't let us bandy words here at the gate," she said; "this child requires instant care, so let us in, will you?"

They soon stood, drying their clothes by the kitchen fire. Jakubska with a solicitude hardly to have been expected from her, disencumbered the boy of his wet garments, and wrapt him up in whatever she could procure that was warm and dry; endeavoring, at the same time, to persuade him to take some refreshment. "He has had no food this day, poor child," she said, turning to the host, "and has walked for hours without intermission; he must surely have overtaken his strength—but there was no help for it."

"The best thing for him," said the host, "will be a little hot beer soup; we are just getting some ready for our supper; we'll force some down his throat." So saying, he removed the lid from the steaming malt, whose surface was covered with small pieces of white, soft, spongy cheese, a very favorite dish with the peasantry, when they can afford it. They compelled Leon to swallow a large quantity of this fluid, and thereby restored some warmth and circulation to

his stiffening limbs; nor would Jakubska sit down to the family meal till she had prepared a bed of fresh straw in the corner of the kitchen, on which the boy soon lay extended in a state little short of insensibility, but which was mistaken by those around for the wholesome repose that succeeds fatigue. Then, and not till then, did the woman think of her own creature comforts. After the evening repast was over, which chiefly consisted of griz and bacon, Jakubska made interest for some of her favorite beverage—brandy.

"I will not say but you want something to comfort you after so hard a day's work," observed the host, "but everything in moderation. I have often said behind your back, and will now say it to your face, that brandy has been your bane through life. If it had not been for that, with the ample allowance the countess made you, you would now be one of the most comfortable women in your village. You have your serf's wood and roof—your clear rental upon the countess—your boys apprenticed at her expense—they get a present of clothes whenever they want them, and yet, with all these advantages, you and your children are always dirty and in rags, and you in want of a meal, because all the money—every bit of it—goes into the publican's pocket. Why, you would drink a man out of house and home. Now, if you had but order and conduct, and did just as much work as would keep your house free from vermin, you might be thriving and respected; instead of which, you know very well, Jakubska, you are despised by the old and hooted at by the young. Surely it can't be so difficult—"

"Tush! nonsense!" said the woman, impatiently; "I am not come to hear preaching, but to tell you of my difficulty. I don't want counsel, but assistance. My plan is already formed; when we are alone I will tell you more about it, and let that be soon, for time presses."

"It's about yon child," he whispered. "Take care, Jakubska, you are not meddling with concerns above your station, or harm will come of it."

"By and by you will know all; but for God's sake get rid of your folks."

The host, snatching up a bit of candle stuck in a potato, led the way to his sleeping-room, in which a huge stove, that nearly halved the apartment, and a bed, surrounded with Catholic emblems, were the most striking objects. He locked the door carefully behind him, removed some clothes from a chair which he presented to Jakubska, took another himself, endeavored to quiet a few goslings which, having been hatched late in the season, he was, for warmth's sake, bringing up in his own room, and disposed himself to give his best attention to the old woman's revelations. He shared the secret of Leon's birth and parentage, and of his substitution for the defunct heir of Stanoiki; the old nurse who first devised the plan and carried it out being his own sister. He, at the time, warned her against encouraging such a notion in the countess, and told her of the dan-

ger with which the plan was fraught. He spoke of the caprices of the great—said that the countess would tire of the toy, or her conscience would get alarmed—that she was for the moment actuated by inconsiderate emotion—but all in vain. As to Jakubka, who was also his relation, through her husband, nothing that he could say had power to shake her resolve—the bait had been too tempting. He now listened to her narration with the deepest interest, and, when she had ceased speaking, he exclaimed—

“Well, Jakubka, did I not tell you it would all end in nothing?”

“I don’t remember,” said the woman, “but if you did it was false; so there is nothing to boast of. Why, do you call it nothing to have had eleven years of pension like that I have enjoyed, without reckoning all the sums I screwed out of the late countess? I am sure, had my good man lived, I should not have been so comfortable as I have been since his death—that is at times. No, no! pity for his destitute offspring would never have got me that. Those that are pensioned merely for charity’s sake find a very different figure to cast up at the end of the year, I promise you. And even now, when the worst is come to the worst, I retain that pension, mind you, and all the other advantages the countess granted me. So, far from meeting the punishment you predicted, you see I have greatly bettered my condition. Besides, all my children, except this unfortunate boy, are in a fair way to take care of themselves. The family is brought up. Each knows a trade, and can earn his own livelihood; the countess took care of that for me.”

“Ay; she was a good lady,” exclaimed the man.

“Good! I don’t know what you call good—a bargain is a bargain—have I not sold her my last born, my own flesh and blood? I think there was no occasion for gratitude between us. I had a secret in my keeping—would have lost her with the severe general; that gave me power over her, and I made use of it.”

“I’ll be bound you did!” said the host, with a sagacious wink and smile.

“Well, you see,” resumed the scheming matron, “though, on the one hand, I might, doubtless, have gained more had my son remained a count, and in possession of a count’s estate, yet, on the other, the boy is high of heart, and not gentle in temper. Instead of being frightened by my threats, or induced by my claims to share with me his wealth, he might—nay, probably, would, have denied both, and maltreated me. God has spared him the sin and me the sorrow. Then, all is not over yet. The count may not be able to miss him; he has acted in his first anger; he may yet change his mind. At any rate, when the boy is older, he may write to him a petition, and get a mint of money out of him, one way or other. Don’t you see that, neighbor?”

“I don’t know Count Stanoiki—I don’t belong

to him,” said the host; “but I have heard it said that he has a will of his own, like all of them; I would n’t build too much on the future.”

“Well, I think differently; however, Pavel will now soon grow, and be able to help himself. Do you know it was a hard thing, though, to give up one’s child for so many years, and to be treated and looked upon as I have been by that boy? It was a hard thing to be hated and scorned by one’s own flesh and blood, and I, too, who was so proud of him, and his handsome face and his fine clothes; I longed to kiss him to-day—it would have been the first time for eleven long years—but I knew I should have driven him frantic! I shall have trouble enough to prevent his getting himself or me into some terrible scrape; and it is the manner in which he took our restoration to each other that forces me on extreme courses. This is why I am come to ask your assistance. I dare not leave him in this neighborhood; he’d betray all; find his way to the castle, and make a mortal foe of the count.”

“Holy Virgin!” exclaimed the man, in unfeigned alarm, “is that the tune he pipes? Then we must, indeed, get him out of the way at any cost, for I would not have my name mixed in an affair concerning any of our neighboring lords for all the wealth that you foolishly dreamt of for your boy.”

“I thought,” said the woman, with a sigh, “it would be no use proposing to leave him here.”

“Then you thought very rightly! For my nearest and dearest I would not put myself into trouble by wagging a single finger in the concerns of those above me.”

“But you will help me out of this troublesome affair?”

“I will help to get the boy out of our way.”

“Well, where do you think you could dispose of him for the time being?”

“Why, not far over the frontier I have friends who keep a small inn on an unfrequented road; he is never likely there to fall in with any one who would attend to his story; he’ll be quite snug, and there, among strangers, he will soon forget his grand airs, and get accustomed to the sort of life he will be obliged to lead in future. Nay, never shake your head; it will come to that, depend upon it; he’ll be glad enough, one day, to come and share your home and your pension. What do you look so blank at? You have n’t had him for ten years and more; why should n’t you be able to part with him now?”

“Ay, but I knew him to be happy then; it was for his good.”

“Well, it will be still more for his good now. Believe me, it is not by degrees that you can break him into such a change. It is better to inure him to it at once. The first shock over, he’ll bear his fate all the better where nothing reminds him of the past; and when he sees you again your presence will be a blessed relief.”

"Well, I have no choice; but will he be comfortable with these friends of yours?"

"Much of his comfort will depend on the price you pay for his pension."

"I knew you would sing that song!" said the woman, in a whining tone. "I must say it is the hardest thing of all for a poor lone widow—"

"You'll accept my succor on my own terms or let it alone," said the man, coldly.

"You know I can't help myself, so what 's the use of talking! I'll pay what I can, and you must promise me that your folk will do the best in their power for my boy; however, I'll go and see him occasionally, and judge for myself."

"That 's the best plan; I, too, have sometimes business in that part of the country, for my master has an estate hard by, and I will now and then drop in to look after him. The people have plenty of children of their own, and companionship will reconcile your boy to everything, even to what at first he may term hardships. Come, Jakubka, be reasonable—can you put your child in a palace? If I were not afraid that, owing to my being the brother of the nurse and your cousin, and the child's having been here to-night, I might eventually be mixed up with this ugly business, I would not trouble myself so much about the matter, I can tell you, but even let you follow your own bent. It has been my principle through life never to let my name come to the ear of the great, either for good or for evil. The less they know about one the better. We have a proverb that says, 'The meanest bush can cast a shadow—what must it be, then, with the huge oak?'"

"You were ever a prudent man," said Jakubka, with a dubious expression about eye and lip.

"I never had occasion to repent it. But I'll tell you something more—the child starts to-night—I have a good horse—your Pavel is not much of a load—I'll draw out the cart this instant."

"But he is fearfully fatigued," said the woman.

"He'll not be more tired sleeping on straw at the bottom of my cart, than in my kitchen corner. It comes to this, Jakubka, he cannot wake here to-morrow; there are too many sharp ears and eyes about."

"Well," said the woman, sulkily, "I am in your hands, and you know it—so it must be as you say, I suppose, but you take me with you."

"Not to-night—not till I have arranged everything—for a thousand reasons it 's better so."

It was not till the whole household had retired to rest, that the man made his preparations for the road; and these preparations were simple enough. He harnessed one of his raw-boned, high-cruppered plough horses to an uncovered cart, at the bottom of which he shook an abundant supply of straw, taking care to make as little noise as possible; for, like most very prudent men in his country, he was apt to enwrap his movements in mystery, and his family knew better than to pry into those things which he chose to keep secret. He then

softly reëntered the kitchen, where he found Jakubka leaning over the sleeping boy, and examining carefully every part of his raiment, in search of the valuable baubles which she fancied he must have on his person.

"What are you doing there?" said the host, severely.

"I am only looking after my own; surely I have a better right to anything the child may have about him than the people he is going to."

"Well, it 's no concern of mine," said the host, carefully sorting the objects he might need on the road; first, an ample provision of rope and twine—a very necessary precaution to those who travel along Polish roads—then, some nails wrapped in a sheet of brown paper, a hammer, a flask of brandy—then, a sheep's skin for himself, another to throw over the child, and, lastly, a tinder-box.

"And your gun," said Jakubka—"you forget your gun!"

"True," said the man—"the wolves—one is sure to meet them in that neighborhood; and now, Jakubka, the money?"

"I have not yet touched a penny from my lord—it 's all promise."

"Ay, but the people will be wanting some immediately, and I have none at home."

With a heavy sigh, the woman took from her under vestments a small faded purse which had once belonged to the countess, and which miraculously yet contained some remnant of her bounty. This she buried in an inner pocket of his waistcoat, and raising the child gently from his straw pallet, carried him to the cart, and there deposited him, still plunged in the deepest sleep. He next mounted to the rough seat he had arranged in front for himself, and was about to shake the reins, when Jakubka stopped him by a parting exclamation—

"Be kind to my Pavel," she said; "remember, though you are not his god-father, he is named after you."

"Ay, ay; lock the gate carefully after me, and put the key where I told you, and be off before any one is stirring." With these last injunctions, he departed.

The rain had abated, but the night was cold, and the air impregnated with the damp of the previous day. The count, in his hermetically closed, easy, travelling carriage, in vain courting slumber, looked out on the starless night under an overwhelming sense of isolation and strangeness. But a few days back a husband and a father, and now quite alone and joyless in the world, to which, it seemed to him, no tie now bound him. The general thought of his own sorrows, his own trials, of himself whom the world would be so happy, so proud to console; but of that poor, lone boy, that very morning sitting by his side in the pride of station and wealth, now littered on straw at the bottom of a peasant's cart—of that existence crushed in its bud—of those first and purest affections trampled down—of that abandoned human

being the count thought not. And herein lies the cruelty of those whom fortune has spoiled—in their fearful egotism! In the total oblivion of everything but self, or what, by position and circumstances, comes nearest to self, exists the gulf that separates them from the rest of the world. What right had the vassal's son, the impostor, to occupy any place in the General Count Stanoiki's remembrance? And Leon—or rather Pavel, as we must henceforth call him—slept on under his sheep's skin covering, unconscious of the deep ruts and hard stones he was rumbling over; for he slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

The morning light was struggling through the hazy atmosphere when the cart arrived at the frontier. A couple of drowsy, grumbling officials turned out, but not so drowsy as to neglect looking very sharply after the contents of the vehicle. They manifested considerable suspicion, too, in examining the person of the driver; when, finding nothing that could defraud government, they permitted him to move on without further discussion. But not even the stoppage, the raising of the sheep's skin, nor his exposure to the cold, damp morning air, could rouse the child from his leaden slumber.

Austrian Poland now lay behind them; they were entering the Russian division, which retains a more national character than those that have fallen under the German sway. Striking off from the high road to Warsaw, into one that led to a town of minor importance, they soon reached a village of some appearance. Here the man rested awhile, for his horse's sake as much as for his own, and made an attempt to rouse the boy in order to give him some refreshment; but Pavel could not be awakened. His conductor thought it would be cruel to insist; and having seen his horse properly attended to, he patiently waited the proper time for resuming his journey, though, in fact, impatient enough to get rid of his troublesome charge. With the falseness peculiar to, and characteristic of, nations accustomed to live under strong pressure, the Pole, as well as the Russian, is ever desirous of avoiding observation, and giving the change on his movements. He lies even without necessity, from excess of caution. Even though no one suspected or questioned him, Jakub-ska's cousin thought fit to gratify the possible curiosity of the innkeeper by a long-winded story of the most improbable texture, to account for circumstances that needed no explanation, and which would have given rise to suspicion had it been worth the while of the inn-folk to feel any curiosity about him or his concerns.

The horse being once more fit for the road, the tedious journey was resumed. Deep ruts and deeper holes had now to be avoided with a skill which kept the driver's mental faculties on the stretch. To escape upsetting or breaking down on most of the Russian-Polish roads some twelve or fifteen years ago, demanded skill that might well establish a man's reputation as a whip; but here there were difficulties to be encountered that tried the

fortitude of both horse and man. Bridges composed but of a few trees carelessly lopped of their branches, and as carelessly thrown across the many brooks that bisected the road, had to be traversed; and, where these were wanting, the ferry was of so indifferent a kind, that considerable time elapsed before the cart was in a condition to proceed. Where the road lay through the forest, it at times altogether lost the character implied by its denomination; and it required practice to trace the land-marks among broken boughs, and trot away over the trunks of felled trees, with the indifference evinced both by man and beast.

"Surely," thought the driver, "this jolting and bumping must have awoken the boy." In this supposition he was in part correct. Pavel had raised his aching head and was staring around him with a bewildered air, too stupefied to take notice, or even clearly to comprehend the nature of his situation. Perceiving that he was roused at last, his conductor immediately drew up, and asked him if he did not feel faint for want of something.

"I want some water," said the child, fretfully, "water—water!"

"There is no water here; take a little sip of this," handing him his brandy-flask; "it will comfort you, for we have yet a long pull before us; but you'd better eat something along with it."

The boy instinctively repulsed the proffered food, for he was no longer master of his impulses; but of the brandy he took a deep draught. In vain did the driver interpose, saying, "For Heaven's sake have done, will you? you'll be quite beside yourself." Pavel drank on, eager to slake his burning thirst, without being even aware of the liquid wherewith he quenched it. When he returned the stone bottle to the man, and the latter perceived the diminution his young companion had caused in his resources, he muttered with a sort of grunt: "Like the mother—like the mother, after all. I don't wonder she was loth to part with him; if the old folk have not a care, he'll play the deuce with their cellar;—however, it's no concern of mine."

Soon the brandy, taken for the first time in his life, and in such an immoderate quantity, acting, too, on a stomach which had received no food for the last twenty-four hours, and on a frame prostrate with unaccustomed fatigue, completely stupefied the poor boy, and he sank to the bottom of the cart in a state of apparent lifelessness.

"He is dead drunk!" exclaimed the man, as he gazed on him—"perfect image of his mother! he'll be a pride and a pleasure to her! And as to the count, he could never have made a silk purse out of a sow's ear—it's all for the best." So saying, he cracked his whip, and strained every nerve to fly over a bridge of planks of doubtful solidity.

Nothing more passed between them through the whole of that weary day, which, however, is short enough at that time of the year, in those countries.

As it was about to close, the drizzling mist, that had continued since the morning, turned into a positive torrent of rain; the wind began to howl fearfully; the road seemed to extend into endless distance; the brooks of the neighborhood swelled rapidly; and the man, growing every moment more anxious, applied his whip incessantly to his now wearied brute. They had not proceeded much further, however, before a safe port was announced, by a steady light on the left side of the road. It was from a window of the solitary pot-house which was, henceforth, to be the home of the pampered heir; and though circumstances combined to soften the wretched outlines of the hovel, and to make any place of rest desirable, yet not even fatigue, time, or weather, could prevent its squalid appearance from striking the eye painfully.

"So much the better," murmured the man; "it'll break with the past all the more effectually;" and, carefully turning his horse's head in the direction of the public house, he slowly and cautiously drove into the well-known gate; but so slippery and rapid was the descent into the yard, and awkward the entrance, he must have upset at once had not his cart been a strong one. A single glance at the host and hostess, who came out to meet their guest, would have been sufficient to reveal, had he not previously known, their despised origin—they were Jews. So immense is the contempt, in these countries—a legacy of the barbarity of the feudal times—for these Pariahs of ages, that the man had not dared to mention the fact to old Jakubka, who would, doubtless, have considered it an insuperable objection. But her cousin, with quick perception, immediately felt that they were exactly the people for an emergency like the present; for, whereas no Christian serf would venture to meddle with anything mysterious in its appearance, from fear of being involved in matters displeasing to his master, the Jew was ever ready for profit, great or small, to run his neck into any noose. Stolen sheep or stolen watches were alike to him; to the hard-pressed smuggler or eloping damsel, for a certain consideration, he was ever ready to offer his sympathizing assistance. He troubled the ready-money customer with no questions, and faithfully fulfilled, so far as in him lay, the conditions he agreed to. To these people, therefore, Jakubka's cousin determined to consign Pavel. This was by no means the only establishment of the kind within his acquaintance; but it was the most distant from the estate of Stanoiki, and he knew the man and his wife, whatever might be their line of business, were kind and inoffensive. Moreover, few travellers ever stopped at the house; there was little chance of the boy being recognized, or gaining information respecting his late home.

"Well, Salome—well. Noah; how are you getting on?"

"As well as people will let us; but what brings you here to-night? Surely something worth your while to have come all this way in such weather—corn for brandy! but unless it be

dog cheap, I have already taken in my provision."

"Nonsense, Noah; don't you see his cart is empty?" said Salome, twitching his long silk gown.

"It's a fine living child I am bringing you," said the guest, triumphantly. "A full-grown child, too."

"You're joking," said Salome; "we have enough of our own."

"Let me chaffer a little with your husband. Have you any one within?"

"Not a soul, and it is not likely we shall have many interruptions to-night."

"So much the better. But before you help me to stable the horse, let me remove my burden. Come, stir up, Pavel," he said, shaking the child. "Ah, well, he is again asleep, and no wonder, he must be thoroughly tired out. I suppose you'll have a bed for him?"

"Why, no," said Salome; "that's just what we have not."

"I am afraid," said Noah, "you must carry your wares further; I don't say for to-night, but——"

"Wait—wait till we have talked the thing over."

They now adjourned to the principal, indeed the only sitting, apartment in the inn; a long, low chamber, with deal benches along the walls, before which stood as many tables, cut and hacked, and burnt, in a manner to show that those who were in the habit of regaling themselves here did not belong to the soberest part of the population. Round a huge stove which occupied no inconsiderable portion of the room, not only in breadth but in height, for it reached almost to the ceiling, sat half a dozen children of various ages; whilst beneath it, as usual, the whole poultry yard was at roost, and gave audible tokens of being disturbed by the entrance of strangers.

"I am afraid this child is very ill," said Salome, as Pavel was brought in and laid upon a bench; "and such a fine boy as he is, too! he looks fit to be a lord's son—such small, white hands, and such nice clothes!"

"He has had good friends, but they are gone, and we must look to it that he be fit, one day, to earn his own bread; he must be provided with clothes more befitting his station."

"But he is ill," persisted Salome.

"A little fatigued from the road, that's all. But now let's have some refreshment, and get to business, for I must be off right early to-morrow. I never told my people where I was going, nor, indeed, that I was going at all, and if I be not back by times they'll get anxious. We strike our bargain to-night, and I leave you the boy for five years—for to that time his lord's permission extends—or he goes back with me to-morrow to another person of your creed, who, I know, will be glad enough to have him."

"Well, well, we'll hear of your conditions," said Noah.

"What have you for supper? let that be our first care."

"Supper! why, nothing that will suit you—cakes done without butter for the children, black bread, cheese"—

"Can't you get up a little beer soup?"

"Not easily. I don't think there's any beer left in the house; however, we can try."

Whilst the host and hostess were, with the assistance of a slipshod girl or two, preparing the simple repast, Pavel's friend began to entertain some misgivings about the effect of brandy. "Of course," thought he, "he can never have had anything of the kind at the count's; he looks like a half-drowned rat. Jakubeka will be awful when she hears of this." But comforting himself with the hope that he would mend on the morrow, the cousin prepared to make the best terms he could with his new allies.

He had invented a plausible story by which to put the Jew completely off the scent, and yet, in some degree, to account for the peculiarities that might appear about his protégé. The boy had, he said, been so unfortunate as to attract the attention of a noble family, and to become the play-fellow of the young heir—had been permitted to share his lessons and his games, and being naturally of a weak understanding, had, latterly, harbored the fatal delusion that he was himself heir to a noble house. The family had left this part of the country, and his own friends could devise no better cure for his mental infirmity than placing him in scenes as different as possible from those which had affected his reason. The strangest part of his delusion was, that he conceived himself the son, not of the gentleman who had protected him, but of another, the richest in the whole province, and with whom he was totally unconnected. Change of air and objects would, they hoped, shortly restore him. Another bitter trial to him would be the learning to work as became one in his condition, and to this strangers could train him better than his own relations.

"Those did the lad great wrong," observed Noah, seriously, "who took him out of his station merely to throw him back into it. That was unjust—worse, it was cruel!"

Pavel's friend shrugged his shoulders, and answered with his usual profundity, "that walls had ears; and that no good ever came of talking of one's betters." An opinion in which Salome coincided.

Noah, however, remarked that he would like to feel quite sure that the facts stood exactly as his friend represented them; to feel sure that this was not an obnoxious heir that a rapacious kinsman wished to get out of the way. He must say the child looked very much like it.

Pavel's cousin was obliged to swear solemnly to their relationship before the cautious Jew would enter into the business; but what with fine promises, oaths, bullying and coaxing by turns, Pavel was at last fairly settled on the Jews for the next five years; and to prevent any after considera-

tions interfering with this plan, his conductor left the house before daybreak.

Great was Noah's consternation, and Salome's pity, when, on looking in at their young charge early next morning, they found him speechless and insensible, evidently attacked by the first symptoms of some fearful malady. They were far from medical assistance, nor could it be procured, at that distance, without great expense, and no apothecary's shop was within miles. Cramped for room, encumbered with a large family, the, at all times, great inconvenience of a sick stranger in a domestic circle, was doubly felt under the circumstances; and should the illness prove infectious, how easily might the inconvenience be turned into a calamity! Nor did Noah exonerate Pavel's friend from being privy to the real state of the case, and he felt somewhat in the position of one who knows himself to have been outwitted.

The first snow of the year fell that night, and in his surprise and his rage the Jew spoke of throwing out the Christian child to perish of cold. Salome did not attempt to argue. Indeed, she was so bewildered and terrified as scarce to know what course to recommend; and whilst she remained silent, none of the other members of the little household ventured to interfere. All knew Noah and his ways; they were, therefore, under no apprehension of cruelty to so weak an object as Pavel in his present condition.

Accordingly, Noah, after vainly looking around him for some opposition that might fan his anger into a flame, and seeing nothing but the pitying dark eyes of his Salome, and the insensible form of the innocent sufferer, dropped his vehement allusions to finding doctors in ditches, and to sick children cradling themselves in the snow; and it ended in the family contriving to find a separate closet for Pavel, by cramming all the children together into a small hole, called a sleeping apartment.

Though the closet was not air-tight, nor the bed of swan's down, there was more of self-sacrifice, and of generosity—more real benevolence—displayed on this occasion, by this humble Jewish family, than the rich and the great are often called upon to exercise; for they may tender their money to those beneath them, and bestow their visits and counsel, without being truly charitable. The first is no self-sacrifice, but rather a duty, recommended by fashion quite as much as by religion; and the latter enables them to spend time which hangs but too heavily on their hands. But how seldom do we see them prepared to render services that might imply self-sacrifice, or even inconvenience! The very forms of what is called "society" are so many icy barriers, and battlements of reserve, thrown up between themselves and the claims of others; and if there be, as there undoubtedly is, here and there a warm, generous heart, susceptible of a larger and more spontaneous humanity—that would fain extend its sympathy beyond misery in rags, and meet half-way the

struggles and sorrows of educated men—even such a heart is chilled by the trammels of that society which fritters away so many noble impulses. The opportunities that offered in Noah's humble career of promoting the views of others, and of aiding them through their difficulties, were seldom neglected by him; and now, when he drove to a distant town for a physician, and, later, sent for medicines—sparing neither his horses, his few helps, nor himself—and when Salome stole stray moments by day, and whole hours by night, from her manifold occupations, or from her well-earned repose, to look after the little patient, surely their benevolence far exceeded that which the richest boons can confer; more especially when the illness turned out to be typhus, in its worst character. Yet, for all this, we will not say that Pavel was here tended as he would have been in a parent's home; but it was much, considering what a total stranger he was to those among whom he had so unexpectedly fallen, and who were far from bestowing upon each other the tender solicitude of refined affection. Theirs was a hard, coarse life, which it required a strong, coarse mind and frame to endure.

Pavel's cousin was duly made acquainted with the state of affairs; but he avoided to communicate it to the mother, whose presence could only cool the interest taken in her son by his new friends, and who, by her habit of intoxication, would augment the confusion which Pavel's illness had already created in their family. He, of course, engaged that she should pay the physician and apothecary, but could not specify the when. As to remuneration for trouble and derangement, he would not hear of it, but engaged to defray funeral expenses, in case they should become necessary. Noah, not having been prepared for fair dealing in this matter, allowed the man's conduct in no way to influence his bearing towards the poor boy; though he vented a few exclamations of anger behind the peasant's back, being too cautious to utter any malediction in the face of a Christian.

It was neither the physician's unfrequent visits, nor the apothecary's drugs, nor the motherly tender care of Salome, that preserved the child's life when it appeared well nigh extinct. The native strength he had inherited from his parents, fostered in early childhood by his gentle nurture, turned away the dart of death. There were none by him now to feel exulting joy at those simple words, "He is saved!" Had he died, scarcely would Jakubka, the only being on earth who cared for him, have felt his loss—so little was she accustomed to his presence; nor was it a happy star that recalled to life one for whom the cup had been poisoned at the very outset. Few words passed between Noah and his wife on this occasion.

"When he is well I have a great mind to take him back whence he came."

"Why so?" said Salome; "the worst will then be over; he will no longer inconvenience us."

"Well, we'll see."

"My only fear," said Salome, "is, that he may be of better extraction than we are aware of. His clothes are certainly not those of the class to which he is said to belong. If his name be Pavel Jakubka, as they say, why does his linen bear L. S., and a coronet?"

"They are the cast-off clothes of his young protector," argued Noah.

"Possibly," said Salome, thoughtfully.

"Besides," added Noah, by way of a conclusive argument, "if he were of any possible importance, his good cousin, as he calls himself would have shown more anxiety on his behalf."

It was more astonishing that Pavel should survive the first moments of returning reason, in his then weak state, than that he should have overcome the fever, virulent as it had been. That naked, fireless chamber—the squalid poverty—the filth that surrounded him—the unaccustomed faces—the sense of neglect and solitude—the want of a breast on which to lay his feeble head—compared with the recent past, when his childish indispositions had been treated as serious misfortunes, and Seraphinka and his French *bonne* vied with each other in devising the story he should like best; and the count sat hours by his bedside telling him of bear and wolf-hunting, of far distant cities and people he had visited, and, above all, of the great Napoleon—the general's idol. Such a contrast might well have proved overwhelming. But illness had tamed the energy of despair, and permitted moral impressions to steal upon him by degrees. Like sound to a weakened sense of hearing, discords jarred less acutely in his enfeebled system. Indeed, he had at first but intervals of consciousness; so that the long, black silk robe and fur cap of the Jew, and the high head-gear of his wife, did not even remind him of the abhorred race, which the general would stoop to revile, and the gentle countess could find no words to defend—whom Seraphinka abominated more than ghosts, and beggars—and with whom the meanest Christian serf on the estate would not have changed condition. The boy dreamed not of this last indignity which fate had imposed upon him, or rather of the misfortune of having imbibed prejudices the most unjust and unwarrantable, to see them turned like a double-edged sword against himself. It was relief, however, not to perceive the dreaded Jakubka at his waking anew to life; and as no one around him seemed to be aware of her existence, he began to hope that she was but part of some horrible nightmare. It was but slowly, very slowly, that he could, by dint of what he extracted from the people of the house, and by stringing his own confused recollections, catch the connecting thread which bound the present with the past. Often, very often, did it break again in his weakened mind. Only one thing he would, on no account, admit to himself; namely, that Jakubka could, by any possibility the most remote, be his mother. If she had, in truth, wrongfully palmed him on the count, still he must

belong—of this he felt certain—to an equally commendable stock. The utmost efforts of his young imagination were powerless to grapple with his history in its real form. His thoughts at last concentrated themselves on the one single notion that an enormous injustice had been perpetrated on him, and that the count was the perpetrator. Why he should have repulsed him, he inquired not; that he had done so the moment the eyes of his real or supposed mother were closed, was a fact that entered his soul like a poisoned arrow, to corrode every good sentiment, every kind feeling that might have sprung up there. He had full time, during his long convalescence—retarded as it was by the want of comfort, the disgust he felt for the only kind of food the house afforded, the painful emotions that agitated him—to ponder upon his situation.

Health came at last, but not the desire of life along with it. He felt that he had died the day when the splendid hearse carried his only friend to the family vault. He could not have arranged this in words—he did not, perhaps, think it in set phrase—but the feeling was rooted in his inmost heart. On that bed of sickness, in the first anguish of reawakening consciousness, he took a strange resolve which tinged, to a great degree, his after existence: he determined—namely, to entrust to no human being, and least of all to his new associates, now he had recognized their real character, any portion of his past life. To this resolution, the result of the indomitable pride which was the ground-work of the boy's temper and had been fostered by his education, he afterwards adhered with a steadfastness most uncommon in one so young; thus precluding the benefit of much sage advice on Noah's part, which might have softened the asperity of his fate. Smarting as he was under a sense of cruelty, like older martyrs, he contemplated, with a sort of luxury of woe and resentment, every additional hardship resulting from his present situation. He luxuriated in every fresh grievance, and from the depth of his humiliation drew his strength. He steeped his young soul in bitterness to steel it, when he might have found a shield in lofty resignation.

He rose from his bed with a contracted brow and sullen air, the cold eye and stern mouth of riper years, and that strange, unnatural expression which passion too early developed, or experience too early bought, so often give a child. What is vulgarly called an old look had settled upon his face, and forever banished thence the sweetness peculiar to it a few weeks back. But worse yet, the heart had lost its better, gentler impulses. The harsh manner in which, without a word of preparation, the count had launched that young soul upon so new a course, was one of those moral crimes which are daily committed, in one shape or another, without the perpetrators ever descending into their own hearts to tax themselves with their iniquity. How many men have been thus cast friendless upon the world, not the children of others, but the still more direct victims

of their own past errors! How much oftener is the man crushed in the boy than the unthinking—that numerous class which glides through the world without knowing or inquiring what passes beyond their own little circle—who turn life's pages, as they do those of a book, without diving beneath the surface—ever become aware of.

At first Pavel watched, with silent, sulky attention, the, to him, strange proceedings of those who surrounded him. On his side, Noah said to Salome—"The greatest service we can render this poor boy is to let his present mood quietly wear itself out. Accustomed as he is to another mode of existence, ours will, of course, appear very hard at first; let us not soften it to him by a single effort. The children in Russia, once past the ordeal of cold water at their birth, are strong and hearty for the rest of their lives; our rude habits will be to him that strengthening bath. Wait awhile; let's not press him; he'll come round of himself. Keep the children from him with their teasing questions. Be careful not to irritate the fresh wound; it will heal all the sooner."

Greatly was Pavel indebted to this interdiction. When weary of the solitude and cold of his dark and fireless closet, he would steal into the common room, and sometimes remain for hours in the darkest corner, eying, with the stealthy, sleepy vigilance of a cat, the movements of all around. But when a chance visitor, at this season very rare—a peasant, a packman, or travelling Jew—entered the room, he slunk off, unnoticed, back to his little Siberia, as he had christened his comfortless den. His fine clothes being no longer available—for in the few weeks he had spent under the Jew's roof he had completely outgrown them—were replaced by the coarse, ill-shaped habiliments generally worn by the boors of those countries. It was with a smile of ineffable bitterness that he thrust himself into these garments, repeating, mechanically, as he did so, "The evil eye, the evil eye." But behind this feeling there lurked a hope, dim and distant, indeed, that at the end of a long vista of years of trial the enchantment would cease, and he be restored to himself and to happiness—he would be once more the heir of Stanoiki.

During the few first months that elapsed after the terrible change in his fortunes, he lived on that one feeble ray of light, and felt towards Noah and Salome much the same kind of creeping horror which he had experienced towards Jakubka. For if he could easily fancy the latter turning into a wolf on that lone common where he had been left with her, and picture to himself the terror of her claws and fangs, the superstitious boy remembered the tales his nurse and Seraphinka had recounted to him about the mysterious and abominable rites of the Jews, the crucifying of Christian children on Good Friday not being forgotten. And the habits of the Jews, for a time, occupied his imagination much after the manner in which the movements of the Ogre into his whose hands he had fallen, might be supposed to have occupied

that of Tom Thumb. Their averseness from touching anything used by a Christian, owing to which, poor as they were, they kept a complete service apart for themselves—the ten commandments engraved on steel tablets nailed within each door, but in such a way as to escape the careless eye, which seemed to him, ignorant as he was of the Hebrew characters, little else but the mystic signs of some horrible malefice—their unpalatable food—their meat whence the blood was extracted—their cakes without butter, their bread without leaven, were all so many objects of suspicion to Pavel's unformed mind. He imagined that his Creator rejoiced in his abstaining from meat on a Friday, but could neither understand nor believe that hog's flesh could be an abomination in His eyes. He believed in the merits of a scapulary, but viewed with scorn and derision the straps and scarfs wherewith the Jews are in the habit of binding their brows and arms for prayer. Yet all this minutæ of Jewish observance, which at first roused the terrors, and, later, provoked the ridicule, of Pavel, is, after all, not much more closely allied to superstition than the mere ceremonies of most other religions.

Puerility, indeed, is part of man's nature, in which the sublime and the ludicrous are constantly struggling like light and shade. He has invented a word wherewith to dignify it—he calls it form; and brings it to bear on everything in life, even on his social intercourse; and as a matter of mere conventionality, the most refined and civilized circles in Europe indulge in prejudices as absurd as ever the Talmud inculcated, or the Brahmins taught. Cannot a man's worth be obscured by the manner in which he holds his hat, or pronounces a word? Is not a lady's social rank cast into doubt if she wear a ring on her forefinger? And do not a thousand other trifles, light as air, make the conventionalities of society the most frivolous of frivolities, the more absurd that they vary with every change of locality? When we see ladies, pink or blue, nay, even deeply philosophical, theological ladies, condescending to wear little rings through holes in their ears, however much habit may blind us to the ludicrous and barbarous nature of the ornament, methinks we should be more indulgent to the savage belle who passes a ring through her nose. The one is scarce less an unnatural practice than the other; but the absurdities to which habit has inured us, feel homely and comfortable, when unfamiliar ones startle us out of our propriety.

Time, however, wore off many of those acerbities which made Pavel feel and look at first like a hedgehog at bay; nor was it possible but Salome's soft bright eyes, and Noah's real kindness, beneath a rough exterior, should aid in dissipating them. The virtues, as well as the faults, of Noah, were precisely of a nature to correspond with those which the boy's fate and character rendered peculiar to himself. Habit, moreover, softened all discrepancies even in more advanced age;

how should it fail to reconcile, in time, a child of tender years, if not with his destiny, at least with his circumstances? He could not but perceive and render justice to the frugality and the sobriety of the Jews; the more marked that the usual frequenters of the pot-house were not the most abstemious of mankind. The touching family love, natural in a race so restricted within narrow social limits, contrasted no less favorably with the loose principles he sometimes heard advanced in the tap-room. Noah's penurious habits were natural to a man who came so hard by the few pence he happened to possess; and his strict observance of the forms of his religion seemed respectable in one who did not neglect practical morality. From acknowledging the merit of his host, and the invariable kindness of Salome, to pitying their oppressed state, the transition was not difficult. It was still less so, from pity for the oppressed, to hatred for the oppressor. Now the Jew was a good hater; for he had not escaped the darker lines that mark and mar the Pariahs of all times and societies. Only Noah had, with sufficient correctness, traced the evil to its source—the contempt and contumely from which his race suffered, to the oppression exercised against them. Had not rulers made other laws for them, he thought, the people would not have conceived that abhorrence for his people which the institutions of the state perpetually kept alive. In consequence of this view of things, Noah hated those in power with all the bitterness his own and his nation's wrongs could inspire; and though certainly far from entertaining towards any class of Christians the sympathies he bestowed on the Jews, yet he did not conceive for the serf the burning detestation which he felt against the authorities. Like most Jews, Noah was, in his secret heart, a leveller; disaffection being one of the many evils resulting from the pernicious system of stamping a set of human beings with social ostracism. Not only are such beings demoralized, but their demoralization and their discontent gangrene society to its core, working slowly but surely, hidden in its operation, but visible enough in its result. Noah had very little in him to distinguish him from the ordinary type of the Polish Jew, except, perhaps, a greater degree of native kindness than generally falls to the share of those who have to battle it out hard with life. His discontent—his feverish desire for change, since change must bring relief—his sympathy with all who suffered from any oppression whatever—his hatred to all oppressors—his rectitude in some things, his want of rectitude in others, may all be traced to one and the same source—his social position. Thus the serf who had been flogged, the soldier who deserted, were sure of comfort and assistance at the hand of Noah; nor would he scruple to deceive the lord by secret treaties with his steward, or to defraud the government by smuggling, because in his conscience he did not look upon either the lord or the government as the lawful possessors of the rights they exercised. This was a danger-

ous school for any youth, more especially one the victim of the most careless and unfeeling caprice.

During the first months no visit from the dreaded Jakubska, or even from her cousin, disturbed Pavel. Remittances were regular, so Noah cared but little, and to the boy it was a relief. When so far recovered as not to necessitate the sacrifice of one whole closet to his individual use, he was informed that he must share what he occupied with some of the children; but this he resolutely refused, and the Jews did not oppose his appropriating to himself some hay and straw in the loft, the only indulgence which he claimed.

Salome one day proposed to give Pavel some books which had been left with them in payment of a bad debt; but Noah negatived the proposal, insisting that such an indulgence would be poison to him at the time being. "You see," he said, "it is not the intention of his friends to make a fine gentleman of him; perhaps they have not the means of doing so; and even had they such means, and such desires, I do not consider that education conduces in any way to the happiness or prosperity of the friendless, like himself. Were I, indeed, his natural adviser, he who entrusted him to be the playmate of a young count, I should insist that the father or family repay the evil done him by such injudicious associations, by now providing him with proper schooling and means of earning a livelihood by the education thus bestowed—I should appeal to their every sentiment of humanity and justice. Even as it is, I might, perhaps, feel tempted to make an appeal of the kind in the child's behalf, if I but knew where the application should be made, though I much doubt its success; but, as matters stand, it is better to keep the books out of his way. How many vassals' children have been thus made toys to be flung aside the moment they become wearisome, or another whim had taken possession of their patron's mind. The great think but of their own passing gratification—and, after all, what is a vassal! a thing that belongs to another who is free to do with it as he likes! No one has a right to inquire—no one need ever know how he has been trifled with! Under such a system what is the human heart—its agonies, its pleasures? as immaterial as the struggles of the bird in the fowler's net. A thousand times better than have to do with the caprices of such beings, to live unnoticed, unknown by them. He who is not of them should beware of them—keep aloof from them as he would keep his treasure from the spoiler's hand. No, no," continued Noah, "he will not remain long thus idly brooding—he will come round of himself—he will soon ask to share in our humble avocations, and they will brace his mind and his body."

It was impossible, indeed, on recruiting his full strength, that total want of all occupation should not fall heavily on Pavel. He first familiarized himself with the stable-boy, Peter, the only other Christian in the establishment, for an old attraction made him feel more comfortable in the stable than

in the tap-room. By degrees he became less surly with the host and hostess themselves and the ensuing summer decided the question. There is something in the occupations of the country so natural to man, and, especially, so congenial to boyhood, that Pavel took heartily to them. He never was asked by Noah or his wife to perform any menial office; but in the fields, in the distillery and stable, he voluntarily made himself useful. Early in spring he received a visit from his cousin, who asked to speak with the boy alone, and then explained that Jakubska had been detained so long from him by illness, and that now being deprived of the use of her limbs, she desired passionately to see him. "If you will come along with me," added the man, "I think you could sit with her an hour without the neighbors becoming aware of it."

Pavel resolutely refused.

"She is your own mother," said the cousin, coldly.

"No!" said Pavel; "she is a wicked witch who has cast an enchantment upon me!"

"It is a strange one," replied the cousin, "for she has to pay for it; it is she who pays your pension; are you aware of that?"

"Bah! she gets the money elsewhere," answered the boy.

This was too true. Pavel's cousin knew not how to parry an attack so direct, and shrugging his shoulders, he left the house without another effort towards softening the young heart that was hardening under his eyes. On the whole, he thought it advisable that he should not appear in his vicinage, and considered Jakubska's request as sheer folly, to prevent the repetition of which he took care to report Pavel's undutiful answer with every cruel addition he could invent. He knew the old woman dared not, if she would, abandon the boy, and if it cooled her maternal feelings towards him, he thought it was as much gain for all parties.

The ensuing winter passed very unlike the preceding one. Pavel was active in the forest, picking up wood, lading the sledges, and guiding one occasionally himself—in fact, showing a decided inclination to sharing Peter's duties. In the house, too, his knowledge of reading and writing made him useful in inditing of letters and keeping accounts, and he frequently accompanied Peter in his excursions to the nearest towns. Whenever his aid was wanted, he now gave it cheerfully, seeming to take a sort of pride in defying fate; but his kindlier feelings were seldom brought into activity, for though Salome was gentle and motherly, and her children quiet and inoffensive, there was something in the total want of education, in the dirty, penurious habits, and, above all, in the difference of religion, that put a bar between them and his affections; besides that youthfulness of feeling that might have made Salome's young family playmates for him—that freshness, which is early life's sweetest portion, seemed faded within his breast forever.

One morning—it was Saturday and market day—Noah having business in town, proposed to Pavel to accompany him. It being a half holiday, and, moreover, fair time, all the country folks in the neighborhood, clad in their best and brightest habiliments, would be on the road. Noah had received from his wife for his birthday, not a week back, a new gown of rich silk, trimmed with fur of the red fox, a luxury very unusual with him who, like most Jews of that low class, cared but little for the proprieties of dress. Still, as a present from his wife, and a costly one, the first, indeed, of price she had indulged in since their union, Noah valued it extremely, and strutted about not a little proud of it. His children surrounded him with capering delight, and Salome's soft, dark eyes beamed with honest affection. Noah's features, ordinarily obscured by the negligence of toilet and the slavish humility of his air, were originally fine and bold; and as he stood thus in the bosom of his family, with no one before whom to quail, in the full dignity of man, father and master, no one could have believed that those features and that mien could, at times, be debased with the cringing servility peculiar to the Polish Jew.

"May luck attend thee," said Salome, handing Noah the apples of paradise, without which a Jew in those countries seldom stirs out, and having seen him deposit them under the well-beloved ten commandments in his breast pocket, she added:—"Take care of your new gown; I shall be older and more ugly when I offer you another."

"But not less dear," said Noah.

The day was mild and cheering. Pavel and his companion chatted of one thing and another as they went along, and the plain good sense of the Jew made ample amends for what he might want in learning. Having got a lift by the way, they arrived in good time at the town gate, where they were stopped by the police there stationed to answer the usual inquiries.

"Your name?" There was no necessity for the other interrogatories, Noah's costume sufficiently attesting the race to which he belonged—"then pay your tax."*

At that moment a man pressed forward, thrusting Noah rudely aside, to pay entrance duty for his pigs; it was exactly the same amount per head as that demanded for the Jew. Noah waited with his usual enforced meekness till the pig-driver had paid his toll; but when about to deliver his money a new-comer pushed him arrogantly aside, exhorting as he did so, and crossing himself by way of shield against the contamination with which the very presence of a Jew tainted the air. Noah bore all calmly, like one inured by long habit to every possible form of insult. His cheek neither flushed nor paled. He preserved a passiveness which might have been mistaken for apathy by those who knew him not; but Pavel instinctively knew it to be stoicism.

* No Jew was suffered to enter any town where he was not a licensed indweller without paying toll.

"And that boy!—a Jew of course?" said the toll collector. At that question the blood mounted into Pavel's cheeks. He was horrified at being mistaken for a Jew.

"He is a Christian," answered Noah.

"Then I can't tax him," said the man, "and yet I feel sure you are cheating us of our due; however, let it pass—I have no time to-day to examine into the matter. Don't you see that your betters are waiting? March!"

The Jew, glad to get off without further insult, now glided and shuffled through the country people that crowded the gate, like an eel, but not one bold shove dared he give. The children needed no explanation of the silk robe and long black curling beard of Noah, and by raising their fingers to their chins, and various other graceful motions expressive of infantine and popular derision, and with sundry imitations of Jewish expression of pain and disappointment, disturbed the equanimity of the wayfarers. Not once did Noah turn towards them other but reproachful glances—"for how can I be angry with them," he said, "who know not what they do! They are taught no better. It is their parents, their schoolmasters, who are cruel and unjust, not these young hearts which they train to be as hard as their own. But the oppressive laws, not merely enacted at earlier periods, but constantly renewed and enforced against us, have most to answer for. It is they that incite to aggression the unthinking and uncharitable. How foolish, then, to quarrel with the effect instead of the cause! Against the cause we should direct the whole force of our resentment. The example of the great works for good or for evil—and it is to them that all lessons should be addressed—for the sins of this world, like the devastating hail, fall from above."

"Are you not afraid of speaking thus here?" said the boy.

"This street," replied Noah, "is occupied by those who suffer and feel like me—it is a Jew street."

"It is here, then, that Salome wishes she could live?" inquired Pavel, "that the boys may go to school—synagogue as you call it! It would not tempt me, though—it is a villanous, dirty street."

"We are allowed to live in no other, and I prefer God's free air in the open country to moping myself up in this narrow, unwholesome place. Many and many a weak brother has been induced, by the frivolous consideration of possessing a fine house in a fine quarter of the town, to renounce the God of his fathers—renegades that make but false Christians! Traitors to the new as to the old faith, they have gradually brought doubt and scepticism into the enemy's camp, more formidable weapons far than any other we could devise. Think you that a little sprinkling of water can efface from the hearts of those Christianized professors to whom the youths of rank are entrusted, the principles and sentiments inherent in their Jewish blood! and think you that they fail to instil those principles and sentiments into

the hearts of their pupils? You are too young, Pavel, to understand what I mean; but one day you will more easily feel that it was as impolitic as it was cruel to refuse so long placing us on a par with the rest of the world. Now, before looking in at the fair, I must go and see if certain debtors of mine cannot be brought to feel that I have a right to my money. I lent it to them at a time when no Christian would have advanced a stiver—of course, I take an unusual interest on it, for if nothing had tempted me to take upon myself so onerous a bargain, what should have induced me to run the risk?"

Emerging from the Jewish quarter into a street of fine appearance, Noah entered one of its most showy houses, leaving Pavel the whilst outside. When he again made his appearance, his face was sadder, and he looked about him with a more timid air than before.

"I have been paid, as usual, with threats," he said. "It is one of those many houses that indulge in a criminal expenditure which is to be covered by any means, lawful or unlawful, that can be devised; but even whilst yon proud general spoke to me with such contempt, and in so high a tone, and with such coarse words, and would have me thrown down stairs, forsooth, I read on his pale brow and in his anxious eye cares worse than those that hover round my board. I would not change conditions with him."

A little further on a drove of cattle blocked the way, and compelled Noah and Pavel to step beneath a gateway. Whilst waiting patiently the moment when they could resume their peregrinations, they heard two voices, one raised in anger, the other in a tone of supplication, issuing from a courtyard, and, turning round, they saw a young man, in a military costume, belaboring to his heart's content, about head, face, and neck, a gigantic young peasant, who held the reins of two powerful horses. To effect this piece of brutality, the young officer had been obliged to mount upon the wheel of the vehicle. One touch of the whip on the fiery animals, and the tormentor would have been flung to the earth, but the young peasant, even whilst howling beneath his master's blows, instinctively tightened the reins. One thrust of his iron hand might have proved deadly to the effeminate-looking being who indulged in this paroxysm of despotism, and yet that strong hand stirred not. Pavel could not endure the sight. He who, a couple of years previous, had coolly witnessed the flogging of men, and, for that matter, of women too, in the general's stable-yard—nay, had himself struck older children than himself, as confident in their passiveness as was now the elegant officer in that of his victim—he covered his eyes in disgust, and ran from the spot. But he then ranked among the strikers, and was now likely to rank among the struck, and this change had quickened his sensibilities.

"It was a shocking sight!" he said, as soon as the Jew rejoined him; "I wonder that strong man could endure so much from such a puny fel-

low; methinks, had I been the peasant, I should have struck him dead at my feet."

"Ay, but the peasant knew better—his life is dear to him, serf though he be."

"Serf—serf," repeated the boy, and not all the gayety of the fair could dissipate the idea connected with that word, which haunted him throughout the day. At last their purchases were made, and Pavel was most eager to return home, for to him the pain of witnessing the deep humiliation of Noah, part of which was reflected upon himself, was as exquisite as it was new. Turning down the principal street leading to the town gate, they passed beneath a scaffolding erected against one of the houses, and the boy chancing to raise his head, encountered the malicious glances of a couple of young house-painters engaged in their avocations immediately above him. With a cry of derision the youths flung down on poor Noah's bright new silk dress and cap as much of their white paint as their brushes could contain. For the first time that day Pavel saw the meek being wince under hard usage, and as the boys in the street echoed the hoarse laughter of those on the scaffolding, two hot tears stole down Noah's subdued countenance. Pavel felt his blood boil, partly for the unmerited aggression, and partly at what he considered the unmanliness of Noah's resignation. He was on the point of giving utterance to his feelings in ungente expressions, when the Jew, guessing by his heightening color and flashing eye what was passing in his mind, seized him by the arm, and hurried him away; nor did he loosen his hold until they had left the town gate behind them.

"You mean it well, you mean it kindly, Pavel, I know," he said, "but you might have brought us to a fearful pass—child that you are! You know not yet what it is to be mobbed; you know not what it is to be a Jew! Ah!" he added, heaving a deep sigh as he gazed on his besmeared vestment, "it is not for this foolish stuff that I grieve; it is for my Salome's vexation. But what right have we to wear fine, or even clean things? No other joys are permitted us but those we conceal. We are obliged to hide our every pleasure, however innocent, and people accuse us of mystery! They laugh at our innocence, and shudder at our imagined crimes! Ay, it's a hard lot to bear; I know but of one which at all resembles it—it is that of the vassal."

"But I—I—" said Pavel; he stopped short, his breathing became thick, his voice husky, "I—I am no vassal!"

The infection of doubt which he gave those words went to Noah's very heart. There were suppressed tears, there was a poignant anguish, in the tremor of that voice.

"You, my poor boy," said Noah, "I know it not for sure, but have been told so by your cousin—you are registered as such on the estate on which you were born."

"I may be so inscribed, but I am not!" said the boy, proudly.

"Of that I have not the means of judging," Noah replied. "Many a lord's son is his own brother's vassal; many a nephew has mounted behind the carriage in which his aunt sat; it all depends which side the relationship comes."

"If I thought so, I would run away," said Pavel.

"You would get no passport."

"Can a man, then, be rooted, like a tree, to a particular spot?"

"Even so."

"Then it is his own fault," said Pavel, with vehemence, "if he make not those repent who keep him against his will!"

"Very true," said Noah; "but of what use is one man standing forth to revenge the wrongs of the community? He only forfeits his life."

"What's life?" exclaimed Pavel, disdainfully.

"A thing you don't yet know," said Noah, with a sad smile. "Besides, that's not the worst. He who rises singly is but a criminal. It's only when one can, by his example, effect a useful progress—gain a general aim, that any deed of violence can be excused—it were otherwise but an instance of private vengeance which a man cannot justify even to his own conscience. It were, moreover, totally useless. It would only embitter the condition of the rest. But what are we talking of!—subjects far beyond your years, if not beyond your discretion. I wish my poor Salome had not so set her heart on this dress—ay, it is a sad thing to be a Jew! You have seen but little to-day of the humiliation it is our lot to encounter. I was once present with some friends, at a grand review in Warsaw, and to command a better sight we got up into a tree. Would you believe it!—under pretence of inadvertency, we were fired at, and one or two of us dropped to the ground, more hurt, I will own, by the fall—and the shouts of merriment with which the incident was witnessed by the Christian spectators, ay, even by fine ladies in their carriages—than by the shot; but blood flowed, and a limb was broken."

"I will tell you," said Pavel, "your chief sin lies in submitting as you do—it is your tameness that makes you the scorn of the Christians."

"Does the savage vindictiveness of the gypsy, a wanderer and an outcast like ourselves, cause him to be respected? An oppressed people who have no hold on the sympathies of the rest of the human race would be misunderstood in their just resentment as they have been in their resignation."

"But, then, the peasants complain," said Pavel, "that you get possession of all their lands, and the

workmen of the towns that you monopolize all the trade."

"Even that charge I will not deny. No one could buy or sell—there were no traffic in Poland or in Galicia without our aid—the whole activity of the land is ours. But why is it? Because we are more industrious, more active than the people of the soil. Where we have found competition, as in Russia, have we been able to supersede the natives? No! Besides, are we not also children of the soil? have we not been born upon it for centuries? Take away a heartless prejudice which the priesthood, in times past, created, and envy has fanned, and have we not a right to call ourselves Poles, and to flourish as part and parcel of the nation? You know, Pavel, you yourself were delighted the other day with the account given us by a learned brother of my creed, of a distant country called America; well, do you think that the foreign settlers there will not, in fewer centuries than we have dwelled in Europe, call that land their own, and consider themselves part of the nation? Is it not madness to treat us as strangers or mere sojourners who have, generation after generation, been born on the land, and have no other to go to? Why should we not be Poles or Germans; because we do not believe in the divinity of Christ? Are there not thousands of Poles and Germans who share that heresy? And if we could be crushed into a hopeless poverty—if the laws should increase in severity, what might not be feared from our numbers and our despair?"

"But you have no wish to return to Jerusalem," said Pavel.

"What should we do there?"

"That's it," said Pavel; "the moment you cannot earn money you will have nothing to say to anything. I'll be bound you would not care to enter into Paradise if you could not traffic there, and, what's more—cheat!"

"We are what people have made us," answered Noah, darkly. "Before casting our sins in our teeth, let them do something towards improving us. No one pays higher taxes to the state; and yet does government give us schools, hospitals, a clergy, asylums, or the benefit of any public institution? All these we have to provide for ourselves, or do without. And think you that hate begets love—oppression, cheerful acquiescence? Go ask the serf how he feels towards his lord!" And thus was Pavel taught early to enter upon the most dangerous social questions, and to view them in the darkest light.

[COOKE THE ACTOR—HIS MENTAL INTOXICATIONS.]

COOKE the actor says in one of his journals, "To use a strange expression, I am sometimes in a kind of mental intoxication. Some I believe would call it insanity; I believe it is allied to it. I then can imagine myself in strange situations, and in strange places. This humor, or whatever it is, comes uninvited, but is nevertheless easily dispelled; at least generally so. When it cannot be dispelled, it must of course become madness."

Upon this curious passage his biographer remarks, "These *mental intoxications*, it is needless to observe, were the consequence of *physical intoxications*; and it was in these humors, when he could 'imagine himself in strange situations and strange places.' But he used to indulge himself in a species of romancing that might perhaps be termed coherent madness."—*Dunlop's Memoirs of George Frederick Cooke*, vol. 1, p. 104.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE MATCHLIGHTER OF SAN ADRIAN.

A TALE OF THE MEXICAN MINES.

THE sun had not yet attained its meridian height above the bare and rugged mountains of Zacatecas, when a man in the garb of a Mexican miner descended slowly down a narrow and tortuous path which wound along the side of a steep declivity. At length he reached a spot where a small platform or shelf, jutting from the mountain slope, and covered with vegetation, seemed to invite him to rest. It appeared, indeed, that he had intended to stop at this spot, for he turned aside at once and seated himself on the green sward beside a fountain which here gushed from the overhanging steep, and created by its moisture the verdure that surrounded it. Directly over this spring, a large tree, a species of mountain ash, sent its thousand roots into the crevices of the rock, and shaded with its spreading branches the gushing fount and the green turf beneath. The miner's first act was to take a long draught of the refreshing wave, and then he proceeded to bathe his face and hands in the running water. When the earth-stains which covered his visage were washed away, he appeared a young creole of some twenty-two or three years, with a bright black eye, long straight hair, dark complexion, and a frank, gay, fearless expression of countenance. He wore a coarse jacket and loose trousers of some brown woollen stuff, bound at the waist by a leather girdle, in which was thrust the never-failing knife. He sat for a time, whistling carelessly, with his eyes fixed on the descending path.

Presently a wide covered basket became visible in this direction, with a small hand grasping it on one side. Then a pretty face, with a pair of sparkling black eyes, and two small ruddy lips, parted in a smile of pleasure and surprise, came into view. Then followed the erect and shapely figure to which the pretty face belonged, gayly attired, as became a miner's wife, in a gorgeous petticoat, whereof the upper part was of a bright yellow and the lower of a flaming scarlet; an equally brilliant *roboso*, or cotton shawl, of many variegated hues, was thrown over the shoulders, and the small feet were daintily encased in sky-blue satin shoes.

"*Enhorabuena*—in good time, Margarita," said the miner, showing his white teeth. "I am here before you."

"Yes, in good truth," replied the young woman, laughing; "and I was afraid all the time that I might be too early, and the tortillas and frijoles would get cold. But now they will be a dinner fit for a governor."

With these words she quickly deposited her burden on the ground, and removed the covers, first from the basket, and then from the earthenware dishes which it contained. There was a plate of tortillas, or thin pancakes of maize, a bowl of stewed frijoles, (a kind of small black beans,) and another bowl containing a fiery sauce made of

red pepper and tomatoes. This was the miner's simple dinner. Tearing off a piece of one of the tortillas, he twisted it with his fingers into a sort of scoop, (called in Mexico *la cuchara de Montezuma*, or Montezuma's spoon,) and taking up in this a mouthful of the beans, he dipped it into the burning sauce, and swallowed it, spoon and all.

"How is it that you are so early to-day, Manuelito?" asked the female, who watched him with an affectionate smile, while he was thus satisfactorily engaged.

"Because, *mi corazoncito*—my little heart," replied the young man, "there is to be another blast to-day; and the *administrador* wishes to have it fired while the men are at dinner."

The smile instantly disappeared from Margarita's face.

"Santa Maria!" she exclaimed, "another blast! Oh, Manuel, how long do you mean to continue in this dreadful duty!"

"Until I can find a better, my life," replied the miner gayly. "Would you have me go back to my old employment of *barretero*—of simple miner—at six dollars a week, when here as *pegador*, as the sole and trusted matchlighter, I am earning sixteen?"

"Alas!" returned Margarita, "of what use will the money be, if it happen to you as to Pedro Bravo, only three months ago! Ah, I think I see the mangled body, as it was carried by our cottage, with poor Inesita crying over it. And then, there is Juan Valdez, stone-blind now for five years. And old Anton, a cripple from his youth. Of what advantage was their high wages to them!"

"None, sweetheart," replied Manuel, "because what they won by boldness and skill they lost by carelessness. If a man will persist in firing matches when his brain is muddled with *aguardiente*, he must expect to suffer for it. However, I shall not be a *pegador* always. In good time, if it please San Francisco, I shall be captain of a mine. And who knows but that one of these days I may be an *administrador*—an overseer, and a rich man, as well as others!"

"To be sure," replied Margarita, eagerly. "Why not you as well as Miguel Gomez?—Don Miguel, forsooth, as he must be called now! And yet I remember him when he was only a poor *buscon*—a common mine-hunter, and always in debt to my father for *aguardiente* and tobacco. Yet because he happened to light on a good vein, and sold it to the English company for ten thousand dollars, and was made overseer, he thinks himself now a great gentleman, and that everybody must give way to him."

"Poor Don Miguel!" said the miner, laughing. "You are too hard upon our *administrador*, Margarita. First, you refuse his hand and heart, not to speak of his dollars; and then you abuse him behind his back."

"Ah!" said Margarita, hastily, "if you knew —" and then she stopped suddenly, as if she had said more than she intended.

"What is there that you know, *mi mugercita*—my little wife, that I do not?" asked Manuel, looking up in surprise.

"It was something that happened before our marriage," replied Margarita, seriously. "I promised then to conceal it; but I have often been troubled since with the thought of my promise. If I sin in breaking it now, I will beg Padre Isidro to absolve me, for I know there should be no secrets between us two. It was Anita, the wife of Juan Pedraza, the poor drunken *cargador*, who told me what she heard from her husband. When you and Miguel Gomez were quarrelling for love of me," continued the young woman, with naïve gravity, "Juan said that Miguel promised him the place of captain of the *galera*, with twenty dollars a week, if he would commit a dreadful crime. It was to follow you when you were coming down the mountain, and push you off the precipice at the Rinconada, so that you might seem to have fallen by accident. Juan would not be guilty of such a horrible act for the world, but he was so afraid of the overseer that he dared not speak of it to any one but his wife. I did not know it till after we were married, and then I would not tell you because it could do no good; for Gomez knows now that if I were free to-morrow I would rather jump off the Rinconada myself than take him with all his money."

"The villain!" said Manuel, while his eyes sparkled and his hand clutched instinctively at his knife. "It was well for him, Margarita, that you did not tell me this a year ago. But perhaps he has repented of it since; he has been very good-natured to me of late. However, I think his time is up. The English director, Don Jayme, came this morning from Mexico, and seems very much dissatisfied with the working of the mine. It is whispered among the men that the overseer is certain to lose his place."

"Ah, that is good news, indeed!" said Margarita, clasping her hands.

"And so this was the reason," added Manuel, gayly, "why you preferred a poor *barretero*, with only his miner's pick and his dollar a day, to the rich *administrador*?"

"Of what good is money," returned Margarita, earnestly, "without happiness? Riches fly away, but the good heart remains."

"That is as true as though Padre Isidro had said it," rejoined Manuel, as he rose hastily from his seat on the turf; "but time flies, too, my dear little preacher, and they will be waiting for me at the mine."

The young couple separated with many affectionate injunctions on the part of the wife, to which the miner laughingly promised a punctual attention. Margarita, as she replaced the basket on her head, heard the clear manly voice of her husband, far above her, singing the refrain of a ballad once very popular among the miners of Zacatecas, which described the good fortune of a poor adventurer of that town in former days:—

Si las minas de San Bernabé
No diéron tan buena ley,
No casaría Juan Barra
Bon la hija del virey.

Which may be rendered:—

If Saint Barnabas' mine
Had not yielded ore so fine,
Juan Barra ne'er had wedded
A maiden of the viceroy's line.

Manuel's song ceased when he reached the Rinconada, a sharp angle in the path, beside which the precipice sank plump down, a sheer descent of more than five hundred feet. The recollection of what his wife had just told him sent a cold shudder through his frame, and he had not recovered his usual gayety when he reached the mouth of the shaft. Here, in the *galera*, or great shed surrounding the pit, he found the English director, Don Jayme, the overseer, Miguel Gomez, and several clerks, miners, porters, and mule-drivers. Don Jayme seemed to be in a bad humor, and the overseer looked black and sullen.

"*Enhorabuena*—in good time, my man," said the director. "We are all ready for you; and now let every one here be attentive to his duties. There has been too much carelessness heretofore, particularly in the blasting. Many complaints have been made among the townspeople and proprietors of the accidents which occur here. You, I am told, are a very skilful and quickwitted workman," he continued, addressing Manuel. "It is well that we have some on whom we can rely."

Gomez listened to this significant speech without venturing to reply, but his swarthy face grew livid, and his eyes flashed with a baleful fire. Two horses, especially trained to the duty, were now attached to the *malacate*, a machine by which the buckets were raised and lowered in the shaft. Manuel then placed upon his head a conical hat, having a socket on the top, which held a lighted candle. He took in one hand a small rope, of which the other end was held by the overseer, and by shaking which the matchlighter was to give the signal when he was ready to ascend. On the promptitude with which his ascent took place depended, of course, his safety from the effects of the explosion. Manuel now stepped into the bucket, which was slowly lowered down the shaft, a distance of about a hundred yards. Two *arreadores*, or drivers, held the horses' heads, and waited in anxious silence for the signal from Gomez. All was still as death in the *galera*.

"Let go!" shouted the overseer.

The drivers loosed the heads of the horses, and the well-trained animals dashed off at once, and circled the *malacate* at full speed. In a minute the bucket rose to view—empty!

"Back! Down with it! For life! for life!" exclaimed the director, stamping with impatience and anger. "Oh, what idiotcy, what insanity, is this!"

The men hastened to obey his order, but before

the bucket had descended a dozen yards, the roar of the explosion smote upon their ears, and a cloud of smoke and dust was driven violently up the shaft, and filled the *galera*. When it cleared away, the faces of all present were seen to be pale with horror.

"You villain!" cried the director to Gomez; "what is the meaning of this?"

"Upon my life—as I am a Christian—the rope shook in my hands," replied Gomez, whose teeth chattered, and whose whole frame seemed to tremble with nervous agitation, while his eyes carefully avoided those of the director.

The latter did not waste another word upon him, but seizing a shovel he sprang into the bucket, along with two of the miners, and was quickly lowered down the shaft. Here they set about removing, as rapidly and carefully as possible, the pile of earth and stones with which the explosion had filled the bottom of the shaft, not doubting that they should find the mangled remains of the poor matchlighter beneath them.

While they are thus engaged in a fruitless search, let us follow the actual course of Manuel's proceedings. He had just lighted the matches, and was on the point of stepping into the bucket, when he was suddenly drawn up. A conviction of the overseer's perfidy instantly flashed upon him, and with it a sense of the horror of his position. But Manuel was, as the director had said, a quickwitted fellow. He knew that the workmen employed in the shaft had, a few days before, come upon a small side-cut, or passage, barely large enough to admit the body of a man, and that, on tracing it to its termination, it was found to lead to an immense chamber in the old mine of San Adrian. This famous mine, as is well known, was worked shortly after the conquest of Mexico, and, having yielded immense wealth to its proprietors, was abandoned, about the end of the sixteenth century, on account of the difficulty experienced in its drainage. The workmen who had explored the passage had reported that the chamber was nearly full of water, and was so large that the light of their candles did not penetrate to the further extremity. The recollection of this discovery now occurred to Manuel's mind, and seemed to offer him a chance of escape. Looking eagerly around, he observed the opening about three feet above his head; and gaining it by a desperate spring, he drew himself up by the hands, and plunged into the passage. Urged by the dread of the coming explosion he rushed eagerly onward, and just as the roar of the blast filled his ears he fell headlong forward into a sheet of water, which spread about three feet below the extremity of the passage. He sank beneath the surface, and when he rose, confused and breathless, it was to find himself floating in utter darkness, without the slightest idea of the point by which he had entered, and with hardly a chance of discovering the opening, which lay so high above the water. A more horrible situation can hardly be conceived. Still, even in this extremity, hope did not desert

him. After some reflection, he fixed upon the direction in which he judged the passage to lie, and swam carefully towards it. He was soon convinced, by the space passed over, that he was mistaken in his judgment; but considering it better to keep on until he found the wall than to waste his strength in swimming about at random, he proceeded steadily forward for a distance, as he judged, of nearly two hundred yards. At length he encountered the wall, which rose perpendicularly far above his head, as he found by the splash of the water which he threw against it. Coasting along it, and occasionally touching it with one hand, he advanced for about a hundred yards further, by which time his limbs were becoming stiff and benumbed in the ice-cold water, and his heart had almost failed him. But he was not destined to perish thus. He suddenly came upon a passage, the opening of which was a little lower than the surface of the water. It was evident from this fact, as well as from the size of the passage, that it could not be that by which he had entered. However, it offered him at least a respite from death, and he promptly availed himself of it. After sitting motionless for a time to recover from the exhaustion of his recent efforts, he rose and proceeded to explore the passage. It proved to be a sort of vaulted chamber, of about his own height, and just wide enough for him to touch its sides with his outstretched hands. A soul-cheering idea suddenly flashed upon his mind. There was a tradition of an ancient *socabon*, or adit, which had been driven at vast expense through the mountain, to effect the drainage of the old mine of San Adrian. When the mine was abandoned, the adit, of course, was no longer attended to; its external opening became closed up, and, in the space of more than two hundred years which had passed, its precise locality—indeed, everything but the mere fact of its existence—was forgotten. Manuel well remembered to have one day heard Don Jayme say to a Mexican gentleman, who accompanied him on a former visit to the mine, that he should consider the discovery of the old *socabon* an inestimable service, as it would, probably, save the company an immense expense for drainage in their new works.

The further the miner advanced the more assured he became of the truth of his supposition. The adit was—as from its situation it must necessarily be—of great length; and Manuel walked, as he supposed, nearly five hundred yards before reaching the extremity. The water all the way was just up to his ankles, and he thought he could perceive at times that it had a slight current in the direction in which he was going. The passage was closed, as he had anticipated, by a solid mass of earth and stones, which he at once set about removing. Making good use of his long knife, he worked indefatigably for more than an hour. At last he struck the roots of a tree, a circumstance which assured him that he was approaching the surface. The conviction gave him renewed strength. He cut with his knife, and dug

with his torn and bleeding hands, until, at length, a lucky push loosened a large stone which was enclosed between two of the roots of the tree. It fell forward, and the bright rays of heaven poured in upon his dazzled and enchanted vision. He felt a thrill of delight, such as one entombed before his time might experience when the doors of his sepulchre flew outward, and gave him back once more to warmth and light. With a little additional labor he enlarged the aperture, until he was able to force himself through it. But what was his astonishment, when at length he stood under the open sky, to find that he was in the exact spot in which he had taken his noontide meal only a few hours before!

A moment's consideration cleared up the mystery. The fountain was no natural spring, but simply the place of exit for the waters which slowly accumulated in the mine, and percolated through the mass of rocks, earth, and vegetation, that closed the entrance of the adit. So exact, however, was its resemblance to an ordinary mountain spring, that this was, no doubt, the main cause of the locality of the old *socabon* having fallen into oblivion; since nobody, of course, dreamed of looking for it in the vicinity of a fountain. It was clear to the young miner that he had made a discovery of great importance to the company. With this thought in his mind, and eager to inform his friends of his wonderful escape, he set out at once up the mountain.

He was fated, however, not to reach the *galera* without encountering yet another very remarkable adventure. But before describing this, it will be necessary to relate briefly the events that had occurred at the shaft during the time he had spent in the mine. Don Jayme, after laboring for nearly an hour in his useless search, and being excessively puzzled by the complete disappearance of the body, which he could in no plausible way account for, had left the task for further examination to the miners, and ascended the shaft in great perplexity. Presently a new cause of distress and anxiety came to disturb him. The news of the dreadful accident, as it was considered, had spread to the village of San Adrian, and reached at last poor Margarita. Hurrying in a frenzy of agonized excitement up the mountain, she suddenly presented herself before the director, as he was walking up and down the *galera*, with his hands behind him, in the true English style of moody meditation.

"Where is my husband—my Manuel?" she exclaimed, in a peremptory tone. "I know he is here with you. It is all a joke to frighten me. What have I done, that you should wish to torment me in this way? Tell me, señor, for charity, where is my husband?"

"Would to God that it were a joke, my dear young woman!" replied the director. "It is, unhappily, too true."

Margarita, notwithstanding the agitation of her mind, saw that he spoke in earnest. Her thoughts immediately took another direction.

"Dead! dead!" she exclaimed; "and how did he die? Who has killed him? It never was his own fault. No, my Manuel was not a drunkard. My Manuel was not reckless. If he died, it was not by his own hand. Show me the murderer, that I may call for vengeance on him."

"My poor child," replied the director, "there is no murderer. There was carelessness, but no crime."

"Never tell me that, Don Jayme," replied the excited woman, all her Creole blood flushing in her cheek and sparkling in her eyes. "My Manuel was no sot, no madman, to throw away his life like Pedro Bravo. If he is dead, I accuse Miguel Gomez of his murder. There stands the villain—look in his face and judge. It was only a year ago, a little while before Manuel and I were married, that he offered the *cargador* Pedraza the post of captain of the gallery if he would come behind Manuel and push him off the Rinconada. Answer me, Juan Pedraza, before the great God who sees and hears us, is it not true?"

Juan Pedraza, a miserable-looking man, with a face haggard from the effects of habitual intoxication, hung down his head, and made no reply. A gloomy silence ensued, which was at length broken by Don Jayme, who said,—

"Gomez, this affair begins to look serious for you. I am not your judge, but it is my duty to see that the matter undergoes strict investigation. Perez—and you, Francisco—I give the accused into your charge. See that he does not escape, and bring him before the alcalde to-morrow morning, when all now present will attend the examination."

The nervous anxiety which had been depicted on the countenance of the overseer ever since the explosion, now suddenly gave way to an expression of ferocious determination.

"Stand off!" he exclaimed, drawing his knife; "back, for your lives! I am innocent of Manuel's death; but I will not stay to have my life sworn away by heretic Jews, spiteful women, and drunken villains. Out of the way, Perez! Follow me at your peril."

With these words he darted out of the *galera*, and fled down the mountain at a pace which defied pursuit.

At this moment Manuel, whose strength had been nearly exhausted by his labors in the mine, was painfully ascending the difficult path. He had nearly reached the Rinconada, and had paused for an instant to take breath, when a man suddenly turned the corner before him at full speed. It was Miguel Gomez. He held in one hand a drawn knife, and looked backward over his shoulder, as if expecting to be pursued. But when, on turning his head, he beheld directly before him the figure of his victim, standing motionless, with pallid face and bloody hands, and eyes steadily fixed upon him, he recoiled with a cry of horror and affright. Whether it was a mere accident from the dizziness of the sudden shock, or whether

it was an access of suicidal frenzy, can never be known ; but the unhappy wretch disappeared from the sight of the horror-stricken beholder, one last scream of despair ascending as the criminal shot downward to his frightful and inevitable doom.

Manuel, overcome by a sickening weakness, leaned against the steep side of the mountain, and wiped away the cold perspiration which gathered on his brow ; then, summoning all his strength, he hurried forward and managed to reach the *galtra*. His entrance, as may be supposed, was the cause of great agitation. Most of those present recoiled and crossed themselves in terror, though not so excessive as that of the miserable Gomez. One person, however, sprang forward with a laugh of hysteric delight, and exclaimed,—

“ Ah, Manuelito, you are alive ! I knew it was all a joke upon your poor little wife ! ” And

with these words the overjoyed Margarita fell upon her husband's neck, and fainted away in his arms.

I need only add to the foregoing narrative, that Don Manuel Campos, the present resident manager of the new mine of San Adrian, will receive with great hospitality, at his house in Zacatecas, any English traveller who may pass through that city, and will, if desired, relate all the particulars of the remarkable accident to which he was mainly indebted for his rise in the world. Doña Margarita, his very lady-like wife, will confirm the account by her own testimony, and by the additional token of a long-haired, black-eyed urchin, some five or six years old, bearing the identical name of Adriano, in commemoration of the event which happened shortly before his birth ; so that the essential truth of the story may be considered as established beyond the possibility of a doubt.

THE ELFIN BRIDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

Frisch ist des Morgen's Schein,
Und feucht der thau'ge Rasen :
Was, jungling, weilst am stein,
Wo kuhlige Lufte blasen ?

GAILY the sun ascends his throne,
And gilds the dewy sod below ;

“ O, youth ! what chains thee to that stone,
Where cooling breezes blow !

O, Mourner !—from the new-lit skies
The darksome gloom hath ta'en its flight ;
Methinks no sleep has blest thine eyes
Through all this weary night !

And tears, thou valiant youth and true
Have fallen upon this humid stone ;
Or is it but the nightly dew
That down from heaven hath flown ? ”

“ The dew would show its wonted care,
And weep on my beloved stone ;
But ah ! the pearls that glisten there
Are but my tears alone ! ”

“ A noble hero !—and in tears !
A brave young man—and weakly pine !
O come where gleams the sheen of spears,
And Love's warm glance divine ! ”

“ Let others kneel at Beauty's throne,
Or up the gleaming falchion take ;
For me—I tarry by this stone
Until my heart will break ! ”

“ Oh ! tell me, then, thy heart's deep woe—
What sorrow chains thee to the stone ? ”

“ Ah ! yes, from lips the tale will flow,
That speak of this alone !—

Last night I crossed the mountain near,
And sought this verdant vale of rest ;
A sweet voice whispered in mine ear—
A sweeter lip to mine was prest !—

It was a beauteous Fairy form,
That thus about the wanderer played,
And twined a garland bright and warm
Around us twain, that ne'er can fade.

She called me her beloved lord—

She called herself a wife's dear name ;
And gave to me, with glad accord,
Her wondrous sweet and tender frame.

That moment did the Night withdraw
Her vaporous veil so dark and damp ;
As through the roof of leaves we saw
The Moon suspend our nuptial lamp.

And as it paled before the day,
And sank amid the silent sea,
She reached her hand and cried—“ Away !
Beloved, hence ! from me !

Hence !—hence !—for ere the sun has smiled,
I too must far from this have flown :
One beam on me, the Fairy Child,
Would turn me into stone.

For this, through Time's unnumbered years,
Has been the Sun's unquestioned right ;
But till the morning-red appears,
The Fairy People rule the night ! ”

Audacious boy ! Oh ! sad event !
I prayed, and kissed her thousand charms,
Until she, weeping, gave consent
To linger still within my arms.

But through her tears she sang this strain—
“ Ah ! many and many a happy night
Might I within thy arms have lain,
If thou didst not that promise blight.

I cannot bring my lips to speak
Denial to that prayer of thine—
And see ! upon the purple peak
The day begins to shine !

Farewell, beloved murderer mine !
Farewell ! thy clasping hands unbind !—
Scarce shrieked I “ fly ! ” when came the Shine,
When came the cooling morning wind.

There in my very hands she grew
A lifeless stone, so hard and cold ;
There from my heart the life-blood flew,
And strength grew weak, and youth grew old.

A lifeless stone !—O bitter woe !
My joy ! my grief ! my Elfin Bride !
On this, through life, my tears shall flow—
In death I'll sleep beside ! ”

Dublin U. Mag.

From the London Times.

DEATH OF MEHEMET ALI.

THE death of Mehemet Ali is an event of historical rather than of political interest. The late Viceroy of Egypt had ceased to govern before he had ceased to live. The wonder is, not that his faculties should have given way at length, but that they should have remained perfect until little more than a twelve-month before the close of his eventful career. Few monarchs recorded in history have retained possession of power for so long a time as Mehemet Ali. For very nearly half a century he was the virtual sovereign of Egypt—that is to say, of a country which proposed a double difficulty to its ruler—a difficulty from within, and a difficulty from without. Throughout the whole period of his sway, the territory he was endeavoring to reduce into order was subject to the attacks and manœuvres of the most civilized nations of Europe; whilst, at the outset of his rule, he found himself hampered by the savage independence of those who should have been the almost passive instruments of his will. There was, moreover, a third obstacle to the successful administration of Mehemet Ali, which should not be forgotten. In place of being an independent sovereign, he was in theory a mere feudatory, bound to receive the orders and to act in subervience to the policy of another power, and to counsels most frequently inspired by his own rivals in ambition. The task of Mehemet Ali may be summed up in three periods: He had first to clear the ground on which to found a sovereignty; he had then a sovereignty to found; and when that was done came the hardest task of all—to civilize the people he had brought under his sway. In other words, ferocity, policy, and intelligence were in turn to hold sway over the mind of a man who set out in life as an untutored barbarian.

There have been many false ideas entertained in this country upon the subject of the extraordinary man who has recently expired at Alexandria. We do not offer any justification of his crimes when we say that he must not be judged by an European standard. As compared with Oriental rulers, Mehemet Ali was not a sanguinary or violent man. When he struck down the Mamelukes, at Cairo, in 1811, the act was inspired by a great political motive, not by wanton cruelty. Separated as we are by some forty years from the crime, we cannot deny that by the destruction of the Mamelukes, Mehemet Ali removed the great obstacle to the civilization of Egypt. We must search for a parallel to the bloody scene enacted in the citadel of Cairo in the destruction of the Strelitzes, or of the Janissaries. We do not justify the Egyptian ruler in saying that his bloody and violent deed must not be mistaken for another act of a totally distinct nature. No doubt he displayed a profound indifference to human life when it stood between him and the enterprises he had in hand; but in this respect it is difficult to draw any distinction to his prejudice between him and other men upon whom history has bestowed the title of "Great."

Of Mehemet Ali, as of Frederic of Prussia, or of the Muscovite Peter, it may be said that he was cruel with a direct intention of benefiting a people. Leaving, however, such a discussion as this for the amusement of casuists, we prefer, in considering the career of the Egyptian ruler, to call attention to those extraordinary anomalies in his character which will cause him to be placed in the records of history side by side with the founder of the Russian empire. In thirty-six years Peter the Great raised Russia from a semi-barbarous state to a pitch of military strength and political importance which placed her on a level with the leading powers of Europe. Her army, her navy, her commerce, her legislature, were all the work of one man. His great qualities were often stained by acts of tyranny and cruelty, but he accomplished a work which would have been impossible to a man of finer fibre and keener morality. "He gave a polish," says Voltaire, "to his people, and was himself a savage; he taught them the art of war, of which he was himself ignorant; from the sight of a small boat on the river Moskwa he created a powerful fleet; made himself an expert and active shipwright, sailor, and commander; he changed the manners, laws, and customs of the Russians, and lives in their memory as the father of his country." If the achievements of the petty Roumelian shopkeeper have been less important, we must refer the inferiority of the result rather to the deficiency of opportunity than to the defects of the man. With the like materials in his hand, we doubt not that Mehemet Ali would have accomplished as much, or more, than his Muscovite prototype.

We cannot pretend to pass in review, in the space of a few lines, the various important acts of Mehemet Ali's career. The first object of his ambition, when he once found himself firmly seated as the ruler of Egypt, was no doubt to make himself independent of his Suzerain at Constantinople; the second, to aggrandize his power by the annexation of the Syrian provinces, and to carry the war even to the Dardanelles. Stranger revolutions have happened in the East than that the petty tobacco-dealer of Covalla should have leaped into his master's seat and borne sway in the city of Constantine. The events of 1840, and the bombardment of Acre, are fresh in the recollection of Europe. No such idea had ever entered into the imagination of the crafty viceroy, as that he was fitted to cope by himself with the arms of the European powers. He trusted that the strength of all would be neutralized by their mutual disunion; and how nearly he approached success, the events of the time have proved. The conquest of Constantinople by Mehemet Ali has been, within the limits of legitimate dreaming, the most splendid political conception of the last twenty-five years. It was not a game in which any man was likely to succeed, but it was a game which a very bold and a very extraordinary man was likely enough to play.

It is, however, by the acts of his internal ad-

ministration that Mehemet Ali must be mainly judged. There can be no doubt that he has given a great onward impulse to the territory over which he bore sway for so long a period. The army and navy he called into existence, if not sufficient to contend with the great European powers with any chance of success, are at least of sufficient importance to give stability to the government of Egypt against attacks from without and trouble from within. This is in itself a point of paramount importance. If it can be inscribed with truth on the tomb of the dead viceroy that he has established "order" within the Egyptian territory, we need not be so careful in ascertaining the specific development of this or that branch of manufacture during his rule. No doubt there was much that was forced and unnatural about the manner in which he dragged out the resources of the country. You cannot import civilization by the bale, nor establish an important commerce by virtue of a mere decree. Manchester and Liverpools are not house-plants. But even admitting the failure of many of Mehemet Ali's cherished schemes of manufactures, it is certain that he gave a strong onward impulse to the civilization and prosperity of his country. We doubt not that in other respects the example of energy and enterprise he has shown will bear fruit in due season, although probably not in the way he anticipated himself.

[We are indebted to the Boston Courier for an opportunity of paying respect to the memory of a man of genius, and of great kindness, at whose house in London we frequently passed a pleasant hour, nearly twenty years ago.]

THE LATE JACOB PERKINS.

A SIMPLE and unostentatious notice of the demise of this remarkable man is all the tribute that the public press has yet paid to his memory. The merits of our ingenious countryman deserve more. He has passed quietly away from the scene of his labors; but he has left his mark upon the age. The generation now existing enjoys the fruit of his toil, and generations yet to come will learn to appreciate his genius. He who contributes to the perfection of the useful arts, does more for the welfare of mankind than he who conquers an empire. The true benefactors of the human race are not those who set up thrones and issue their dictates to obedient millions, but those who enlarge the sphere of human power by studies which sharpen the human intellect, develop the genius of man, and show the supremacy of mind over brute matter. Of this class of gifted minds was Jacob Perkins.

He was descended from one of the oldest families of that ancient portion of the state of Massachusetts, the county of Essex—a region of stubborn soil, but rich in its productions of *men*. Matthew Perkins, his father, was a native of Ipswich, and his ancestor was one of the first settlers of that town. Matthew Perkins removed to Newburyport early in life, and here Jacob Perkins was born, July 9th, 1766. He received such education as

the common schools of that day furnished, and nothing more. What they were in 1770 may be guessed. At the age of twelve he was put apprentice to a goldsmith of Newburyport, of the name of Davis. His master died three years afterwards, and Perkins, at fifteen, was left with the management of the business. This was the age of gold beads, which our grandmothers still hold in fond remembrance—and who wonders! The young goldsmith gained great reputation for the skill and honesty with which he transformed the old Portuguese *joes*, then in circulation, into these showy ornaments for the female bosom. Shoe-buckles were another article in great vogue, and Perkins, whose inventive powers had begun to expand during his apprenticeship, turned his attention to the manufacturing of them. He discovered a new method of plating, by which he could undersell the imported buckles. This was a profitable branch of business till the revolutions of fashion drove shoe-buckles out of the market. Nothing could be done with strings, and Perkins put his head-work on other matters.

Machinery of all sorts was then in a very rude state, and a clever artisan was scarcely to be found. It was regarded as a great achievement to effect a rude copy of some imported machine. Under the old confederation, the state of Massachusetts established a mint for striking copper coin; but it was not so easy to find a mechanic equal to the task of making a die. Perkins was but twenty-one years of age when he was employed by the government for this purpose; and the old Massachusetts cents, stamped with the Indian and the eagle, now to be seen only in collections of curiosities, are the work of his skill. He next displayed his ingenuity in nail machinery, and, at the age of twenty-four, invented a machine which cut and headed nails at one operation. This was first put in operation at Newburyport, and afterwards at Amesbury on the Merrimack, where the manufacture of nails has been carried on for more than half a century.

Perkins would have realized a great fortune from this invention, had his knowledge of the world and the tricks of trade been any way equal to his mechanical skill. But he was deprived of the profits of his invention by the incapacity or dishonesty of two scheming individuals to whom he entrusted the business of putting his machines in operation. Others, however, made a great gain from his loss; and he turned his attention to various other branches of the mechanic arts, in several of which he made essential improvements, as fire-engines, hydraulic machines, &c. One of the most important of his inventions was the engraving of bank bills. Forty years ago counterfeiting was carried on with an audacity and a success which would seem incredible at the present time. The ease with which the clumsy engravings of the bank bills of that day were imitated, was a temptation to every knave who could scratch copper; and counterfeiters flooded the country to the serious detriment of trade. Perkins invented the stereotype check-plate, which no art of counterfeiting could match;

and a security was thus given to bank paper which it had never before known.

There was hardly any mechanical science in which Perkins did not exercise his inquiring and inventive spirit. Whether it promised pecuniary reward or not, it was all the same to him. Whatever gave scope to his restless, inquisitive, and practical genius—whatever promised to be useful or agreeable to those around him, laid claim to the exercise of his powers. The town of Newburyport enjoyed the benefit of his skill in every way in which he could contribute to the public welfare or amusement. During the war of 1812 his ingenuity was employed in constructing machinery for boring out old honey-combed cannon, and in perfecting the science of gunnery. He was a skilful pyrotechnist, and the Newburyport fireworks of that day were thought to be unrivalled in the United States. The boys, we remember, looked up to him as a second Faust, or Cornelius Agrippa, and the writer of this article has not forgotten the delight and amazement with which he learnt from Jacob Perkins the mystery of compounding serpents and rockets.

About this time a person named Redheffer, made pretensions to a discovery of the perpetual motion. He was traversing the United States with a machine exhibiting his discovery. Certain weights moved the wheels, and, when they had run down, certain other weights, restored the first. The experiment seemed perfect, for the machine continued to move without cessation; and Redheffer was trumpeted to the world as the man who had solved the great problem. Perkins gave the machine an examination, and his knowledge of the powers of mechanism enabled him to perceive at once that the visible appliances were inadequate to the results. He saw that a hidden power existed somewhere, and his skilful calculations detected the corner of the machine from which it proceeded. "Pass a saw through that post," said he, "and your perpetual motion will stop." The impostor refused to put his machine to such a test; and for a sufficient reason. It was afterwards discovered that a cord passed through this post into the cellar, where an individual was stationed to restore the weights at every revolution.

The studies, labors, and ingenuity of Perkins, were employed on so great a variety of subjects, that the task of specifying and describing them must be left to one fully acquainted with the history of the mechanic arts in the United States. A few only of the results of his skill can be mentioned here. He discovered a method of softening and hardening steel at pleasure, by which the process of engraving on that metal was facilitated in a most essential degree. By this method, also, engravings were transferred from one steel plate to another, thus multiplying the plates to an immense extent without the labor of reengraving. He instituted a series of experiments by which he demonstrated the compressibility of water, a problem which for centuries had baffled the ingenuity of natural philosophers. For this discovery he re-

ceived a brilliant compliment from John Quincy Adams in an oration which he delivered at Washington, while Secretary of State. In connection with this discovery, Perkins also invented the bathometer, an instrument for measuring the depth of the sea by the pressure of the water; and the plemeter to measure a ship's rate of sailing.

Perkins continued to reside in his birthplace till 1816, when he removed from Newburyport to Boston, and subsequently to Philadelphia. His attention was now occupied by steam machinery, which was beginning to acquire importance in the United States, though no one, not even Perkins himself, had at that moment any conception of the degree to which it would revolutionize the whole system of labor, mechanism, travel, business, and social life. His researches led to the invention of a new method of generating steam, by suddenly letting a small quantity of water into a heated vessel. Our scientific knowledge is not such as to qualify us for speaking with any authority upon these matters, but if we can take the word of those who profess to be well acquainted with the subject, Perkins was the first man who investigated the property of steam at an extraordinary high pressure, and he employed it on one occasion at the rate of 65 atmospheres, or 975 pounds to the square inch. We are informed that this discovery and another relating to the spherical property of water, both made by Perkins, long ago, have within two years been announced in France as the recent discoveries of an individual of that country.

After a short residence in Philadelphia, he removed to London, where his experiments with high-pressure steam, and other exhibitions which he gave of his inventive powers, at once brought him into general notice. His uncommon mechanical genius was highly appreciated; and his steam-gun was for some time the wonder of the British metropolis. This gun he invented in the United States, and took out a patent for it in 1819. It attracted the notice of the British government in 1823, and Perkins made experiments with it before the Duke of Wellington and a numerous party of officers. At a distance of thirty-five yards he shattered iron targets to pieces, and sent his balls through eleven planks, one inch thick each, and placed an inch apart from one another. This gun was a very ingenious piece of workmanship, and could discharge about 1000 balls per minute.

Perkins continued in London during the remainder of his life. He never became rich. He lacked one quality to secure success in the world—financial thrift. Everybody but himself profited by his inventions. He was, in fact, too much in love with the excitement of the chase to look very strongly at the pecuniary value of the game. He was often reminded by his friends of his prodigal expenditure of thought and labor upon branches of science, which could bring no immediate gain of money—but this appeal to pecuniary interests had little effect upon a mind so free from selfishness, and one which loved knowledge for its own sake, and its connection with the interests of man-

kind. He commonly replied to these hints by saying, that he was still an "apprentice" in science, and must learn more and do more before he could abandon his studies for mere money-making pursuits. Still he never affected to think meanly of his own capacity, but always cherished a modest and manly hope that the world would do him justice by a reasonable compensation in fame and fortune. In this manner, with a mind constantly active, and an undiminished ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, prodigal of his labors for the advancement of science and the public good—yet never complaining of the neglect of the world, he passed the remainder of his life. We are not able to speak positively as to his private affairs, but we believe he secured the benefit of some of his numerous inventions in such a manner as to enjoy a moderate competence to the end of his days. The inventor of a cork-screw or a quack sugar-plum, has realized a princely fortune. Perkins, whose whole life was devoted to the enlargement of human knowledge, got merely bread to eat. Fame is his great reward. He gave to mechanism new powers, a new importance, and a new dignity. Speculative and practical science are both indebted to his genius. A writer well qualified to judge, says of him, regarding his experiments in high pressure steam: "Viewing his exertions from first to last, no other mechanic of the day has done more to illustrate an obscure branch of philosophy by a series of dangerous, difficult, and expensive experiments." We refrain from copying other testimonials of the regard in which he is held by men of scientific and philosophical acquirements; these would suit a much more extended biography.

He died in London, July 30th, 1849. The name he leaves behind him is that of the American Inventor. It is one which he deserves, and which is his true glory. He was entirely self-educated in science, and the great powers of his mind expanded by their innate force. For half a century from the hour of his birth, he lived in the town of Newburyport. Here he grew up, acquired his knowledge, applied his genius to action, perfected his inventive powers, and gained all his early reputation. At the present day, when books are in the hand of every man, woman, and child, and the rudiments of scientific knowledge are presented to us in thousands of student's manuals, cyclopedias, periodicals, public lectures, &c., we can form no adequate notion of the obstacles which lay in the way of a young man beginning his scientific pursuits at the time when Perkins was a youth. Imagine the state of popular science in 1787, and some faint notion may be obtained of the difficulties which the young artist was compelled to encounter in the preliminary steps of every undertaking. The exact sciences were but slightly regarded, even by those who made pretensions to complete learning in those days, and a great proficient in the mechanic arts could only hope to be considered in the light of a clever carpenter or blacksmith. Men did not

dream of such fame as that of Watt and Arkwright. It is much to the honor of his townsmen that Perkins was from his earliest days held in the highest esteem by them. They fully appreciated his genius and were proud to honor him. In the latter years of his life, when far removed from the land of his birth, his thoughts and feelings always turned homeward, and he never ceased to express the hope of returning to lay his bones in his native soil. His wish has not been gratified, but his memory will remain forever connected with the spot.

THE DIPLOMATIC AND OFFICIAL PAPERS OF
DANIEL WEBSTER.

A RECENT number of the London Morning Chronicle contains, under the above title, the following notice of Mr. Webster, which has been called forth by the publication in London of a volume of documents from the pen of our distinguished countryman. These remarks, coming from a quarter in which Americans and their institutions have not been accustomed to receive hasty or indiscriminate commendation, will be read with much interest, as showing the rank which Mr. Webster occupies in the estimation of the people of Europe. Some passages towards the close refer to Mr. Webster's conversational peculiarities, of which an Englishman is perhaps little qualified to judge. We have, however, printed the writer's remarks entire. As Gibbon says of the magnificent eulogy pronounced upon him by Porson, "the sweetness of his praise is tempered by a reasonable mixture of acid."—*Boston Courier*.

Few of the living statesmen of America have occupied so prominent a position in the history of their country as Daniel Webster. A native of Massachusetts, he early distinguished himself in that legal career which is, in America, the shortest and the surest road to political distinction. He was but a very young man when his voice was first heard in the councils of the nation, and he took his seat in the federal senate, the most august assembly in the Union, as soon as he had attained the age at which such an honor can constitutionally devolve upon a citizen. As one of the senatorial representatives of the state of Massachusetts, he was returned to that body for five consecutive terms, each term embracing a period of six years. It was during the progress of the fifth term that he quitted the Senate, to exchange, for a brief period, his legislative for administrative duties, having been called, in 1841, as Secretary of State to the cabinet of General Harrison. For many years previous to this he had been regarded as one of the competitors for the Presidency, but party exigencies and party manœuvring have prevented him from even securing a nomination. In addition to his legislative and administrative renown, Mr. Webster stands high as a jurist, and the character which he has achieved as a profound constitutional lawyer will form no insignificant ingredient in his reputation with posterity.

The work now before us has reference chiefly, if not exclusively, to the brief episode of his life during which it was his lot to exercise executive functions. The evanescence of his ministerial ca-

reer was attributed to circumstances which neither he nor his colleagues could control. The sudden death of General Harrison completely dislocated the whig cabinet which he had called around him within a brief month after its formation. His successor got rid, one after another, of the advisers of the deceased President, and Mr. Webster would have been one of the first to retire, but that, as Secretary of State, he thought he had a mission to fulfil which he was anxious to bring to a peaceful termination before the government had passed entirely into the hands of Mr. Tyler and his nominees. The negotiations concerning the north-eastern boundary, and the capture, detention, and trial of McLeod, were still in progress; and Mr. Webster, bent on a peaceful solution of the dispute, was not disposed to deliver, unadjusted, into possibly unskilful hands, questions at once so delicate and dangerous. He therefore remained in the cabinet for several months after his political friends had, one after another, fallen away from it, and after the principles which had presided at its formation had been abandoned for an imbecile policy, which developed itself in the form of a protracted intrigue. During the period for which he thus remained at the head of the foreign department of the government, an isolated relic of the then short-lived ascendancy of the whigs, he was in constant communication with the British plenipotentiary, with whom he at length concluded a convention, which brought the dispute between the two countries to an amicable issue. Having thus, as he conceived, fulfilled his mission, he retired from the cabinet, and left Mr. Tyler to his fate. Being thus once more eligible to the Senate, he was again, on the first vacancy in the representation of Massachusetts occurring, returned by that state to the body of which he had been so great an ornament, and which he had so recently quitted. His time is therefore once more divided between his senatorial duties and his legal pursuits.

The only portion of the published correspondence before us, which is of much interest to us in this country, is that which relates to the settlement of the international dispute just alluded to. This is evidently not the place in which to discuss the merits of the convention itself, by which that dispute was finally adjusted. It has been said that the best proof that an arbitrator can afford of his having dealt fairly by both parties, is to have them both dissatisfied with his award. Such was the case with the treaty of Washington. If some of the provisions excited considerable dissatisfaction on this side of the Atlantic, it was certainly far from obtaining a universal approval on the other. Both the negotiators, not unwisely perhaps, conceded, and it was for this mutual concession that they were both assailed in their respective countries; and one of Mr. Webster's last great efforts in the Senate was devoted to a vindication of the treaty in its application to American interests. But our present business, instead of being with the merits of the treaty, is with the character of the correspondence, so far as Mr. Webster bore a part in it, and with the literary and diplomatic attainments which it demonstrates him to possess. Of the correspondence it is impossible to speak but in terms of the highest praise. Mr. Webster's mind is cast in an eminently diplomatic mould. He possesses all the qualities which are considered as essential to successful diplomacy—astuteness, forethought, reserve, self-possession, and, to an eminent degree, the talent of ambiguity. The last mentioned gift may sometimes be very serviceable in state transac-

tions; but, when carried in any great degree into private life, it disfigures the general character. This is the flaw in Mr. Webster's mind. In the ordinary relations of life he is distant, reserved, and ambiguous to a degree, keeping his auditor constantly ill at ease, lest he should have misapprehended the real drift of his words. A set match between Mr. Webster and a diplomatist of this country, at present not a hundred miles from Downing-street, would be an intellectual struggle of no ordinary interest. Mr. Webster can both write and speak clearly, when he chooses; it is his habit to be studiously obscure. His correspondence with Lord Ashburton furnishes us with specimens of diplomatic literature well worthy of study. There is more earnestness displayed throughout it than is generally to be met with in documents like those of which it is composed, arising from the anxiety under which the negotiator evidently labored for the speedy and amicable arrangement of the dispute. But notwithstanding this, his communications display neither precipitancy nor carelessness in their composition. Like his oratory, they are massive, studied, and stately, and show the extent to which he combines the qualities of a diplomatist with the attributes of a jurist and lawgiver.

[We copy the foregoing into the *Living Age* partly for the oddity of seeing Mr. Webster charged with being obscure and ambiguous! In our opinion, he is of all our statesmen the most clear and unmistakable, as well as the ablest and most sagacious. Had the whigs cast off their party leaders, and followed his lead after Harrison's election, they would probably have acquired California without the war, and have settled the Oregon dispute without coming so near a rupture with England. And, perhaps not!—for John Bull would not attend to his part of the business till strongly pressed—and our affairs with Mexico were a Gordian knot.]

FREDRIKA BREMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Of herself, Fredrika Bremer says:

If it should so happen that, as regards me, any one should wish to cast a kind glance behind the curtain which conceals a somewhat uneventful life, he may discover that I was born on the banks of the Aura, a river which flows through Abo, and that several of the venerable and learned men of the university were even my godfathers. At the age of three, I was removed, with my family, from my native country of Finland. Of this part of my life, I have only retained one single memory. This memory is a word, a mighty name, which, in the depths of Paganism, was pronounced by the Finnish people with fear and love; and is still so pronounced in these days, although perfected by Christianity. I still fancy that I often hear this word spoken aloud over the trembling earth by the thunder of Thor, or by the gentle winds which bring to it refreshment and consolation. That word is—Jumala; the Finnish name for God, both in Pagan and Christian times.

If any one kindly follows me from Finland into Sweden, where my father purchased an estate after he had sold his property in Finland, I would not trouble him to accompany me from childhood to youth, with the inward elementary chaos, and the outward, uninteresting, and commonplace picture of a family, which every autumn removed, in their covered carriage, from their estate in the country

to their house in the capital; and every spring trundled back again from their house in the capital to their country seat; nor how there were young daughters in the family who played on the piano, sang ballads, read novels, drew in black chalk, and looked forward, with longing glances, to the future, when they hoped to see and do wonderful things. With humility, I must confess, I always regarded myself as a heroine.

Casting a glance into the family circle, it would be seen that they collected, in the evening, in the great drawing-room of their country house, and read aloud; that the works of the German poets were read, especially Schiller, whose Don Carlos made a profound impression upon the youthful mind of one of the daughters in particular.

A deeper glance into her soul will show that a heavy reality of sorrow was spreading, by degrees, a dark cloud over the splendor of her youthful dreams. Like early evening, it came over the path of the young pilgrim of life; and earnestly, but in vain, she endeavored to escape it. The air was dimmed as by a heavy fall of snow, darkness increased, and it became night. And in the depth of that endless winter night, she heard lamenting voices from the east, and from the west; from plant and animal; from dying nature and despairing humanity; and she saw life, with all its beauty, its love, its throbbing heart, buried alive beneath a chill covering of ice. Heaven seemed dark and void;—there seemed to her no eyes, even as there was no heart. All was dead, or, rather, all was dying—excepting pain.

There is a significant picture, at the commencement, in every mythology. In the beginning, there is a bright, and warm, and divine principle, which allies itself to darkness; and from this union of light and darkness—of fire and tears—proceeds a God. I believe that something similar to this takes place in every human being who is born to a deeper life; and something similar took place in her who writes these lines.

Looking at her a few years later, it will be seen that a great change has taken place in her. Her eyes have long been filled with tears of unspeakable joy; she is like one who has arisen from the grave to a new life. What has caused this change? Have her splendid youthful dreams been accomplished? Is she a heroine? Has she become victorious in beauty, or in renown? No; nothing of this kind. The illusions of youth are past—the season of youth is over. And yet she is again young; for there is freedom in the depth of her soul, and “let there be light” has been spoken above its dark chaos; and the light has penetrated the darkness, and illumined the night, whilst, with her eye fixed upon that light, she has exclaimed, with tears of joy, “Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?”

Many a grave since then has been opened to receive those whom she tenderly loved; many a pang has been felt since then; but the heart throbs joyfully, and the dark night is over. Yes, it is over; but not the fruit which it has borne; for there are certain flowers which first unfold in the darkness;

so is it also in the midnight hours of great suffering; the human soul opens itself to the light of the eternal stars.

If it be desired to hear anything of my writings, it may be said that they began in the eighth year of my age, when I apostrophized the moon in French verses, and that during the greater part of my youth I continued to write in the same sublime strain. I wrote under the impulse of restless youthful feelings—I wrote in order to write. Afterwards, I seized the pen under the influence of another motive, and wrote—that which I had read.

At the present time, when I stand on the verge of the autumn of my life, I still see the same objects which surrounded me in the early days of my spring, and I am so happy as still to possess, out of many dear ones, a beloved mother and sister. The mountains which surround our dwelling, and upon which Gustavus Adolphus assembled his troops, before he went as a deliverer to Germany, appear to me not less beautiful than they were in the days of my childhood; they have increased in interest, for I am now better acquainted with their grasses and their flowers.

Fredrika Bremer's works are: *The Neighbors*; *The Home*; *The H. Family*; *Strife and Peace*; *The President's Daughter*; *Nina*; *The Diary*; *In Delectaria*; *Brothers and Sisters*; *The Midnight Sun*; together with smaller tales, and a considerable number of tracts and papers, published at various times, in the Swedish journals. All these works I have, with the assistance of my husband, translated.

From the New York Evening Post.

Lacon: or, Many Things in Few Words. By the Rev. C. C. COLTON. Revised edition; with an Index. New York: William Gowans. 1849.

Few books have ever earned the fame and the study which have been bestowed upon them, more fairly than *Lacon*. It is difficult to foresee that period in the progress of our race, when its sententious wisdom and eloquence, all compact with thought, may not be profitably pondered by the children of men. It is now about thirty years since the first volume appeared, and within that period it has been republished in every form, to accommodate the taste and means of every class of readers. It has been translated into many different languages, and has been more read and quoted than almost any book of its size, from the pen of an English writer. And yet of the author himself, scarcely anything is known. It is more difficult to find persons unacquainted with the contents of *Lacon*, than to find those who know any of the few particulars which have been preserved of its author's life. Under these circumstances, we venture to assume that a rapid sketch of Mr. Colton's life will be more interesting to most of our readers, than anything we can say of the work to which he owes his fame.

Mr. Caleb Colton was educated at Eton and Kings College, Cambridge. He graduated B. A. in 1801, and M. A. in 1804. In 1801 he was presented by the college to the perpetual curacy of Tiverton Prior's Quarter in Devonshire, which

he held with his fellowship, and where he continued to reside for many years, and until presented to the vicarage of Kew and Petersham, in 1818. The eccentricities and irregularities by which he was afterwards distinguished, were not entirely unknown here. On one occasion he was sent to read the "Visitation of the Sick," to a dying parishioner, who had amassed great wealth in the Indies. The visit occupied him until another clergyman had concluded reading the afternoon prayers in the church at Tiverton. Colton rushed from the dying man's bedside into the pulpit, and for above an hour poured forth an extemporaneous flood of eloquence in favor of strict morals, to the no small surprise of his crowded auditory, and closed at length as follows:

"You wonder to hear such things from me, but if you had been where I was just now, and had heard and seen what I did, you would have been convinced it was high time to reform our courses—and I, for one, am determined to begin." The very next Sunday he hurried over the reading of a fifteen minutes' discourse, and immediately after was seen placing his pointers in a basket behind, and his guns beside him, in his gig, and driving off towards a distant manor, to be ready for the next day's partridge shooting.

His first publication, in 1810, was also marked by the same characteristics. It was "A plain and authentic Narrative of the Sampford Ghost," in which he asserted his confident belief in the supernatural agency of the disturbances of Sampford, (rather closely plagiarized from the ghost of Cock Lane,) and wound up all, by placing in the hands of the mayor of Tiverton a bond, by which he engaged to pay £100 to any one who could explain the cause of the phenomenon. It certainly required this proof of his good faith not to provoke a smile at the title of his next publication: "Hypocrisy, a Satirical Poem," which was welcomed but coldly by the public in 1812.

Mr. Colton was always an anti-Bonapartist, both when, in the height of his power, he was the peculiar object of the abuse of the English newspapers, and when, after his fall, he was made the theme of praise which posterity will perhaps regard as equally exaggerated and disgusting. The poem of "Napoleon" followed that of "Hypocrisy," in the same year, and was considered to evince much superior poetical talent. It was while the proof-sheets of this work were preparing for publication, that a writer, who gave an account of him about fourteen years afterwards, in a defunct periodical, "The Literary Magnet," was introduced to Mr. Colton by an equally eccentric personage, the well-known Walking Stewart. "The appearance of Mr. C. was," he says, "at once striking and peculiar. There was an indefinable something in the general character of his features, which, without being remarkably prepossessing, fixed the attention of a stranger in no ordinary degree. His keen gray eye was occasionally overshadowed by a scowl or inflection of the brow, indicative rather of an habitual inten-

sity of reflection than of any cynical severity of disposition. His nose was aquiline, or (to speak more correctly, if less elegantly) hooked; his cheek bones were high and protruding, and his forehead by no means remarkable either for its expansiveness or phrenological beauty of development. There was a singular variability of expression about his mouth, and his chin was precisely what Lavater would have called an intellectual chin. Perhaps the shrewdness of his glances was indicative rather of extraordinary cunning, than of high mental intelligence. His usual costume was a frock-coat, sometimes richly braided, and a black velvet stock: in short, his general appearance was quite military; so much so, that he was often asked if he was not in the army. I am half-inclined to believe that he courted this kind of misconception, as his reply was invariably the same: 'No, sir, but I am an officer of the church militant.'"

Before they parted, Mr. Colton gave his new acquaintance a pressing invitation to breakfast next morning, and put a card into his hand, in which the name of the street and the number of the house were explicitly mentioned. The describer went and found—a marine-store shop! and thinking that, after all, there must be a mistake, he walked off. On again meeting Mr. Colton, the too fastidious stranger was reproached for his breach of appointment, and invited anew. "The most exaggerated description of the garrets of the poets of fifty years ago," says the visitor, "would not libel Mr. Colton's apartment. Such of the panes as were entire were begrimed with dirt. As to the only two chairs in the room, while one, apparently the property of the poet, was easy and cushioned, and differed essentially in character from the rest of the furniture, the other, a miserable rush-bottomed one, was awfully afflicted with the rickets. On the deal table at which the host was seated, stood a broken wine-glass, half filled with ink, with a steel pen, which had seen some service, laid transversely on its edge. Immediately beside the poet lay a bundle of dirty and dog-eared manuscripts. After reciting to his visitor several pages of the MS. *Lacon*, the work which raised him to fame, Mr. Colton insisted he should taste his wine; and, going to the piece of furniture which contained his bed, opened a large drawer near the floor which was filled with bottles of wine ranged in sawdust, as in a bin. His hock and white hermitage were delicious, and poet and auditor parted faster friends than ever."

Towards the end of 1820 appeared "*Lacon*, or Many Things in Few Words, addressed to those who think," a thin, ill-printed seven-shilling octavo. It attracted much attention and praise. The name of Colton was henceforth known to all; and when we find that the sixth edition of "*Lacon*" appeared in 1821, we need not wonder that "*Lacon*, vol. II." appeared in 1822.

It has been charged that some of the ideas in this popular work may be traced to Burdon's "*Materials for Thinking*," a favorite work with Mr.

Colton, and that others are taken from Bacon's Essays; but after making every deduction, its originality, its wit, its eloquence, and its acuteness, are mainly and undeniably the property of its reputed author.

In 1822, Mr. Colton republished his "Napoleon," with extensive additions, under the title of "The Conflagration of Moscow." The next that is heard of him was in connection with the then notorious murder of Weare by Thurtell. Both were habitual gamblers. So was the Vicar of Kew, and he had suddenly disappeared. He was known to have been frequently in the company of the murderer and the murdered. It was feared he had fallen a victim to those he had selected as his habitual associates; but Thurtell denied the fact. Some time elapsed before it transpired, to the public at least, that Mr. Colton's disappearance had been voluntary, and that he had fled from his creditors, who gazetted him as a bankrupt merchant.

We remember to have seen, quite recently, in a London paper, an account of the claims established against him by his London creditors on this occasion, and among them was a bill for the paper upon which Lacon was printed.

In November, 1827, on the latest day allowed by law, he appeared to take re-possession of his living; but in 1828, he finally lost it, by lapse, and the college appointed a successor. For the next two years he was in America, travelling through the United States; from thence he transferred his residence to the Palais Royal—"which is to Paris," says Galignani's Guide, "what Paris is to Europe, the centre of pleasure and vice!" He there expended considerable sums in forming a picture gallery, and every nook of his apartment was filled with valuable paintings. He then became known in the gaming *salons* of the Palais Royal, and so successful was he, that in a year or two he acquired £25,000. But inveterate attachment to the gaming table again rendered him a beggar, and his excesses brought on a disease, to remove which a surgical operation became indispensable. The dread of this operation produced such an effect upon Mr. Colton's mind, that he became almost insane, and finally blew out his brains, in order to avoid the pain of the operation.

He doubtless little supposed, when he was writing Lacon, that he was destined himself to illustrate one of its wisest apothegms. "The gamester," he there says, "if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his own soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven."

He put an end to his life at Fontainebleau, while visiting a friend, on the 28th April, 1832.

During his residence at Paris his mode of dress continued unchanged. He had only one room, kept no servant, unless a boy to take charge of his horse and cabriolet; he lighted his own fire, and performed all his other domestic offices himself. He printed at Paris, for private circulation, "An

Ode on the death of Lord Byron," and left at his death a poem of six hundred lines, which was afterwards published, entitled "Modern Antiquity," in which he maintains that the moderns are the true ancients, as belonging to the most advanced period of the world.

Mr. Gowans, to whom the public is indebted for this much-needed edition of Lacon, has discharged the editorial office with great diligence and fidelity. He has added to the work a very complete and convenient index, correcting many typographical and other errors which have crept into the various cheap editions of the work, with which the American readers have been hitherto mainly supplied. We hope Mr. Gowans may find it worth while to publish a second volume, which shall embrace the remaining works of Mr. Colton, which are not at all known in this country, and about which, among scholars at least, sufficient interest exists, we should think, to indemnify the publisher for any expense to which the enterprise would subject him.

THE following memorial, (says the *Times*), drawn up by Lord Fitzwilliam, was in course of signature when the late disastrous intelligence arrived from Hungary: it would probably otherwise, in addition to the names of those with whom it originated, have had appended to it the signatures of many other peers and members of Parliament:

To the Lord John Russell, First Commissioner of the Treasury, and the Viscount Palmerston, Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The undersigned (being peers or members of the House of Commons) desire to express to your lordships, and through your lordships to the rest of her majesty's confidential servants, the deep interest which they take in the contest which is now carried on between the Hungarian nation and the Emperor of Austria.

It is their anxious wish to see this contest speedily terminated in the manner which they conceive most conducive to the interests of the Austrian empire—viz., by the recognition of the just demands of Hungary, the most important of the hereditary dominions of the house of Hapsburg.

The undersigned are of opinion that it is both the interest and the duty of England to contribute, by every legitimate means, to the tranquillity of Hungary. They are of opinion, however, that this object, so desirable, cannot be obtained so as to insure its permanence, unless the terms on which it is accomplished be consistent with the ancient laws and constitution of the country.

While so many of the nations of Europe have engaged in revolutionary movements, and have embarked in schemes of doubtful policy and of still more doubtful success, it is gratifying to the undersigned to be able to assure your lordships that the Hungarians demand nothing but the recognition of ancient rights and the stability and integrity of their ancient constitution. To your lordships it cannot be unknown that that constitution bears a striking resemblance to that of our own country. King, lords, and commons, are as vital parts of the Hungarian as of the British Constitution. So far, therefore, from the undersigned being animated by a revolutionary spirit, or being actuated by principles

inconsistent with regular government and with the established order of things, they beg to assure your lordships, that it is with the view of maintaining regular government, and of perpetuating institutions which, though occasionally modified, have had an unbroken series of existence since the foundation of the Hungarian monarchy, that they venture to invoke the interference of the British government.

They have witnessed with great alarm the application of the Austrian government for the assistance of Russia. They conceive that this assistance will not be granted upon terms consistent with the integrity of the existing dominions of the house of Austria. Their alarm, however, is not confined to the apprehension that some encroachments may be made upon the present boundary between the two empires. They apprehend that a powerful intervention on the part of Russia, a state in which the existence of a constitution is not acknowledged, cannot be effected without danger to the free institutions of the country in which it is invited to interfere. They conceive that the military occupation of Hungary by Russia must be necessarily subversive (for the time) of all regular government; and they know not what terms affecting the internal condition of the country may be ultimately imposed by a power whose intervention has been invited for the express purpose of controlling a people which is struggling for the preservation of long-established and undisputed rights. The undersigned conceive that the essential character of Russian intervention must be to disregard rights which the spirit of the government of that empire does not recognize; and that, if effectual, the intervention must lead to the subversion of the ancient constitution of Hungary, must destroy her prosperity, and endanger the security of states in whose welfare and independence England is deeply interested.

It is to avoid this fatal result that the undersigned feel impelled to entreat her majesty's government to use such means as shall seem to them most effectual for producing a reconciliation between the Emperor of Austria and the people of Hungary, on the basis of those rights which the Hungarians have never ceased to demand, and the firmest attachment to which has hitherto been found not only to be compatible with, but to promote the most fervent loyalty to the house of Hapsburg, and has enabled them to render such services in the hour of danger as could never have emanated from the spirit of a subdued or servile people.

(Signed,)	FITZWILLIAM,	F. MOWATT,
	NORTHAMPTON,	J. A. SMITH,
	ZETLAND,	H. SALWEY,
	BEAUMONT,	B. M. WILCOX.
	KINNAIRD,	W. PINNEY,
	NUGENT,	J. TOWNSEND.
	R. M. MILNES.	

The Magyar patriots who left England by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's packet have arrived at Constantinople; but have not been permitted to disembark, in consequence of the interference of the Russian and Austrian ambassadors. The meetings which have taken place in England in support of the Hungarian cause have produced an immense effect in Turkey.—*Globe*.

From the Spectator, of 1 Sept.

THE CONGRESS OF 1850.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, who writes on "the common sense of the Hungarian question," throws out a hint that it may be desirable to have "a congress of review or revival of the treaties of Vienna and Paris," in a manner that suggests the probability of such a congress. He writes with a weight and concentration of matter that imply mastery of his subject, not in the style of one hackneyed in journalizing; and his contributions are put forth by the Leading Journal with a prominence that indicates accredited authority; all this looks as if he were suggesting what he knows to be probable.

"A congress of review or revival of the treaties of Vienna and Paris" is a suggestion which we are bound to approve, inasmuch as it was perhaps first made in our own pages. The step could hardly fail to be useful; the degree of its value must depend in a great measure upon the spirit in which it should be undertaken. That it should be entered upon in the spirit of the congress of 1815 is scarcely possible; even among the most courteous and least advanced of diplomatists, the "right divine" would provoke a smile; and in the conduct of business the day when an international council could limit itself solely to the interests of princes has quite passed. But, of all politicians, the class which has made least progress is perhaps that of diplomatists; the secrecy with which the discussions must be conducted is a great screen for excluding the wholesome ventilation of public opinion; and, therefore, everything will rest upon the spirit which prevails among the persons selected to assist in such a congress and the drift of their instructions.

Not only should the spirit presiding over the council be different from that of 1815, but to perform the allotted task effectually it ought in one respect to be wholly new. It will not suffice merely to look beyond the interests of princes; it will not suffice to attempt some compromise between the claims of princes and the rights of peoples; it will be necessary to take as the basis of any new settlement the actual condition of all parties—the new state of knowledge among peoples, the new relations of Europe in respect of commerce and intercourse, the altered state of European police. The congress of 1815 sat under the conviction that the revolution of 1789 had been put down; the congress of 1850 will know better; the revolution survived the restoration. Steamboats, railroads, and the increase of population, have made all Europe conterminous, and have destroyed the strength of frontier-cordons for such nations as will not maintain their defences on a war scale. Public opinion has so greatly and permanently changed in a large portion of Europe, that states which expect a coöperation in the strict enforcement of a political surveillance over revolutionaries will be more and more disappointed. The conduct of

the English officials in excluding the Italian refugees from Malta, is rather a disgrace to the present ministry of England than any true sign of retrograde opinion in this country. The congress of 1850 will have to handle a wholly altered state of affairs—one in which power is no longer concentrated in governments, in which all operations are more rapid, and peoples know a vast deal more of what is done to them. It follows, that such a council must not only do more than look to the claims of princes—it must also look to something beyond mere geographical fittings, by which territories have been “given” to this or that prince, the people as little regarded as the rats in a house that passes from seller to purchaser. *Some* account must be made of the people, their will and genius.

In 1850, the members of a congress will know a great deal better than they did in 1815, that no “settlement” of the kind can be final—it will be no ultimate allotment of Europe; and the duration of any new settlement would be endangered, not secured, by the presumption that finality would be more possible now than it was then. It is at this point that we see the interests of peoples and princes unite. The best and surest mode of obtaining durability for the new settlement would be, to make such arrangements and combinations as should promise in their own working a chance of continuance.

The settlement of 1815 has already been so completely broken up, that practically the office of the congress of 1850 would be one not of demolition but of reconstruction. Some special revisions have already been effected, and two are particularly instructive. The settlement has been disturbed in order to carry out a further partition of Poland; if we may trust the profession of the Russian autocrat, the incessant movements of his Polish subjects, and their share in the armed movement of Hungary, have forced him into the field with an immense army. On the other hand, the disruption of a compulsory union of two states with very discordant sentiments, Holland and Belgium, has had such a happy influence, that in the midst of the European anarchy, surrounded by revolution and war, both those countries have been remarkable for quiet. The arrangement of 1830 has stood a fiery ordeal which no treaty-guarantees have enabled the settlements of 1815 to endure in any part of Europe.

A congress had formerly been suggested to settle the Italian question; the writer in the *Times* treats more especially of Hungary and Austria, but incidentally alludes to Italy and Germany; Schleswig-Holstein awaits appeal to a competent tribunal; the professions of Russia invite a formal recognition of her disclaimer in respect of encroachment; the internal state of France might be very materially and beneficially influenced by such an authoritative expression of the opinions prevalent among the European powers, and the ideas which the leading French statesmen could not fail to catch from that inspiration. The thing wanted,

therefore, is a congress for the settlement of Europe according to the present understanding of policy and justice.

The diplomatist in the *Times* speaks of consolidating Austria on the basis of Stadion's federative constitution; and to that end he would cast off Lombardy, because of its utter alienation from Austria. But what of Venice? That ancient republic he assumes to be divided between hostility to Austria and a counteracting influence; there is no proof of any such influence. But, he says, Venice is “marked out by nature as the commercial emporium of Tyrol and Southern Germany.” What then? If the Venetians are averse from Austrian rule, why seize their port as a gift to Southern Germany? why renew the ratification of Napoleon's shameful betrayal of Venice to Austria? If, indeed, a party does exist in Venice favorable to Austria, or if one favorable to a federal connection can be created, the geographical fitting might not be amiss; but to reannex Venice to Austria as a conquered province, is to plant in the consolidated empire the seeds of a new revolt.

An objection has been taken, that England would enter the international council too late, as the intervention would have come much better months ago; which is indeed too true. But in those days it was “only” journalists that foresaw the expediency of an European Congress; statesmen had not yet had the idea sufficiently drummed into them. However, the mischief of delay is not so bad as it seems, since other parties to the state of Europe are equally “too late;” Austria, which has tried force, and won by proxy a suicidal victory, would have been much wiser to invite a congress in 1848; the Pope is an exile from his reconquered city; France has no plan; and the revolutionists of Europe generally are “too late,” because they have suffered their battle to be fought out. Each party may say, “Brothers, we are all in the wrong.” But, indeed, it is never too late to settle disorder on the substantial basis of real strength and true justice.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE STATE OF SIEGE.

THIS can hardly be said to be an anomalous, or unusual condition of society in France, or elsewhere in Europe, except in *degree*. Society there has been under military protection (if protection it can be called) from the time that standing armies became the policy of rulers. While Louis Philippe was on the throne, the peace establishment of France was 400,000 men; that of Prussia was 80,000; that of Belgium 45,000; and those of the other states about in the same proportion. Ostensibly, these armies were maintained as a preparation for foreign war, but, in reality, to overawe and keep down domestic riot and rebellion. This, at least, was the more immediate, and not the least important, object of them. They were distributed through the principal towns, and especially near the seat of government, in such places as they might be needed. In and near

Paris were stationed 60,000. In Germany, in Austria, in Italy, everywhere in Europe, bayonets glitter in the streets, as well as on the fortresses and ramparts, and you wake and sleep with the réveille and tattoo. In Italy, and especially in Naples, and the Pope's dominions, the soldier attends you everywhere, and in some of your excursions attends you personally. If you travel in the rural districts, you find them scattered along the road like milestones; and since they cannot see in the dark, you must be sure to reach your inn, in some walled town, by nightfall.

The citizens themselves have no idea, generally, that society can be safe without the soldier—just as they imagine religion cannot exist without the state. Even in England you will be assured, by men of all parties, that the public peace would be insecure but for the men of arms known to be everywhere at hand. Hence, whatever form the state assumes, monarchical or republican, the military is deemed alike indispensable to its tranquillity.

To an American, this is a strange state of things. And to a European, the absence of military protection with us is not less strange. They are amazed at our apparent insecurity; and are incredulous when we tell them that with us that species of protection, as a standing precaution, is unnecessary.

When news reached Paris of the Philadelphia riot, in May, 1844, the French cited it as a proof of the exposed condition of our citizens. Here is a mob, said they, of two or three days' continuance, because there was no military either to prevent or promptly put it down. Depend upon it, you will have to resort to our system of an armed domestic peace, and that soon, or society will become too lawless, too riotous, to exist.

To this an American, then in Paris, replied as follows:—"Why," he asked, "should the fact of a riot in one of our cities surprise you, since human nature is everywhere the same, and everywhere disorderly? Why regard it as the mere result of defective municipal arrangements? Men there are of like passions with men here, and no precautions can wholly prevent their occasional outbreak. There are, however, fewer riots, and they are less violent and sanguinary with us than with you. And in those that do occur, it is the foreigners among us—men that have received their social training on this side of the water—that are commonly most numerous and active in them. You have many popular outbreaks; you live in constant apprehension of them, and sometimes they continue unchecked for days, *malgré* your military. I happen to have been reading on the walls of your Pantheon, and on the column in your Place Bastille, the names of scores of citizens who have fallen by violence in your streets. You cannot have a public celebration of any sort, not even a royal wedding, or the funeral of a distinguished man, without an attending military force—not as a pageant merely, but for safety. At

the funeral of Lafitte, including the police, a hundred thousand men bore arms. Battalion after battalion, mounted and on foot, in an almost endless line, and all equipped as if for battle, marched in the procession. Why was this? To honor the illustrious dead! To pay respect to the remains of a distinguished but unmilitary patriot? So the government professed. But the people knew well that that was not the motive. Else, why did male spectators redden with indignation, and females turn pale, at the sight of so many swords and muskets, so many cannon, and so much unconcealed *powder* and *ball*, displayed on such an occasion as the burial of a popular citizen?

"But suppose that mobs do occur with us, and are less promptly subdued than with you," continued the American, "which is still the better condition of society—that an outbreak happening now and then, should be laid by the slower action (if slower it be) of the good sense and patriotism of a community accustomed to self-government, and by a civil police, backed in the last extremity only by a citizen soldiery; or that we should live, like you in Europe, always at the bayonet's point, and under the frowning muzzles of great guns?"

"Suppose we adopt your system. Taking your 400,000 as the basis, we, with a population two thirds as large as yours, should want for our tranquillity some 260,000 soldiers. We call off that large number of our young men from the wholesome pursuits of industry, we subject them to the moral influences of the camp, we fill our cities and towns with them, and burthen the country with their subsistence and pay; and now you say society is secure! Is this, then, the preferable condition? No; though mobs were by a hundred to one more frequent than they are with us, we would not adopt the remedy your system proposes. We do not believe that it would be a remedy. We are persuaded that your placing society thus under military surveillance is the very way to unfit it for tranquillity and order. It begets ideas and habits, it breeds vices, imposes burthens, and engenders discontents, which hitherto have kept, and which ever will keep, you from a sound and settled tranquillity. You *invite* riot and rebellion, you *provoke* disorder, you make the proper instruments, and fonn and foster the proper passions, and furnish the justifying pretexts for such scenes, by the very means you take to prevent or suppress them."

These views were urged, with effect, on the occasion which we have mentioned; and we are happy to see similar reasonings occasionally advanced in the National Assembly. In the late earnest debates on the *state of siege*, a member expressed himself as follows:—"This pretended military justice, so much talked of, is not conformed to the true spirit of society; all these strifes (*luttres*) which you wish to suppress, are precisely the result of military abuses, contrary to human nature, and to all the principles of human-

ity. You have habituated men to obey servilely and to kill their fellows, and can it surprise you that these men return to violence?"

The state of society in Europe is *radically* wrong in many respects, and a standing martial police is *one* of its fundamental mistakes. The grand essential to tranquillity is *confidence*. But confidence cannot be produced by force. On the contrary, distrust is the natural result of that sort of agency. And hence it is, that there is not in fact, nor can be, in Europe, any settled confidence between the governing and the governed. And that public distrust naturally extends itself to private life. Among the disclosures which every revolution in those countries makes, and especially where military force has been most relied on, is the fact of a painful want of confidence between man and man, as well as between rulers and citizens. Fearful of the men in power, they are distrustful of each other. The trust that should be placed in the citizen and neighbor, in the community itself, individually and collectively, is transferred to the sword, which seems to say, and is made to say, But for me, you would quickly plunder and destroy one another!

In these circumstances, we repeat, the sentiments and habits which can alone consist with the settled peace of a community, cannot be formed: Respect for public order and the public good, a sense of personal character and citizenship, individual as well as general patriotism, and a cherished confidence, mutual and public—these, in such a condition of society, are sentiments of small account with the majority of the subjects, and indeed are quite lost with the million, for want of opportunity to act. Subjection to law is, with both rulers and ruled, a question of brute force, and whenever the people perceive that superiority of force is with them, authority goes down, of course.

From the London Times, 21 Aug.

POLITICAL STATE AND PROSPECTS OF GERMANY.

THE general aspect of affairs in Germany, and the position of Prussia, more especially with reference to the other Germanic powers, may be described as the exact opposite or counterpart of what they were just twelve months ago. The popular movement which had broken out in the days of March was then still at its height. If the unity of Germany was to be established within the confines of the Confederation, and if the power of the nation was to be extended as far on every side as the German tongue is spoken, the Frankfort Assembly and the Central government were the engines of these important changes, and the supreme representatives of the national will. If Prussia was to receive the blessings of a representative system of government, and to become the ostensible chief of that renovated empire, these institutions were to stand on the broadest basis of democracy, and to be sanctioned in the first instance

by popular acclamation. When these delusions were in the height of their evanescent glory, we did not scruple to deny their reality, and to dispute the possibility of their accomplishment; but we have forborne, from respect to the German nation, to insist upon the complete confirmation of the opinions we then entertained, by events which have since placed them beyond dispute. Nor is it our intention in any way to augment the soreness and discontent which are the natural result of experience so dearly purchased. That experience is the true foundation of political power in free nations, and the next time the Germans set to work to erect an empire, we trust they will not select a quicksand for the site of the edifice. As it was, the attempt they made fell little short of moral, political, and historical impossibility.

The King of Prussia had commenced his ostensible part in the movement of Germany by a proclamation calculated to inflame and gratify the wildest hopes of the democratic party, at the moment of its first ebullition; and, as he had just abandoned his own capital and humbled his own army by unlimited concessions to the revolution, there seemed no reason to doubt that the influence of Prussia would tend rather to swell the force of this deluge than to arrest it. For many months that was the case; every throne in Germany tottered as long as the Prussian monarchy was insecure; and it remained uncertain whether a strange mixture of dynastic ambition and revolutionary enthusiasm would not eventually consign every throne in Germany to ruin, and convert the King of the Prussians into the leader of a European revolution. That part was unquestionably within the reach of the court of Berlin; and to the honor of the king he rejected it. He rejected it, we have no doubt, from conscientious motives—from a recollection of the rights of others, and his own dignity—from a clearer sense of the local interests of his kingdom and of Germany.

But Prussia could pursue no middle course; the consequence of the king's refusal of what they called an imperial crown was an immediate rupture with the revolutionary faction, which had hitherto screened its operations behind the Prussian party, and civil war broke out in the weaker states of Saxony, Rhenish Bavaria, and Baden. The cabinet of Berlin immediately took the lead in the repression of these serious disturbances; Dresden was saved in part by Prussian grenadiers; and a campaign on the Upper Rhine brought the Northern Germans to the frontiers of Switzerland, and even appeared at one moment to menace the Helvetic Confederation and the Canton of Neuchâtel. The minor princes, who had been convulsed with terror during the revolution, by a sense of their own defenceless condition, especially since the fatal example of the military revolt in Baden, were eager for an arrangement which might secure for them the protection of Prussia, and the position of the great nobles of Germany. Even when Prussia seemed to be the chosen head of the Frankfort democracy, the little princes waited not

even to learn her decision, but acquiesced in those proposals on any terms. Much more likely were they to cling to Prussia when she had more distinctly shown that she was not unprepared to draw the sword against the excesses of the revolution; that her army was all-powerful and trustworthy, and that she could stem the torrent which was sweeping them away. The Hohenzollerns of Southern Germany, lords of territories not exceeding in size a small county, abdicated their sovereignty in favor of the royal branch of their house; and thus the ascendancy of Prussia throve and struck its root abroad by her successful opposition to those principles which she had affected last year transiently to adopt.

The aspect of Germany is, therefore, changed, and Prussia herself is now governed by men whose energetic policy is at present supported by a majority of the new chambers, strongly adverse to the revolution. But, though her means of influence are altered, the objects to which she is tending are the same; her ascendancy is advancing, but it rests on a popular basis, and the slightest imprudence on the part of the cabinet of Berlin might give the signal for fresh convulsions within the German states, or a more direct remonstrance from other parts of Europe. The Prussian troops are now looked upon all over Germany as the forces most opposed to the two passions of uncontrolled freedom and of local independence. The Prussian regiments returning from Schleswig were fiercely attacked in the streets of Hamburg, partly by the anarchists, but far more by that spirit of independence which is the life of the commercial freedom of the Hanseatic cities; for Hamburg still stands aloof from that political union which she knows to be the forerunner of the most calamitous commercial restrictions.

In the southern provinces on the Rhine, which have been devastated and demoralized by a frightful insurrection, the Prussian army is viewed with sullen animosity; and, as the Grand Duke of Baden finds himself, on his return to Karlsruhe, wholly dependent on his powerful auxiliaries, the military occupation of the country is the sole support of his government. On the other hand, the southern powers of Austria, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, have not been slow to avail themselves of this increasing jealousy and popular hostility to the Prussian influence. They are even accused, we hope without reason, of fomenting that spirit of anarchy from which Prussia has most effectually contributed to save them, and of an attempt to revive the obsolete pretensions of the Archduke John. These are dangerous and unworthy tricks, if they have been resorted to; but at the same time, it bodes no good to the union of Germany that, in these critical times, the Assembly or Diet of the Confederation has ceased to exist in any distinct or lawful form, and that the policy of the northern and southern courts is more divided, if not opposed, than it has been at any moment since the formation of the Germanic body.

There is, we doubt not, a strong disposition on

the part of foreign powers to abstain from all undue interference in the relations of the German States; and even the attack on Denmark could not rouse the chief states of Europe from their system of observation and neutrality. But to preserve these relations it is essential that Germany, and each of the German states, should avoid such internal changes as would materially alter the balance of power. It is impossible that any French government should view with indifference the extension of the military power of Prussia along the whole frontier of the Rhine. Nor would the commercial interests of Great Britain learn without apprehension that measures were contemplated to interfere with the absolute independence of the free port of Hamburg, whose transactions are so nearly connected with those of our own mercantile cities. These considerations, added to the increasing reluctance of the people in Germany to yield an unqualified submission to Prussian ascendancy, will doubtless warn the court of Berlin not to presume too much upon the strength of its position. It has imposed on Germany a lasting debt of gratitude for the energetic repression of a formidable revolution; it will, we hope, take the lead in the pacific establishment of constitutional government; but, if these events are to raise the character and station of Prussia in Germany and in Europe, their effect must be gradual, and their results must be equally remote from revolutionary violence and from military aggrandizement.

From the London Times, August 20.

AFFAIRS OF ROME.

THE relations of the Papal government with its own subjects and with the French republic are daily assuming a character of signal iniquity. It is evident from the conduct of Pius IX. that he entertains no intention of compromise in those political differences which drove him into temporary exile, but that his authority has been resumed with the deliberate resolution of carrying out to their full extent those traditional principles of administration which have hitherto so equivocally characterized the States of the Church. We have reasons for surmising that this resolution is not of very recent formation.

It would have been no unnatural result if the violent measures of the insurrectionary party in Rome, following, as they did, so closely on the liberal overtures of the pontiff himself, had induced some reactionary sentiments; but we are not without an opinion that the determination now shown on the part of his holiness, to maintain in their full integrity all the abuses of an essentially corrupt administration, was of earlier growth than the revolutionary schemes of the late conspirators. It is even possible that in the first passages which occurred between the respective heads of the Papal states and the French republic some such doctrines were candidly avowed, but all perplexities on this point are removed by the fact that the pretext on which the overt intervention of France was at last

effected was the establishment of good government in the States of the Church, and not simply the restoration of an ecclesiastical prince to the chair of St. Peter.

Acting, we are inclined to believe, as much on his own mere motive as the instance of others, Pope Pius has already replaced the most odious machinery of the old Papal government, with every circumstance of abruptness and injury. As if for the purpose of bringing two extremes into suggestive contrast, he has superseded Mazzini's triumvirate by one of his own nomination, and has apparently left these commissioners of sovereignty in the unfettered exercise of discretionary power. They have proceeded accordingly to the enactment of every ordinance which could insult the gentry, aggravate the middle class, infuriate the populace, and alienate the provincial municipalities. Pope Pius has been the first to supply by his own conduct a proof that the Roman people were really unanimous, and that with sound reason, in desiring a change of government.

It has hitherto been plausibly argued that the acts of the democratic triumvirate were not the acts of the people of Rome, but the measures adopted by the restored pontiff are well calculated to assure the world that all must have stood alike in their opposition, since all are subjected to the same retributive penalties. Pius IX. has not chosen to throw himself on the good will, the good sense, the affection, or the generosity of any one class of his subjects. He has kept himself aloof from his kingdom; has garrisoned his capital with foreign bayonets, and has commissioned a triumvirate, whose very names are symbolical of misgovernment and tyranny, to dispose of the liberties and fortunes of his people, while he disports himself in the pleasures of a congratulatory tour.*

It has been sometimes said that the effective reformation of the Papal government must necessarily be tantamount to a revolution, and that such a measure is absolutely incompatible with the temporal power of the head of the church. We will not touch upon that assertion at present further than to say that it is certainly not for the interest of Pope Pius and his consistories to give a practical proof of its correctness. If it can indeed be decided that the good government of the Roman states is essentially inconsistent with the temporal supremacy of the pontiff, the conclusion is not likely to be that the pontiff must therefore be supported by the opinions of Europe in governing ill. Surely it might be conceived that a Pope, and especially such a Pope as Pius IX. had once professed himself, could be reconducted to his capital without indulging in the puerile or vindictive freaks of a Spanish Bourbon! Yet, if we look dispassionately at the decrees which have issued from the conclave at Gaeta, we shall be driven to conclude that no restored sovereign ever warranted the proverb regarding such characters more completely than this once popular and benevolent Pope.

We have no reason, as we remarked, for concluding that the measures recently adopted at Rome express anything but the deliberate conception entertained by the pontiff of his own privileges and opportunities. There is, however, a remedy fortunately at hand against such excesses of power. Pope Pius, if unsupported by foreign arms, will speedily be taught, by the undismayed resolution of the Roman people, to what point his dominion legitimately extends; and if, on the other hand, the arms of foreigners are still employed in his protection, he can only govern in conformity with that power on whose protection he depends. The ministry of the French republic has openly expressed upon this point opinions wholly irreconcilable with the recent ordinances of Gaeta. In these opinions they will be confirmed by the feelings of the French people, and they must be well aware that, even if their predilections took another direction, it would be scarcely practicable for a power so circumstanced in its foreign relations as France to provide for the permanent maintenance of a Pope in his own capital by force of arms. If such a Guelph faction were once established, the old Ghibelline antagonism would not long be wanting.

All things however concur, at present, in suggesting a different solution of the problem. Excepting the court of Naples, whose incapacity of service in the hour of danger has been practically shown, there exists no state whose opinions or interests are involved in supporting the extravagant claims of the Pope and his cardinals. M. de Tocqueville disavowed any such intentions on the part of his own government, and the French soldiery, whose demeanor, under existing circumstances, partakes of a certain independence of expression, have evinced a decided leaning toward the cause of the citizens among whom they are now quartered. Austria has not been backward in a similar declaration of sentiment, and there remains no power to which the Pope could turn for support in his unbecoming and ill-considered hostility to the claims of his people. To such a pitch have his three commissioners carried their measures of resentful reaction that a fresh outbreak of popular violence was daily anticipated; and although no such insurrection could be successful against the present garrison of the city, yet it was by no means certain how far the coöperation of this garrison might be counted on, now that the merits of the case had been placed clearly before them. It would, however, be far more in the interests both of Rome and Europe that Pius IX. should be distinctly taught his duties by those who have won the right to such remonstrance, than that Central Italy should again be consigned to the caprices of a democratic faction, under worse conditions than before.

DISMEMBERMENT OF HUNGARY.

THE English press is unanimous in crying out against any dismemberment of Hungary, and the

following from the London *Herald* is a fair representation of the general voice :—

It is because we desire not the dismemberment of the Austrian empire, and should wish to see that empire great and powerful, that we would press on the other cabinets of Europe the necessity of now interposing by negotiation—and of endeavoring to secure to Hungary that which is constitutionally and legally her right. In uttering this opinion, we adhere to the views which we expressed seven or eight months ago, antecedently to the period when the Hungarian cause was encumbered with the help of many mouthing demagogues of the metropolitan boroughs, and of the great manufacturing towns—demagogues who but repeat the stereotyped articles which we have seen in one daily and three or four weekly journals, and which all evidently proceed, with a slight variation of phrase—and possibly for some *very well understood* cause—from the same workshop. That such meetings, or such arguments or articles as have been recently urged and written in favor of Hungary by some of our ultra radicals, and one daily and several weekly prints here, could have in any way subverted the great cause at issue in Hungary, we more than doubt. The position of the question is now, however, such that diplomacy may fittingly intervene, when the crash of arms and the more noxious babbling of ten-pounders have ceased; and we trust that Viscount Palmerston and her majesty's ministers will lose not a moment in coöperating with the French government, in urging on the cabinet of Vienna the long neglected truth, that by acting in a legal and constitutional spirit towards Hungary, that kingdom may be won back to a loyalty and enthusiasm such as prevailed in the time of Maria Theresa. Nothing but such a course as this can pacify Hungary, save Austria, or secure tranquillity for any length of time in Europe.

The moment appears opportune for peace and reconciliation; and though Hungary has learned her own strength, and Austria her own weakness, in late encounters, yet the best and most enlightened men, both in Austria and Hungary, feel that a great and enduring empire can only exist by an intimate union of the two kingdoms—by the union of the empire of Austria with the kingdom of Hungary. This being so, we trust the constitutional Emperor of Austria will henceforth act and feel as though he were King of Hungary, and king on the condition of respecting the laws and constitution of the Magyars. If the obligations which Austria has incurred to Russia could by any manner of means interpose an obstacle to this great duty of the Austrian emperor and his cabinet, such obligations would become a European calamity, disturbing the balance of power, interfering with the volition of an empire, and the happiness and constitutional rights of a dependency. But we trust that Russia will now see fit to withdraw her armies from Hungary, and by her wise counsels prove a disinterested friend, and not a dangerous ally. It is impossible, however, to conceal from ourselves or others the dangerous precedent that has been created by this Muscovite interference, and the large margin which such interference gives to Russia to intrigue in Austria, in Hungary, in the Danubian principalities, and even in Turkey itself. If there were a wise or honest government in France—or an able president—such aspects of the subject might be in a great degree disregarded. But with a Louis Napoleon Bonaparte president, who may within a

week become the creature and tool of Russia, such considerations force themselves on the attention of the casual observer.

From the Spectator, 8 Sept.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

DIPLOMACY preserves its secrecy, and report now describes the congress of princes at Frankfurt as one "to settle the German question." We defy any power included within "Germany" to "settle" any great section of the European question. The rivalry of Austria and Prussia would forbid that, even if states beyond Germany were not complicated in the affair—Hungary, Venice, Lombardy, and many more. They may patch up the central authority or "diet," but they can "settle" nothing. Kossuth denounces Görgey's "shameful ingratitude," and several circumstances strengthen the impression that Görgey surrendered on grounds of policy rather than from absolute exhaustion: in other words, Hungary abruptly broke off the war without having been subdued; she yielded her cannon, but retains her self-possession; and her chiefs, on returning to their Austrian allegiance, become a party within Austria whom it will not be safe to dispose of by any congress of princes at Frankfurt. The Emperor of Russia is at Warsaw, lavishing honors upon Prince Paskiewicz, the recipient of Görgey's semi-voluntary surrender; and the imperial letters are couched in terms of "candid and deep-felt gratitude," which attest the previous solicitude. Venice yields unvanquished in spirit; on the contrary, she has learned to know that a spirit which was thought to be drowned in the lagunes still dwells in the Queen of the Adriatic. "A congress to settle the German question" must fail for insufficiency of authority, of power, and of the *locus standi*. Its success might be mischievous even to "the princes" concerned, since it might tend to supersede the European Congress which is so much needed.

Certain portents make us suppose that such an idea is not yet abandoned among the secret councils of diplomacy. The friends of the royal classes are busy in keeping their merits before the public: "A Legitimist" describes the Comte de Chambord, of "noble" countenance, "pure and exalted" mind; an Orleanist describes the ingenuous patriotism of Louis Philippe; a Bonapartist, namely, the Prince-President Louis Napoleon, orally advertises his own qualities as a legitimist and conservative! All these parties speak as if their merits were under some critical consideration. There is a talk in Paris of revising the Constitution of 1848—which could hardly be done without some countenance from without.

It is to be hoped, however, that the congress of 1850, if it be held, will be no new conspiracy of the princes to parcel out Europe among themselves and their adherents. Princes and diplomatists are liable to a sort of judicial ignorance,

which makes them refuse to see much; the information presented for their use, specially winnowed from the chaff with which it is found in journals and public report, is also imperfect, and often spoiled by tampering; and the training of royal or official people often makes them at the mercy, not only of defective information, but also of defective informability. This ignorance might lead a congress terribly astray, if effective steps were not taken to ascertain the necessities and opportunities of the time. It is desirable to reestablish governing power within the states of Europe; but in order that it may be a valid power, strong to rule and to endure, it should possess all the modern aids and appliances of political power, including popular sanction.

SWITZERLAND.—The fact of an intended intervention by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in Switzerland, is certified by an apologetic and explanatory article in the *Paris Assemblée Nationale*, a paper habitually receiving inspirations from the absolutist courts. The *Morning Post* vouches the rumor of Swiss invasion as containing more truth than many late rumors, and states that "some Austrian troops have absolutely marched." The following is the *Assemblée's* article:—

Some French, Belgian, and German journals of the Rhine, have been giving for the last few days the incredible intelligence that the great powers had decided amongst themselves on the partition of Switzerland, on the foundation of the several nationalities that compose it. We are in a position to affirm that such an absurd idea never entered the thoughts of European statesmen. No doubt, the journals which publish it desire to deprive the European intervention in Switzerland of its real meaning. This meaning we will explain.

A partition would be odious, and contrary to treaties; and what is required, on the contrary, is a return to the letter of these very treaties. The fundamental conventions of Switzerland recognize the independence of the small as well as the large cantons: now demagogues have destroyed the liberty of the smaller cantons, and this state of things cannot be allowed to exist. By treaties, the authority of the King of Prussia over Neuchâtel is recognized; now that sovereignty must be proclaimed anew. No principle of international right can authorize Switzerland to become the receptacle of all the refugees of Europe, in such a way as will allow the agents of permanent conspiracies to be directed at will towards Germany, France, or Italy. This state of things must cease. Austria thinks it necessary, in the interest of the special safety of the Lombardo-Venetian territory, to occupy that part of the canton of Tessin which stretches to the St. Gothard. *This pretension may be contested, for it is not in the treaties; but in this Austria is supported by Russia.* Such is the real state of the Swiss question. Nothing more is required on one or the other hand; but we think we are in a position to know that, in order to reach these ends, the powers are decided to follow the same system of firmness and resolution that they have followed in the sad affairs of Italy and Hungary.

THE COMFORTABLE STATE OF EUROPE.

To the Editor of the "*Examiner*:"

Europe is now in that comfortable state in which all men in power, whatever their politics or their countries, wish to see her. Everything is settled; no commotion, no demonstration. The most speculative and the most ardent must alike acknowledge that it is too late for interference or for intercession. The master and arbiter of Europe sees Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, Turkey, crouching at his feet, and France become his sword-bearer. Forty years ago the nations had little comparatively to fear from Bonaparte. His rashness and cupidity were the harbingers of his overthrow. But Russia is guided systematically by watchful and thoughtful, prompt and energetic, ministers. Every step of hers is considerate and firm, is short and sure; she is exhausted by no hasty strides, she is enfeebled by no idle aspirations. France believes it to be her interest, and fancies it to be in her power, to divide the world with her; and if two such nations, with ambition in accord, are resolved on it, what power upon earth can effectually interpose? It was the project of Napoleon to form a western and permit an eastern empire. He imagined the will could do everything; but no two natures are so distinct as the wilful and the wise. Never had man a quicker sight than Napoleon on the field of battle, or a shorter in the cabinet. His folly, and not our wisdom, saved us. What are we now to do? Russia has already crushed and subjugated the bravest, the most free, the most high-minded people on the continent; France has thrown Italy back into the grasp of Austria; the Germans hammer out and lay down laws, for troops of royal horse to ride over; England is laden with insolvable debts and unserviceable steam-boats. Perhaps there may, however, be time enough left her to counteract that power which she alone has been able to contend with, and lately might have coerced. France is neither able nor willing to stand up against that Colossus which strides from Archangel to Ormuz, over the snows of the Balkan, and over the sand banks of the Persian Gulf. England, by timely assistance to the Hungarians, would have saved Turkey and secured Egypt. Neither the Turks nor the Hungarians can look forward with confidence to another such opportunity. An English fleet in the Black Sea, at the invocation of the Turks, would have reanimated the Circassians and the Polanders. Engaged with every disposable regiment against Hungary and Transylvania, the formidable monster of the north could have made *vestigia nulla retrorsum*; it must have perished in the pitfall. A long series of future wars might thus have been prevented. Before two years are over, we must inevitably be engaged in one most formidable; one entered into, not for the interests of our commerce, not for the defence of our allies, not for the maintenance of our treaties, not for sympathy with that brave nation now trampled on,

the nation which bears the nearest affinity to us, in fortitude, constancy, and integrity, nor for our prerogative and preëminence, but (what has never been the case these many ages) for our homes and lives. Vainly is it asserted that Russia can never hurt us, although it may indeed be conceded that she alone could never. But if Napoleon, in the blindness of his fury, had not attacked her where alone she was invulnerable, we should not at the present hour be arguing on moral duty and political expediency. Regiments of French cavalry would have been sounding the bugle in every town and every hamlet of our land.

Virtuous men, American and English, sigh after peace in the streets of Paris! Now they are so far on the road, let them proceed to Gaeta and convert the Pope to Protestantism. There never can be universal peace, nor even general peace long together, while threescore families stand forth on the high grounds of Europe, and command a hundred millions to pour out their blood and earnings, whereon to float enormous bulks of empty dignities. Nor is it probable, nor is it reasonable, that young men, educated for the army and navy, should be reduced to poverty and inactivity. No breast in which there is a spark of honor would suffer this rank injustice, nor would any prudent man, however mercantile and mercenary, venture to propose it. The navy and army are the cotton-mills and spinning-jennies of aristocracy, which she will shut up and abandon the very day Mr. Cobden and Company shut up and abandon theirs. Enough was there of folly to choose France for the school-room of order, equity, and peace. A Frenchman is patient under the ferule, if the stroke falls hard, but is always ready to flinch and fib again, and play with fire, and to kick his master the moment he turns his back and suspends the chastisement. Blood is as necessary to him as to a weasel. He may dip his whiskers in milk; but with a rapid and impatient motion he shakes his head and throws it off again. Away he goes, under the impulse of his nature, and washes out his disgrace in his own element. Scarves and speeches may fly about the dinner-table, but drums and fifes are the first things listened to in the morning. The people of France will presently have enough of this enjoyment. Two thunder-clouds so heavy and vast as are now impending in opposite directions on the horizon, cannot turn back; the world will be shaken to its foundations whether they collide or coalesce. Could nothing have obviated and dissipated these portents! Loudly did I denounce to the "Examiner," long ago, when the King of Prussia said he would march at the head of his army to resist the Russians, the perfidy of this man, and the certainty that he was conspiring with the two emperors against the freedom of Germany. It was easy at that time to seize and banish him; and, since he had broken his own compact between king and people, it was just. Nations will soon learn parables. Somebody will show them a vegetable by which they were long supported; will show them that the distemper, which is con-

suming it, begins at the top; and that, by cutting off this top in time, the sustenance of millions is secured.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

August 31.

At the late Peace Congress in Paris, a letter from Mr. Samuel Gurney to Mr. Joseph Sturge was referred to; it has been published, and its facts are seen to have been the foundation of effective parts of one of Mr. Cobden's speeches. The position of Mr. Gurney, as head of one of the greatest banking-houses in Europe, gives weight to his opinions on subjects of finance. He thus discloses them to his friend—

Permit me to call thy attention to the standing armies and navies of the nations of Europe. I trust the congress will come to some strong resolution on the subject. The argument that one nation must pursue the practice because another does, is fallacious; mutual agreement to the contrary destroys the argument, if there be any force in it. I venture to throw before thee, however, some considerations on the subject, on grounds undoubtedly political, but certainly consistent with Christian propriety. In round numbers, I presume that not far short of 2,000,000 of the inhabitants of Europe, in the prime and strength of their lives, have been abstracted from useful and productive labor, and are made consumers only of the good gifts of the Almighty and of national wealth. The cost of the maintenance of these armies and navies cannot be very much less than two hundred millions of pounds sterling per annum, taking into consideration the subject in all its collateral bearings, at least, it must amount to an enormous sum. Does not this view of the subject in a large degree expose the cause of such masses of poverty, distress, and sin, which at present pervade many of the districts of Europe? Is not such the legitimate result of so vast a waste of labor, food, and wealth? Moreover, I venture to give it as my decided judgment—judgment formed upon some knowledge of monetary matters—that unless the nations of Europe adopt an opposite system in this respect, many of them will inevitably become bankrupt, and will have to bear the disgrace and evils of such a catastrophe. I could particularize the financial state of many of these nations, but will confine myself to those of France and England. Of the former I speak with great delicacy, seeing the generous reception she has given to the congress; but, deeply interested as I am in her welfare, I should rejoice to see her take possession of the benefits and prosperities that must arise to her in a financial point of view, as well as in other respects, by adopting an opposite course to that which she has hitherto done in respect of military establishments. I acknowledge I tremble for her if she persists in the plan hitherto pursued. In respect of my own country, I more boldly assert, that it is my judgment that, unless she wholly alters her course in these respects, bankruptcy will ultimately be the result. We have spent from fifteen to twenty millions sterling per annum for warlike purposes since the peace of 1815. Had that money been applied to the discharge of the national debt, by this time it would have been nearly annihilated; but if our military expenditure be persisted in, and no reduction of our national debt take place, at a period of our history certainly characterized by very fair prosperity and general political

calm, how is it to be expected that the amount of revenue will be maintained in a time of adversity, which we must from time to time anticipate in our future history? Should such adversity come upon us, I venture to predict that our revenue will not be maintained, nor the dividends paid, unless more efficient steps be taken to prevent such a catastrophe in these days of prosperity and peace.

Shabbiness has characterized the treatment of the Italians by France and England; the conduct of France being the more flagrant, of England the more mean. Not only did France swindle the Romans out of their revolution, but official men in Paris took pains to misrepresent the conduct of the Roman leaders. Thus, the rash Lesseps had described Mazzini in unfavorable terms, not knowing the man; and M. de Falloux did not scruple to make public use of this letter, although the same writer, on a better knowledge, had corrected that portraiture. The Italian leaders, especially if we consider their difficulties, have shown a far higher and abler spirit in the conduct of affairs than statesmen in more powerful countries. Yet not a word of hearty acknowledgment has been uttered by English statesmen who have been ready enough to reëcho the disparagements of past days. And the whig governor of Malta has introduced the innovation of refusing British hospitality to political refugees. The British public professes to repudiate and detest such conduct, and, in default of more substantial testimony to its own generous feeling, will pass abundant "resolutions" to that effect; of course the respected public will rejoice to perceive, by the advertisement which appears in another page of this journal, that a committee has been appointed to collect an "Italian Refugee Fund." By means of this fund the English public can pay its spontaneous tribute to humanity and justice.—*Spectator*, 8 Sept.

From the Examiner, 6 Sept.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S POSITION.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S provincial tours have not been very successful. Not that the French President has committed any blunders. On the contrary, his allocations and responses have been rather felicitous; even when the addressees to which he replied were awkward and unwelcome. But, considered as fishing excursions to get bites for the imperial crown, the president's journeys have not turned out as his friends expected. The territorial *grandeës* are, in fact, legitimists. The commercial *grandeës* are Orleanists. The populace of towns are red republican. No doubt the great mass of the French population are not included in these three categories; and the great mass it was, being neither the high nor the low, who elected Louis Napoleon. But has he kept their affections, and rendered them either more firm in his behalf, or more enthusiastic? We doubt it. The arguments with which to win these masses were either those of glory or of economy, those that appeal either to the pride or the pocket. To do both

were difficult, but Louis Napoleon might have done either one or the other. But alas! neither glory nor economy is forthcoming. The Roman campaign is not rich in laurels; and the gendarmerie now engaged in collecting the arrears of the forty-five centimes additional taxation, are not very likely to augment the preference of an imperial to a republican régime.

France is now, in fact, in the position of a ship with sails and rigging that have opposite directions, and aspire to lift it out of the water. These are the monarchic tendencies of the country's upper classes. But the ballast in the hold is a popular and a republican mass, never more powerful than when motionless. It secures the steadiness and safety of the vessel, and to get rid of it would be instantly to sink her.

There is nothing left therefore for Louis Napoleon, but to act quietly the part of president for three years, and take his chance afterwards for what national gratitude may bestow. Already any effort of his, in imitation of his great uncle, to snatch at a crown, or at permanence of power, would awaken the hostility and opposition which at present slumber. To this conclusion, indeed, the president and his friends seem to have come; compelled to it by the cold and doubtful reception which, notwithstanding the panegyrics of his journals, he has received in many places.

It is certainly among the many singularities of that inexplicable country, that a president elected by such an overwhelming majority should nevertheless be obliged to select his government and his chief ministers from the ranks of the very party opposed to him in the presidential election. Dufaure, the leading man of Cavaignac's cabinet, and he who most strenuously supported Cavaignac's candidature, is now the leading man of Louis Napoleon's cabinet. It is not found possible or prudent to replace him. This alone is a striking proof of the power and weight of the republican principle, and of its forming, in fact, the indispensable ballast of the state for the time being.

If Louis Napoleon could have any chance of maintaining his power, and prolonging it beyond his term of three years, it would be evidently by his avoiding anything like a dynastic policy, or a sacrifice of national interests to family ones. An alliance with Russia, or subservience to it by royal or imperial marriage, would so instantly and so plainly betray this, that what the president would gain in courts by such an alliance, he would lose in the to him far more important place of the electoral urn. We are not therefore surprised to hear the rumor of the marriage denied, and that all reports of a premature revision of the constitution are dying away.

This bodes well for Switzerland, for Turkey, and even for Rome. At least it makes out plainly that the policy of Louis Napoleon and his cabinet cannot yet be that of the tools of a new holy alliance.

Of course it is the foreign policy of the French cabinet that chiefly concerns us. Its domestic ad-

ministration has less and less interest. Embarrassed by financial difficulties, equally suspicious of ultra-royalist and ultra-republican, a French prime minister cannot but steer as prudently as possible between them. But the most important ministry in Paris is that of finances; and to this ground will evidently be transferred the battle between parties in the National Assembly. A prudent minister, that is, a minister prudent for his own interest and maintenance of office, would have observed the *statu quo*, raised temporary loans to meet momentary difficulties, and trusted to the restoration of trade, prosperity, and consumption for the future amplitude of the revenue. But M. Passy has not done this. He has shown mistrust of the present, despair of the future, and, without Peel's power or opportunities, has introduced Peel's income-tax amongst a people far less able to bear it than Peel's fellow-countrymen. The result is likely to be a parliamentary storm, in which Passy, like another Romulus, may disappear. We do not, however, anticipate any other commotion or *énervement* than this taxation one amongst our lively neighbors for the rest of this year.

THE pieces which hold up the republic or republicans to withering ridicule continue to enjoy great popularity at the theatres; and, indeed, it is to see them alone that people pay. One of the latest of them affords the public an opportunity of expressing its sentiments in a striking manner. After making the French figure under the different governments of Louis XVI., the revolution, Napoleon, the restoration, and Louis Philippe, the piece represents them under the blessed republic of 1848, and in the midst of it the curtain falls. "What!" shouts an actor seated in the pit, "you leave us in a republic! What a shame! We won't have that! We won't stop in a republic!" The audience applaud with fury; and the actor then goes on to repeat his complaint of the infamy of the author in leaving his piece unfinished, for, says he, it is impossible that the French people can be so lamentably unfortunate as to have to remain under a republic. He accordingly makes a great clamor for the author to come forward and explain himself. A personage representing the author makes his bow before the curtain. "Up with the curtain! Finish the piece! We can't remain in the midst of a republic!" *Author*: "Ladies and gentlemen, I really cannot do otherwise for the present than to have the curtain fall on a republic. I have represented our governments of the last sixty years, and now conclude with that under which we have the happiness to live!" "No—no! we won't have that. Another *dénouement*! another *dénouement*!" "Well, then—ladies and gentlemen—come in a week's time, and I will promise you a happier *dénouement*!" The sly hit is understood directly, and shouts of laughter arise. Can a form of government thus openly ridiculed and hated hope to stand?—*French Correspondent of the Britannia*.

From the Spectator, 1 Sept.

NATIONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"PUNICA fides!"—"British faith!" is the modern equivalent. Our government plays strange pranks abroad, and abroad it is "England" that gets the credit. Canada is bullied into something like revolt, and then the representative of majesty slinks into a country-house; whereupon the colony talks of separation from "England." Lord Grey tricks the Cape colony into being a penal settlement, and "England" has done it all. You whine about annexation, cries the Yankee, and you are going to annex Cashmere, as you have annexed Scinde and the land of the Sikhs. Lord Palmerston allows Lord Minto to entrap the Sicilians into revolt, and suffers Mr. More O'Ferrall to repulse the Sicilian refugees from Malta; and the bad faith is imputed to "England." "England" is kicked out of Spain in the person of Mr. Henry Bulwer. What with the strange medley of achievements perpetrated in his name, good and bad, John Bull looks rather foolish; especially when he is asked to pay the bill for losing his property or his good name.

"Oh!" he cries, "I did not do it—I know nothing about it. It is not the people or the country, not *England* which has done all this, but the *government*—a very different thing."

Not so different as you would have us believe. Who appoints the ministers but the people, by the representatives whom the people elect? And the ministers thus popularly appointed have a right to plead popular authority. If the people dislike the consequent discredit, surely England is not too stupid, too feeble, or too poor, to bring about a better state of things? The root of the mischief lies in the fact, that although "England" dislikes the shame of avowing the acts of her public servants, she does not really feel any great concern at the wrong done. The middle and upper classes especially entertain this negative feeling of indifference. So long as taxes and insurrections are kept down, so long as they are safe and their money is saved, they are indifferent to the rest. Even the Chartists share the feeling so far as foreign countries are concerned; they are content with a moral "repudiation" of state debts. So long as English ministers remain in office, "England" is really responsible for what they do, and must bear the discredit as meekly as she may.

A REVEREND correspondent of an English paper states that he has applied the gutta percha tubing in his chapel to great advantage to the deaf portion of his congregation. He states that he has a large oval funnel of sheet gutta percha inserted in the book board in front of the Bible, attached to which is a piece of inch tubing passing down the inside of the pulpit and under the floor, from which branch tubes are conducted to the pews of persons whose hearing is defective, the end of the tube being supplied with an ear-piece.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work;—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (14 cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 284.—27 OCTOBER, 1849

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

AMERICANS IN JAPAN.—CRUISE OF THE U. S. SLOOP-OF-WAR PREBLE.

We have already published from the *China Mail* a condensed notice of the rescue from Japan of a number of American sailors, who had been shipwrecked upon that coast, where they had been kept in prison and treated with the grossest barbarity for many months. The account, however, was very brief, and we are very glad, therefore, to find a much more extended narrative of it in the *Chinese Repository*, proof-sheets of which, sent out by S. Wells Williams, Esq., have been received by the editor of the *Providence Journal*. From this narrative we learn that the *Preble* left Hong Kong upon this cruise the 22d of March, and returned on the 20th of May. She reached Napa April 10th, and remained three days. Dr. Betelheim is there as a missionary, but has not been able as yet to open the slightest communication with the natives, who do not molest him in any way, but avoid him whenever he appears. The authorities desired the *Preble* to take him away, but he had no wish to leave. The Japanese requested Capt. Glynn to keep away from that place in future. They would not sell him any supplies, though they offered to give him whatever he might want; he refused to take anything, however, unless he could be allowed to pay for it. From Napa the *Preble* sailed for Nangasacki, which she reached April 17th.

Her appearance, says the narrative, was announced to the authorities of that town immediately, and a boat was seen approaching as soon as she anchored. This unusual haste, as well as the repeated inquiries subsequently made whether there was not another vessel in company, were not fully explained until Capt. Glynn learned at Shánghái, that the ship *Natches* had passed through the straits of Van Diemen only the day before his arrival. A Japanese boarding officer, Moreama Einaska, hailed the ship in English, to say she must anchor in a place he pointed out until the governor's order could be received; but Captain Glynn told him that place was unsafe, as well as his present anchorage, and he should stand in until he gained a safe berth inside the harbor. When the ship had reached the offing, abreast Happenberg Island, the man hailed her, saying, "You may anchor where you please." On coming aboard, when the ship was first hailed, he inquired why the *Preble* came to Japan; and that question being evaded, he asked the captain if he received a paper. "No. One of your boats came alongside, and threw a bamboo stick on deck, in which was thrust a paper; but, if it was intended for me, that is not the proper manner to communicate to

me, and I ordered it to be thrown overboard. Why do you choose this method of sending me a letter?" In the usual style of Japanese officials, after a thing has been done, the interpreter replied, "That was right! That was right! But our laws require that all ships should be notified of certain things. This was a common man; he had his orders as I have mine, from the chiefs over me, and you must not blame him." The paper here alluded to contained warning to ships, directions where they are to anchor, and what questions they are to answer.

After the *Preble* had anchored, a military officer, named Serai Tatsnosén, came aboard to learn her errand. His rank and credentials were carefully examined as a preliminary step; after which full particulars of the nation, object, and character of the ship were told through the same interpreter, Moreama Einaska, who spoke tolerably good English, but understood only as much as he wanted to. This chief was told that the commander of the *Preble* came with written instructions to bring away sixteen American seamen cast upon the Japanese coast. This announcement called forth a series of questions from him about the manner in which the shipwreck and number of men was ascertained, who sent the *Preble* after them, &c. &c. Captain Glynn replied in general terms, and endeavored to learn how long his countrymen had been there, what treatment they had received, and why two of them had died; but the interpreter parried these interrogatories in a very trifling manner. A promise was elicited, however, that he would inquire of the governor, H. E. Edo Tsokimano, whether the men would be delivered up without the delay of referring to Yeddo. The standing inquiry was made if the ship was in need of anything; but the chief was told that no provisions, fuel, or water, could be received unless the Japanese would take pay, as it was against the laws of the United States for a national vessel to receive anything in the way of presents. He declined the proposal to exchange salutes, saying they were never made, nor the compliment ever given, either by French or English men-of-war.

During the night everything was quiet in the harbor, but in the morning of the 19th, a large number of boats were seen under the land, and the forts near the entrance of the channel up to the town were manned with more men. These forts are even less skilfully built than the Chinese, the walls consisting of small unhewn stones, and the guns placed at such an elevation up the hill that a discharge would be sure to turn them quite over. Their battlements were, however, turned to a much more peaceful use than to train guns upon to drive away the *Preble*, for, during her stay, many parties of the people came there to look

at her, as a substitute for the prohibition to visit her.

A military officer, Matsumora Shai, came off to salute Captain Glynn, on behalf of the governor. The captain observed it was uncivil, and argued very little confidence in his promise to observe the regulations of the port, to place a cordon of armed boats around his ship, while free intercourse and reciprocal civility would tend to a better acquaintance and mutual good will between the Japanese and other countries. "Why are American men-of-war sent so far from home?" was the only rejoinder, as if nothing had been said to him. He was made fully acquainted, however, with the condition of the American navy, and the size, armament, and crew of the one then in port; but the evasions made by the interpreter to the queries put to him, were characteristic of this suspicious people—a people among whom the system of espionage and mutual responsibility has well nigh destroyed everything like frankness, truth, and confidence. No one of the officials on board seemed to know anything upon any other subject than their master's message; for though one of them had been at Yeddo, and seen the emperor, he could give no idea of his age, nor of the distance there. One of the surest ways of succeeding with the Japanese is to imitate them in this respect, and convey to them the impression that you are obliged to carry out your orders, and know nothing beyond what you were sent to execute. Before this chief left, Captain Glynn gave him a letter to the governor, in which he made a formal demand for the men, and requested his excellency to inform them of the Preble's arrival.

The same officer did not return till the 22d, and on coming aboard, after salutations had passed, he was asked if he had the governor's answer, to which he replied, "It would come another time, not now." He was told that neither a verbal answer nor a messenger would be received as satisfactory; to which he said that, according to Japanese usage, he had come to speak by word of mouth. He was pressed to say definitely when the men would be given up, and was told that if they were not soon handed over, the instructions of his superior would oblige Captain Glynn to take other measures, for he must get them. The necessity of referring to Yeddo was constantly thrown in to account for the delay which might take place before they came on board; but when about to leave, he said an answer would come from the governor the next day, and an intimation whether a reference must be made to Yeddo. An example of the caution of these officials was exhibited when they were requested to take a packet of newspapers to Mr. Levyssohn, the opperhoofd [president of the Dutch factory] at Desima, for which they had already obtained permission, but not to take a letter with it; they demurred a long time, but finding that the papers which they felt bound to take could not be carried away without the letter, the chief at last took upon himself the immense responsibility of carrying them both

ashore. A ridiculous instance of their duplicity was also shown. The captain was desirous of getting some fossil coal, and when the chief went over the ship, he was purposely taken by the forge, and asked if he had any of the substance ashore there used to heat iron. "No. What a curious stone it is!" The officer wrapped a large lump in a paper, for him to carry ashore, but he begged him not to rob the small stock remaining, and would take only a bit of the rare mineral, carefully depositing it in his sleeve. We think the fool must have laughed in his sleeve at his supposed success in making the foreigners think the people of Nangasacki had no coal, when it is their chief fuel.

A semi-official reply was received from Mr. Levyssohn in the afternoon, stating that he had been requested to translate the letter to the governor of Nangasacki, and having been told that special permission from court was necessary before the men could be delivered to a man-of-war, he had intimated the necessity of giving them up, and had proposed to receive them himself, after having had an interview with the commander of the Preble. To this note a reply was immediately returned, expressing a hope that the proposed conference would take place. Meanwhile, the cordon of guard-boats was increased and drawn nearer the ship; torches were lighted in each one by night, placed in pans at the ends of long poles, to observe if any person attempted to swim ashore, and as many precautions were taken to prevent intercourse as if the vessel had had the plague.

On the 23d, Serai Tatsnosen returned. He remarked that Mr. Levyssohn had had an interview with the governor, and proposed to obviate the need of referring to Yeddo by taking the men himself, and would come aboard in two days upon the matter. Captain Glynn told him this mode of answering an official note was very improper, and the commander of the Preble could only confer with the governor, and could not be put off and delayed in this manner with vain excuses, concluding his reply by asking, "Am I to get the men?" "This cannot be. Why not stay a few days! You will get the men, *I think*." This last phrase formed a part of almost every remark of the interpreter, and when questioned if the men would come aboard in two days, he said again, "I cannot say how long it will be; *I think* you will get your sailors."

Some little hesitancy was exhibited by the Japanese officials, before they remarked that Captain Glynn could not see Mr. Levyssohn, for he was ill; and that it was necessary for the governor to get permission from Yeddo before giving up the men. Upon receiving this answer, the commander of the Preble sternly told the chief, that is enough; the ship can stay at Nangasacki no longer: its commander has business only with the governor of that city, and knows nothing of the Dutch factory in this business, and he will get under weigh in a few hours, and leave to report his reception to his superior and to his own government

which had sent him there, and well knew how to recover its citizens, and had the power to do so. Hearing this decided language, the chief seemed to lose his imperturbable nonchalance, and said he would exert all his influence to get the men soon, adding, "I think you may expect it—" "Stop! You have had time enough to think, and I'll do the thinking now," replied the captain. "Do you promise me now that the men shall be delivered up in three days from this, for I will stay no longer!" Thus pressed, the governor's messenger promised that in three days they should be handed over to the American commander, whereupon the parties shook hands. The chief afterwards walked over the vessel, inspected the crew at general quarters, &c., and then took his leave.

On the 25th, the chief, Matsumura Shai, returned, and on taking his seat, remarked that Mr. Levyssohn, being too sick to come off, had sent a substitute, who was in the boat alongside, and he wished to know if he might come on board. Captain Glynn directed the officer to go to the gangway and invite him to come up, but Moreama, the interpreter, interfered, and said it was necessary for him to give him permission to do so. This gentleman, Mr. Basile, brought a letter from Mr. Levyssohn, offering a quantity of provisions, which Captain Glynn was of course compelled to decline, as he had already told the authorities he must pay for what he took. Mr. B. also brought some Japanese official documents in Dutch, with four signatures and seals attached to them, which he orally translated.

One of them was an informal reply from the governor, through the opperhoofd, in which, after reciting the names of the sailors, he says that it has been represented at court that the men were to be sent away by the next Dutch ship, and are now handed over to the superintendent, to be surrendered to the American man-of-war; but though they (the sailors) reported that their ship was wrecked, yet the law of Japan strictly forbids any person voluntarily approaching its shore; and as it is plain that long voyages cannot be taken in boats, in future persons coming ashore in this manner will be carefully examined. The governor adds, that these men were provided for, and yet, in violation of the laws of the land, broke out of their residence several times, and escaped into the country, but were recaptured, and pardon granted to them; and concludes by requesting the superintendent to inform the American commander that whalers from his country are not to resort to the Japanese seas, as the present case, and one in 1847, show that they are becoming more numerous.

The other paper seemed to be a report of their guard, and contained a notice of the arrival near the island of Lisili, belonging to Yesso, within the principality of Matsumai, of fifteen North American whalers, who asked for assistance, and had a residence given them. It then detailed the several occasions on which these men had broken out of their "residence," and been retaken, and

forgiven, after they had asked pardon; they were instructed to behave properly, and promised to obey the warning. Their repeated attempts to break out, compelled the Japanese authorities to take them away from the temple and put them in prison, though not only had they themselves promised to be quiet, but the Dutch superintendent had cautioned them to remain easy until they were liberated. After reciting the time, nature, and result of the diseases each one had suffered, it concluded with saying that their incarceration was wholly owing to their own restiveness. Soon after the reading of these documents, and their delivery to Captain Glynn, the party left the ship.

A new visitor, Hagewara Matasak, came on the 26th, with Moreama, to announce to Captain Glynn that the men would be given up according to promise, and inquiring, with some earnestness, if he would then sail. The positive assurance that this would be done seemed to relieve him vastly; and he then proceeded to say that Captain Glynn's request to visit Mr. Levyssohn on shore had been communicated to the governor, who had refused to grant permission, as it was against the laws of Japan. He was told that this was enough, and the question was then asked if the laws of Japan were in book. "No, no; not so—the French and Dutch put their laws in books, but our governor gives us the law." "Did your governor give you the law prohibiting foreigners visiting the Dutch factory at Desima, or did the emperor make it?" asked Captain Glynn. He was told that this was an imperial regulation; and when a copy of Ingersoll's Digest of the Laws of the United States was offered to him for his acceptance, he again quoted law to decline taking it. The number and object of American vessels which yearly resorted to the Japanese waters was then stated, and on this subject the chief was evidently interested.

After this conversation, a boat bearing the Netherlands flag came alongside, and Mr. Basile and another gentleman came on board, bringing some papers in Dutch signed by the four head Japanese interpreters, which Mr. B. orally translated. One of them contained an extract from the laws to the following effect:—

When shipwrecked foreigners have no means of returning home, they are allowed to sojourn, and their wants are provided for; and on their arrival here they are to be sent back to their country by the Dutch superintendent, which is thus fixed by the law. This being duly considered, it is accordingly not allowed in future to land in the Japanese empire.

Shortly after this, the Japanese officers and the whole party took their leave, and the boat containing the shipwrecked mariners came alongside, and they on deck. Their names were—Robert McCoy, of Philadelphia; John Ball, of Kempville, N. Y.; Jacob Boyd, of Springfield, New Jersey; John Martin, of Rochester, New York; John Waters, of Oahu; and Melchar Biffar, of New York, Americans; Harry Barker, James Hall,

Manna, Mokea, Steam, Jack, and Hiram, Hawaiians, all formerly belonging to the ship *Ladoga*; and Ranald M'Donald, of Astoria; belonging to the ship *Plymouth*. The cunning of the Japanese in deferring the delivery until they had finished all their own conferences, and placed themselves in security aboard their own boats, was very evident, as thereby all charges brought by their misused prisoners would fall harmless upon them. They may have been conscious that a conference upon the deck of the *Preble* might have been unpleasant, and they placed at a disadvantageous equality with those whom they had so badly treated.

The narrative of the imprisonment of these unhappy mariners shows the cruelty of the Japanese government, and the necessity of making some arrangement with it involving the better usage of those who are cast upon their shores. The men told their story to Capt. Glynn in a straightforward manner, which carried conviction with it; and we are happy in being able to furnish the following account compiled from their depositions:—

NARRATIVE OF THE SAILORS.

It appears that the men from the *Ladoga* deserted her on account of ill usage, and went off in three boats about June 5th, 1848, near the straits of Sangar; they cruised along the coast of Yesso, and landed to get food and water, but being refused, put to sea and landed again about three miles north, where the villagers built them three mat sheds, and supplied them with food. On the morning of the 7th, an officer inquired why they had come there, and gave them permission to stay till a northerly wind blew to carry them away; and meanwhile ordered a calico screen to be put up, and guards posted, to prevent them from going into or seeing the adjoining country. These soldiers were armed with swords and matchlocks, and their superiors were cased in mail and Japanned helmets or hata made of paper, and resembling broad-brimmed quaker hats; the men carried the match for their matchlocks at their waist.

The shipwrecked sailors were supplied with about one hundred and sixty pounds of rice and some firewood; on the next morning they put to sea again, pulling and sailing down the coast, everywhere perceiving that the country was aroused, and keeping off until they were invited ashore by a boat from a village near where they had first landed; here they found three mat inclosures run up for their reception since they came in sight, and were told they could stay there till the wind became fair. On the afternoon of the 9th, on attempting to go aboard their boats, they found they were prisoners, and the reasons assigned for detaining them were that an officer wished to speak to them, and that their boats were so frail and small they would perish, but that in twenty days a larger vessel would be furnished them. Their luggage was all brought ashore and ticketed, and placed within a house in the village; five days after they were again removed to a prison—so

ridiculously afraid were the Japanese of foreigners looking at their possessions, that these fifteen unarmed sailors were conducted to their lodging through a file of armed soldiers lining both sides of the street.

Here the men remained quiet till the twenty days were up, constantly in charge of a guard and restrained from walking about, at which time they were told no vessel would be ready until twenty days more had elapsed; at the expiration of this second period, they were informed that they would not be allowed to leave the place till January, and their application to be permitted to depart in their own boats was refused. Finding that no dependence could be placed in the assertions of the Japanese, McCoy and Ball made their escape from the prison, intending, if possible, to reach the coast and get to sea in a boat; but they were captured in the first village they approached to ask for food, and taken back to their comrades. A while after their return, on the occurrence of a quarrel the guard nailed Ball into a grated crib by himself for ten days; the cage was too low for him to stand up, and when he hallooed to his comrades, violating the orders of his keepers not to speak, he was jammed at with a stick to compel him to be quiet; for four days out of these ten he was unable to eat.

While he was in this cage, McCoy and Martin made their escape, but were soon arrested on the coast, though not before McCoy had swum out a distance from the shore; they were both put in a crib or cage by themselves after they were brought back, and Ball added to their company. Here they remained twenty-five days, fed through a hole just large enough to admit a cup. Martin was taken out once, after some high words had passed between him and the others, and thrown on the ground; standing on him, the Japanese bound his arms, and then raised him up and secured him to a post, where they beat him with the bight of a rope over his face and head; after which he was returned to his cage, at the intercession of his incensed companions, who endeavored to break out.

About the 10th of August, the men were all removed on board a junk, the three just mentioned being put into a cage between decks only five feet high, six feet long, and four feet broad; the other twelve men were stowed in a second cage twelve by ten feet square, and high enough to stand up in. In these cribs they were kept during the passage to Nangasacki, where they arrived about September 1st; they made every objection to going ashore, and asked for their own boats that they might try to reach China in them. Moreama, the government interpreter, among other falsehoods, told them they should be carefully taken care of ashore, and in six weeks forwarded to Batavia in the Dutch ship. One could have a little more patience with a people like the Japanese, if to their cruelty in carrying out regulations which they suppose necessary for their national safety, they did not add such gratuitous mendacity to de-

lode the unfortunates in their power. The men were questioned on board of the junk, and then carried to the "town house of Nangasacki," as they called it, in *kago* or chairs; as each man entered the door, he was compelled to step on a crucifix in the ground, and if he showed any dislike to tread on the sacred emblem, a Japanese attendant on each side pulled him back, or lifted him up, until both feet rested on it. McCoy was told that if any of the men had refused to go through this ceremony, he would have been put into an iron house, from which death would be his only exit. Boyd was pulled from one side to the other, as he showed some dexterity at dodging it, until he was forcibly fixed by his guard upon it. When in the town house, they were made to squat down, and shortly a *hissing* sound announced the governor's approach. They told him in brief they were shipwrecked Americans; but as it was now dark, the examination soon closed, and they were carried to a temple about a mile from the town, where they were lodged in a room surrounded by a fence thirty feet high, beyond which was a wall eight or ten feet high; their guard lodged under the same roof, separated from them by a grating. These accommodations were not so bad and strait as the cages and junk.

In a day or two they were all again carried to the town house, and questioned more minutely, but McCoy and Boyd had by this time learned enough of the Japanese language to know that the interpretations of Moreama were very incorrect. Partly on this account, perhaps, the examination was again put off to the morrow, at which time the opperhoofd from Desima was present. "He asked us," says McCoy, "what was our object in coming into the Japan seas? We told him we came in pursuit of whales. He then asked us if we came in pursuit of any other kind of fish;—if whaling was our only object;—and if we did not also come to spy out the country? We told him, No, we only came for whales. He asked us if we ate the whales; to which we replied, We made oil of them, &c.;—with more such conversation, after which we were carried back to our prison."

The suspicious rulers, having no truth themselves, were not satisfied with the superintendent's examination, and next day (September 6th) this testimony was all gone over again, and after it concluded, Moreama told them he doubted not they were spies, and came for no other purpose than to examine the country. The Dutch superintendent kindly sent them coffee, sugar, gin, and wine, and a piece of longcloth for Ball to make himself clothes. After six weeks had elapsed, he sent a letter to them, stating that permission had not yet come from Yeddo, but that the Dutch ship would tarry twenty-five days outside of the harbor; he also wisely cautioned them against quarrelling, adding that such unruly conduct would only aggravate their condition. In their reply to this note, the dispirited seamen expressed themselves as in a wretched condition, and begged him to

make known their case to some American consul, if perchance thereby a man-of-war might be sent to their relief.

Seeing no release come, the impatient McCoy escaped from his prison, by tearing off the boards from the fence and climbing the wall, in the vain hope of getting aboard of the Dutch ship lying off the harbor before she sailed. He travelled all night, and hid himself in the hills during the next day, till 4 P. M., when he made for the beach; a rain-storm induced him to hope the coast was clear; but he was retaken and carried back in a *kago* to his old quarters, and questioned as to his designs in escaping, and his object in spying out the land. He was put in stocks, and tied to the grating during the night, and the next day carried to the town house to undergo another examination, where the question as to his being a spy was again asked; though he told his keepers his only desire was to get aboard of the Dutch ship. He was taken thence to the common prison in the heart of the town, once the site of a church, and kept there by himself about three weeks. McCoy had by this time acquired so much knowledge of Japanese as to be able to talk with the people and his guard on most common subjects; but they were too carefully watched themselves to be free to tell him anything of importance. At the end of three weeks, thinking the Dutch ship had sailed, he despaired of ever getting away, and refused to take food. His guard told him he must eat, for that doubtless the emperor would give permission when he "thought good" for them to depart; and the governor himself sent an officer to inquire the reason of his abstinence. On the fourth day (November 16) he was taken to the town house in a *kago*, rather faint from his long fast, where he again saw his companions, and met Mr. Levyssohn. This gentleman informed them all that permission for their departure had not yet come, and that the ship had already waited five days beyond the twenty-five; he added that he had written to the American consul at Batavia, and endeavored to cheer up the spirits of the disheartened men by telling them that they were not among savages, and that there was no cause for fear, if release was long deferred. He also obtained a promise from the Japanese, that if McCoy behaved quietly he should be restored to his shipmates; which was done four days after.

After a month's detention, another escape was planned, by burning through the floor of their room and digging under the board fence; but only McCoy, Boyd, and Ball, got out, when the guard heard the noise and stopped the rest. These three made for the thickets behind the town, and directed their course south-westerly to the seashore, which they reached about two o'clock; but the barking of a dog turned them from their course, so that daylight surprised them before they could reach some boats they saw in a distant cove. Hiding themselves in the bushes during the day, they started the next evening for the seaside; but hunger compelled them to ask a peasant for food—he

kindly invited them to come into his hut and eat, and straightway went for the police, who arrested and pinioned the fugitives while at table, and returned them to the temple after an absence of twenty-four hours. Here their arms were tied up behind their backs so tight and high that, when the cords were removed after four hours' suffering, the poor fellows could not let their hands down without assistance. As a further punishment for their restlessness, they were then fettered on large stocks, McCoy's being the heaviest, (about three hundred pounds,) and laid in the outer yard during the night. In the morning, wet with dew and stiff from their constraint, they and all their companions were carried to the town-house. While proceeding thither, they imprecated the vengeance of their country upon their tormenters, who tauntingly replied: "If any officers from your country come here, we will serve them as we did the American commodore, last year, who was knocked down at Yeddo by a soldier; if the Americans took no notice of that, why should they look after you, who are only poor sailors! You are here now, and cannot help yourselves. If their ships come here, the priests will blow them to pieces."

At the examination, the governor remarked he was more convinced than ever that they were spies, by these repeated attempts to escape; and in order to secure them from injuring themselves, and save himself from anxiety by their trying to get out, he sent them all to prison, confining them in two small cages, which were enclosed in a larger one; McCoy, Boyd, and Martin were kept in one 18 by 8 feet, and the rest in another 18 by 12 feet square, the two being about six feet apart; both of them offensive, full of vermin, and open to the weather, and to be entered only by crawling in. The only furniture in them were lousy mats and a small washstand. The next night (December 17th) Mawry, one of the Hawaiians, hung himself in his cage, evidently by design, and not from aberration of mind. His corpse was put into a square box and buried in the Dutch burying ground; and when his comrades asked permission to accompany the body to its burial, their request was scoffingly rejected; though in the official report handed to Captain Glynn, it is asserted that the men themselves buried him. In view of the increased sufferings brought upon them all, the spirited attempts of McCoy and his shipmates to break loose were blameable, especially too, after one experiment had convinced them of the hopelessness of ultimate escape from the country. The fate of an American sailor belonging to a shipwrecked company two years before,* who had been cut down when resisting the police, and died of his wounds from cruel neglect, should also have served as a warning, and was perhaps told them with that object—though here at ease and liberty, we are not going to judge the conduct of these imprisoned men in their natural desires and attempts to be free, very strictly.

* The account of the loss of the *Lawrence* has already been published in our columns.

It was now becoming cold, and the snow and rain beat through the cages; no bedding, not even their own clothes, were given the wretched men. They begged hard for covering of some sort for Ezra Goldthwait, who was taken ill about Christmas. This man had been quite well, hitherto; he became delirious on the third day, with such symptoms of swelled and cracked parched tongue, pain in the stomach, and frothing at the mouth, that his companions in misery were sure he had been poisoned. His only protection was a thin shirt and trowsers; but though the snow beat upon him as he lay on a quilt in his foul cage, his cruel keepers refused to return him his own blanket, only three days, when he had been sick three weeks, before he died. A physician came every day, whose prescriptions rather increased his malady. This poor man had smuggled a Bible into his cage, which he requested Martin to return to his relations in Salem, Mass. He died January 24th, the Japanese new year, and was buried next day, his keepers ridiculing the others for asking permission to attend the funeral, just as they did when Mawry was buried. Not long after his death, Waters was attacked in the same manner, but recovered as soon as his companions refused to give him the doctor's prescriptions. His guards told him one day that his coffin was made, the grave dug, and the day appointed when they were to bury him.

Their food during this time was rice and sweet potatoes for breakfast, rice and now and then a treat of three or four ounces of fish for dinner, and rice with boiled sea-weed for supper; tea was furnished for drink. There was little to break the monotony of their irksome captivity. They could not read the Bible, lest it should be taken away from them; and had no other books, or any means of amusement. A Japanese culprit was decapitated near their cage one day, but as only one could look out of the hole at a time, McCoy alone saw a lad running by the door with a head in his hand; the guards, to scare them, intimated strongly that such might be their own fate; but Martin says he cared very little about the threat. McCoy did most of the talking, and had become rather intimate with one of the guards, who, as a great secret, told him there was another American in prison in Nangasacki. He also learned from the same source the existence of the war between his own country and Mexico.

The day of their deliverance was now approaching, the letter sent by the Dutch ship having reached its destination and accomplished its purpose. On the evening of April 17th, they heard a single distant gun, and soon after one of the guard told McCoy, under charge of secrecy, he was sure it indicated the approach of a vessel; and if so, they would soon hear others from the forts to alarm the country and put the people on their guard, which they actually did while yet conversing. His shipmates commenced cheering; but by request of his good-natured informant, McCoy asked them to be quiet, lest suspicion should be aroused. In the evening he overheard

the guard cautioned by their superiors not to tell the prisoners a ship had come, and in the morning when he asked a relief guard what was the occasion of the firing, he was told they were scaling the guns. His friend coming on the guard on the 21st, McCoy learned it was an American ship-of-war come for them; but his informant added that her captain must wait until an answer was received from Yeddo before his countrymen could be given up to him, which would delay him between forty and fifty days, as the governor had no power to deliver them up without express permission.

On the 24th, the same day that Tatsnosen had promised Capt. Glynn, several high officers came to the prison, and Moreama informed the prisoners that in two days they would be taken to the town-house, and thence sent to Desima to be delivered over to the Dutch superintendent, for the purpose of being transferred to the ship which had come for them; and required them to give him all their clothes and bedding at that time. Accordingly, on the 26th, they were all carried to the town-house in *kago*, where they met McDonald and saw the new governor, who had arrived in Nangasacki since the ship. It is impossible to say whether it was owing to the change of officers, or to the decided tone of Captain Glynn, that the captives were given up; it is probable that the new incumbent was quite willing to accept Mr. Levyssohn's offer, and rid himself of so unpalatable a visitor as a foreign ship-of-war. The men were then taken to Desima, where they were furnished with an excellent dinner—a banquet to them after their fare of sea-weed, rice, and fish—and allowed to amuse themselves by walking about the factory grounds, while the boat was getting ready. On taking leave, they returned their thanks to Mr. Levyssohn for his kindness to them, which indeed was shown in so many ways and at so many times, as to call for their acknowledgments, and that of all their countrymen.

Ronald McDonald, the other sailor delivered up, was from the whaler Plymouth, Edwards, of Sag Harbor, who, in a spirit of adventure, left the ship according to a previous arrangement with his captain, in a small boat, intending to cruise along the Japanese coast, or cast himself ashore, as the winds or opportunity might favor. His boat was so contrived that he could capsize it himself, and an experiment he made the next day near a reef proved that it could be done without danger in smooth water. He first landed on an uninhabited island, which he examined throughout in hopes of finding traces of human beings, but seeing none he left it for the larger island of Timoshe or Dessi, about ten miles distant. When about half way over he capsize his boat and righted her, and then coasted along the shore till night. The next morning he saw some fishermen, who approached as he beckoned to them, and into whose boat he jumped, holding the painter of his own boat and making signs to go ashore. On landing, (July 2d, 1848,) they put sandals on his feet, and gently took him to a house, where a meal was provided for him and

a suit of dry clothes. He remained with these people eight days, but poor as they were and kindly disposed, they were under too much fear of their rulers to harbor him without permission or keep him without reporting him; and accordingly, at the end of this period, four officers from Soya arrived at the house, who carried him to the capital of the island, situated on the seashore in a north-westerly direction, and there confined him. His narrow quarters were enlarged at his remonstrance, and he passed a month here quietly, when a higher officer arrived to take him to a town called Syoa, on the island of Yesso, about 25 miles distant.

Here he remained in confinement a fortnight, waiting for a junk to take him to Matsmai, where he arrived Sept. 6th, after a passage of fifteen days, including stoppages; he was allowed to walk about the vessel's quarter deck, but forbidden to hold communication with the men, or go on shore. We cannot find any of the islands or towns mentioned by McDonald, on our maps; but the length of time occupied in the passage to Matsmai, leads us to suppose them to be in the north-eastern part of Yesso. Though confined, he was treated kindly at Matsmai, clothed in a Japanese dress, and all his wants supplied, with the addition of even a few luxuries; among other things, he was furnished with a rude wooden spoon, cut out and left behind by one of the crew of the *Ladoga*, whom he was told had attempted to escape. He left Matsmai, Oct. 1st, and reached Nangasacki the 17th, where he was provided with a lodging in a temple.

On going ashore at Nangasacki, he was carried to the town house, but before going in, Moreama instructed him how to behave when in the presence of the governor, and ordered him to step on an image in front of the first door, which he said was the "devil of Japan." This plate, about a foot wide, was, as well as he could see, a rude picture of the Virgin and child, but the crowd pressing in, prevented him from examining it closely. He was compelled to kneel in court, and soon a *hissing* announced the governor, to whom he was obliged to make the Japanese salutation—bending down so as not to look in his face. On being asked his place of residence, he told them Oregon, New York, and Canada, in hopes to be delivered to the first American or English man-of-war which might come, and thus be the means of restoring the other men to liberty, who, for their restlessness, he thought would be kept prisoners for life. Many other questions were asked him, and among others, if he believed there was a God in heaven! He said, "Yes, I believe in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." He was taken away in a *kago* to the quarters provided for him, where he remained over six months until the Preble's arrival.

He was twice taken to the town house to be questioned, and also afterwards examined in his room. On asking for his Bible and other books, his keeper told him angrily "not to speak of the Bible in Japan, it was not a good book." McDon-

ald thought that one object of these interrogatories was to find out whether he had any friends in America who were likely to exert themselves to effect his liberation when they knew his captivity. His time was chiefly employed in teaching English to a few natives, among whom Moreama was his best scholar, though he thought he himself knew more of the Japanese language than his pupil did of English. He ascribes his kind treatment to his efforts in this line, as his scholars were both studious and inquisitive.

The arrival of the Preble caused no little excitement among the government people, and the next morning (April 18th) his guard showed him a list of the troops which had come into town in consequence, to the number of 3,504 men, making, with the ordinary garrison of 650, and those previously arrived, nearly six thousand troops, besides their followers—an extraordinary force. The day before his liberation, he was requested to give the relative rank of the commander of the Preble for the information of his keepers, which he did by counting in the order of succession from the highest chief in the United States: "First, he says, I gave the people, (which they could not comprehend,) then the president, secretary of the navy, commodore, captain, and commander; this rank was so high as apparently to excite their surprise." His information probably led to the change in the officer who went aboard the Preble the day of her departure.

CALIFORNIA.

[Even amidst the revolutionary heavings of Europe, we have considered the grasp which has been taken of the Pacific, to be the great event of our time. Flooded as we have been by reports from that region, which would fill all our paper, we are glad of the opportunity of copying from the *Independent*, of New York, a letter which is thus introduced by the editors:]

At a time when every item pertaining to California is sought for with so much avidity, a special interest must attach to these impressions of an observer whose justness and sobriety of mind, with his large reach of previous observation, and his settled habits of accuracy and fidelity of statement, render him one of the most reliable reporters from the Gold-land of whom we have any knowledge. We would trust him as we would trust our own eyesight.

The letter is dated

On board the U. S. Transport *Massachusetts*,
At Benecia, Cal., July 16th, 1849.

We made the passage from the Columbia River to the entrance of San Francisco Bay in three days, but did not enter until the fourth in consequence of the fog. The *Massachusetts* being a steam vessel as well as a wind craft, our captain entered the bay with steam, thinking it perhaps would be more safe. We entered this magnificent bay June 20th, and came to anchor at San Francisco, being surrounded by more than sixty vessels of different nations. Since that period I learn that a much larger fleet has been at anchor there. We spent but two days there, as our cargo was designed for the "Army Depôt" at Benecia. Taking General Smith and

suite on board, together with the Hon. T. B. King, Member of Congress from Georgia, our vessel proceeded to this place, Benecia. It is spoken of as the future rival of San Francisco. It is situated on the straits of Carquinez, about thirty-five miles from the ocean. At present it contains a population of 400 or 500, including the officers and soldiers of the army. Buildings are going up as fast as lumber can be obtained. Several large vessels are now lying here, and two steamboats are in process of construction. The materials for one were brought out in the *Leonore*, and those for the other in the *Eduard Everett*, both from Boston. The saw and hammer are busily plied, and in a very short period both boats will doubtless be running up and down this bay and the rivers emptying into it. Most certainly never were rivers more admirably adapted to steam navigation than the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Three weeks since I ascended the latter as far as the thriving town of Stockton, situated (by water) some 200 miles from the sea. It is a place already of much business, though three months since scarcely anything was done there. There are only two shingled buildings in the place, but many scores of tents, large and small. It is emphatically a "city of tents." Thither resort for supplies all the miners now digging upon the tributaries of the San Joaquin. When we were there everybody was in a great hurry, business was very brisk, teams coming and going constantly, vessels arriving and departing. I spent one Sabbath there, where there never had been a clergyman before, or a sermon preached. I was most cordially welcomed as a minister of the Gospel, and the service was well attended. Among the numerous clergymen just arrived, I doubt not that some one will be found to locate himself at Stockton, where I am certain he is needed and would be well received.

From Stockton I proceeded by land to Sutter's Ford, a distance of nearly seventy miles. The country is quite level, and such parts as are wooded are covered with a growth of noble oaks. At this place I spent the 4th of July. An oration was delivered by Dr. Deal, recently from Baltimore, a gentleman of high mind and religious character. He is a member of the Methodist denomination, and in the absence of a clergyman officiates with much acceptance. Near the Fort a new and thriving town or city is springing up, called Sacramento City. It is also a place of great business. Thither resort for supplies the miners now digging upon the Sacramento river and its tributaries. A person who has not visited these places can have but a very imperfect idea of the amount of business daily transacted in them. Literally in the very woods, under the shade of the oak and sycamore trees, merchants are doing a business that would do credit to towns of a century's growth. Every man seems intent upon his own affairs; and everything moves forward in the most quiet and orderly manner. There are no mayors, aldermen, or other city officers, neither court-houses nor gaols, and goods are everywhere exposed about the streets, yet I heard of no riots and no thefts. If I had not seen these things with my own eyes I could not have been made to believe them. In the American character there is the element of self-government that in an all-important sense supplies the place of civil organization. I never had before such admiration for American character as I have gained since mingling with my countrymen in this new and strange country. To be sure there is much to be deplored, but there is much more I do assure you to be admired and re-

joined in. It may be said that everything is in utter confusion and disorder; and yet every man feels safe in person and in property.

I left Sacramento City to visit the Mills, or Cuttonia, where fourteen months since the gold was first discovered. This town is situated on the south fork of the American Fork of the Sacramento river. It is a place of considerable importance. There I spent a Sabbath, and met the Rev. Mr. Roberts, superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, on the shores of the Pacific. He preached in the morning, and I followed him in the afternoon. We had good audiences. The Methodists have already organized a class. The communion was administered during the interval between the services. Early Monday morning I left for the "Fort," and embraced an early opportunity to pass down the Sacramento to this place, [Benecia.] This is a beautiful river. Its banks for an hundred miles are beautifully skirted with overhanging vines and trees—the tall sycamore, the waving willow, the creeping grape-vine, mingling and entwining together, and forming in the mass a beautiful border to a beautiful river. We were four days in descending from Sacramento City to this place. I assure you from personal observation that the country watered by the San Joaquin and Sacramento with their numerous tributaries, has within it the elements of immense mineral and agricultural wealth. The mighty movements of the last twelve months, with reference to California, are barely commensurate with the natural resources of the country. The decree has gone forth. Here must arise powerful cities—here must centre a vast commerce. God has not kept this region, with its noble bay, its mines, and its wealth, locked up from man for so many centuries without good and sufficient cause. The time has now come to open these treasures, and to invite hither a race of as enterprising men as ever directed the business and the commerce of any nation. Vast results must follow. Within sight of the deck of this vessel is *now* fitting out an expedition, or an escort to accompany an engineer, who will start, about August 1st, to proceed on an exploring tour across the Sierra Nevada range of mountains to Salt Lake. His object is, to discover, if possible, a *feasible* route for a railroad! This mighty undertaking must and will be speedily accomplished. Other enterprises of a similar nature will follow. In view of all I must rejoice that God reigns, and that he claims this world as his own. With our limited view of things we may not be able to comprehend the mighty designs of Jehovah, yet hereafter we shall surely see that He has been at work.

In regard to the success of the miners I would remark that such as patiently and laboriously work average about one ounce of gold per day—some more and some less. Not a few get discouraged after a few days, and retire in disgust. Gold digging is no holiday work, but resembles canal and railroad work. A gold digger gets perhaps \$16, \$20, \$50, and it may be \$100, for his day's hard work, while the son of Erin gets six shillings; but of the two the gold digger works the hardest, and for the time being gets much the poorest fare. *Let no one think of coming to California to dig gold who is not willing to work hard, work early and late, work in the sun and in the mud, cook his own food, wait upon himself, sleep on "terra firma," risk his health, and endure an amount of hardship that he was probably altogether a stranger to if he lived east of Hudson river, or dwelt in rich New*

York, Ohio, or Pennsylvania. Multitudes will come only to be disappointed, and will return with far fewer pence than they crossed Panama with, or doubled Cape Horn. Before young men and old men give up good situations, sell out and emigrate to California, let them count the cost, and not blindly rush into poverty when they may fancy they are rushing into a fortune. While I thus write, I am fully aware that fortunes are now being made, and it may truly be said never could man ask for a more favorable opportunity than is here given to acquire property.

While at the "Mills" I learned that the Americans had taken steps to warn all foreigners to leave the mines. This has been done already north of the South fork, and from what I can learn it is the general impression that very soon none but American citizens will be allowed to dig gold in California. If this measure is carried out it will be done by the people themselves, *i. e.*, by the miners. So far as they have thus far moved in the matter, foreigners have obeyed at once the summons to depart. While I was at the "Mills" a company of Chilians had recrossed the river and left the mines. I think the same will be generally done by others, although I cannot speak with certainty. Americans reason in this way: neither Russia nor England would allow foreigners to dig in their mines, and why should foreigners dig in *our* mines? It is absurd to suppose that the United States government would send troops to drive foreigners from the mines, but let American citizens themselves now digging declare that no foreigners shall work in the mines, and the work is accomplished. But foreigners will still find abundant work, at high prices, in all the cities and towns, so that they cannot reasonably complain.

I must just allude to the slavery question. No fears need be entertained that slavery will be tolerated in California. The people will not allow it when once a State government is organized. Even now a master cannot retain his slaves. I saw recently a planter from Georgia, who brought from home a valuable slave; but no sooner did the slave breathe the pure air of California than he *freed himself*, and there was none to hinder. I see that a large company from Georgia think of bringing their slaves hither. Let them do so, and their slaves likewise will free themselves.

S. C. D.

From the London Times, Aug. 23.

THE CALIFORNIA MYSTERY IN ENGLAND.

WE are free to confess that our most careful researches have not, as yet, sufficed to enlighten us adequately respecting the actual condition of that mysterious region to which the adventurous swarms of two worlds have now, for nearly a twelvemonth, been drafted. We hear of the departure of scores of vessels for San Francisco; and the tide sets in the same direction, we believe, from half the harbors on the face of the globe. Yet, when we endeavor to ascertain, realize, or specify the nationality, government, constitution, products, climate, population, or prospects of this attractive province, we still find ourselves as wholly in the dark as before the first discovery of its mines. The reader shall see, however, what we have collected, by dint of washing, sifting, and storing, since our last notice of the subject. A great man once said that it was

no wonder if Oxford and Cambridge were such learned places considering how much knowledge was yearly carried thither, and how little was ever brought away. We are almost inclined to apply the same rule to the settlements on the Sacramento. If California is not the richest country upon the earth, it soon ought to be; for all the available capital, whether in goods or cash, of the Indian Pacific and Atlantic seaboard, appears to be despatched to San Francisco. Even Hong Kong has been drawn within the sphere of attraction, and our Chinese intelligence this week reported that its warehouses had been swept of all goods suitable to the diggings, and that all the native craft in the harbor seemed making ready for the same port. On the other hand, the gold arriving from the mines was comparatively small in quantity, and the balance was sadly against the "placers." The loss upon shipments and the efflux of specie was sensibly felt both on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, and the arrival of large consignments of bullion was anxiously expected in America, to quicken the approaching fall trade. All this appears the more extraordinary, when it is considered that the positive productiveness of the mines is really established upon irresistible evidence. There is one point, and one only, on which all accounts from San Francisco coincide, and that is, the inexhaustible supply of gold contained in the earth. By a little care, however, in collating the evidence, we may perhaps arrive at a conclusion which will reconcile these two facts, without involving any supposition improbable in itself. It seems that the rivers and ravines do undoubtedly contain supplies of gold which may, by comparison, be described as almost inexhaustible; for the precious metal has never before, we believe, been found in such abundance, or in such purity, so near the surface of the earth. But, on looking closer into the state of things, it appears that the labor required for its production, though of a more practicable kind than that hitherto employed in mines on a larger scale, is yet so trying, serious, and uncertain, as to make a good set-off against the average returns. In other words, a day's work in California will not ordinarily produce more than a fair day's wages; while, as to the general exports of gold, there is not only little prospect of their disturbing the accepted value of this metal in the market, but there is even every probability that for some time to come they will not repay the capital which has been invested in securing them. The more respectable of the American journals are now anticipating a commercial revulsion, though they still predict, sensibly enough, that after the fever of speculation has passed away, California will become a rich and populous state. The depositions of American sea captains upon the various wonders of the deep, are usually deemed such an equivocal source of information, that we hardly like to retail incidents derived mainly from such testimony. According, however, to these narratives, the whole North Pacific is swarming with ships and cargoes from every island in the ocean; and the harbor of

San Francisco, spacious as it is, can hardly contain the arrivals. Consignments are daily refused. Captains of vessels obtain £70 a month, mates £50, and sailors £30. Clerks on shore get £800 per annum and their board. Nothing is said about lodgings, a reserve which is perhaps but prudent, considering the notorious scantiness of sleeping houses in the new settlement. There is, however, an hotel, which is underlet for £9000 a year, a portion of which very moderate rent is made up by judiciously letting off a small apartment for a tap at £200 a month. One gambling room lets for £3,500 a year, two smaller ones for £1,200 each. There is even a French *café* in the place, the average receipts of which, night and day, have been accurately calculated at one dollar a minute. It is only from an incidental remark that we infer that the tastes of Anglo-Saxon emigrants have been consulted by the establishment of a brewery. A drayman, we are told, is in the receipt of £1,300 a year salary. Our readers will remember the famous story of the commercial firm which saved £100 a year in ink, by leaving out the dots to their i's and crosses to their t's; and perhaps some of them will hazard a calculation of what the Trumans and Buxtons of San Francisco must be doing, when the services of a drayman are so estimated. Certainly, such a scale of transactions is very magnificent, yet a good deal of the produce of California must needs, at this rate, be self-consumed. An announcement, by no means likely to escape observation, appeared some weeks ago, to the effect that the United States government had forbidden free access to the mines. Such a resolution was so probable in itself, that the only wonder was that it should have been so long delayed. We have not been able, however, to authenticate the report; and the latest accounts represent the richest region in the world as still the common land of adventurers. The actual property of the land is, it will be remembered, vested in the United States; but the province is not a member of the Union, nor is it supplied with any cognizable government, either by ordinances from Washington, or resolutions of its own inhabitants. It stands, in fact, on precisely the same footing as those desert wilds to the west of the American Union which have not yet risen into States by peopling or cultivation. The conflicting reports concerning the jurisdictions of Generals Smith and Riley are to be explained, we believe, in this way; General Persifer F. Smith is commander-in-chief of the division of the United States army occupying Oregon and California; Brigadier Riley commands the detachment stationed in the latter territory, and is consequently under the military orders of General Smith, although, as concerns the few civil requirements of his province, he corresponds directly with Washington. The only law recognized is lynch law, which is, however, administered through the medium of a jury, and, it is said, not inequitably. A large body of Mexicans demurred to this Anglo-Saxon institution, but their consent was peremptorily demanded, and in default thereof they would, it

was announced, "be shot down to a man." Amidst all these edifying representations, there are one or two facts clearly established. The markets in California are swamped with goods, and the mines with men; and our transatlantic contemporaries repeat, in words of most serious warning, that though success in this speculation is by no means certain to create competence, failure will inevitably entail utter ruin. The diggings are no places for the honest and well-meaning emigrant. The labor and hardships are sure, the gain problematical; and the probable result of the whole discovery bids fair to be confined to a supply of gold obtained with such toil and in such distant regions, that the net value of the produce will be reduced to an ordinary level.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

OVERLAND JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA.

BY M. POWELL.

OUR party was composed of ten persons—a very small number, when compared to the many mammoth companies forming when we left the States, who were to undertake the same journey. The belief was then quite prevalent that it would be unsafe to set out on the perilous and, I may add, arduous task of crossing the plains, unless in large bodies. Experience, the lamp that guides the shrewd, has ere this taught many the fallacy of the idea. Large companies, composed of a heterogeneous mass of insubordinate spirits, seemingly, were organized upon the principle that numbers, with the capital that numbers would command, was the all-important object to be attained for protection and success. On the contrary, joint stock companies have all the disadvantages without any of the real benefits that tend to insure a pleasant and speedy expedition. The restless spirit natural to adventurous men soon breaks out in complaints against the officers for some real or fancied neglect of duty, while others lament that they have to bear more than their proportion of the hardships of the journey; and there is another class that find fault with everything that is done, without their views being first consulted, or else the idea originated with them; and lastly, there are those who are soon disheartened, and lag behind, and in this way keep the more enterprising back, like the lazy student at college, until he is dragged on by his class, and put through by main force. These causes for disagreement generally result, before the company reaches the second fort, in a disorganization, and the adoption of the motto, "Every one for himself;" or, the formation of small parties, and in this way they are more likely to succeed.

We left St. Joseph early in June. It was a beautiful day. Beneath the brilliant and cloudless sky all nature seemed to wear a countenance of cheerfulness, and the resplendent rays of a morning sun made the large drops of dew, that hung from each leaf and twig, sparkle like a thousand diamonds. The clouds of dappled gray, that in the east first denote the approach of morning, had

no sooner faded away than the green trees sung their song in the notes of the feathered tribe that everywhere filled their branches. All turned to take a parting look at the last white settlement that we should see before reaching the end of our journey. There it calmly lay, as if asleep, with its neat white houses shining out from the dark green foliage, while the diversified face of nature, in hill, valley, and plain, rendered the view extremely beautiful. It seemed to disappear behind us upon the verge of two immensities—civilization upon the one hand, and barbarism upon the other.

We crossed the Missouri, and pursued the well-worn road, winding our way with sad hearts, for our thoughts were far off with those at home, whom we might never again behold—all before us seemed enveloped in the dark pall of uncertainty, all behind us was the translucent sunshine of happiness and prosperity. Every one of the party became oppressed with thoughts peculiar to himself, and lost in reflection—each one preserved a moody silence. The scorching rays of a hot sun beat down upon us with intolerable oppression; but as we entered the woods through which our road lay, we consoled ourselves with the thought that the sunny part of the road was a kind of probationary state, to fit us for the enjoyment of the groves, with the pleasant air and cool shade incident to them. The first day's journey was rather monotonous. One of our party, Mr. Green, had for several days previous been suffering with premonitory symptoms of cholera, and he concluded to return. Reports from Rumor with his many tongues, that

From the orient to the drooping west,
Makes the wind his post-horse,

brought to our ears accounts that the cholera had broken out with fearful violence among those who had preceded us, and strange stories were told of those who, being seized, were deserted by their company, and left to die uncared for and alone on the plains. One of the propensities of the human mind is to exaggerate, and circumstances of a simple nature need only distance and mystery to be attached to them, and the imagination will complete the story, and make marvellously cruel things out of trifles. We parted from our comrade with many regrets, but have not yet had any reason to believe these fearful stories that rumor blew in every eye, until tears did drown the wind.

The first night out our tent was pitched, and mules picketed in the forest, with supplies of wood and water close at hand. Soon after dark the sentinel was stationed, and we lay down, but did not get to sleep until "far ayont the twal." Our thoughts were of golden dreams in the future, and we were talking of plans to ensure success to our enterprise. Now, we would think of the novelty of our situation, of the restlessness peculiar to American character, and of the similarity of these expeditions to those that preceded us, by a few hundred years, from the old world, which history

has clothed in the garb of chivalry. The expedition of De Soto was for the express purpose of discovering the land of gold : he did not continue far enough west, and failed in his enterprise. Yet he found that which has immortalized his name, and his burial-place continues to have a monumental mark that will remain unchanged by age, and still roll on in its petty pace, from day to day, until the last syllable of recorded time.

Thus we lay in the silent forest of the far West, ruminating on the present and the past, as

Thought on thought, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,

until gradually we fell into drowsy slumbers, from which we were aroused by the sharp crack of a rifle, close by the tent. All sprang to our feet, and hurried out to inquire the cause. Our guard, the veritable Jim Cobb, had fired the shot, as he said, at a thief who was among the mules. Upon examination, two of our best mules were gone. All immediately gave chase in various directions, but it turned out to no purpose. When morning dawned, we could distinctly trace them from the pickets, and determined to follow. Lawrence, Cobb, Davis, Taylor, and myself, composed the party, and we proceeded on the trail of them for over thirty miles, when we met a party of Osage Indians, who told us, in answer to our inquiries, that they had met a white man with our identical mules, making all speed towards Fort Leavenworth. He was an expert thief, and probably had watched our party for the express purpose of making us part company with our invaluable property. We gave up the chase and returned, being compelled by the loss to abandon one of our wagons. From this encamping ground to the mission or agency station of the Sacs and Foxes, we found the roads almost impassable. The cholera seized Dr. Charles Duncombe, of New York, another of our party, and, at his urgent request, we left him in the care of the kind and gentlemanly Colonel Vaughan, commander of the station.

On the 18th of June, crossed the Neimhaw river, and entered upon the plains. We experienced much annoyance from the mules ; they are stubborn animals, and very hard to control ; sometimes in their freaks it is impossible to move them forward an inch ; the more you beat them the more obstinate they become, until they are at last pacified by being coaxed into a forward locomotion. The one I ride has thrown me twice, but without doing me any more injury than a severe knock on the head. He headed me, by planting his fore-feet firmly out at an angle of forty-five degrees, and with his head pretty well down, he gave a sudden rear with his hind-legs, that sent me over his head in a hurry. This kind of ground and lofty tumbling is very common, I understand, among novitiates in the mule-riding business.

We pursued our way through the sun all day long, and on the afternoon of the 10th of June, we were, to allow the Hibernianism, out of sight of land ; the eye searching in vain for a tree or

bush, on the broad expansive prairies ; nothing was visible but its coat of green, stretching far and wide, a continuous grassy bed, until its color melted away into the tints of the sky. When night closed in we had very little water and no wood. Being exceedingly tired, we were soon in a sound sleep, although the wolves kept up a fearful howling close about our ears. We were awakened at daybreak by the braying of the mules, and the lowing of the oxen, which formed quite a concert ; one that probably would not be quite so fashionable in the States as Biscaccianti's or Brienti's, but to us the signal for gearing up, and to breakfast ; and as the sun rides from his green bed, we are on the road for our day's journey. Have passed a large number of graves, a fearful mark of the ravages of the epidemic among the emigrants who preceded us. On one of them we could distinctly read the name of "William Chapman, of Cincinnati, died May 19th." It was traced on a rude board for a headstone, and also, "Dr. Ryan, of Ohio, died May 23d." Many other newly-made graves were along the roadside, and some of them were torn up by wolves, and the bones were scattered around bleaching in the sun. It was a sad sight to behold them, and one well calculated to fill us with gloomy bodings of the future. At one place the bones and skulls were so numerous torn from the graves and strewn over the prairies, that it resembled a field months after battle, where

Foe and friend mingle in the dust alike ;
But now 't is o'er, like the wave sunk down.
Moan the winds a requiem song,
To spirits of the bones that bleach the ground.

After endeavoring to learn the names of the unfortunates, without success, we continued on, passing over these graveyards as quickly as possible.

On the afternoon of the 20th of June, reached the banks of the Little Blue river, after a journey of nearly a month. What a change has come over us ! so altered in appearance that we should scarcely be recognized by our most intimate friends.

Imagine to yourself, far out on the prairie, surrounded by teams and live-stock, a picturesque group, eight in number, with complexions tanned to a color partaking of a glowing twilight tinge, between a white and a black, or the shade between night and day, all with long shaggy beards and moustache, broad-brimmed hats, and red flannel shirts on—one washing clothes, another making bread, others shoeing the mules, and doing the blacksmithing in general for the company, the rest of the group carrying wood and water, and feeding the stock, and you complete the picture. We have no idlers, no loungers ; all are busy at something while there is light to see. The transition from our luxurious home fare, and easy manner of living, to pickled pork and salt bacon, and the hardships incident to an overland journey, are so great, as not easily to be conceived, except by those who are able to contrast the difference between them by experience. There is much ex

citement, and sometimes real enjoyment, in a border life, notwithstanding the hardships; something is turning up continually to give spirit to the party, and our fare we look upon in a matter-of-course way, until it is occasionally varied, when fortune smiles upon us, by a change to fresh, delicious game.

As we were toiling along one day, we were overtaken by a son of the Emerald Isle, all alone and on foot. He was not overloaded; his baggage consisted of a small bundle, hung on a stout cudgel, swung over his shoulder, the end of which rested in a huge fist, not unlike a brown loaf in resemblance. His walk was fast and steady; as he came up opposite to me, humming an Irish tune, I inquired where he was bound. "To California, sir," he replied, with a peculiar twinkle of his small gray eyes. The idea was so novel, to think that he would attempt a three months' journey, solitary and alone, across a country totally unknown to him, without friends, acquaintances, or provisions to last him any length of time, that I at first began to doubt his sincerity. But on he was going, and would soon have left our party behind, if it had not been proposed to him that he join our company. He accepted, and is now one of us. He has turned out to be an original genius, and witty, as you may well suppose. We have given him the name of "Tall Walker," although he disavows any claim to it, but says he was christened Pierce Flemming, in county Mayo.

Numbers of deer and antelope are to be seen, but too far off to get a shot at them. The huntsman of our company is Joseph Taylor. Who is there that has visited, for a few years past, the well known place of resort called Sportman's Hall, near Cincinnati, and not heard of the soul of good company and marksman, Joe Taylor? He still continues with his shot gun, or rifle, to be equal to any emergency with a possibility of success. Wild turkeys, ducks, and snipe are frequently brought in by him, after an absence of but an hour or two.

STORM ON THE PRAIRIE.

On the 25th of June, encamped upon the open plain without wood or water. We are compelled to drink from the stagnant pools in the holes on the prairie, so intense is our thirst. The air is hot and oppressive. Dark clouds were looming up in the south-west, indicating the approach of supply in the stormy clouds. A thunder storm on the prairie is a fearful sight. All was rendered snug at our quarters, like any ship at sea, at the first distant sound of Vulcan's anvil, who is still forging the Ægion shield for Jupiter, not unlike the noise of

Armors, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

The wagons were arranged to form a hollow square, with the tent erected in the centre; the mules were picketed at a short distance on the outside. The clouds rolled up, and drifted across the sky with fearful velocity. Various-sized birds went crying through the air, now flying almost

out of sight, now coming down again nearly touching the surface of the earth, and then again disappearing in the distance, as if in search of shelter, or fleeing from the impending wrath of the elements. The atmosphere became agitated, a light breeze blew into a gale. At short intervals the wind would lull, and then an eddy-wind would sweep over the plain, as if beat back from some far off mountain, sucking up the dust and smaller objects that lay in its path. The mules and other animals pulled away at the ropes, as if they, too, saw something in the appearance of inanimate nature, that warned them to flee from approaching danger. All becomes calm. It is too sudden to be of long duration. The cloud banks become more dense and darker—they seem to lie but a few yards above the surface of the earth. It grows dark as night. Of a sudden, the atmosphere is in a blaze; and, with awful rapidity, peal after peal of thunder makes the very ground tremble. As the first sheet of limpid fire illumines the darkness, instantly followed by a crash like the sound of falling towers—the terror-stricken animals burst their fastenings and run wildly before the storm. The flood-gates of the sky are opened, and everything is deluged with water. The ocean itself seemed lifted from its bed, and borne in a volume through the air; it burst, and poured down the whole of its contents on our devoted heads, in the far distant plains of the Anahuac. The violence of the tempest soon passed by. Long and difficult was the task of recovering our mules again, and it was not till after a race of some miles. Our quarters were rendered most uncomfortable, everything wet through—tent blown down, wagons upset, trunks burst open, and, what to me was a more serious loss than any inconvenience I felt, my writing materials were entirely destroyed. The storm was over almost as sudden as it rose.

And the firmament now glowed
With livid sapphire. Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Without light, or fire, other than the light of heaven, we lay down upon the wet mattresses, and forgot our troubles as sleep, the universal leveller, stole o'er our brows with leaden legs and batty wings.

There are many things to cheer the emigrants while on their long march, and not the least of these is the news occasionally received by telegraph. Be not astonished when I tell you that the telegraph is extended along the road to California. I do not mean the great Lightning King, O'Riley's, but a line established by the emigrants themselves, for their own convenience. I will explain. At different points along the road there are sheets of writing paper nailed up high on the trees by those who have gone on before. They are generally headed with the name of the officers of each company, and from what state they came, and then commences a detail of events occurring

among them on the way up to this point, with the date of the time when they passed this telegraphic post. One day Taylor had been gone longer than usual on a hunting excursion, when it was determined to call a halt, and, as it was growing towards five o'clock, we concluded to pitch our tent and go no further that night. He had gone on before us, and we supposed probably turned off the road to follow an antelope or wolf, to get a shot, and in that way had fallen behind us. We thought it best to await his coming up. About an hour afterwards we heard him coming down the road, he being still ahead of us. His mule was loaded with game; and the first words we had from him, as he galloped within hailing distance, were, "More news by telegraph!" "What is it?" returned some half dozen voices at once. "Dupuy, of St. Louis, died of cholera yesterday; his company are six or eight hours ahead of us." I learned the news at the telegraphic station (an oak tree) about two miles up the road.

On the 28th of June, at morning's dawn, our little train pursued its way along the margin of the Little Blue river, and as the road turned to the left leaving the prairie far behind, I turned to take a last look at its broad green surface, and, with a sigh, involuntarily repeated the lines,

Oh! the prairie lea is the home for me,
For there I am lord of all I see;
The chase, the chase, o'er the boundless waste,
And its grassy course for me.

We are now entering the Pawnee region. The vicious habits of the Indian tribe from which it takes its name are such, that all the emigrants are doubly vigilant while in their country, and it is customary to increase the number of the guard at night. Their thieving propensities are such that a white man will lose the very coat from his back and the boots from his feet, between sleeping and waking, scarcely being aware of it until fairly aroused, and then he becomes sensible of the fact that they have been stolen from him. The Arabian tale of the three sharpers that stole from the countryman, who was taking a goat to the Bagdad market, his goat, his mule, and his clothes from his back, without he suspecting it until too late, is a mere nothing to the stories I hear of these Indians. Some of them I will transfer to paper at the earliest opportunity. From the Little Blue river the road stretches across the country a distance of twenty-eight miles to the Platte river. We passed through fine bottom lands, a dark luxuriant soil, covered for the space of a hundred yards with buffalo skulls. The picturesque scenery surrounding the entrance to this valley, brought to mind the romantic myth of the Northmen. Imagination pictured among the bones, tall warriors drinking their fiery draught from the skulls of those whom they have killed in battle, and dancing their drunken war-dance in Odin's Halls, and on the mead of Valhalla.

Passing the low bottom lands, we reached the banks of the Platte river; pursuing its course a

short distance over rolling lands and dry hard soil, we at length reached Fort Kearney. The idea associated with what is termed a fort, would lead one to suppose it would comprise a block-house, with loop-holes to fire through, out on the enemy, or four walls enclosing a certain number of feet of ground, either square or oblong, with bastions and cannon, and a sentinel or two to keep up a war-like appearance. Not so with Fort Kearney. It is nothing more than a few mud huts, apparently built for a temporary purpose. It is situated on the north bank of the Platte river, opposite to Grand Island, three hundred and twenty-eight miles from St. Joseph. We reached it on the 30th of June, about mid-day, and encamped on the low plat in front of it. Found plenty of soldiers, and a blacksmith's shop. The latter we have had occasion to call pretty loudly for, considering the little experience each one of our party has had in that line of business. The venerable descendant of Vulcan, with his assistants, seem to be in great demand, as a large number of emigrants are waiting here to make repairs, and to give their mules time to recover from the effects of over-driving.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ORIZABA.

To the Editor of the Living Age.

WHILE looking recently at some of the back numbers of your valuable periodical, I observed an account of the expedition by a party of American officers to the summit of Orizaba, which, like most of the accounts from Mexico, published while our army occupied that country, contains many errors. I have thought, therefore, that an account of the trip by one of the successful party, might not be unacceptable to your readers.

The Peak of Orizaba, though situated nearly a hundred miles inland, is the first point which comes in view on approaching Vera Cruz from the gulf. Being visible fifty miles at sea, it is the most important land-mark to the sailor in those regions.

While the command under Colonel (now General) Bankhead, which was the first to march from Vera Cruz to the city of Orizaba, was "en route," (Feb. 1848,) the mountain being constantly in view, a trip to its summit was frequently discussed; and after our arrival at that place, the marvellous stories told by the inhabitants only increased the desire to make the attempt. All agreed that the summit had never been reached, though several knew or had heard of its being attempted. The difficulties to be encountered were represented as perfectly insurmountable; craggy precipices were to be climbed, gullies two thousand feet deep to be crossed, inclined planes of smooth ice to be ascended; to say nothing of the avalanches, under which, we were assured, all of the rash party daring the attempt would find a ready grave. These extraordinary accounts produced quite a different effect from the one anticipated, and the question was not who would go, but who should stay at home.

It was not, however, till the latter part of April that the weather was thought favorable, and accor-

ing for the proposed expedition the sanction of the commanding officer, we made our preparations with the view of overcoming all obstacles. Accordingly, long poles were prepared, shod with iron sockets at one end and hooks at the other, to assist in scaling precipices; ropes with iron grapnels were provided, to be thrown over a projecting crag or icy point; rope ladders were made, to be used if required; shoes and sandals, with sharp projecting points to assist in climbing the icy slopes, were also bespoken;—in short, everything that it was thought might be needed or would increase the chances of success, was taken along.

The selection of a route presented some difficulty, different ones being recommended—those by San Andres and San Juan de Coscomatepec particularly. In order to decide between them we endeavored to persuade some of the most intelligent of the citizens, who were acquainted with the country, to go with us. At first they consented, but as the time approached one after another declined, till finally, when the party was assembled for starting, it was found we were to go alone. Then, as some of us inclined to one route, and others to the other, we concluded to reject all their recommendations, and go direct to the mountain, following the path taken by the Indians engaged in bringing down snow to the city, as far as the limits of vegetation, and from that point to go round the peak to the side which would present the best prospect of success.

We left the city of Orizaba on the morning of the 7th of May, 1848, the party consisting of ten officers, including one of the navy, thirty-four soldiers and two sailors serving with the naval battery, three or four Mexicans and Indians as guides, and enough pack mules to carry our provisions and equipments. Our expedition setting out during the armistice, it was thought advisable to procure a passport from the Prefect of Orizaba to provide against contingencies.

About six miles from the city of Orizaba we passed through the small Indian village of La Perla; the inhabitants were very much frightened at our approach, but our passport soon quieted them, and when they came to know the object of our visit they seemed to regard us as the greatest set of donkeys they ever saw, telling us very plainly we could never reach the summit. Nothing daunted, however, we continued on, and immediately after leaving their village commenced a rapid ascent, and began to enjoy views which of themselves would have amply repaid us for our trouble. We encamped for the night at an elevation of about 7000 feet above the sea; the night was clear and bracing, but not cold enough to be uncomfortable.

The next morning was clear and beautiful, and after an early breakfast we were again in motion. The scenery was truly sublime, and ascending one mountain after another, valley after valley appeared in view; hills, which at first seemed mountains, kept gradually sinking at our feet, and the range of vision constantly extending, we

could not help making frequent halts to admire scenes which cannot be surpassed, and which at every successive turn broke upon our sight with redoubled magnificence and grandeur.

We were now in the region of pines and northern plants; the old familiar oak, the birch, and other trees unknown to the low country, were around us; the heavy undergrowth had disappeared, and we could almost imagine ourselves in our "dear native land."

Cultivation does not extend up as high as we expected to see it; we passed the upper limit at about 8000 feet elevation. About 12 o'clock, and at an elevation of rather more than 10,000 feet, the guides reported that mules could go no further, and not knowing anything of our route beyond, we were compelled to encamp for the night. A brother officer and myself, however, being on horseback, and feeling comparatively fresh, determined to go forward and explore. We concluded that it would not do to stop where we were, but that mules with light loads might go still higher.

Accordingly, next morning we again started, four or five of us going in advance to select a good place for our encampment, and also to explore the best route for the final ascent. We selected our camp on the verge of vegetation, and went forward by different routes far above the line of eternal snow.

Under shelter of a rock, and far above that line, some of the party found a rude cross, decorated with paper ornaments and surrounded by tallow candles. Its history we were unable to learn, but it gave rise to many reflections. Who placed it there, when was it erected, and what event did it record? were questions asked, but not answered. During our trip several parties of Indians passed us, who made a regular business of bringing down snow on their backs for the use of the citizens of Orizaba. The cross was probably erected by some of them.

On our return we found all our baggage brought up to our new encampment, notwithstanding it had been pronounced impossible, and on comparing notes, selected the route which seemed most practicable, and prepared for ascent next morning. The night was clear and cold, the thermometer falling below the freezing point; a heavy frost and frozen water reminding us very forcibly of "auld lang syne."

While sitting around our camp fires this evening, it was discovered that we had two flags in the party; the sailors, not knowing that one had been brought along, had carried materials and manufactured one in camp. It was proposed to get up a rivalry as to which flag should be planted first; but we came to the conclusion that, should the summit be reached, the honor should be equally shared. As night came on we enjoyed a most magnificent sight: the clouds gathered round the foot of the mountain so as to entirely obstruct a distant view, while the lightning's vivid flash, darting from cloud to cloud, was visible far beneath our feet; the sky overhead being bright and beautiful. We were

encamped at an elevation, according to the barometer, of 13,200 feet—about double that of the highest point of the White Mountains—while the peak still raised its snow-white head above us to a height nearly equal to that of Mount Washington above the sea, and seemed to frown down upon the pigmies who dared attempt to scale its giddy, and, as yet, unascended height.

At daylight on the morning of the 10th of May, we were again in motion; many of the party had already given out, so that there were but twenty-four persons to start on the final ascent. In a few minutes we were at the foot of the snow, and taking the route over which there appeared to be least of it, passed for half or three fourths of a mile over loose volcanic sand. On measuring the slope of this I found it to be 33° . It was by far the most difficult portion of our ascent; sinking up to the knees in sand, we seemed to go back about as far as we stepped forward, while the rarefied condition of the atmosphere made exertion painful in the extreme; indeed, during the whole of this day's ascent, it was impossible to advance fifty paces without stopping for breath. When not exerting ourselves, we could breathe comparatively easy, but the moment we moved we were forcibly reminded of our great elevation. I can only compare the sensation produced to that experienced by a person who, after running at the top of his speed, is ready to drop from sheer exhaustion.

At length, however, we reached the firm rock, and it was quite a relief to be once more where we could use both hands and feet for climbing. But we were yet far from the point at which we were aiming, and before reaching it were to be many times sorely disappointed. A projecting crag far above would be hailed as the summit; step after step the weary body was dragged along till at length it was reached; but once there, it was found to be but the base of another still higher; this being overcome, another was discovered above. Thus, time after time, were our expectations crushed, till hope seemed almost to have forsaken us, and one after another dropped behind in despair. But "go a-head" was our motto, and go a-head some of the party did, till at length their efforts were crowned with success, and they dropped exhausted on the brink of the crater!

The crater is nearly circular, and variously estimated by different members of the party at from 400 to 650 yards in diameter. We all put the depth at about 300 feet. The sides are nearly vertical, and show strong and unmistakeable signs of fire, looking like the mouth of some gigantic furnace.

At the foot of this perpendicular wall was quite a bank of sand, or débris, which had fallen from the inner surface of the rock, showing a great length of time since the volcano became extinct. The bottom of the crater was covered with snow. Humboldt says its most violent eruptions were from A. D. 1545 to 1566; I have seen no record of an eruption since.

It being my desire to test Humboldt's altitude, I had taken the precaution to be as well prepared

as the circumstances would admit, and for that purpose had carried a barometer, the best I could get, which from previous calculations I deemed capable of indicating a height of from 300 to 400 feet higher than that given by him. I had also provided myself with a spirit-lamp and thermometer, for the purpose of taking the temperature of boiling water; on the march, however, the bottle containing the alcohol was broken and the alcohol lost. I therefore determined to test the combustible properties of whiskey. One of my first objects after reaching the summit was to make the observations, but on preparing the barometer the mercury sunk at once below the graduation!

I estimated the distance between the lowest line of graduation and the top of the mercury at two tenths of an inch, which gives—with corresponding observations in the city of Orizaba at the same hour—an elevation of 17,907 feet, and makes it the highest point on the North American continent. I do not think I could have been far wrong in my estimate, as the means of comparison were before me; but even supposing I was mistaken one twentieth of an inch, we still have an elevation of 17,819 feet, 98 feet higher than Popocatepetl, which is usually considered the highest point (5,400 metres, or 17,721 feet, as given by Humboldt). The temperature was just below the freezing point. My attempt to make whiskey burn was a failure. Since my return to the United States, I have observed the following remark in Humboldt's work: "Eight years before my arrival in Mexico, Mr. Ferrar measured Citlalipetl, (Orizaba,) and he gives it an elevation of 5,450 metres (17,885 feet); my measurement, made from a plain near Xalapa, is 155 metres less (5,295 metres, or 17,377 feet)." It will be seen that my determination agrees very nearly with that of Mr. Ferrar.

We remained on the summit about an hour, planted the "stars and stripes," and hailed them with three hearty cheers; fired pistols over and into the crater to hear the report, collected quite a number of specimens, some of them of pure sulphur, and most of the others containing lime; emptied our bottle and left it, containing a paper on which were written, in pencil, the names of the successful party, and after remaining to enjoy the scenery, commenced our descent. The day was clear, but the atmosphere thick and smoky, so that we did not have the views we had hoped for; but as we believed ourselves to be the first who had ever looked into the crater, we felt amply repaid for our trouble.

Those who reached the summit were Major Manigault, 13th Infantry; Captain Lomax, Alabama Volunteers; acting Assistant-Surgeon Banks, U. S. Army; passed Midshipman Henry Rogers, U. S. Navy; a private of the Alabama Volunteers, whose name I do not now recollect; a Mexican, whom we had employed as interpreter for the Indians, and myself,—seven of the twenty-four who started in the morning, or of the fifty persons who started on the expedition!

The descent was by no means as difficult as the ascent; a slide on the snow or sand carried us

hundreds of feet down—a space which had required many weary steps to go up. About dark we arrived at our encampment, highly delighted with our trip, though very much fatigued and exhausted. All who made the final attempt were more or less affected either with violent headaches, nausea, and vomiting, or bleeding at the nose. The veils which we had provided for our journey did good service, but the face, particularly the lips, of all those who reached the summit, became so swollen and cracked as to be exceedingly painful, indeed to such a degree as to confine some of them to their rooms for several days.

At half-past 6 o'clock next morning we left camp on our return, those who had horses going in advance, and by riding very slowly, not out of a walk, and stopping on the way to gather flowers, we reached Orizaba at one o'clock, P. M.; only six hours and a half from the region of eternal snow to where frost is never known! We had a beautiful opportunity of observing the change of vegetation with the change of altitude; the lines were clearly and distinctly marked, and seemed to run nearly horizontal.

When we started on our return the sky was bright and clear, while beneath us rolled an ocean of clouds; we saw plainly when we were passing through them; there was considerable wind, and they were floating briskly about the sides of mountains; as we passed into them, the sky was shut out, and we were in a dense fog; in a few minutes all was clear below, and the day was cloudy!

After our return, the Mexican asked for and obtained a certificate, signed by all the party, that he had been to the summit; he said his countrymen would not believe him—many of them would not believe us, though one gentleman said he had seen us distinctly with his spy-glass, while on our way up; others contented themselves by saying, "Los Americanos son los diablos."

The difficulty of the undertaking had been greatly magnified; none of our preparations excepting veils were necessary. The sand is the most serious obstacle to be overcome, and by taking a more circuitous route from our last encampment, this might have been avoided. All that is required is a physical constitution capable of sustaining the fatigue, patience and perseverance.

Another party was spoken of, and some of us who had made the trip would have gladly gone again, partly in hopes of obtaining a better view, and partly to get more accurate barometric observations, but the glad tidings of peace cut short our plans, and gave us the more agreeable trip to home and friends.

W. F. RAYNOLDS,
Washington, July, 1849. Lieut. Top'l. Eng'rs.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

THE STRAITS OF MAGALHAEN.

STRAITS OF MAGALHAEN,
Schr. Empire, 22d April, 1849.

A voice from over sea! It should be freshened by the many winds through which it pierces, strengthened by loud gales, yet soft in its pleasant

course over cool seas. Mellowed by distance, it should harmonize for a moment the spirit of one untimed by the jangle of Wall-street, or stunned by Broadway's dusty roar. Let an inhabitant of Babel imagine himself a lonely admirer of these inhospitable regions where civilized men can never live. Let those who are wont to fall into ecstasy at seeing their own pigmy highlands, fancy themselves here, lost in the surpassing, yet dreary magnificence of these Straits of Magalhaen.

"Dull as a voyage at sea," is a common proverb, but the Solomon who first uttered it had little poetry in his soul. Day after day we sail over serene waters, with a pleasant sun overhead and cool waves below, surrounded by sparkles of gay foam, and joyous in the very inspiration of motion. And in these southern latitudes, where are Larger constellations burning, mellowed moons, and happier skies,

we stand upon the deck at night, and feel strange emotions, till they find an expression in happiness, like the very waves we see around us, lifted from still depths to break in white beauty into the upper air. The gray and solemn albatross wheels wondering about us, the delicate petrel flutters in our wake, and myriads of the deep leap ahead as if to pilot us through their home. The storm, the calm, the breeze succeed each other, and continually excite emotions of wonder, or deep pleasure.

Some discomforts there are, to be sure, but all our loss becomes gain. Sea fare cannot at all times be most enticing to the palate, but sea air makes all food wonderfully toothsome. Then, our schooner is small and in her motions resembling "that Scot of Scots, who runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular," but she frolics along as graceful as a kitten, and we are so accustomed to her antics that we may justly despair of finding a more comfortable couch ashore than a sea-saw board. The only serious deprivation is the absence of the morning papers; but never surely was European, political, or even California news, sought with such intense excitement as the daily bulletin of latitude and longitude. No political problem, long doubtful and finally solved by the freedom of a nation, could interest us half so much as to work our imaginary location upon the shifting waves, so despotically does Neptune rule the minds of all subjects in his vast dominions.

Sixty days of pleasant sailing, the last three weeks of fighting with pamperos and heavy gales excepted, found us in sight of the castellated heights of Cape Virgins, the eastern entrance to the far-famed Straits of Magalhaen.

These are classic waters. Through this narrow cut in the land, scarcely three hundred miles in all its tortuous course, bold Fernando de Magalhaen steered, and despite of unfitness of vessels and treachery of officers, accomplished that wherein Columbus failed, and opened a new highway to the Indies. For many years afterwards, this was supposed to be the only channel for ships, and many were the rich argosies that passed here with the fruits of sunnier climes: many too,

Which struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool;
 But the cruel rocks, they gored their sides,
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Then Cape Horn was found to terminate the American continent, and few vessels, except those of simplest rig and smallest size, have since dared to attempt a passage from east to west through Magalhaen's Straits.

You will best understand the peculiar nature of this corner of the earth, by following us from Cape Virgins to Cape Pillar.

The first day was spent in painfully beating up to the first anchorage in Possession Bay, against violent gusts of wind, which lifted the tops from those deep green furrows, and drenched us with showers of inexpressible saltness. We anchored with our consort, the Sea Witch of Mystic, the pilot-boat Anonyma, seventy-two days from Boston, and the clipper Eclipse, eighty days from Baltimore. Though thousands of miles from home, at a distance where the distinction between States should be lost, and all viewed as a single nation, I was never more forcibly struck with sectional peculiarities, than when contrasting the slow, drawling reply of the Baltimorean, with the hearty shout of the Bostonian, and the bluff, independent hail of the Yankee smackman. The little fleet which had thus gathered in a single day, determined to sail in company through the Straits, and it may safely be said that four swifter vessels were never yet seen together in these waters.

At the second trial we succeeded in passing the first and second Narrows. These are each about ten miles in length and nearly two in width, the tide running through them full ten or twelve miles an hour. By seizing it at the favorable time, no danger need be apprehended, except from the heavy rippings in which many vessels have been lost. In three days we had passed the first of the three great divisions which nature has marked in the Straits. The region of sand hills and granite cliffs yields to one which appears almost delightful in comparison with what precedes and follows it.

Here the coast suddenly tends southward, and the Strait expands into a broad sheet of water, thirty miles in width and three hundred fathoms in depth. The hills are thickly clothed with trees to the water's edge, and were it not for the humid climate and boggy soil, man could gain his livelihood from the earth. As it is, the Chilian colonies of convicts at Sandy Point and Port Famine are supported from home. Rain fell every day while we were there, and in a continual flood for a full third of the time. In this kind of experience we can fully equal even our brother hunters for gold who trudged across to Panama.

Port Famine, the capital of semi-civilization in this quarter of the globe, consists of a few houses, inclosing a wooden fort, in which lie unmounted two honey-combed twelve-pounders and a brass field-piece, tightly spiked! Buenos Ayres also claims this country, and Chili thus arms herself against her rival in imbecility. There is a rickety apology for a fence—a stout cat might paw it

down—running around thirty or forty cells in four large styes, between which are gutters for streets, little stone islands for a sidewalk, and eighteen inches of mud for a pavement. I thought of New York! In each of these six-by-eight boxes, windowless and chimneyless, exists a family of convicts. About seventy from the fleet went ashore one evening, and saw a fandango. In Spain the dance may be graceful. Here, no wonder that the wretches pay one dollar a pound for soap, and make a good bargain at that!

Most vessels stop here needlessly for wood and water. Both can be procured as well, if not better, in most harbors further on, and time spent here is lost; for there is always a fair wind in this portion of the Straits, and many days must be spent at anchor before the Pacific is reached. Yet the water at Port Famine cannot be surpassed. Men of experience say that months at sea do not alter its taste.

At San Nicholas' Bay we saw a fair specimen of the Patagonians. This is that singular race of men which have so inexplicably lost half their stature in the last two hundred years! Magalhaen affirmed them to be nearly twelve feet high, Cordova and Sarmiento at least nine, Anson about eight, and our own school geography full seven. In truth, they measure about six feet, and are very strongly built. Whether time tears down tallness from men or from fables, is a point for conjecture. These Horse Indians, as they are commonly called, from their equestrian life, are friendly and very stupid. The Tierra del Fuegian, or Canoe Indians, are of the ordinary height, magpies in tongue, baboons in countenance, and imps in treachery. Many conflicts have taken place between them and sealing vessels. They are best seen at a distance.

At Cape Howard the main channel turns sharply to the north-west. Here end the two first sections of the Straits, and all plain sailing. The whole body of water is here divided into a thousand little channels to the Pacific, of which the best known are the Cockburn, Barbara, Gabriel, and Main Channels. The labyrinth of islands and sounds is so perfect, that a good chart is indispensable. Unfortunate, indeed, is the vessel in Crooked Reach, which has saved an unlucky sixpence in not providing several stout anchors and the best of cables, at home or at the half-supplied depot in Port Famine.

Here the navigation assumes a new character. Nine days in ten, gales of westerly wind prevail, and beat fiercely upon the adventurous vessel which dares to struggle with their power. Rain falls several times each day, and when that fails, showers of thick snow or stinging hail supply its place. There is a certain singular gust of wind very prevalent here, which the sailors have termed "wooliewaws." When a vessel is caught at night out of the harbor by rain, snow, hail, gales, thick darkness and wooliewaws, there will be little sleep on board. We were twice trapped in this manner, and always afterwards saved time and

labor by seeking a harbor at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Strangely enough, the temperature of these high latitudes is equable, and not very cold. The thermometer ranges from 40° to 50° Fahr. throughout the year. Decreased strength of winds alone marks the winter season.

In one day we sailed from San Nicholas' Bay to Borja Bay; leaving the region of thick verdure, passing grim Mount Sarmiento seven thousand feet above us, and struggling through a narrow island-spotted ribbon of water, with gigantic walls of granite overshadowing us from their immovable resting places. Cordova said that the mountains west of Cape Quod gave to this portion of the Straits a "most horrible appearance." They do indeed seem very desolate and uninviting, almost all terminating in sharply serrated peaks, or slightly rounding knobs of bare granite, but there is a savage grandeur, a wild glory, upon their lofty summits, which far excels the smiles of the softest landscapes.

At Borja Bay we found the brig *Saltillo*, which had sailed from Boston some time last year, and had already spent five Sundays in the Straits. We also received New York papers to February 17th, from the steamer *Panama*. She reported several vessels at the entrance of the Straits, and among them the well-known New York pilot boat, *Wm. G. Hackstaff*, which sailed one day before us. At Swallow Harbor lay the *Velasco*, of Groton, and Iowa, of Sagharbor. Thus our fleet was increased to six schooners.

Both harbors are most secure and picturesque, locked in, as they are, by lofty mountains. Right at the bottom of each, a magnificent cascade rustles down the sides of a broad, brown mountain,

With the foamy sheaf of fountains, falling through the painted air.

Few things can be more lovely than these harbors, inclosed by bare cliffs like gems set in granite. The weary sailor, who looks for no beauty, can never deny their comfort. The only objection to them is from the terrific woolliewaws that rush from the surrounding heights without a second's warning, and pounce upon the waters, gathering them into a narrow but boiling circle of foam, then skurry around, fan-shaped, in every direction, and with restless fury. "These woollies are queer things!" exclaimed our skipper. "See how they tie the water all up in a little heap, and then throw it every-which way!" Even at anchor, the whole fleet rolls down in abject submission before them. Once, the Anonyma's clinker boat was torn from her stern, whirled over in the air, and sunk in a single second. It is fortunate that they last little longer.

It was only by a very painful beating that we passed English Reach, Crooked Reach, Long Reach, and Sea Reach. The gale was diversified only with woolliewaws, the rain with snow and

hail. Sometimes we are sailing along in rare sunshine, when a woolliewaw whirls a storm of sharp diamond hail into our faces, or a column of spray-heads to the very truck; forces our little craft down into the water, till a rushing flood swashes along her decks, then moves leeward in a brown and distinct whirlwind, till it hides one end of a lustrous rainbow, whose other extremity is splendidly defined against some rough mountain. Meanwhile the glorious sunlight is over all. From Port Famine to the Harbor of Mercy, near Cape Pillar, they continually increased in fury. The day before we left this latter harbor, there was a grand display of their impotent rage.

Our passage consumed twenty days, thirteen of which found us closely shut up in harbors. We overtook and passed square-rigged vessels, which had been weeks in the Straits, unwilling to return and unable to proceed. Few square-riggers can hope for a short passage; the difficulties in managing them in a channel, barely a mile wide in some places, are too great.

The passage from the Atlantic is thus mostly confined to small vessels. From the Pacific, passages are often made by ships in two or three days, and the only wonder is why more do not save the distance around Cape Horn. There are scarcely any dangers which are not visible, so bold is the coast and deep the soundings throughout the Strait.

Few portions of the earth can surpass this, so wonderful in the grandeur of its scenery. Here let the painter come—the poet too—all who love nature in her wildest moods, and can discern a mystic loveliness behind her frowns. Only the monomaniac gold-hunter views it with indifferent eye.

We have left the Straits of Magalhaen. Cape Pillar grows dim; Westminster Hall towers faintly afar; the sea-beaten Evangelists begin to loom in the evening sky, and Cape Victory, like a grim old warder, watches our departure in silence. On one side of us is the mighty group of Tierra del Fuego; on the other begins an immense continent, whose other extremity is near the North Pole. Before us lies the great Pacific.

PHIL. BRENGLE.

[MYSTICAL THEOLOGY—GROUND OF ITS INFLUENCE.]

THE most obscure theology of the German mystics hath a dialect peculiarly suited to it, which makes it intelligible to those whom a plainer system would disgust. There is a certain perversion of intellect which can relish nothing but what is dark and enigmatical; and though many of the speculations of visionary enthusiasts are, when accurately sifted to the bottom, nothing but plain and common truths, yet the moment they are brought out of the obscurity into which a wild and irregular imagination had thrown them, they lose all their efficacy, and that which is thoroughly comprehended ceases to effect.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 64, p. 206.

SCIENTIFIC MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE.

We were not so fortunate as to be able to listen to the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at its late meeting at Cambridge, but are glad to be able to adduce undoubted authority for its respectability and success. On 21 Aug., the last day, at dinner, Mr. Edward Everett spoke as follows:—

In my humble opinion, the transactions of the Association, at its present meeting, have been highly creditable to its members and to the science of the country. I had an opportunity in 1841 of attending the annual meeting of a similar association at Florence, consisting of between nine hundred and a thousand of the men of science of Italy and the neighboring countries; and in the years 1842, 1844, and 1845, I enjoyed a similar opportunity in reference to the meetings of the British Association for the Promotion of Science. It appears to me, that, in the scientific character of its proceedings at the present meeting, the American Association will compare advantageously with those of Europe. The number of men of science in attendance is much less; but I think the volume of this year's transactions when published will show proportionably as large a number of communications, on interesting and important topics, in most of the departments of science, and exhibiting as much original research and sound speculation, as the annual reports of any of the European associations. I make this remark with the less hesitation, because I have myself borne no other part in the scientific labors of the Association than that of a gratified and instructed listener; and also because among the circumstances which have enabled the Association to present such fair ground of comparison with its European contemporaries, no one can forget that European talent of the highest order is to be found in our ranks.*

I think no one, sir, could have attended any considerable number of the meetings of the Association, and witnessed its course of operations, but must have been satisfied, if he had doubts before, of the utility of such an institution. A meeting of scientific men from every part of the Union, with the opportunity thus afforded for entering into friendly personal relations, is itself an object of no mean importance; especially in a country so large as this, and destitute of any one great metropolis. It cannot have escaped any one's observation, that much time, labor, and skilful research must have been devoted to the preparation of many of the memoirs, which it is highly probable would not have been bestowed upon scientific pursuits, under other circumstances. Much is gained, at all times, by the actual presence of the instructor, and the animation of the living voice. An impression is made by them, which is rarely produced by the lifeless page of the printed volume. I do not of course mean that lecturing can ever take the place of study; but it is an admirable assistant. Then, too, the meetings of the Association possess the advantage of affording, in the discussions to

which the memoirs are subjected, an opportunity for the friendly collision of intellect and the instructive comparison of opinions, which nothing but oral discussion can yield. These topics might be easily expanded, but I think I should undertake a very superfluous office should I endeavor more in detail, on the present occasion, to set forth the usefulness of institutions of this kind.

I am aware that it has been objected to them at home and abroad, that they do not lead to the discovery of truth. The question is frequently asked, in reference to the great European associations of this kind, what discoveries have been made by them? Well, sir, in this demand for *discoveries* as a test of usefulness on the part of associated or individual effort, there is no little vagueness and a good deal of injustice. It appears to me quite unreasonable, as an exclusive test of utility, to demand, either of scientific bodies or of single votaries of science, that they should make discoveries. If by "discoveries" we mean matters of fact before unknown, such as the discovery of the existence of the American continent, or of the planets Uranus or Neptune, or of the effect of vaccination, it would be shutting up the domain of science within very narrow limits to exclude from it all but a very few, who, to the greatest sagacity and generally also the greatest diligence, have united the greatest good fortune. If we set up this standard we should strike at the root not merely of this Association, but of almost every other specific form of scientific action. Discoveries such as I mention are, necessarily, more or less casual in their immediate origin; or, rather, there is a happy inspiration—an unexplained, inexplicable kindling of mind—which no logic can teach, no discipline certainly produce. That the globe was spherical, was not first conceived by Columbus: how happened it that he first formed the practical conception of reaching the Indies by sailing to the west? The perturbations of Uranus have been studied by astronomers for a quarter of a century; what inspired Leverrier and Adams alone, with the happy thought of deducing from them the existence of an undiscovered planet?

If we use the term "discovery," in reference to great general laws of nature, such as the Copernican System, the attraction of gravitation, the relations of electricity and magnetism, then the unreasonableness of objecting to scientific associations, that they have not produced and are not likely to produce such results, is still more apparent. Discoveries of this kind, even though apparently referable to single authors, to particular periods of time, and to distinct courses of research, are so only in a limited degree. They are the product of the whole condition of science at the time;—they are its consummate flower—its ripened fruit. Such discoveries strike their roots far into the past—they are not made; they have grown. The preparation of centuries has gradually opened the way for them;—hundreds of minds have taken part in the discovery, hundreds of years before it is made. At length the world

* Among the active members of the Association at the present meeting were Professors Agassiz and Guyot of Neuchâtel.

of science is ripe for the grand result; the fullness of time is come; the gifted genius destined to put the last hand to the work is born, and the "discovery" is made; not seldom, perhaps in popular acceptance, with an exaggeration of its absolute novelty; an overrating of the originality of the discoverer and consequent injustice to his predecessors. Pope beautifully says:—

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night —
God said, "Let Newton be;"—and all was light.

This certainly is very happily said, by way of epigrammatic eulogy;—but it would not bear scientific examination. The illustrious philosopher, as just and modest as he was great, did not so deem of himself. Were the laws of nature wholly hidden in darkness before the time of Newton! Had Copernicus, Tycho, Kepler, Galileo thrown no light upon them?

So, too, and perhaps this is a still more important reflection, after the discovery of some such general law is made, the work of science is by no means exhausted. Even if it were true that scientific associations had no tendency to promote discovery, in either sense of the word, it might still be a matter of great importance, that they furnish occasions and facilities for illustrating and diffusing more widely the knowledge of the great laws of nature. This is a point on which, if time permitted, and I were addressing an audience of young men who needed encouragements to engage with ardor in the pursuit of science, I would gladly enlarge. I would say to them, fear not that the masters who have gone before you, have reaped the field of science so thoroughly, as to leave neither harvest nor gleaming for their successors. True, indeed, the Newtons have lived and taught; not to supersede and render superfluous, but to prepare the way for disciples and followers, not unworthy to be called the Newtons of after ages. The discovery of a great law is an enlargement, not an exhaustion, of the domain of science. Each new truth is a lever for the discovery of further truth. It may never be given again to the human intellect, (but who shall say that it never will be given?) to attain another generalization at once of such divine simplicity and stupendous magnitude as the law of gravitation. But I think it may with truth be said, that the system of the universe resting on that law has been more fully developed by the successors of Newton than by himself. It was believed in 1729 that the *maximum* of telescopic power had been attained; and the solar system, as then understood, comprised six primary planets and ten secondaries! There are now discovered nineteen planetary bodies which revolve round the sun, and (if we allow two satellites for Neptune,) twenty-one secondaries!

This important truth, that a great discovery not only leads to, but stands in need of, further researches, is most happily expressed in a fine apostrophe of the poet Cowley to the philosopher Hobbes, which attracted my notice as I happened into the bookseller's the day before yesterday, and

seemed to me so full of wisdom as to impress itself upon my memory. Cowley addresses Hobbes as "The great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies." Few persons, at the present day, would be disposed to admit the claim of the philosopher of Malmesbury to this magnificent title. But the strain in which Cowley proceeds, however uncouth in point of versification, is singularly acute and discriminating:—

Thou great Columbus of the golden land of new philosophies!

Thy task is harder much than his,
For thy learned America is
Not only first found out by thee,
And rudely left to future industry,
But thy eloquence and thy wit
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized it.

The verse is rude, but the lesson is significant. Columbus may set foot on a continent before unseen by civilized man; Copernicus may sweep away the cycles and epicycles of the Ptolemaic theory, and establish the sun on his central throne; and Newton may demonstrate the worldrous law which binds every member of the system—forever attracted and forever repelled—to that mysterious centre. But after all these great discoveries have been made, there is not only room, there is a crying demand, a great intellectual necessity, for further progress. Other discoverers, other philosophers must rise to unfold the consequences of these primordial truths;—to plant and people these scientific continents (if I may be allowed to carry on Cowley's metaphor) with new experiments and observations; to build them up with harmonious systems; to civilize them into a refined adaptation to the wants and service of moral beings.

This is the work left to the mass of the scientific community, and no one can reasonably deny that an association like ours is an approved and effective part of that system of concerted action, by which men advantageously unite themselves to accomplish desirable ends. And it is most cheering to learn from the example of the great discoverers that the materials for carrying on their work, the elements of further discovery—surround us on every side. There is no error more gross than that the knowledge of the great truths which form the glory of modern science must be directly sought from the depths of the heavens above or of the abyss below. Or if philosophical analysis enables us, in some degree, to penetrate to the mysteries of the earth we inhabit or of the mighty universe of which it forms so small a part, it is by virtue of laws and principles exemplified as clearly in the motes that cheaply people the sun-beam—as in the mighty spheres that are held in their orbits by the sun. The law of gravitation was suggested to Newton, not by the magnificent spectacle of a comet drawn down to the sun from the outskirts of the solar system, but by an apple falling from a tree to the earth. The glass which I hold in my hand, with the water it contains, is of itself a richly stored cabinet of scientific truth.—By the ancients, the water, believed to be a simple substance, was no doubt regarded chiefly

as the element designed to moisten and fertilize the earth, to quench the thirst of man, to separate Greece from the lands of the barbarians. By a great progress of art, it came to serve for the construction of a clepsydra. Modern science early took note of the expansive powers of steam. The Marquis of Worcester, Savery, and Newcomen attempted, and Bolton and Watt perfected, the machinery which has made the vapor of boiling water the life-spring of modern industry, and in the hands of our own Fulton converted it into the great means of commerce and communication around the globe. Questioned by chemical science, the same limpid element is made to yield to Cavendish and Priestley the secret of its gaseous composition, and thus becomes the starting point of no inconsiderable portion of our modern chemistry; teaching us at the outset the somewhat startling fact, that *aqua fortis* and the common air we breathe consist of precisely the same ingredients, in proportions a little varied. Physiology here takes her turn: and my friend opposite, who favors me with an approving smile, (Prof. Agassiz,) is ready to subject the contents of the glass to the creative focus of his microscope, and to demonstrate the organization, circulation, and whole animal economy of orders of beings, whose existence is apparent only under the higher powers. Not content with the harvest of science to be reaped from the water, our worthy president (Prof. Henry) is thinking of the glass. To his eye it is a tolerable cylinder. His mind runs upon electricity, induction, and the relations of galvanism and magnetism, to the illustration of which he has himself so materially contributed. Here we reach the magnetic telegraph—the electric clock—and their application to the measurement of differences of longitude, and the observation and record of celestial phenomena;—an apparatus so wonderful that, as we have heard in the sections, a child of twelve years old, who sees it for the first time, can observe and record the passage of a star over the wires of the micrometer, more correctly than it could be done by the most skilful observer in the ordinary way. Thus we are carried back to a more accurate observation of the heavens, by that electric spark which Franklin first drew from the clouds.

But it is time, sir, to think of performing the duty for which I originally rose to address you. It is one of the most pleasing incidents of the present meetings of the Association that they have been attended by so many ladies. Many of the members of the Association from a distance have been accompanied with their wives and daughters who, together with the ladies of Cambridge, have not only from day to day honored our social table with their company, but have given their diligent attention in the sections. The Association has, I understand, been favored in this way for the first time at the present meeting. I am sure I speak for all those who have taken part in the

scientific transactions, that they have been animated and encouraged by this unusual presence; and the persevering attendance of our fair friends to the close of the session authorizes the hope that they have been gratified listeners. How much our social meetings in this hall have been enlivened by their presence I need not say. I trust the example which they have set, the present year, will be followed at the future meetings of the Association. When we recall the names of Caroline Herschell, of Mary Somerville, and may I not add of our own Maria Mitchell, we need no arguments to show that the cultivation of science is by no means the exclusive mission of man. The time may come perhaps when my successor in the duty I now perform will be called upon to return the acknowledgments of the Association not only to the ladies who have honored the meetings by their presence, but to those who have contributed to their scientific transactions. I beg leave, sir, to submit the following motion:—

Resolved, that the thanks of the American Association for the Advancement of Science be given to the ladies who have honored the meetings of the Association with their attendance.

O'ER THE HILL.

ONE morning as he wended
Through a path bedight with flowers,
Where all delights were blanded
To beguile the fleeting hours:
Sweet youth, pray turn thee hither,
Said a voice along the way,
Ere all these roses wither,
And these fair fruits decay.
But the youth paused not to ponder
If the voice were good or ill,
For, said he, my home is yonder
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

Again, high noon was glowing
On a wide and weary plain;
And there, right onward going,
Was the traveller again:
He seemed another being
Than the morning's rosy youth.
But I quickly knew him, seeing
His unaltered brow of truth:
But stranger, rest till even,
Sang alluring voices still:
But he cried—my rest is heaven!
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

The shades of night were creeping
A sequestered valley o'er,
Where a dark deep stream was sweeping
By a dim and silent shore;
And there the pilgrim bending
With the burden of the day,
Was seen still onward wending
Through a "straight and narrow way."
He passed the gloomy river
As it were a gentle rill,
And rested—home forever!
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

THE SHETLAND ISLES.

A LETTER FROM MR. BRYANT TO THE N. Y. EVENING POST.

Aberdeen, July 19, 1849.

Two days ago I was in the Orkneys; the day before I was in the Shetland Isles, the "farthest Thule" of the Romans, where I climbed the Noup of the Noss, as the famous headland of the island of Noss is called, from which you look out upon the sea, that lies between Shetland and Norway.

From Wick, a considerable fishing town in Caithness, on the northern coast of Scotland, a steamer, named the *Queen*, departs once a week, in the summer months, for Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, and Lerwick, in Shetland. We went on board of her about ten o'clock on the 14th of July. The herring fishery had just begun, and the artificial port of Wick, constructed with massive walls of stone, was crowded with fishing vessels which had returned that morning from the labors of the night; for in the herring fishery it is only in the night that the nets are spread and drawn. Many of the vessels had landed their cargo; in others the fishermen were busily disengaging the herrings from the black nets and throwing them in heaps; and now and then a boat, later than the rest, was entering from the sea. The green heights all around the bay were covered with groups of women, sitting or walking, dressed for the most part in caps and white short-gowns, waiting for the arrival of the boats manned by their husbands and brothers, or belonging to the families of those who had come to seek occupation as fishermen. I had seen two or three of the principal streets of Wick that morning, swarming with strapping fellows, in blue highland bonnets, with blue jackets and pantaloons, and coarse blue flannel shirts. A shop-keeper, standing at his door, instructed me who they were.

"They are men of the Celtic race," he said—the term Celtic has grown to be quite fashionable, I find, when applied to the Highlanders. "They came from the Hebrides and other parts of western Scotland to get employment in the herring fishery. These people have travelled perhaps three hundred miles, most of them on foot, to be employed six or seven weeks, for which they will receive about six pounds wages. Those whom you see, are not the best of their class; the more enterprising and industrious have boats of their own, and carry on the fishery on their own account."

We found the *Queen* a strong steamboat, with a good cabin and convenient state rooms, but dirty and smelling of fish from stem to stern. It has seemed to me that the further north I went the more dirt I found. Our captain was an old Aberdeen seaman, with a stoop in his shoulders, and looked as if he was continually watching for land; an occupation for which the foggy climate of these latitudes gives him full scope. We left Wick between eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon, and glided over a calm sea, with a cloudless sky above us, and a thin haze on the surface of the

waters. The haze thickened to a fog, which grew more and more dense, and finally closed over head. After about three hours' sail the captain began to grow uneasy, and was seen walking about on the bridge between the wheel-houses, anxiously peering into the mist, on the look-out for the coast of the Orkneys. At length he gave up the search, and stopped the engine. The passengers amused themselves with fishing. Several coal fish, and a large fish of slender shape were caught, and one fine cod was hauled out, by a gentleman who combined, as he gave me to understand, the two capacities of portrait painter and preacher of the gospel, and who held that the universal church of Christendom had gone sadly astray from the true primitive doctrine, in regard to the time when the millennium is to take place.

The fog cleared away in the evening; our steamer was again in motion; we landed at Kirkwall in the middle of the night, and when I went on deck the next morning we were smoothly passing the shores of Fair Isle—high and steep rocks impending over the waters, with a covering of green turf. Before they were out of sight we saw the Shetland coast. the dark rock of Sumburg Head, and behind it, half shrouded in mist, the promontory of Fitful Head—Fitful Head, as it is called by Scott, in his novel of the *Pirate*. Beyond, to the east, black rocky promontories come in sight one after the other beetling over the sea. At ten o'clock, we were passing through a channel between the islands leading to Lerwick, the capital of Shetland, on the principal island, bearing the name of Mainland. Fields, yellow with flowers, among which stood, here and there, a cottage, sloped softly down to the water, and beyond them rose the bare declivities and summits of the hills, dark with heath, with here and there still darker spots, looking like blot on the landscape, where peat had been cut for fuel. Not a tree, not a shrub, was to be seen, and the greater part of the soil appeared never to have been reduced to cultivation.

About one o'clock we cast anchor before Lerwick, a fishing village, built on the shore of Bressay Sound, which here forms one of the finest harbors in the world. It has two passages to the sea, so that when the wind blows a storm on one side of the islands, the Shetlander in his boat passes out in the other direction, and finds himself in comparatively smooth water. It was Sunday, and the man who landed us at the quay and took our baggage to our lodging, said as he left—"It's the Sabbath, and I'll no tak' my pay now, but I'll call the morrow. My name is Jim Sinclair, pilot, and if ye'll be wanting to go anywhere, I'll be glad to tak' ye in my boat." In a few minutes we were snugly established at our lodgings. There is no inn throughout all the Shetland islands, which contain about thirty thousand inhabitants, but if any of the readers of the *Evening Post* should have occasion to visit Lerwick, I can cheerfully recommend to them the comfortable lodging-house of Mrs. Walker, who

keeps a little shop in the principal street, not far from Queen's lane. We made haste to get ready for church, and sallied out to find the place of worship frequented by our landlady, which was not a difficult matter.

The little town of Lerwick consists of two-story houses, built mostly of unhewn stone, rough cast, with steep roofs and a chimney at each end. They are arranged along a winding street parallel with the shore, and along narrow lanes running upwards to the top of the hill. The main street is flagged with smooth stones, like the streets in Venice, for no vehicle runs on wheels in the Shetland islands. We went up Queen's lane, and soon found ourselves at the door of the building occupied by the free church of Scotland, until a temple of fairer proportions, on which the masons are now at work, on the top of the hill, shall be completed for their reception. It was crowded with attentive worshippers, one of whom obligingly came forward and found a seat for us. The minister, Mr. Frazer, had begun the evening service, and was at prayer. When I entered, he was speaking of "our father the devil;" but the prayer was followed by an earnest, practical discourse, though somewhat crude in the composition, and reminding me of an expression I once heard used by a distinguished Scotchman, who complained that the clergy of his country, in composing their sermons, too often "mak' rough wark of it."

I looked about among these descendants of the Norwegians, but could not see anything exotic in their physiognomy; and but for the harsh accent of the preacher, I might almost have thought myself in the midst of a country congregation in the United States. They are mostly of a light complexion, and an appearance of health and strength, though of a sparer make than the people of the more southern British isles. After the service was over, we returned to our lodgings, by a way which led to the top of the hill, and made the circuit of the little town. The paths leading into the interior of the island were full of people returning homeward; the women in their best attire, a few in silks, with wind-tanned faces. We saw them disappearing, one after another, in the hollows, or over the dark, bare hill tops. With a population of less than three thousand souls, Lerwick has few places of worship—a church of the Establishment, a free church, a church for the Seceders, and one for the Methodists. The road we took commanded a fine view of the harbor, surrounded and sheltered by hills. Within it lay a numerous group of idle fishing vessels, with one great steamer in the midst; and, more formidable in appearance, a Dutch man-of-war, sent to protect the Dutch fisheries, with the flag of Holland flying at the mast-head. Above the town, on tall poles, were floating the flags of four or five different nations, to mark the habitations of their consuls.

On the side opposite to the harbor lay the small fresh-water lake of Cleikimin, with the remains of

a Pictish castle in the midst; one of those circular buildings of unhewn, uncemented stone, skillfully laid, forming apartments of such small dimensions as to lead Sir Walter Scott to infer that the Picts were a people of a stature considerably below the ordinary standard of the human race. A deep Sabbath silence reigned over the scene, except the sound of the wind, which here never ceases to blow from one quarter or another, as it swept the herbage and beat against the stone walls surrounding the fields. The ground under our feet was thick with daisies and the blossoms of the crow-foot, and other flowers, for in the brief summer of these islands, nature, which has no groves to embellish, makes amends by pranking the ground, particularly in the uncultivated parts, with a great profusion and variety of flowers.

The next morning we were rowed, by two of Jim Sinclair's boys, to the island of Bressay, and one of them acted as our guide to the remarkable precipice called the Noup of the Noss. We ascended its smooth slopes and pastures, and passed through one or two hamlets, where we observed the construction of the dwellings of the Zetland peasantry. They are built of unhewn stone, with roofs of turf held down by ropes of straw nearly twisted; the floors are of earth: the cow, pony, and pig live under the same roof with the family; and the manure pond, a receptacle for refuse and filth, is close to the door. A little higher up, we came upon the uncultivated grounds, abandoned to heath, and only used to supply fuel by the cutting of peat. Here and there women were busy piling the square pieces of peat in stacks, that they might dry in the wind. "We carry home these pits in a basket on our shoulders, when they are dry," said one of them to me; but those who can afford to keep a pony, make him do this work for them. In the hollows of this part of the island we saw several fresh-water ponds, which were enlarged with dykes, and made to turn grist-mills. We peeped into one or two of these mills, little stone buildings, in which we could scarcely stand upright, enclosing two small stones turned by a perpendicular shaft, in which are half a dozen cogs; the paddles are fixed below, and there struck by the water, turn the upper stone.

A steep descent brought us to the little strait, bordered with rocks, which divides Bressay from the island called the Noss. A strong south wind was driving in the billows from the sea with noise and foam, but they were broken and checked by a bar of rocks in the middle of the strait, and we crossed to the north of it in smooth water. The ferryman told us that when the wind was northerly he crossed to the south of the bar. As we climbed the hill of the Noss the mist began to drift thinly around us from the sea, and flocks of sea-birds rose screaming from the ground at our approach. At length we stood upon the brink of a precipice of fearful height, from which we had a full view of the still higher precipices of the neighboring summit. A wall of rock was before us six hundred feet in height, descending almost

perpendicularly to the sea, which roared and foamed at its base among huge masses of oak, and plunged into great caverns, hollowed out by the beating of the surges for centuries. Midway on the rock, and above the reach of the spray, were thousands of sea-birds, sitting in ranks on the main shelves, or alighting, or taking wing, and screaming as they flew. A cloud of them were constantly in the air in front of the rock and over our heads. Here they make their nests and rear their young, but not entirely safe from the pursuit of the Zetlander, who causes himself to be let down by a rope from the summit and plunders their nests. The face of the rock, above the portion which is the haunt of the birds, was fairly tapestried with herbage and flowers which the perpetual moisture of the atmosphere keeps always fresh—daisies nodding in the wind, and the crimson phlox, seeming to set the cliffs on flame; yellow buttercups, and a variety of other plants in bloom, of which I do not know the name.

Magnificent as this spectacle was, we were not satisfied without climbing to the summit. As we passed upwards, we saw where the rabbits had made their burrows in the elastic peaty soil close to the very edge of the precipice. We now found ourselves involved in the cold streams of mist which the strong sea-wind had drifted over us; they were in fact the lower skirts of the clouds. At times they would clear away and give us a prospect of the green island summits around us, with their bold headlands, the winding straits between, and black rocks standing out in the sea. When we arrived at the summit we could hardly stand against the wind, but it was almost more difficult to muster courage to look down that dizzy depth over which the Zetlanders suspend themselves with ropes, in quest of the eggs of the sea-fowl. My friend captured a young gull on the summit of the Noup. The bird had risen at his approach, and essayed to fly towards the sea, but the strength of the wind drew him back to the land. He rose again, but could not sustain a long flight, and coming to the ground again, was caught, after a spirited chase, amidst a wild clamor of the sea-fowl over our heads.

Not far from the Noup is the Holm, or, as it is sometimes called, the Cradle or Basket, of the Noss. It is a perpendicular mass of rock, two or three hundred feet high, with a broad flat summit, richly covered with grass, and is separated from the island by a narrow chasm, through which the sea flows. Two strong ropes are stretched from the main island to the top of the Holm, and on these is slung the cradle or basket, a sort of open box made of deal boards, in which the shepherds pass with their sheep to the top of the Holm. We found the cradle strongly secured by lock and key, to the stakes on the side of the Noss, in order, no doubt, to prevent any person from crossing for his own amusement.

As we descended the smooth pastures of the Noss, we fell in with a herd of ponies, of a size somewhat larger than is common on the islands. I

asked our guide, a lad of fourteen years of age, what was the average price of a sheltic. His answer deserves to be written in letters of gold—

“It’s jist as they’re, bug an’ smal.”

From the ferryman, at the strait below, I got more specific information. They vary in price from three to ten pounds, but the latter sum is only paid for the finest of these animals, in the respects of shape and color. It is not a little remarkable, that the same causes which, in Shetland, have made the horse the smallest of ponies, have almost equally reduced the size of the cow. The sheep, also—a pretty creature, I might call it—from the fine wool of which the Shetland women knot the thin webs, known by the name of Shetland shawls, is much smaller than any breed I have ever seen. Whether the cause be the perpetual chilliness of the atmosphere, or the insufficiency of nourishment—for, though the long Zetland winters are temperate, and snow never lies long on the ground, there is scarce any growth of herbage in that season—I will not undertake to say, but the people of the islands ascribe it to the insufficiency of nourishment. It is, at all events, remarkable, that the traditions of the country should ascribe to the Picts, the early inhabitants of Shetland, the same dwarfish stature, and that the numerous remains of their habitations which still exist, should seem to confirm the tradition. The race which at present possesses the Shetlands is, however, of what the French call “an advantageous stature,” and well limbed. If it be the want of a proper and genial warmth, which prevents the due growth of the domestic animals, it is a want to which the Zetlanders are not subject. Their hills afford them an apparently inexhaustible supply of peat, which costs the poorest man nothing but the trouble of cutting it and bringing it home; and their cottages, I was told, are always well warmed in winter.

In crossing the narrow strait which separates the Noss from Bressay, I observed on the Bressay side, overlooking the water, a round hillock, of very regular shape, in which the green turf was intermixed with stones. “That,” said the ferryman, “is what we call a Pictish castle. I mind when it was opened; it was full of rooms, so that ye could go over every part of it.” I climbed the hillock, and found, by inspecting several openings, which had been made by the peasantry to take away the stones, that below the turf it was a regular work of Pictish masonry, but the spiral galleries, which these openings revealed, had been completely choked up, in taking away the materials of which they were built. Although plenty of stone may be found everywhere in the islands, there seems to be a disposition to plunder these remarkable remains, for the sake of building cottages, or making those enclosures for their cabbages, which the islanders call *crubs*. They have been pulling down the Pictish castle, on the little island on the fresh water loch, called Cleikimin, near Lerwick, described with such minuteness by Scott in his journal, till very few traces of its

original construction are left. If the enclosing of lands for pasturage and cultivation proceeds as it has begun, these curious monuments of a race which has long perished, will disappear.

Now that we were out of hearing of the cries of the sea-birds, we were regaled with more agreeable sounds. We had set out, as we relieved the island of Bressay, amid a perfect chorus of larks, answering each other in the sky, and sometimes, apparently, from the clouds; and now we heard them again overhead, pouring out their sweet notes so fast and so ceaselessly, that it seemed as if the little creatures imagined they had more to utter than they had time to utter it in. In no part of the British islands have I seen the larks so numerous or so merry, as in the Shetlands.

We waited awhile at the wharf by the minister's house in Bressay, for Jim Sinclair, who at length appeared in his boat to convey us to Lerwick. "He is a noisy fellow," said our good landlady, and truly we found him voluble enough, but quite amusing. As he rowed us to town, he gave us a sample of his historical knowledge, talking of Sir Walter Raleigh and the settlement of North America, and told us that his greatest pleasure was to read historical books in the long winter nights. His children, he said, could all read and write. We dined on a leg of Shetland mutton, with a tart made "of the only fruit of the island," as a Scotchman called it, the stalks of the rhubarb plant, and went on board of our steamer about six o'clock in the afternoon. It was matter of some regret to us that we were obliged to leave Shetland so soon. Two or three days more might have been pleasantly passed among its grand precipices, its winding straits, its remains of a remote and rude antiquity, its little horses, little cows and little sheep, its sea-fowl, its larks, its flowers, and its hardy and active people. There was an amusing novelty also in going to bed, as we did, by daylight, for, at this season of the year, the daylight is never out of the sky, and the flush of early sunset only passes along the horizon from the north-west to the south-east, when it brightens into sunrise.

The Zetlanders, I was told by a Scotch clergyman, who had lived among them forty years, are naturally shrewd and quick of apprehension; "as to their morals," he added, "if ye stay among them any time ye'll be able to judge for yourself." So, on the point of morals, I am in the dark. More attention, I hear, is paid to the education of their children than formerly, and all have the opportunity of learning to read and write in the parochial schools. Their agriculture is still very rude, they are very unwilling to adopt the instruments of husbandry used in England, but on the whole they are making some progress. A Shetland gentleman who, as he remarked to me, had "had the advantage of seeing some other countries" besides his own, complained that the peasantry were spending too much of their earnings for tea, tobacco and spirits. Last winter a terrible famine came upon the island; their fish-

eries had been unproductive, and the potato crop had been cut off by the blight. The communication with Scotland by steamboat had ceased, as it always does in winter, and it was long before the sufferings of the Shetlanders were known in Great Britain, but as soon as the intelligence was received, contributions were made and the poor creatures were relieved.

Their climate, inhospitable as it seems, is healthy, and they live to a good old age. A native of the island, a baronet, who has a great white house on a bare field in sight of Lerwick, and was a passenger on board the steamer in which we made our passage to the island, remarked that if it was not the healthiest climate in the world, the extremely dirty habits of the peasantry would engender disease, which, however, was not the case. "It is probably the effect of the saline particles in the air," he added. His opinion seemed to be that the dirt was salted by the sea winds, and preserved from further decomposition. I was somewhat amused, in hearing him boast of the climate of Shetland in winter. "Have you never observed," said he, turning to the old Scotch clergyman of whom I have already spoken, "how much larger the proportion of sunny days is in our islands than at the south?" "I have never observed it," was the dry answer of the minister.

The people of Shetland speak a kind of Scottish, but not with the Scottish accent. Four hundred years ago, when the islands were transferred from Norway to the British crown, their language was Norse, but that tongue, although some of its words have been preserved in the present dialect, has become extinct. "I have heard," said an intelligent Shetlander to me, "that there are yet, perhaps, half a dozen persons in one of our remotest neighborhoods, who are able to speak it, but I never met with one who could."

In returning from Lerwick to the Orkneys, we had a sample of the weather which is often encountered in these latitudes. The wind blew a gale in the night, and our steamer was tossed about on the waves like an egg-shell, much to the discomfort of the passengers. We had on board a cargo of ponies, the smallest of which were from the Shetlands, some of them not much larger than sheep, and nearly as shaggy; the others, of larger size, had been brought from the Faro Isles. In the morning, when the gale had blown itself to rest, I went on deck and saw one of the Faro Island ponies, which had given out during the night, stretched dead upon the deck. I inquired if the body was to be committed to the deep. "It is to be skinned first," was the answer.

We stopped at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, long enough to allow us to look at the old cathedral of St. Magnus, built early in the twelfth century—a venerable pile, in perfect preservation, and the finest specimen of the architecture once called Saxon, then Norman, and lately Romanesque, that I have ever seen. The round arch is everywhere used, except in two or three windows of later addition. The nave is narrow, and the central groined arches

lofty, so that an idea of vast extent is given, though the cathedral is small, compared with the great minsters in England. The work of completing certain parts of the building which were left unfinished, is now going on at the expense of the government. All the old flooring and the pews, which made it a parish church, have been taken away, and the original proportions and symmetry of the building are seen as they ought to be. The general effect of the building is wonderfully grand and solemn.

On our return to Scotland, we stopped for a few hours at Wick. It was late in the afternoon, and the fishermen, in their vessels, were going out of the harbor, to their nightly toil. Vessel after vessel, each manned with four stout rowers, came out of the port—and after rowing a short distance, raised the sails and steered for the open sea, till all the waters, from the land to the horizon, were full of them. I counted them, hundreds after hundreds, till I grew tired of the task. A sail of ten or twelve hours brought us to Aberdeen, with its old cathedral, encumbered by pews and wooden partitions, and its old college, the tower of which is surmounted by a cluster of flying buttresses, formed into the resemblance of a crown.

This letter, you perceive, is dated at Aberdeen. It was begun there, but I have written portions of it at different times since I left that city, and I beg that you will imagine it to be of the latest date. It is now long enough, I fear, to tire your readers, and I therefore lay down my pen.

From the Spectator.

DIXON'S LIFE OF HOWARD.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the vast amount of good really accomplished by Howard the philanthropist, and the claims (greater than the reality) put forward by a school, which imitated rather than succeeded him, it may be doubted whether even his name and characteristics are so widely known to this generation as his new biographer assumes them to be. Many of those who know them have learned them from Burke's panegyric, in which artifice and an ungainly use of technical terms are more conspicuous than nature or eloquence. Nor, strictly speaking, is this to be wondered at. Either man is an ungrateful animal, or so many present things claim his attention, that the mass of us can only find time to look at those heroes of the past whose actions, as the rhetoricians say, "influenced the destinies of nations," or whose works, deeply founded in the nature of man, are ever present, interesting and instructing. It is a truth, whether palatable or not, that those who either by word or deed assist in overthrowing an evil, are almost as quickly forgotten as the evil itself. If they obtain a "household word" celebrity, it is when they act as well as speak or write, and combine instruction with subversion, as in the case of Luther.

A close consideration, we think, will show that

*John Howard, and the Prison-World of Europe. From Original and Authentic Documents. By Hepworth Dixon. Published by Jackson and Walford.

Howard's eminence was as a writer, though no doubt of a peculiar kind; for he travelled to collect his facts. Those facts were of a new and important nature, and collected with the purpose of improving prison-discipline, by showing the state of prisons throughout Europe. To the praise of first discovering the abuses of prisons, or of originating prison-reform, he is not exactly entitled. In 1701-2, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge appointed a committee to "visit Newgate and other gaols;" on which a report was drawn up by Dr. Bray. The report, indeed, was never published, and no known results were produced by it; but it showed that the subject had attracted the attention of a body of men, and we know not how far the results might spread in an age which did not so readily run into print as ours. In 1728 a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the state of the gaols; and their report excited a general burst of indignation, steeled as the age was to hard usage, and produced an address to the crown to prosecute some of the offending parties. The comments of the essayists, the pictures of the novelists, albeit not affixing a sermon to their tale, could not have been without great effect on the public mind. In February, 1773, before Howard began his tours of inspection, if not before the idea of gaol-reformation had taken a distinct form in his mind, Mr. Popham had brought in a bill to remedy an urgent practical evil, and the source of many other evils, by abolishing fees, and paying the gaoler out of the county-rates. It passed a second reading, but was withdrawn, to be amended and reintroduced next session. In the interim, Howard had inspected many gaols, had accumulated many facts, had been in communication with Mr. Popham, and was ready to *prove* to Parliament the absolute need not only of this but further reformation. Great improvements took place, beyond the acts of Parliament, owing, no doubt, to Howard's exposures, and to his book, descriptive of the state of the gaols; but still he was fortunate in falling upon the instant of time. The ground was not only ready for the sower, but waiting.

We make these remarks to *account* for the immediate success of Howard, and for the great reputation he attained during his life (which time has failed to support); not with any view of depreciating his character or exertions. These were very great. He was a man whose labors in the cause of humanity were unceasing, and who ever carried his life and his purse in his hand. He was animated by that faith in his object, and consequent devotion to it, which is the source of all greatness, and perhaps of all success. He might fairly be accounted the first and greatest of the modern "philanthropists," were he not something far better. John Howard possessed prudence to guide his humanity; he studied the evils he would reform in the life, and rarely if ever proposed a remedy but what had been suggested to him by experience. He eschewed the wild excitement of public meetings, or the more intoxicating incense

of noble and courtly attentions. He went forth to hardship and labor, more like an apostle than a platform agitator; he daily risked his life among the filthy, the diseased, and the infected with the terrible gaol-fever; and he may be said to have died in the cause of suffering humanity.

We agree with Mr. Hepworth Dixon in thinking that the world should have a better account of the life and labors of such a man than yet existed; for even when biographies of considerable merit are extant, an age unacquainted with the hero requires more particulars than a contemporary is likely to supply, of the state of society in which he lived, the old condition of things on which he worked, and probably some account of his works themselves. Neither are the career and character of Howard without interest apart from his exertions as a philanthropist, since there is a curious interest in tracing the course of his life, and the manner in which he was thrown by events, and led by circumstances, into the field of public exertion and celebrity.

The father of Howard (and doubtless the *family*, had there been one) belonged to that straitest school of English dissent which substituted a starched sourness for the unnatural privations of the ascetics of the primitive and middle ages. He was engaged in business as a merchant, and retired on a fortune sufficiently large to leave his son and daughter an ample competence without any necessity for exertion. The day or year of John Howard's birth is uncertain, a consequence of his father's religious scruples. His monument in St. Paul's gives the date as 1726; but Mr. Dixon, who appears to have examined the subject fully, thinks the "balance of evidence is in favor of 1725 or 1726, though personal friends of the philanthropist have named 1724, 1725, 1726, and 1727." His constitution was feeble, his health always delicate, and in fact only preserved in after life by rigid diet. He lost his mother in early infancy, and was something very like a dunce at school, having no Greek, little Latin, and a very scanty knowledge of letters in the sense of literature.

Old Mr. Howard's determinations were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and his son on leaving school was apprenticed to a wholesale grocer in Watling street, with the large premium of £700. This pursuit was apparently not much to the embryo philanthropist's liking; for on his father's death, in 1742, he quitted the warehouse, a circumstance which shows the confidence his father's executors had in his prudence, since, at the very earliest date assigned to his birth, he was not then out of his teens, and according to the monument, only in his seventeenth year. His delicate health had probably suffered by the confinement of Watling street, for the first use he made of his freedom was to travel in France and Italy. He was absent about two years, and while in Italy gave a good deal of attention to art. As he subsequently spoke French sufficiently well to pass for a native, it is probable that he laid the foundation of his knowledge at this early

period, when pronunciation is more easily acquired.

On his return to England he lodged at Stoke Newington, taking care of his health, which was still precarious, and studying natural philosophy and medicine. Having reason to be dissatisfied with his landlady for inattention during an illness, he shifted his quarters; and having been, as he thought, saved from death by the nursing of his new landlady, he considered it his duty to offer her his hand. The swain was about twenty-five, the lady fifty-two—an ordinary-looking woman, a widow, and a confirmed invalid, though she appears to have been "a very kind, attentive, and cheerful woman, a good housekeeper, and an admirable nurse." She had also good sense enough to start objections to the proposal, but they were finally overruled by the arguments, if not the ardor, of the suitor, and Mrs. Loidore became Mrs. Howard. The match was as happy as such a match was likely to be; but the bride's health soon gave way, and she died in the third year of her marriage.

Her death left a vacuum in Howard's existence which he could not readily fill up. After a little while of undetermined quiet, he resolved to go to Lisbon, then just overwhelmed by the earthquake of 1755. But the seven years' war was raging; the packet Howard sailed in was captured by a French privateer; and he tasted the discomforts of military imprisonment, without any of those courtesies by which the usage of the established services softens the unpleasantness of restraint, especially to civilians.

Before the captured vessel was carried into the harbor, Howard says he was kept without food, and even water, for forty hours; to most men, an intolerable punishment, but his abstemious habits had well prepared him to bear such a trial—the commencement of a long series—without serious detriment to his health. When they were at length landed, he was confined, with many other prisoners, in the castle of the town, in a dungeon, dark, damp, and filthy, beyond description, where they were kept for several additional hours without nourishment. At last a leg of mutton was brought and thrown into the cell—as horse-flesh is thrown into the dens of wild beasts—for the starving captives to scramble for, tear with their teeth, and devour as best they could. In this horrible dungeon, thus fed, they were detained for a week. Six nights were they compelled to sleep—if sleep they could under such circumstances—upon the cold floor, with nothing but a handful of straw to protect them from the noxious damps and noisome fever of their overcrowded room. Thence our countryman was removed to Morlaix, and subsequently to Carpaix, where he resided for two months on parole.

It has been preferred as a charge against Howard, that he behaved towards his keepers, or at least towards his captors, much à l'Anglais,—that is, with somewhat of contemptuous hauteur; (how singular that the English language should have no word to express that mixture of icy politeness and imperial reserve, which all over Continental Europe has become the recognized characteristic and distinction of Englishmen;) and this, though not stated on the best authority, is not unlikely in itself. Howard

had a very high sense and sentiment of honor, and an unconquerable disdain for the man who could be prevented from doing what was strictly right in itself by any fear of political or conventional consequences. It is more than probable, that a person of his mental and moral constitution would be apt to consider a privateer as nothing more than a tolerated ruffian, and deal with him accordingly. But once on shore, and placed in legal custody, he seems to have inspired every one who came into contact with him with respect and confidence in his uprightness. More than one occasion saw this exhibited in a remarkable manner. While at Carpaix, although not an officer, and therefore not entitled to claim any indulgence according to the law of nations and the usages of war between the two countries, he was yet permitted by his gaoler to reside in the town, upon his mere word being given that he would not attempt to escape. A similar kind of confidence was exhibited by the person at whose house he lodged. Though penniless, and a perfect stranger to his host, this man took him in upon the strength of his unsupported representations, housed, fed, clothed, supplied him with money, and finally saw him depart, with no other guarantee for repayment than his bare promise. Even official persons were not impervious to the charm of this great character; for, after some negotiation with these, he was permitted by them to return to England, in order that he might, with greater chance of success, endeavor to induce the government to make a suitable exchange for him, on simply pledging his honor that, if unsuccessful in his attempt, he would instantly return to his captivity.

His exchange was effected, and the necessity of returning to France obviated. He then set about calling attention to the sufferings of British prisoners in France, and addressed the commissioners of the sick and wounded upon the subject, depicting the miseries he himself had witnessed. He was thanked for his information, and steps were taken to act upon it; but, though the subject must often have recurred to his mind, he seemed to be satisfied with the particular remedy he had found for a particular evil. His mind was not only totally deficient in imagination, but even in that logical invention, or rather induction, which leads men to conclude the existence of many from that of few. It will be seen presently that the inquiry into the state of prisons was forced upon him.

From the period of his release, (which must have taken place in or towards 1756,) until 1773, Howard's life was again passed in retirement. He withdrew to his patrimonial property of Cardington, near Bedford, and devoted himself to improving his estate and the condition of his laborers; erecting a school, and beginning a system of popular education for the children of the poor. In 1758 he married a second wife, though his first love. He made the stipulation, suggested perhaps by experience, that in all cases of difference hereafter, *his* voice should decide. The stipulation appears to have been needless. Mrs. Howard was a very amiable woman, who consulted his wishes and forwarded his views in every way. During his married life, considerable improvement was made in the circumstances and character of the

poor. His example was followed by some of the neighboring gentry; and Howard is entitled to the merit of practically calling attention to that subject, which is now called the "condition of England" question. As this, however, was only to be carried out by the personal trouble and attention of those who had the control of it, and could neither be delegated to paid agents, "settled" by act of Parliament, nor dealt with in the gross, like slavery, prison-discipline, or even education, so far as reading and writing go, it has not made so much seeming progress as the last three. Howard also labored in his pleasant privacy to make up for the educational deficiencies of his youth; especially applying himself to natural philosophy, becoming a member of the Royal Society, and contributing three papers to the Transactions, though of a slight kind. The happiness of this quiet and useful life was put an end to in 1765, by the death of his wife. She was confined with her first and only child on Wednesday the 27th March, and on Sunday the 31st, she died suddenly. Howard had gone to church as usual; on his return Mrs. Howard was seized with a fit, and expired in his arms.

No tongue, (says his biographer,) can tell, no pen describe the awful misery of the bereaved husband. * * * By temperament Howard was calm and undemonstrative; but there were depths in his nature not easily fathomed. His love for his wife had been an illimitable passion. The day of her death was held sacred in his calendar—kept forevermore as a day of fasting and meditation. Everything connected with her memory, how distantly soever, was hallowed in his mind by the association. Many years after her demise, on the eve of his departure on one of his long and perilous journeys across the continent of Europe, he was walking in the gardens with the son whose birth had cost the precious life, examining some plantations which they had recently been making, and arranging a plan for future improvements. On coming to the planted walk, he stood still; there was a pause in the conversation; the old man's thoughts were busy with the past; at length he broke silence—"Jack," said he, in a tender and solemn tone, "in case I should not come back, you will pursue this work, or not, as you may think proper; but remember, this walk was planted by your mother; and if you ever touch a twig of it, may my blessing never rest upon you."

For eighteen months after his wife's death Howard remained at Cardington, struggling to subdue his sorrow in attending to his people and his infant son; but nature at last gave way. Towards the end of 1766, his medical attendants ordered change of scene as the sole chance of safety. He went to Bath, to London, and in the spring of 1767 to Holland. He came back somewhat improved in health; but as soon as his son was old enough to go to school, he set off for another tour in Italy; whence he returned in 1770, but could not at first go back to Cardington. When he did, he resumed his old habits of supervision among the poor of the parish, which he always carried on with something of patriarchal authority. In 1773 he was chosen Sheriff of

Bedfordshire; an accident (if it may be so called) which towards his fiftieth year opened up to him a new course of life, was destined to benefit mankind, and, in the usual mode of speech, "to immortalize his name."

To superintend the prison and the prisoners is a part of the duty of sheriffs, though not always properly performed, if at all. Howard was not a man to neglect *his* duty, and he soon found one great evil which he could not remedy. He saw, he said in his introduction to his work on prisons, some persons "who by the verdict of juries were declared *not guilty*—some on whom the grand jury did not find such appearance of guilt as subjected them to a trial—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them, after being confined for months, dragged back to gaol, and locked up again until they should pay sundry fees to the gaoler, the clerk of assize, &c. In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the gaoler, in lieu of his fees." Had this been granted, it is probable that Howard would have been satisfied, as in the case of the prisoners of war, and stopped. But the bench, though "properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired, wanted a precedent." In search of one, the philanthropist journeyed into the neighboring counties. He did not find the precedent he sought, but he found the prisons in a terrible state; and by dint of constant iteration the whole subject grew up in his mind.

The first stage of his inquiries was Cambridge; the prison of which town he found very insecure, and without a chaplain; here, in addition to the fee to the gaoler, the prisoner had to pay another to the sheriff, before he could obtain his liberty. He extended his journey to Huntingdon; the gaol of which he likewise inspected. He returned to Cardington powerfully affected by the miseries which he had seen, but without having found the precedent of which he was in search. These glimpses, however, into the state of prisons, rather whetted his appetite for further investigation than allayed it; and he had not been many days at Cardington after his return before he commenced a much wider range of inspection—taking in his route the large cluster of midland counties. His first point of observation on this second journey was Northampton; where he found that the gaoler, instead of receiving a salary for his services, actually paid forty pounds a year for his situation! This fact was not an unfair index to the material condition of the prison. The felons' court-yard was close and confined; and prisoners had no straw allowed them to sleep on. Beds for prisoners were never thought of in those days. Leicester was next visited; the situation of the gaol received his explicit condemnation; it was pronounced incapable of being rendered either convenient or healthy. When debtors were unable to pay for accommodation—and it will be remembered that this would always be the case with honest insolvents, who had given everything up to their creditors—they were confined in a long dungeon, which was damp and dark, being under ground, and had only two small holes, the largest not more than twelve inches square, to let in light and air. The felons were kept in an under-ground dungeon—night and day; but they

were provided with the luxury of coarse mats to sleep on. Altogether the place was close and offensive; the court-yard was small; there was no chapel; and the governor had no salary, except what he could wring from his victims. At Nottingham, things were in much the same condition; the gaol was built on the declivity of a hill; down about five-and-twenty steps were three rooms for such as could pay for them; the poorer and homelier prisoners were compelled to descend twelve steps more, into a series of cells cut in the solid rock for their reception, only one of which was in use at the time—a cavern, twenty-one feet long, thirty broad, and seven feet high; in this horrible hole human beings were sometimes immured for years.

Derby, Stafford, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, the counties of Herts, Wilts, Berks, Dorset, Hants, Sussex, with York Castle, and indeed the greater part of England, were visited in succession; the miseries of the prisoner's condition, as well as the injustice of his detention, becoming forcibly impressed upon Howard. When, therefore, he came into connection with Mr. Popham, about to reintroduce his bill, Howard had collected a mass of facts too conclusive to be opposed and too shocking to be neglected. The House of Commons resolved itself into committee; Howard was examined at the bar; on the house resuming, he received what was equivalent to its thanks through Mr. Speaker; and two bills were the result.

The first of these enactments, passed on the 31st of March, 1774, declares that all prisoners against whom no bills of indictment shall be found by the grand jury, or who shall be discharged by proclamation for want of prosecution, shall be immediately set at large in open court, without payment of any fee or sum of money to the sheriff or gaoler in respect of such discharge; and, abolishing all such fees for the future, it directs the payment, in lieu of them, of a sum not exceeding 13s. 4d. out of the county-rate—or out of the public stock of cities, towns, and hamlets not contributing to such rate—for every prisoner discharged in either of the cases provided for by the statute. The other bill which became law on the 2d June, *i. e.* while Howard was resting from his labors at Cardington, authorizes and requires the justices to see that the walls and ceilings of all prisons within their respective jurisdictions be scraped and whitewashed once a year at least; that the rooms be regularly washed and ventilated; that infirmaries be provided for the sick, and proper care taken of the same; to order clothes for the prisoners when they see occasion; to prevent their being kept in underground dungeons, whenever they can; and, generally, to take such measures as shall tend to restore and preserve their health.

Except an election attempt in 1775, to free Bedford from the shackles of the corporation, which having overthrown the power of Junius' Duke, then jobbed the borough—and two years wasted in 1779–1780, as the supervisor of a proposed penitentiary, during which time Howard could not get a refractory colleague to agree upon a site—his life was henceforth devoted to prisons and imprisonment. He revisited the gaols of England;

he went to Scotland and Ireland—whose prisons he found, strange to say, in a tolerable state; he travelled oftener than once through France, Flanders, Holland, Prussia, and Germany; he visited Denmark, Sweden, St. Petersburg, and Moscow; he traversed Portugal and Spain, and again revisited Italy. The facts which he gathered on these journeys he gave to the world, with the conclusions he drew from them. When he had exhausted "the prison-world of Europe," he turned to the less loathsome but more seemingly dangerous subjects of the plague and the lazarettos. He visited the lazaretto of Marseilles in disguise, as in disguise he had traversed the whole of France; for the government, silly sore at some of Howard's observations on the Bastille, had refused him permission, though officially made. Besides exploring the lazarettos of Italy and Malta, he went to Smyrna and Constantinople, exposing himself to the dangers of the plague, and the certainty of detention as a probably infected person. Returning to England in safety, he found his son a lunatic, the victim of profligate habits; for, absorbed in his own great mission, Howard had somewhat neglected his domestic duties, and left his son too much to himself and bad companions. There was nothing in hope or reflection to cheer him at home, and employment had become habitual. In 1789, he left England with the impression that this journey would be the last; and so it was. He died in the January of the following year, at Cherson in South Russia. With a feeble constitution, and between sixty and seventy, it is true enough to say that he fell a martyr to humanity, for his health was broken by his labors. In strict matter of fact, however, he died of a fever, caught, he imagined, from attending a young lady, contrary to his usual rule, which was to give his medical assistance only to the poor. It was his wish to be buried privately in a spot he had pointed out; but the local government, the military, and the people, followed him in long procession. His decease sounded like a knell through Europe; but perhaps the best proof of the sensation it caused is the fact that, though a private person, his death was announced in the London Gazette. The man who can overcome the stilted formalism of English bureaucracy must be a Hercules indeed.

The life and character of such a man deserves to be brought before a generation that was forgetting all but his name and some vaguely pompous idea of his doings. In this point of view the task has been exceedingly well performed by Mr. Hepworth Dixon. The new materials he has collected have not perhaps the value he ascribes to them; but new materials (unless of a remarkable kind) were not needed. Enough existed to indicate the great characteristics of Howard's private life; his public life was accessible in his own works, and in printed records. What the age required was a book to supply its wants after its own fashion; for Brown's, however authentic,

was dull, and Aiken's, though of a higher kind does not tell enough, at least in the way our reading world likes to be told. This is done in *John Howard and the Prison-World of Europe*. The state of prisons and the condition of prisoners before Howard's time are succinctly yet sufficiently placed before the reader; the facts connected with Howard's personal life have been diligently collected, and are well brought out; enough of Howard's public autobiography (for such in fact were his explorations and his works) is exhibited to convey an idea of the nature and extent of his labors; the whole is well planned, and well executed, though in too artificial a style. Mr. Dixon belongs to the platform school, and that style is hardly fitted for a book. The necessity of saying a good deal when the matter does not furnish much to say, involves a mode of frequent comment—an *improvement* of the subject, which rather overlays the matter. A similar need induces digression; a passing or subordinate topic is dwelt upon till it carries the reader away and back again. Above all, "who peppers the highest is surest to please." Hence the tendency to an unnatural exaggeration in praise, and a sneering depreciation of opponents—

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with them is god or devil.

There is more of these traits in Mr. Dixon than is desirable on the score of perfect good taste, or a good style of biographical composition. But having chosen his tools, he uses them with effect; and in two great points of biography he is very successful—he keeps up the reader's attention, and impresses the life and labors of the hero upon his mind.

[MAN BORN TO SLAVERY.]

"THE pride and folly of our nature discover themselves together in nothing so much as in the pretence to liberty; for man was born to serve, and God has only left it to our discretion what master we will choose; we may serve Him if we please, and his service certainly brings us to that liberty we long for; but no sooner are we loose from his service, but we necessarily fall into the service of our own lusts and corruption, which is an infamous, and fruitless, and desperate bondage.

"We find the Pharisees boasting of liberty* as their birthright, 'We were born free.' But our Saviour checks them with this answer, 'Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.'† Alas! we overween and mistake ourselves. None are born free; Nature itself makes us bonds; and the unruly desires we are born withal, bring us to slavery unavoidable, unless we escape through the protection of our rightful master: 'If the Son make us free, then are we free indeed.'‡ It is therefore that Christ is called our Redeemer, that is, he who buys us out of slavery; and his service is our actual redemption;—that is, it instates us in that freedom which he has purchased for us."—*Dean Young's Sermons*, vol. 2, p. 311-3.

* John viii.

† Ib. v. 34.

‡ Ib. v. 36.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN at a late hour Noah and Pavel reached their home, they found a number of guests returning from the fair crowding the yard; so that Noah, in the general bustle, could slip off his sullied finery without Salome becoming immediately aware of the mishap that had befallen it. Pavel, contrary to his wont, that day entered the public room. It was full of carters, Jews, cattle-drivers, and peasantry, from neighboring estates, who were swallowing, for the most part in apathetic silence, jorums of brandy, the only refreshment demanded.

In the corner, however, into which Pavel had shrunk with one or two of Noah's younger children, three men, who had arrived together and occupied a little table to themselves, were engaged in eager discourse, attending but little to the presence of the children.

"How is Urbanski?" said a new-comer, who, after the first greetings, seated himself at their table.

"But poorly," said one of the men—"however, he is strong—he may afford to lose an eye or a tooth, and yet not be the worse off in the long run."

"Do you, his own cousin, say so?"

"Why, if one were to take things in the way you mean, there'd be no living possible—if one can't stand a beating one had as well be a lord oneself, ha! ha! ha!"

"He is always droll, is Joseph; I suppose, though, Urbanski does not find it amusing."

"I dare say not," put in, composedly, his cousin, "but that wont prevent my cracking jokes at him."

"Ay, but when it comes home to you."

"I'll howl like any other, but that is not often the case—luckily, I never struck the fancy of any one—what, with my squint and my red hair, I have not been pressed into the service as foot-man."

"Well, that's one comfort for you," said the other.

"To be sure it is, and I have another comfort—I am not of the village near the castle; that was the chief reason why my mother chose my father!"

"Well," said the third, who had not yet spoken; "I am with a widow lady. Now she sets up for an angel. There is little or no flogging on her estate; but then she worries the soul out of one. I'd compound for a flogging once a week if she liked the bargain—she inquires into one's illness, and poisons with her own decoctions. She is always fussy about one's private business, and patching up marriages whether people like it or not. One of her worst manias is that of adopting children. She can't pass a cottage and see an unfortunate brat, male or female, but she takes a certain fancy to it—whether weaned or not is all one—it is huddled up, just as it is, into her carriage, and the parents are expected to fall at her knees to thank her as if she had opened

paradise to them. The maids and the company ladies are all obliged to tend it—every one except a proper nurse. No one is to feed it but herself, and half the time she forgets it, and it fills the castle with its shrieks, and no one dare relieve its wants till her return. Then, when she has starved and physicked the child to death, she returns it to the parents, saying she has discovered it to be dirty and sickly. She has already killed several in our village in that way. When they are a little older, if she keeps them long enough, she crams them with all sorts of learning, but is sure, after a time, to tire of them—to say they are stupid and mischievous, and to give them back. She generally keeps a child about six months. Whenever we hear the roll of her carriage in the distance, I and my wife, we always snatch up, in great haste, any stray child of ours that may happen to be on the road, for fear she might see and take a fancy to it."

"As for us," said the fourth peasant, "we of Smichow, we fare well enough as far as the men are concerned, but the master makes a strange mess of it with the women—he lives like a perfect pagan; however, it's no concern of ours—on the whole, we are happy, and need not complain."

"The fact is, it's natural enough," interrupted Joseph, "that when people can do what they please they should often please to do odd things. My poor defunct mother used to say of a Sunday—for she was bedridden, and could not go to church—don't forget, children, to pray for the horses, that they may remain strong in health and in number, because, she used to add, with a sly wink, if they were to fail, you know, the lords would be for riding you."

"But even horses," said he who had taken Urbanski's part, the serf whose ill-treatment Noah and Pavel had that morning witnessed, "even horses will not always bear the spur."

"You are always grumbling, Ivan," said Joseph, shrugging his shoulders. "What would you have said in the time of my father, when the lord could take our lives? Now we frontier people know that neither the Emperor of Russia, nor Austria, will allow anything of the sort now. If Urbanski chose to complain even about his beating, his master would have to smart for it."

"And it's comfortable he and his family would be for the rest of their lives!" was the answer.

"No, no, Urbanski knows better than that."

"It all comes to this," said Joseph, "if the lord be kind, well and good; if he be bad, so much the worse for us."

A new comer, whose speech denoted him to be of the German portion of Poland, now joined the party.

"Ah, Michel, where do you come from?"

"From Lemberg—I drove there some cattle for my master lately."

"Anything new going on there?"

"All as usual; the great folk a-marrying, and

a-being born, and a-dying, and a great fuss made about it all. There was a grand christening, too, of one of our little Gallician lordlings, son and heir to the rich Count Stanoiiki."

"I did not know," said Joseph, "he had married again."

"Yes, a Countess Sophia. * * * She looks a proud dame enough."

"Is she pretty?" inquired Joseph.

"How should I know?" said the peasant; "little do I know or care about fine ladies in silk and velvet—we pay those silks and velvets dear enough, that's what I can tell. I never look at our old princess at home; for it's a princess we have, and as old as my grandmother; I never see her flaring dresses without thinking that the brighter they are the blacker is my own bread. By the way, talking of our princess, I must tell you a good joke about her." * * *

But Pavel could hear no more. Sick at heart, giddy with the sudden intelligence of the birth of an heir to the lands of Stanoiiki—a clear, undoubted, rightful heir—he rushed up stairs to his loft, there to exhale freely his rage and his sorrow. The little hope that had survived in his breast was now at an end. What could, at any time, be his dark, unacknowledged claim opposed to such a rival? But surely there had once been another gentle creature, fair and lofty as gentle, who had ruled paramount in those halls. There had been another child hailed with the same transports. Where was that gentle creature, and where that proud and happy child now? How was the new heir named? Did he bear the ill-fated name of Leon—Pavel's real name—Pavel's secret treasure—to which alone his imagination answered? Had he robbed him of that too? This boy would be his future lord. The thought was maddening!

The practical views of Noah had destroyed much of the boy's romance. He no longer believed Jakubeka to be a witch, nor did he now think he was connected with the general; but still he clung to the notion that some secret tie had endeared him to the late countess. There was something so soothing to his pride and vanity in this delusion, that he would rather have parted with life at that moment than with it. The next morning he met the family later than usual. He was afraid lest his disturbed air might be made the subject of remark and inquiry; but the first glance showed him that here too bad news had spread consternation. Salome's lustrous eyes were dim, and her countenance was sad. Noah walked up and down the room with a brow of care, whilst Peter was clearing away the bottles and glasses which late revellers had left. Pavel made no greetings, but took his place quietly at the table where Salome usually laid out his breakfast for him; but he was not noticed. This was very unusual, and showed a great perturbation of spirit. It was one of the peculiarities of Pavel that he never seemed to take any interest in the concerns of the family, and he had been, in consequence, surnamed by the children and helps about the

house, "The Sulky Boy." So there he sat, with his elbows on the table, his head leaning on his hand, looking with cold, uninquiring eye at the obvious distress of Noah and Salome.

For a time they carried on their discourse in Hebrew; but Noah could contain his vexation no longer.

"This is the third loan the countess will have extorted from us since new-year. At first, when I brought her the rent of my farm on the proper day, I got praises for my punctuality—next, I was coolly asked to pay my rents in advance; even that I did; first one quarter, then another, but now a third term is demanded, and my lease is but for one more. Unhappy creature that I am! what shall I do? What does she want with all this money, that haughty woman!—to gamble it away at the card-table at home, or in regular gaming houses abroad!"

"You should n't speak thus, Noah, before a child," observed Salome, anxiously.

"But Pavel is no child, Salome. His mind is riper than his years—there's no harm done speaking before him."

Pavel answered this compliment by no protestations, but it was his cold manner that, strange to say, recommended him to Noah's esteem.

"Now I must either pay a third term in advance, or I shall be driven from the premises the moment my lease is out, in which case I am sure to lose the money already paid in, for she'll never return a stiver to me. Ah! poor wretched man that I am! losing the interest of all my money, and where am I to get the sum thus required of me? I must borrow it of a brother, and pay the interest on it myself. Well may the countess say she likes to let her distilleries and farms to Jews in preference to Christians—they pay better. I wonder when she could squeeze so much out of a Christian tenant."

Thus did Noah grumble for some time, and Salome's soothing accents were lost upon him; for he was hasty when not under the immediate control of Christian eyes.

"It seems to me," said Pavel, at last breaking silence, "that though what is demanded of you is unjust, you make no bad bargain of this place; I know enough of your affairs, Noah, to be sure of that; if it is more than you wish me to be acquainted with, you should n't have asked me to look into your accounts so often. Come, come, a lonely ale-house near the frontier is particularly convenient, and well worth paying for."

"Surely, surely," said Salome, "you would not betray us!"

"What should I do it for?" said Pavel.

"Smuggling is no sin," said Noah, Pavel's words giving a new current to his thoughts. "What right have governments to prohibit people from making their lawful trade?"

"These are things I do not yet understand," said Pavel with emphasis, as if the day would soon come when he would prove an adept in his friend Noah's system of political economy.

Noah's tragic vein being thus broken, he could not conveniently resume his indignant lamentations; so he made up his mind to set off for the next town, and endeavor to raise the necessary money. Being loath to trust his luck on this important occasion altogether to the Paradise apples, previous to his departure he emptied into his pockets—for he wore his every-day clothes—half a pint of fresh beer; as, confident in this potent charm, he sallied forth with a joyous air, Salome anxiously followed him with her eyes until distance hid him from her sight.

"My sons will have the same weary path to tread," she said, turning to Pavel, who had declined to accompany Noah, remembering but too well what he had suffered the day before. "You, too," she gently added, "young as you are, you have your trials."

All such advances on Salome's part, Pavel considered as so many insidious endeavors towards discovering his secrets, and he abruptly left her.

"I cannot gain that boy's friendship or confidence," said Salome to herself, as she gazed after him—"he has a dark temper of his own—I wonder what makes Noah like him so well."

When the Jew returned, it was easy to see from the expression of his face that the beer had been more propitious than the apples.

"I have succeeded," he said, "beyond my hopes. Not only have I procured the money on less hard terms than I had expected, but placed Aaron with kind people who'll take care of him—that is, for a consideration, which will prove another pull; but what must be, must be; my boys can't grow like wild beasts. And something should be done for you, too," he continued, turning to Pavel; "be candid with me, and tell me the name of your former friends. I am sure I could be of use to you if I had but your confidence. It is true your cousin tells me that every possible step has been taken; but this, I own to you, I don't believe. That man's assertions must be received with caution. Let me know the name of your former protector, and I will myself cause proper representations to be made."

"What for?" said Pavel. "I have strong arms and a strong will—I shall soon be able to earn my bread without king or count; and when I remember——" He pressed his hands upon his eyes. The lonely common—the stormy day—the ragged beggar woman—the flying carriage—flitted across his mind. "No! rather than owe him aught, or ask him for the bread I needed, I would die for the want of it!"

The Jew looked embarrassed. He had, in truth, that very day, with the help of a scrivener, got up a pathetic address to some high and mighty personage unknown, in the boy's behalf, and had it sent to the cousin to be placed, with due secrecy and precaution, in the hands of Jakubska. Noah thought it best to tell Pavel at once what he had done; the latter made no reply, but turned sulkily away.

One evening in August, a busy time in the

country, the alehouse was full, and the brandy, as usual, going its round, to the exclusion of every other refreshment. When all the field work was done, Pavel entered the common room, which he had of late more frequented than formerly. But how unfavorable soever this circumstance might be to the refinement of his mind, or to the development of his sentiments, thanks to Noah's example, it did not affect his sobriety. He had fully imbibed the Jew's horror for spirits of any kind, but he had latterly taken pleasure in the converse of those rude beings whose very approach had seemed to him pollution when first brought in contact with them. He could now understand their sorrows—they were likely to be his own; and their bitterness of spirit was congenial to him. This evening the group seemed dull enough, however. Nothing had occurred to stir up those apathetic beings who sought in brandy what the Turk seeks in opium, an equivalent for the activity of existence and of thought from which they are debarred. No newspapers, such as are found in the meanest hotel in Germany, are kept in Polish inns of this description. The people dared hardly speak of the great above their breath, and from anything political they were averse. Pavel was just thinking how much pleasanter a walk in the fields by moonlight would be than thus sitting in a close, dirty room, when the dull, rumbling sound of the daily diligence was heard without. It made its customary halt at the inn door, that the coachman might take his drop, as he called a stiff glass of brandy; and whilst Salome ran for the draught, a traveller descended from the top of the vehicle, declaring his intention of proceeding the rest of his journey on foot. The new comer drew all eyes on him; men of his appearance being seldom, if ever, seen in Noah's tap-room. He was a short, spruce personage, full of pretension, with frogs on the breast of his closely-buttoned surtout, a foraging cap, long spurs, fierce mustaches bristling on either side of his nose like the whiskers of a cat, a worn, rakish air, a jaunty step, and an irritating insolence of manner. The bores eyed him with sleepy curiosity. The Jews stared with their national eagerness, ever sniffing out profit and a dupe. Pavel thought he had seen the stranger before—the face, the air, nay, the half-cane half-whip he dangled in his hand, were not unknown to him. Nor was he mistaken. This individual, a baptized Jew of Posen, was the courier of one of the most intimate friends of Stanoiki, deep in the confidence of his master, and selected by him as his agent in matters of political as well as private interest. For some months past he had ceased entirely to be the courier, and was now the agent only. He spoke many languages, had travelled much, and could assume most characters and garbs at pleasure.

Whilst rapidly explaining what he wished for supper, he contrived to interweave his directions with many artful queries about the neighborhood, and soon obtained a pretty accurate knowledge of the general character of those present. Two

things did not escape Noah's penetration ; namely, that, despite the traveller's foreign airs and graces, he knew the country too well to ask for anything in the way of refreshment which he was not likely to meet with at that sort of place ; and he never alluded to the illusory notion of a bed, but merely spoke of a bench and his cloak, by way of accommodation for the night. His inquisitiveness, too, about the boors, struck Noah as not perfectly natural in a man of his appearance.

The stranger took his seat at one of the tables where the better sort of peasants were regaling themselves with beer and honey, and said, in tones loud enough to command general attention :

" You've heard the grand—the glorious news !"

" No," said Noah ; " is the world enriched by some new prince ?"

" On the contrary, it has a king the less. Have you not yet heard of the revolution of July ?"

The boors seemed to take little or no interest in this important intelligence, but the Jews flocked round the speaker in a trice, and their rapid, guttural exclamations filled the room with clamor.

" Yes," continued the speaker, " it cost the noble Parisians but three days—three days of fighting, and they were free !"

" Quite free ?" said Noah, his eyes glistening.

" Why, yes—quite free. They have, indeed, chosen a king for themselves ; but he is their king, they are not his people, and that makes a vast difference, you know."

" Surely," said Noah.

" When I left Paris a few days back, all was acclamation and delight at the triumph of the people. Yes, my friend"—this was addressed to Noah—" it is sublime to behold the joy of a whole nation !"

" What do they rejoice about ?" said a stalwart Gallician peasant.

" What ! Why, liberty, to be sure."

The peasant stared at him with vague, indefinite curiosity. " One king or another," continued he, " what does it signify ?"

" Ay, my friend ; but liberty, no robot ! no tithes, no blood tax, malt tax, butter, and butcher tax, and tenths, and firstlings, and what not ! Freedom is to pay one general tax and no more ; to owe duty to one single master, and he so far off that it never inconveniences one ; to have rights of one's own. The king cannot till his land with the cattle of the poor, and make them work the better part of the week for himself, and leave them only the fag-end of it."

At these words the indifference of the boors gave way. They started up and pressed round the stranger.

" And what do the lords do ?" asked one of the elders among the peasants—" who tills their land !"

" The peasants, to be sure ; and pretty well paid they are too."

" And how is that country called where all

these fine things are done ?" said a mistrustful old peasant.

" France !" said, triumphantly, Loeb Herz, for such was the worthy's name, " far from here, and yet friendly to the Poles."

Once their interest and their curiosity roused on a subject so personal to themselves, the boors were like children. They drank in every word that dropped from the stranger as if it had been the balm of life ; and the Jews were in raptures as he recounted the revolution of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, in a manner to electrify his auditors ; the few latitudes that he permitted himself, so far as the real facts were concerned, being of a nature to render the account more palatable. Instead of the armed mobs of fauxbourgs, it was the peasantry from distant villages that had boldly marched to the capital, and forced it with their arms, scythes, and flails. Instead of granting the charte, Louis Philippe had abolished the robot in France. His brave peasants were no longer bound to their own villages, but might roam at pleasure all over the country. Schools were to be established in each village, and the villagers were, henceforth, to be judged and punished no longer by petty masters and their bailiffs, but by a general law—that of the land.

" Surely," said the old peasant, shaking his head, " you are laughing at us ; you have come from afar to have your joke at our expense."

" No, no ; what I tell you is true ; you might read it all in the newspapers, if you had any, and had been taught to read and write ; and that's why these, your rights, have been withheld from you."

Loeb Herz's master, an ardent Polish patriot, had contributed by his own personal bravery towards the great event that had not only changed the face of France, but was destined to shake Europe to its centre. He had instantly dispatched Loeb Herz, whose talents for intrigue were well known to him, on a secret mission to Poland, to pave the way in villages, and out of the way places, for the rising which the sanguine Poles were determined should at last liberate and restore their unhappy country. He could not have entrusted the mission to more able or more faithful hands. Son of an oppressed race, from childhood upwards the tool of others, Loeb Herz's secret sympathies were bound up in that yet pendant cause, pendant since the beginning of time, betwixt the high and the low, betwixt the few that command, and the many that obey—that cause ever agitated under various forms, never settled, which has steeped the earth in blood and the human heart in unutterable, unquenchable hatred. Where fate had cast him, there Loeb's heart had taken root. Born of the people, he cared but for the people. It was a glorious triumph to have his travelling and other expenses richly remunerated, his trouble overpaid, and to be thus enabled to preach his own doctrine, to work a channel for his own hidden but most cherished aspirations. He was paid

to rouse the sluggish peasantry against the foreign yoke; but he taught them to hate all yokes, domestic as well as foreign. On the other hand, it would have been useless to touch more exalted chords with the peasantry than were likely to vibrate in their hearts. However cloudy the understanding, or uncultivated the mind, there is none so dull or so barren but the seed of self-interest will spring up gladly within it, and none are so sublimated by refinement as to exclude its growth. This the adroit agitator well knew; and he sent the peasants home to dream of freedom, such as they understood it, a word till that day but little known to them. The Jews, who had at first listened with a livelier interest than the boors, had, the moment they perceived the dangerous ground the conversation was shifting to, skulked away one after another, terrified lest at any future period their names might be mixed up with the passages of that evening. Noah was half-inclined to remain; but the pleading eyes of Salome at last withdrew him from the fascinating Loeb, who was thus left alone with Pavel.

In the course of their conversation, Loeb Herz implanted in his companion's young breast those principles which he intended should one day bear fruit. So engrossed were they with this subject, that daylight still found them face to face; and after their frugal breakfast, Pavel accompanied his new friend to the nearest village, whose male population so frequently visited Noah's ale-house that he was enabled to give a tolerably correct account of them.

"Well, my young friend," said the agent, when about to take leave of Pavel, "I hope to see you in time a man, such as every Pole should be, hating all oppression, native as well as foreign. If ever you should wish to hear of me," added Loeb, thoughtfully, "here is the address of a friend of mine in Posen, who will always know where to send me a letter." So saying, he tore a slip of paper containing the address from his pocket-book. "But," he added, "should you leave this place, where shall I find you?"

"I can give no direction," replied Pavel; "I do not know yet what I shall do with myself."

"Tell me at least the village to which, or the lord to whom, you belong." Pavel shook his head.

"You are then free? or do you belong to crown lands?"

Pavel remained silent.

"Chance must direct me, then," said Loeb; "indeed, you have told me nothing about your circumstances—when we next meet, you must be more explicit. I may give you some good advice, and perhaps a good shove, forward; but as yet you are too young—another time, I hope we shall have leisure to improve our acquaintance."

The imagination of Noah and Pavel fed for months on the events of the Parisian three days, and the similarity of their sentiments made them more intimate than they had hitherto been. When the tap-room was empty, they spent hours, during

the long winter evenings, discoursing upon matters of this nature, and treating them after Loeb Herz's own fashion. The seed, too, flung among the boors, ripened; and they drank many an additional glass of brandy, though that might have been deemed an impossible feat, in trying to digest the mental food he had left for their discussion.

Spring came and went; but the interim had been one of unwonted excitement, even to the inhabitants of the lonely road-side ale-house. The struggle between the Poles and Russians had taken place; and Pavel had been so completely absorbed by his interest in the contest, that, in the wrongs of his country, he had somewhat forgotten his own. He had helped the wounded and the flying, executed dangerous missions, and of late, despite his youth, become somewhat initiated in the mysteries of the frontier. He had been present at a night attack, when his active limbs and bold heart saved Noah from much difficulty. All this was fast making a man of him, when a fortuitous circumstance again threw his thoughts into disarray.

One summer evening, as Noah and his family, including Pavel and Peter, were lazily watching from the gate the lengthening shadows over the flat and sandy prospect, their attention became roused by the approach of a travelling carriage-and-four. As it drew nearer it proved to be the commodious britzka of the country—not the vehicle known by that name in England, but one singularly elongated, padded throughout to the softness of a bed, and frequently serving that purpose, with plenty of accommodation before and behind for servants. There was nothing unusual in the circumstance, families of distinction being continually on the wing during summer; and as no such equipage ever stopped at Noah's humble tenement, beyond the first moment of vague curiosity, his eye took in the object with the rest of the landscape without any peculiar train of ideas being connected with it, when suddenly his interest was excited, and the whole family sprang to their feet with a cry of consternation.

Not far from Noah's home, a small stream, between steep and sloping banks, divided the road. It was innocent enough, being partially dry in summer, though in autumn and winter it swelled to a torrent, and was dangerous to the wayfarer. A few trunks of trees loosely tied together, stretching from bank to bank, and covered with a few boards, served as a bridge—a contrivance which did very well so long as it was kept in repair, but which required continual attention. On came the carriage at that furious rate which the people of the north delight in, and was half-way over the bridge, when, with a loud crash, it broke in the middle, precipitating carriage, horses, and servants, pell-mell into the brook. Some peasants, working in a neighboring field, flew to the rescue. Pavel was not slow in joining them; and, by their joint efforts, they got the carriage on its wheels, and raised the fallen. The horses, having been harnessed in the slovenly Polish fashion, with ropes—which, however, easily give way in a case

of emergency like the present—stood trembling in the stream, and alone showed symptoms of terror. Habit, indeed, inures one to everything; the ladies inside had not given vent to one scream. True, the carriage was, as we have said, so padded and shaped as to ensure them from personal harm; and the servants flung from the rumble met with a soft reception in the sandy bed of the stream. The peasants having hauled the britzska with difficulty—for the ladies refused to alight—up the opposite bank, were about to harness the horses, when they perceived that one of them had broken his knee, the shoulder of another was chafed, and the two remaining ones appeared much shaken. Pavel, whose only weakness was in favor of horses, hastened to inform the ladies of the incident, declaring it to be impossible that they should proceed immediately, and that there was a stable hard by, where every care and attention would be bestowed on them. Whilst he was speaking, two scornful black eyes were fixed upon him.

"The inn-boy—I understand—no, no; the horses will do very well."

"But won't they be in pain if they drag us on in that state, mamma?" said the soft voice of a child.

"I don't know," was the careless reply. "What I do know is, that I must be over the frontier before nightfall."

Pavel withdrew from the carriage door with a feeling of loathing for the lovely specimen of inhumanity who thus expressed herself; nor would he trouble himself to explain that high-bred horses, like hers, might easily, under the circumstances, endanger her own life. "Let her," thought he—"let her have her brains dashed out against the next tree; it will be one bad heart the less; and, as Noah says, there'll always remain plenty of them."

Pavel was mistaken. The lady was not at bottom worse-hearted than most people; but the habitual indulgence of an uncurbed will rendered her unmindful of sufferings that never could approach her. Perhaps, had she thought twice about the matter, she would have controlled her impatience to proceed, which now manifested itself in peremptory orders to the postilions. Fate, however, interposed an unforeseen obstacle. Scarcely had the britzska moved a few paces when it was found to be in no condition for the road; and its occupants were at length obliged to descend and enter the inn, the carriage being dragged after them, and the horses safely stabled. Pavel's first care was, assisted by Peter, to examine their hurts; and having washed them and applied what he thought necessary, he entered the common room, where the party was assembled.

It consisted of a lady, no longer in her prime, but still beautiful; a young female, who seemed to be a humble companion; a couple of maid-servants; and a lovely little girl, about ten years old.

"Well, I suppose," said the elder lady, "our britzska, which broke down yesterday, will pass

this way presently, when I shall take possession of it, and some of my people will wait here till this is mended. On the whole," she added, with a merry laugh, that was echoed by the rest, "we have been fortunate this journey, having upset but three times. The roads are really getting better. I remember, when travelling with my mother, we broke down so often that at last she said, like poor Count Cobentzel, when travelling through Russia, 'It's of no use in the world setting up my carriage; since it will not stand, even let it lie!'"

As Pavel, from his accustomed corner, into which he had slunk, gazed on the speaker, and listened to her words, a dream of the past again stole over his senses. Those silk dresses, gauze bonnets, fleecy, floating draperies—that vague perfume exhaled from brodered handkerchiefs—all these things had been strangers to him since his eyes had last rested on the countess; and simple as was the attire of these ladies, to him, now accustomed to filth and rage, it seemed as if sunbeams, spirits of light and life, were playing in the darkness around him.

"We shall do very well here," resumed the lady; "it is rather close; come here, Constance;" the little girl immediately ran up to her; "let me take off your bonnet," and the maternal hand soon relieved the child of all that might cumber her; and she now stood, with her snowy shoulders covered with a profusion of fair, silken ringlets, her large blue eyes smiling as the summer heaven, her cherub-like countenance full of ethereal life, she seemed to Pavel a being of another and a brighter sphere. With the Oriental eyes and olive complexion of Salome and her children, he involuntarily associated penury, want, privation, and suffering—a humble station, and an unhappy fate. With these rosy cheeks and cerulean eyes, visions of lighted halls, fiery steeds, gay trappings, the pomps and splendors of the world seemed naturally connected, and surrounded the little head with a glory that dazzled his imagination.

"How well she looks thus!" said the mother, tossing about with her slender fingers the golden curls; then turning to her companion, she added in French—"How my poor friend, Vanda Stonoika, would have been delighted with Constance! Poor Vanda! I could not refuse the pressing invitation of the count—he is so proud of his beautiful young wife, and I understand has every reason to be so; but for me the charm of the house is gone. I was at school with Vanda; we agreed even then, if we ever had children, to marry them together; and it so turned out that my Constance was to become her Leon's bride. And now, where are they, poor Vanda and her child? You can't think what a beautiful boy that Leon was. He used to sit on my knee, listening to stories by the hour; he was a mere baby then. I do wonder the count got so quickly over both his losses."

Though for years the French language, once more familiar to him than his native tongue, had not met his ear, and though many a word was forgotten, still Pavel fully understood the substance

of what had been just uttered. That jewelled hand had been passed in tenderness over his black locks; that haughty, cold eye, whose contemptuous stare he had but so lately encountered, had once rested on him with sympathy. And that child, that lovely child, was once destined to be the spirit of his home, as the gentle countess had been that of the general. All the bitterness of the past was revived by those few words; and the cruelty of his fate came back upon him with more severity than ever. That angel of light standing there before him would never now help to soften the asperities of his life; but neither should any dark-browed peasant girl sit in his hut! No humble Salome should obtrude her solicitude between his lonely fate and the remembrance of what it should have been; and that vision of a day—that glimpse of the past—the fugitive reminiscence of a mere shadow flung across his path—exerted a serious influence over the boy's future life. It closed his heart against the softening influence of love. For evermore between him and her who might have inspired it, rose up the indistinct, dreamy form of an elegant, beautiful, young creature, glittering with jewels, nestling in swan's-down; and to that image alone would his perverse imagination cling—an image which, perhaps, had he remained the heir of Stanoiki, would not have tarried one hour on his memory.

Pavel could not tear himself from the spot, yet he knew not under what pretext to linger. He followed with his eyes little Constance, who played and capered around the room in apparent unconsciousness of her miserable condition, until, at last, fatigued with her gambols, she sat down quietly by her mother, teasing her and the companion to tell her stories. Tired of immobility, she threw her handkerchief on the floor, and looked into the companion's face in a way to intimate that she expected it to be handed to her. The meek girl to whom this mute appeal was made either failed to observe, or would not notice it; but the mother soon roused her to a sense of this neglect of duty.

"Don't you see, my dear," she said, "that Constance's handkerchief has fallen!" A bitter smile stole over Pavel's lips. He remembered the time when his mother used to remind his French tutor that Count Leon's handkerchief had fallen, and when he compared his utter helplessness in those days with his present self-reliance—when he remembered how he then used to shrink from the dark passage, and now did not mind facing the wolf at dusk in the lone wood—when he remembered how he froze beneath his silken coverlids in his heated chamber, and could now brave the Siberian hardships of his loft in winter—he smiled triumphantly at the thought of what he had gained in manhood in compensation for what he had lost in luxury; and a determination rose in his mind to cultivate that solitary advantage to the utmost limit which his powerful nature would admit of.

The Polish travelling britzka contains all manner of provisions and luxuries necessary for the

road, even sometimes to the extent of beds and culinary utensils. Thus the traveller in those parts, provided with a proper equipage, is perfectly independent of chance; and the inexperienced foreigner finds public accommodation more indifferent than he would be led to imagine, from his knowledge of the ways and means of other lands, a circumstance which may, perhaps, be traced to the utter want of enterprise natural to the bondsman, who has no capital and no credit, to spur him on to industry. The carriage of the countess having been disburthened of its resources, the evening found her and her family sitting round a cheerful tea-table, with every convenience for passing the night around them, wax-lights, books, cards, and bedding, having been produced in turn.

Noah, not presuming to offer his own or his family's services, which on an occasion like this would probably have been repulsed with a reprimand, did not approach the common room, and Pavel, who was at last perceived in his corner being unceremoniously thrust out by the countess' servants, the new-comers were left in undisturbed possession of the place.

Daybreak found Pavel the most eager in repairing the bridge. The work was scarcely completed when the expected carriage was seen slowly advancing along the road, and soon after it rolled into Noah's yard. Pavel, with arms folded across his breast, watched the process of unpacking and packing the carriages, originally consorts on the road, but already twice parted by an adventure similar to that which had now separated them, viz., the mending of the one whilst the other proceeded on its route. Chancing to raise his eyes, Pavel encountered those of the countess, who, in fault of better occupation, was inspecting from the window what was passing in the yard. Perceiving him standing idly by, she called out, in a tone of one accustomed to be obeyed—

"What are you about there, you lad!—why don't you bestir yourself?"

Pavel feigned not to hear, but the command being repeated by her servants in a manner which roused his natural spirit of contention, he turned and left the yard, feeling the danger of any discussion.

"That boy wants a good flogging," observed the lady, looking after him. Pavel's ear caught the words, and they cut deep into his heart. He went to shut himself up in his loft, and ponder over them in bitterness; but when he heard beneath the preparations for departure, and the glad young voice of Constance, he could not resist the impulse that again hurried him below. He descended in time to see the family settle themselves in the carriage, to get one last glimpse of the pink gauze veil and azure eyes of the little Constance, and observe, with painful emotion, Noah's inclined figure bending to the proud lady, like an Eastern slave, from whose condition the unfortunate Jew was not many degrees removed. His cringing bows and fawning humility appeared to Pavel for the first time, because for the first time exhibited

in his presence in so marked a manner, as the seal of baseness and degradation stamped upon a reproved race. Innocent of the desire to contrast with this self-abasement, and obeying but a mere impulse as if in vindication of the honor of the pot-house and its inhabitants, young Pavel drew himself up and cast a look of scorn and defiance at the tenants of the britzka as it rolled from the yard.

"What a sulky boy they have at that inn!" said the lady, returning his look with a broad stare. It is strange how often the darker passions clothe themselves, to the unobservant eye, in the garb of sulkiness.

Before Noah's back had resumed its ordinary position, or Pavel had dismissed the frown from his brow, the carriage was out of sight.

"When," said Noah, with a deep breath, as he drew up his figure to more than its natural erectness, "when shall the happy day dawn on which that curse will be removed from the land! when there shall be no more countesses to rattle in britzskas, and no more britzskas to be laden with that heap of insolence, folly, frippery, and heartlessness, called a fine lady? Ah! blessed world where there were no such high hill and deep chasm as a proud countess and a poor Jew—I hate them!" he added, shaking both his fists in the empty air—"would that a hurricane swept them all from the face of the earth."

Pavel hated, too, but he could not bend to the object of his hatred; and there was regret, love, and despair mixed up with hate, and a feeling that in the class among whose members he was destined to live he could find no friend. He could feel what they felt, but not as they felt it. That day and the next he wholly devoted to the woods, nor even returned to sleep beneath Noah's roof. This storm of emotion passed away, but left a refrigerating and a darkening influence over the boy's mind.

During the ensuing winter, Pavel often left the Jew's roof on smuggling and other excursions in the neighboring villages, ever foremost in any enterprise of pleasure or necessity which was likely to draw forth and exercise the presence of mind and strength of limb, steadiness of nerves and insensibility to pain and fatigue which it was his chief ambition to acquire. Noah did not seek to check his tendencies in any one respect, but left him to enjoy a sufficient quantity of that inestimable blessing, liberty, which he was ever declaring to be priceless, but which, unlike most who profess to value it, he was not the first to crush. Summer came and glided by without any change in Pavel's condition, and he had well nigh forgotten his so-called cousin and the vagrant who had presumed to style herself his mother, when he was reminded of the existence of both in an unexpected manner.

One autumnal afternoon, on his return from a hunting expedition in the neighborhood, Noah informed him that his cousin had been there during the day, and spoken of coming again on the mor-

row to take Pavel along with him, the term of his licensed absence from the estate of his owner having expired. "I began to hope that they had forgotten you, my poor boy," continued Noah, "but trust a master or his steward for that—they may forget to pay an honest man his due, but remember, to a man, the number of their vassals! No, no, there is no hope of their forgetting that. So it can't be helped; you must even go, Pavel. I'll not say but I am sorry to part with you. You've been a good boy to me, and a useful; and I would fain have kept you with me, though for the last two years I have not received a penny from your friends. Nay, never be cast down—it is not with you I am angry, but with them. I repeat, I would gladly have kept you in spite of their neglect. I feel much concern on your account, Pavel. Your vacant place will be long felt among us; but remember, should you ever need a friend, old Noah's pot-house is not far from the Galician frontier."

Pavel made no reply. Not that, after his own fashion, he did not feel regret at parting with those who had shown him such unvaried good-will as Noah and Salome, but it was not in his nature to show it. Then, although he was, at first, startled by the announcement of so sudden a departure from a home where he had been so long domesticated, and a renunciation of habits which had become his second nature, it was only through the man who called himself his cousin, and that dreaded woman who had haunted his childhood, that he could gain any clue to his past history; and if he suffered too much with them, why, he was no longer a child; he would be able to right himself, or again cross the frontier as best suited his convenience.

That evening Noah and Salome invited the boy to a last meal beneath their roof. "When friends part," said Noah, "one never knows if they shall meet again, so a little solemnity is not inappropriate to the occasion."

This repast of love was to take place much later than the usual supper hour, in order that no chance visitor might break in upon the festivity. Accordingly, when the children and menials had sought their beds, Noah carefully closed the shutters, fastened and secured the outer gates, unchained the savage yard-dogs, and, all these precautions being taken, trimmed and lighted the Sabbath lamp, laid the cloth, and, rare luxury, a clean one, whilst Salome brought in the dishes, whose contents, simple enough in reality, seemed sumptuous to those who were about to partake of them. Noah, in his but once worn silk gown, so far restored as Salome's skill could devise, sat at the head of his table, on which he had spread his most secret treasures, namely, a silver sugar-basin, with tongs to match, several tea-spoons of the same metal, but by no means of one make or date, and, above all, prized beyond the rest by a Jew, two small baskets of silver, very curiously chased, evidently of Eastern manufacture, containing one of the few Oriental luxuries to which the Jews of Poland and Germany have remained faithful, comfitures and comfits. Salome had discarded her common dress for one of a

more festive character, extracted for the occasion from the secret recesses of her wardrobe; and from its mysterious hiding place had drawn the heir-loom of the family, a crimson Jewish cap and stomacher, of faded, antiquated appearance, whose thick, confused embroidery of tarnished gold and silver, glittered with jewels of price, and her ears were laden with diamonds that a countess might have envied. Pavel stared in amazement, from the face of his hostess to her stomacher, and from her stomacher to her face.

"You are surprised to see me thus," said Salome, "but what I now wear is all the fortune I brought my husband, as it was all my mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother brought to theirs before me. If converted into money, it would be far from making us rich, and it might be extorted from us in a hundred different ways, but in this portable shape, happen what may, we have a resource easy of concealment from the rapacity of the Christians. Should they discover the French goods in our vaults, and seize our chattels, though fines might ruin us, and Noah languish in prison, still I have here the means of buying his judges, and of maintaining his children. You see it is no idle vanity that makes me cling to these ornaments which have never yet, with any of their possessors, seen the light of day, and have only shone to the sacred lamp behind closed shutters. I hope a milder day will come for our persecuted race even in this country, and that my Salome will have no need to conceal them when they become her property."*

"Ay," said Noah, "a milder day—when will it dawn? When will the governments and rulers who have pointed us out, marked, stamped us as fit objects for the contempt of the vulgar, revoke those exception laws made for our tribe! Let us but enjoy the same rights and privileges as other natives of the soil, and the line of demarcation which divides us from the rest of mankind will gradually melt away; we may then expose our wealth without fear of being robbed."

"Ah!" said Salome, "we should not wish for such a change. My poor father, the most saint-like of men, used always to say that the injustice of the Christians had kept us faithful so long—that happiness would cool our zeal."

"Your father, Salome—without meaning any disrespect to his memory—was exaggerated in his religious notions. He was a bigot—there are such in all religions. The man who could renounce meat throughout his whole life, to the great detriment of his health, and pore over the Talmud from morn till night, until he knew by heart every wise saw it contains, was striving all the time—forgive me for saying so, for I know how tender you are on this point—for the reputation of sanctity which he obtained among our people. No, no; we want reform, and reform we must have, and I won't say but we foment the disorders in the enemy's camp,

ever with the hope of our own freedom rising from the ashes of sinking systems; but come, Pavel, we have never tried to make a Jew of you; you must render us that justice."

Before Pavel could reply a loud knocking at the outer gate caused Noah and Salome to start up in alarm.

"Who can it be so late!" said Salome, turning pale.

"Excisemen," faltered Noah, for a moment transfixed with consternation.

"Robbers, perhaps," suggested Salome—"at any rate, strangers."

Pavel, who did not stir a finger to help his host and hostess, now watched in silence and curiosity their rapid evolutions. In an inconceivably short time, silver baskets, tea-spoons, dishes, and cloth disappeared from the table, the lamp was extinguished, and Salome had donned her slovenly, every-day attire; and when Noah, in some trepidation, supported by Peter, just awakened from a sound sleep, and by Pavel, went to the gate, every trace of a surprise was effaced. The calls without were so imperative, and accompanied by such loud Russian curses, that Noah lost no time in unbarring and unlocking.

"I thought you were all dead!" said an officer of Cossacks, prancing into the yard, followed by his little band, at sight of whom Noah gave himself up for lost. "I thought you were all dead! How dare you, dog, keep us waiting at the gate!—Come—quick—a stirrup-cup for myself and my men."

"Six glasses!" cried out Noah to Salome, who now appeared at the house door.

"Seven!" corrected the officer.

Noah repeated the order without a comment, and Pavel's quick eye detected through the doubtful light a double weight on one of the horses. His heart sprang to his lips. His first impulse was to approach the stranger; but he immediately perceived how impossible it would be to do so, surrounded as that horse was by the rest. One of the men dismounting to look after his saddle-girths, Pavel, in the most natural manner he could assume, drew near to hold his bridle, but he was warned away in a voice of thunder. Pavel fell back, gazing with curiosity, mixed with traditional horror, upon the long lances, in the use of which the Cossacks are so skilful. The officer, before touching his glass, endeavored to prevail upon some one to accept the brandy, but it was rejected. Noah's lantern flashing upwards at that moment threw a gleam of light upon the party, and revealed the person of him to whom this courtesy was proffered. He was wrapped in a riding cloak, with his arms tied behind his back, and bound with thongs to the Cossack who sat before him.

"Well, if you won't," said the officer, "it will be one glass more to my share."

The prisoner, profiting by the moment when the officer was in the act of swallowing his second glass of brandy, called out in a loud tone—"Is there here no Pole who will bear the news to the

* The Jewesses, now, I am informed, wear their jewelled caps openly in Galicia, and many other parts of Poland.

Countess Stanoika that her brother is on his road to Siberia!"

"This is beyond endurance!" exclaimed the leader, impetuously; and hastily throwing some money on the ground, he gave the word to march, which was so promptly obeyed, that, but for Pavel's quickness of eye, and readiness of hand, the poor Jew would have been ridden over where he stood humbly bowing.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Noah, "if my heart can beat thus when their visit is not for me, what would it be if——? Pavel, I really think I shall give up all connection with the smugglers—I thought to-night my doom was sealed."

But Pavel at that moment had no thought for Noah and his plans; he heard but the words of the stranger that still rang in his ears. That man, just

torn, doubtless, from his home, on grounds true or false, was connected with his former patron, and if he chose, this episode might afford him the means of approaching the family. It would, henceforth, be a matter of choice whether he did or did not intrude upon them.

"Take heed, Pavel," continued Noah, "that what you have heard this night never pass your lips. For your own sake, remember my words, and beware of babbling. The only principle to guide one safely through life, especially a vassal, is never to suffer the names of the great to pass his lips for good, bad, or indifferent. In general, whatever questions people ask you, no matter upon what subject, let your answer be, 'I don't know.' In these three words lies the wisdom of the poor."

NORTHAMPTON.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

ERE from thy calm seclusion parted,
O fairest village of the plain!
The thoughts that here to life have started
Draw me to Nature's heart again.
The tasseled maize, full grain, or clover,
Far o'er the level meadow grows,
And through it, like a wayward rover,
The noble river gently flows.
Majestic elms, with trunks unshaken
By all the storms an age can bring,
Trail sprays whose rest the zephyrs waken,
Yet lithesome with the juice of spring.
By sportive airs the foliage lifted,
Each green leaf shows its white below,
As foam on emerald waves is drifted,
Their tints alternate come and go.
And then the skies! when vapors cluster
From zenith to horizon's verge,
As wild gusts ominously bluster,
And in deep shade the landscape merge;—
Under the massive cloud's low border,
Where hill-tops with the sky unite,
Like an old minster's blazoned warder,
There scintillates an amber light.
Sometimes a humid fleece reposes
Midway upon the swelling ridge,
Like an aerial couch of roses,
Or fairy's amethystine bridge:
And pale green islets lucid shimmer,
With huge cliffs jutting out beside,
Like those in mountain lakes that glimmer,
Tinged like the ocean's crystal tide;
Or saffron-tinted islands planted
In firmaments of azure dye,
With pearly mounds that loom undaunted,
And float like icebergs of the sky.
Like autumn leaves that eddying falter,
Yet settle to their crimson rest,
As pilgrims round their burning altar,
They slowly gather in the west.
And when the distant mountain ranges
In moonlight or blue mist are clad,
Of memory all the landscape changes,
And pensive thoughts are blent with glad.

For then, as in a dream Elysian,
Val d'Arno's fair and loved domain
Seems to my rapt yet waking vision
To yield familiar charms again.

Save that for dome and turret hoary,
Amid the central valley lies
A white church-spire unknown to story,
And smoke-wreaths from a cottage rise.

On Holyoke's summit woods are frowning,
No line of cypresses we see,
Nor convent old with beauty crowning
The heights of sweet Fiesole.

Yet here may willing eyes discover
The art and life of every shore,
For Nature bids her patient lover
All true similitudes explore.

These firs, when cease their boughs to quiver,
Stand like pagodas Brahmins seek,
Yon isle, that parts the winding river,
Seems modelled from a light caïque.

And ferns that in these groves are hidden,
Are sculptured like a dainty frieze,
While choral music steals unbidden,
As undulates the forest breeze.

A gothic arch and springing column,
A floral-dyed, mosaic ground,
A twilight shade and vista solemn
In all these sylvan haunts are found.

And now this fragile garland weaving
While ebbs the musing tide away,
As one a sacred temple leaving,
Some tribute on its shrine would lay,—

I bless the scenes whose tranquil beauty
Have cheered me like the sense of youth,
And freshened lonely tasks of duty,
The dream of love and zest of truth.

Graham's Magazine.

[SENTIMENTAL—IN IRISH.]

LADY COVENTRY.—This is the lady of whom Horace Walpole says, "At a great supper the other night at Lord Hertford's, if she was not the best humored creature in the world, I should have made her angry. She said in a very vulgar accent if she drank any more she should be *muckibus*; 'Lord,' said Lady Mary Coke, 'what is that?'—'Oh, it is Irish for *sentimental*.'"—*Letters*, vol. 1, p. 498.

From the Examiner, 8th Sept.

CANADA AND THE BRITISH AMERICAN LEAGUE.

We have arrived at the second stage of the Canadian rebellion, or insurrection, or revolution, or whatever it is to be called. But as we omitted to make any comment upon the intelligence brought by the mail before last, we must go back a little in our narrative to make the existing state of affairs intelligible.

The delegates of the British American League, after threats and placardings of a very ominous description, met a few weeks ago at Kingston, appointed a permanent central committee to hold its sittings in Montreal, and resolved to institute branch committees in every township. They moreover resolved that missionaries should be sent to the sister colonies to preach the duty of joining the League. Finally, they resolved that the reëstablishment of protection, the promotion of public economy, and the restriction of French influence, should be the objects of the League. And having issued a manifesto exhorting all Canadians to join their banner, and declaring that their grand purpose was to put an end to sectional animosities, (by arraying English against French,) the delegates adjourned.

This result sorely mortified two parties, whose expressions of disappointment have been ludicrous enough. The American sympathizers, annexationists of the States, had made up their minds that the discontented Britishers were about to throw themselves into the arms of the Union; and to men with voices pitched for a solemn *Io Pean* over the progress of republican principles, the conclusion of the leaguers was of course very lame and impotent. They lost no time in denouncing their malcontent friends in Canada as deplorably below par.

The other discontented party is a knot of speculators here. A political party we can scarcely call them, though they work by political intrigue; seeing that among them are both whigs and tories, free-traders and protectionists. It might be nearer the truth to call them a club of London ship-owners, speculators in colonial lands, and evicting Irish landlords; for to clear one's estates of poor and troublesome tenants, to find employment for one's rickety ships, or to earn an honest penny on the sale of colonial waste lands, will make men, upon occasion, as unexceptionable patriots as their neighbors. Nor the less so, when the possibility of a government loan or grant, at a little distance, helps to keep the scent hot and keen. The Beauharnois Seignory was first set up as the nucleus of operations; but to bring all the waste lands of Canada into the net, and transfer to them all the Celtic population of Ireland, became the ultimate objects of exertion. Our versatile agitators started by professing the faith as it is in Wakefield; but so modified their creed from time to time to suit new converts, that little of it remains but the words emigration and colonization. They coquetted with the French Canadians, formed

liaisons with Lord Metcalfe, and offered sympathy to the British American League. By turns they courted and assailed Lord Stanley, Lord Grey and Mr. Gladstone; and they have held their leaguers *in terrorem* over the public and the colonial office alternately. No wonder they should have felt themselves disconcerted by this Kingston programme. For how should Stanleyites countenance the project of a federal union among all the British American colonies? what hope of Lincolnites assenting to protection? and how remote the possibility of getting anything substantial from such poor allies, toward the two millions for the clearance of Celts out of Ireland. They pooh-poohed their old friends of the League, therefore, with as little mercy as the men of the stars and stripes.

Such was the condition of affairs when the last mail brought intelligence of another riot at Montreal. Some leaders of the mob who burnt down the Houses of Assembly having been placed under government prosecution for their share in that transaction, a crowd of some three hundred sympathizers attacked the house of the attorney general, Mr. Lafontaine; when the latter, with the assistance of a party of friends, gave them what is called a warm reception. One ruffian was shot, and the rest ran away—revengeing themselves after their flight by secret acts of incendiarism. The whole affair was of the most contemptible character; but it suggests grave necessities for an instant reform in the police administration of Canada, and it is likely to be of service in putting a wider distinction than hitherto between the rational and irrational "conservatism" of the province. The proceedings of the League at Kingston had been contributing to precisely the same end.

It is ridiculous to suppose that the exertions or results of such an association could continue to be confined to local and electioneering objects, having in view the reëstablishment of protection for Canadian timber, and, under some modified form, the revival of the old jobbing ascendancy in the local government. It is too late in the day to reconvert Canada into a mere field for the operations of half a dozen London houses speculating in ships, in timber, and in government jobbery. These may have been the aims of the leading organizers of the British American League, but they cannot be the consequences of its organization. The utter impossibility of reëstablishing the protective system will soon banish that article from the League's confession of faith. There will then remain the economical administration of government, and the incorporation of all the British American provinces into a federal union. These are now but empty words in the mouths of the leaders of the association, but they are truths earnestly desired by many of their duped followers; and to their realization the exertions of the existing government of Canada are tending quite as clearly as the uneasy movements of its adversaries. It is not many years since Lord John Russell made the statesmanlike avowal that it was our duty to prepare

the Canadas for a separation, when that should become inevitable; and the only proper training to this great end is the exercise of responsible government. Lord Elgin had manfully proclaimed this principle, and throughout his administration of affairs has acted upon it honestly and ably.

The objects which the great liberal party, not only in Canada, but in all the British provinces of North America, have secretly or avowedly at heart, are none other than economical government, and a federal union of the colonies. In plain English, they desire the resumption of waste lands; the introduction of a scale of remuneration for public servants adapted to the social circumstances of the colonies, not, as at present, to those of the mother country; and the organization of a central independent government. We do not assert that these objects are at this moment as broadly and distinctly present in the minds of the provincialists as we have represented them; but to that point they will inevitably come. It was about the year 1750 that Franklin prepared a federal union of the then existing British colonies in America, which, dropping the important article of dependence on the British crown, is the exact counterpart of the constitution ultimately adopted by the United States. Franklin did not foresee that this constitution of 1750 necessarily implied and led to independence; but it did so. From the moment he gave shape in that document, to the vague wishes of his countrymen, and that its principles laid hold on the public imagination, the separation of the provinces from England was inevitable. It would have taken place without the intervention of the deplorable Stamp Act or Boston Leaguer, and even though George Grenville had never been born.

The British North American provinces are not far from having attained the same stage of social development to which the "old thirteen" had arrived in 1750. The first step towards the erection of the British North American provinces into an independent state has been taken. The men of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Hudson's Bay territory, and the islands of the St. Lawrence, will sooner or later be self-governed, like the men of England and the United States. They also are essentially English; but with important local differences of character. They differ from the men of the mother country in their American peculiarities; and from those of the United States in the sentiments inherited from the French founders of Canada, from the loyalist refugees of Acadia, and from the retired military and naval officers and Scotch Highlanders settled in the upper province. Their peculiar and valuable national spirit would be as much endangered by annexation to the government at Washington, as by complete subjection to the government at Saint James'.

Social necessities, and the healthy progress of mankind, require two independent states in North America. It is impossible to foresee the exact course of events; but there can be little doubt that in time the world will see two great and

prosperous countries of common origin on that Northern American continent: the one embracing the present British territories, and possibly the New England States; the other, the Northern and Western States of the present North American Union. This is a natural necessity. Great Britain would be a gainer, not a loser by it; and that the consummation may be brought about in a friendly spirit, without the intervention of *étouffés* or wars, is plainly both the interest and duty of the British people and the British government, as well as of the whole Anglo-Norman population on the other side of the Atlantic.

From the Examiner, 8 Sept.

LORD PALMERSTON'S HUNGARIAN POLICY.

It is but natural that the same parties who have done all in their power to misrepresent the Hungarian cause, should desire to make us believe that the relations which subsisted between Hungary and the house of Austria have never, before the late events, been an object of solicitude to British diplomacy. But the *Times*, in its eagerness to attack Lord Palmerston, has forgotten altogether the prominent part taken in past times by British diplomatists, when there was an occasion for their good offices with regard to those relations.

In 1703 the Hungarians, unable any longer to endure the civil and religious tyranny of the house of Hapsburg, rose under the leadership of Francis Rákóczy, the second of that name; and a war of eight years' duration ensued, which was terminated by the peace of Szathmar in 1711, by which the Hungarians returned to their allegiance to the house of Hapsburg, on condition of a complete amnesty and a solemn engagement to respect their constitutional rights. During the course of this war, the exertions of British envoys—Lord Sutherland, the son-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough, and the Hon. George Stepney—to restore peace between the contending parties, were unremitting. Not merely did the British and Dutch envoys, acting in unison, address themselves in writing to Rákóczy; but they took part personally, as mediators, in the negotiations at the convention of Tyrnau, which took place about the middle of the war. The Hungarian confederates long held out for a guarantee of the peace on the part of the maritime powers; and that it actually took place without such a guarantee may be attributed principally to the apparent moderation and good faith of Joseph I., which, while it weakened the patriotic party by detaching from it many of its adherents, at the same time rendered those who remained firm, more willing to rely upon the royal word, without any guarantee of foreign powers.

But there is no need to look into history to justify any protest that Lord Palmerston may have made, against the violation of the Hungarian territory by Russian troops. Even if there was no other "express solicitation of the parties interested," yet the Hungarians, whom we venture to

pronounce parties interested,) in their declaration and manifestoes, distinctly called upon all the constitutional powers of Europe, not to look with indifference upon events which must seriously affect the balance of power and the existence of constitutional principles in Europe. And the gravity of the case might well justify a solemn protest, upon the part of a constitutional government, against a state of things in which not merely the balance of European power was endangered by the intervention of Russia, but European civilization was disgraced by a method of carrying on war worthy of the most barbarous ages, under the express sanction of Austrian generals. In the opinion of the *Times* it is evident, that such "an interference was equally insulting to the Austrian government and to the Hungarian people." But if such an interference—if the recommendation to turn back from a suicidal career—be considered insulting by the Austrian government, we think the latter must have already discovered that the interference of the Emperor of all the Russias, to which it must henceforth submit, is far more so. What must be thought of the manner in which the czar addresses Paskiewitch?

By acting with unequalled discretion in a rebellious country * * * *you, general, have safely, and with inconsiderable loss, effected the object proposed.* The chief commander and the dictator of the Hungarians surrendered to *you*.

* * * The important successes of *our* victorious army will doubtlessly lead to the restoration of legal power and order in Hungary.

The very existence of Austrian generals and of an Austrian army is almost ignored. Can anything be conceived more contemptuous, more insulting, to an "august ally?"

How the interference referred to by the *Times* could be considered "insulting to the Hungarian people," we are at a loss to conceive; but we think that the Hungarian people will consider the manner in which it is spoken of by the *Times*, insulting, and that in the highest degree. The *Times* proceeds to say, "It was precisely the same thing as an appeal from M. de Lamartine or General Cavaignac would have been, in favor of the Irish insurgents just *after* the battle of Ballin-garry." Thus the legality of the absurd Irish outbreak and that of the Hungarian war are placed upon the same footing. Kossuth is degraded to the level of Smith O'Brien; and the glorious campaigns of Görgey and Bem, of Dembinski and Klapka, are compared to the "battle of Ballin-garry." This is, indeed, most gratuitously to insult a nation which has been struggling in defence of its rights against two empires, and has only at last fallen under the shock of the most overpowering numbers.

But the truth comes out. By expressing opinions favorable to constitutional principles "we sacrifice connections which have been, and may again be, of essential interest to the independence and liberty of all nations." If "the independence and liberty of all nations" is to be interpreted (as

it must be, if we follow the *Times*) to mean the overthrow of existing independence, and the substitution of military despotism for civil government—then the sacrifice of such connections is one that cannot be lamented by the people of England. It is a truth which Demosthenes enunciated long ago, that for a free state the only durable alliances are those with free states, and that alliances with despotic governments are in their nature precarious and unstable.

Whatever may be the present discomfiture of liberal opinions, whatever the immediate triumph of military despotism, we have full faith that ultimately "public opinion, and especially the moral force of this country, will triumph over charges of cavalry and rounds of artillery all over the world." Years of suffering may, perhaps, have first to be passed through; but the nations of Europe, sooner or later, will have to mark out the accomplices of those tyrants that have crushed their aspirations for freedom, and they will not then fail to do justice to a minister who, in despite of a factious opposition, has had the moral courage to stand forward in defence of the great principles of self-government and constitutional freedom. And this, too, at a time when the most determined efforts are being made to confuse the fundamental notions of right and wrong; to designate the defence of existing liberties as a rebellion against legitimate authority; to represent the perfidy of sovereigns as their natural and indefeasible policy; to show that freedom and order are best secured by courts-martial; to brand the patriotism of Kossuth by the epithet of "infamous;" and to exalt the hangman Haynau into a military hero.

From the Examiner, 8th Sept.

ARE THE HUNGARIANS PROTECTIONISTS?

ONE of the latest misstatements of the *Times* concerning the leading Hungarian Liberals is, that "they were the founders of a protective league, or association, for the exclusive consumption of native manufactures, which can only be supported by prohibitive duties on the produce of other parts of the Austrian empire, as well as of foreign countries."

Now here a fact is stated which is in itself true, and yet, from the manner in which it is stated, is completely calculated to mislead European opinion with regard to the motives and intentions of the "leading Hungarian Liberals."

The Hungarians, perfectly aware that it is their policy to avail themselves of the capabilities of their country for the production of raw materials, and to exchange their produce for the superior manufactures of foreign countries, have always been opposed to the restrictive system of the Austrian government, from the time of Maria Theresa downward. But the efforts of the Hungarian Diet were unavailing; and the Hungarians were subjected, in a commercial point of view, to all the disadvantages, without enjoying any of the advantages, that might have arisen from a connection with the hereditary states of Austria. On the one

hand, the superior manufactures of England, which they would gladly have purchased with their corn, wine, hemp, tobacco, wool, &c., were excluded by the enormously high tariff which was maintained by the government of Vienna, in spite of their repeated remonstrances; while, on the other hand, the coarse and exorbitantly dear manufactures of the Austrian provinces were admitted into Hungary at a nominal duty, at the same time that the raw Hungarian produce, with which alone they could make their payments, was loaded with heavy differential duties. The line of custom-houses between Austria and Hungary was in fact maintained for the protection of Austrian wine-growers, and the imperial manufacture of tobacco; the production of tobacco being free in Hungary, whilst in Austria it is a monopoly in the hands of the government. After repeated attempts of the Hungarian Diet to obtain a more equitable arrangement, some of the Hungarian Liberals conceived the plan of reprisals, by which the Austrian government might be brought to terms. To obtain English manufactures seemed hopeless; and they therefore resolved, at any rate, to exclude Austrian manufactures, except upon the condition that Austria would admit Hungarian raw produce upon moderate terms. Such was the origin and tendency of the *Vedegyelet*, or *Defensive Union*, which was formed in 1844, with Count Casimir Batthyany as president, and Kossuth as director.

This view of the case is amply confirmed by the proceedings of the Hungarians, as soon as they obtained, by the concessions of April, 1848, a responsible Hungarian ministry. In June of that year Klauzel, the Hungarian minister of commerce, sent a note to Baron Krauss, the Austrian minister of finance, proposing a liberal modification of the tariff. The answer of the Austrian minister was, that the Austrian government was then engaged in a revision of the tariff, and that its intentions would be communicated to the Hungarian ministry in the month of September. But before the month of September arrived, Jellachich seized upon the Hungarian seaport of Fiume, and early in that month invaded the main territory of Hungary.

It is also matter of notoriety that, in the spring of this year, Kossuth's government adopted a most liberal commercial tariff, and communicated it to England by an accredited envoy.

Such are the facts of the case. It seems hardly conceivable that in spite of them an attempt should be made to fix upon the Hungarian liberals the charge of a narrow and restrictive commercial policy.

What the exact nature of "the very first boon that has been solicited for Hungary" may be, it is impossible to say till we receive further details. Hungary, in its full territorial integrity, and with a really independent line of custom-houses, (or absence of them, if it so pleased the Hungarians,) would indeed be a boon which we do not see the slightest reason to expect. If there be any truth in the report, it probably means that a portion of

Central Hungary is doomed irrevocably to be isolated from the commerce of the rest of the world, and the maxim of the Austrian Bureaucracy is to be carried out in its full extent, that "Hungary must be stifled in her own fat."

From the Economist, 8 Sept.

THE ADHERENCE OF HAMBURG TO THE ZOLLVEREIN.

THE decision of Hamburg to join the confederation of German States, under the Berlin constitution, must be regarded as one of the most important events which has happened since the commencement of the revolutions of 1848; and especially so, as this step may be considered the certain forerunner of the accession of the other Hanse towns, and of the whole of the German states on the Baltic, including Hanover. We are not disposed to view the result of the struggle in Hamburg, as some of our contemporaries do, as any evidence of a reactionary spirit against free trade in the community, nor even as disadvantageous to the advance of that cause which we have so much at heart. We know that many persons supported the course adopted by Hamburg, with a firm belief that they were taking the best, if not the only, means which now exists, not only for securing a more liberal commercial policy for Germany, but also for avoiding that hopeless confusion, anarchy, and for a time at least, that military despotism, to which the policy and designs of Austria towards Germany must lead, unless opposed by a firm and united government in the north.

For our own part, knowing how much the citizens of Hamburg value the privileges of commercial freedom, and seeing the important and influential position which they will occupy in the new Germanic Confederation; and, moreover, having confidence in the liberal commercial tendencies of those who are now most influential in the councils of Prussia, we cannot but hail this event as the best guarantee for the advancement of free trade in Germany. The city of Hamburg itself may be called upon to make some concessions of a distasteful kind. A city that has been so long a free port, will not relinquish those advantages without much reluctance and regret. But so far as regards the commerce of Hamburg, the change will be much more nominal than at first sight it appears. Since those days when the advantages of *free ports*, as places of foreign commerce, were so much valued, the modern warehousing system has been introduced, by which, so far as regards the great bulk of foreign trade, every port, whatever duties may be payable for consumption, has all the advantages which *free ports* alone possessed in former times. Since the bonding system was introduced into England by Sir Robert Walpole, London has possessed every advantage as a great *entrepot* of trade, and for the re-distribution of foreign produce to neighboring markets, that has been enjoyed by Hamburg. So far as regards its trade as a great importer and re-distributor of foreign

produce, Hamburg, by means of the bonding system, will preserve all the advantages which she now possesses, and this applies to at least seven eighths of her trade.

It must not be forgotten, that although the merchants of Hamburg have hitherto enjoyed the great facilities of importing and warehousing foreign produce and manufactures of every description, upon payment of a merely nominal duty, yet that more than seven eighths of all the goods so imported, were for the consumption of neighboring countries, and the greatest portion by far for that of the German states which form the new Zollverein; and, therefore, although they met with no impediment from import duties at Hamburg, yet they were, nevertheless, exposed to them in a more aggravated and inconvenient form, when they reached the Prussian frontier. Those goods only which were consumed within the very limited state of Hamburg, escaped the burden of customs duties. Seven eighths of the Hamburg trade has really been subjected to customs duties hitherto, and levied in a shape at once both irksome and uncertain; much more so than if collected at the place of importation.

No one can entertain the slightest doubt that the adherence of Hamburg to the Zollverein, will greatly extend the influence of the free trade party in the Germanic Confederation, and will thereby lead to important modifications of the general tariff, which will be of infinitely greater importance to the commerce of Hamburg, and of those countries intimately connected with Germany by trade, than any concession which the citizens of Hamburg will be called upon to make, in adopting the constitution of Berlin; while the adoption of the bonding system will place them in exactly the same position with regard to their trade with other parts of the North of Europe in which they at present stand. Their great trade, however, is German. In future, in place of paying high duties on the frontier, exposed to the harassing competition of smugglers, if they can, as we have no doubt they will, succeed in materially reducing those duties, paying them at the place of importation, but not until they are required to be forwarded for consumption, we shall regard the change as a great step in advance for the commercial freedom of Germany. We shall have occasion again to return to this important subject.

From the United Service Magazine.

FRENCH PRISONERS ON BOARD THE SPANISH PRISON SHIPS IN THE BAY OF CADIZ, 1810.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF CAPTAIN J. F., ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

WHEN the French army of General Dupont surrendered to the Spaniards at the battle of Baylen, in 1808, both men and officers were sent on board of old Spanish men-of-war, fitted up as prison ships in the harbor of Cadiz. As large boats from these vessels came frequently to the sandy beach between Cadiz and Fort Puntales, while I was stationed at

the latter place in 1810, I was led by curiosity to see what they came for, and found that it was to bury the dead prisoners, as a great mortality prevailed on board these ships.

I was present when one of these large boats full of naked bodies (lying like logs of wood, one upon another) arrived at the beach. The bodies were rolled over the gunwale of the boat into the sea, and then dragged on shore with a boat-hook, and thrown into a hole dug in the sand above high-water mark, previous to which, Spanish children would throw handfuls of sand into their mouths, and otherwise insult them. I could not look on the bodies of these unfortunate strangers, buried by their enemies in this disgusting way, without some queries arising in my mind as to what were their names, who their relations, friends, &c.

This occurrence was afterwards brought to my recollection on reading the following lines by the late Mr. Malcolm, (42d regiment,) as applicable to what I had witnessed, though not intended by him for that particular occasion:—

LINES ON A DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a soldier passed away,
Thou form without a name;
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame.

Stripped of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
Of haughty chieftain holding sway,
Or lowlier destined to obey.

Though from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonored and forlorn;

Yet death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graver characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore,
The son she ne'er shall see,
Or maiden on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee!

These unfortunate men considered their being confined on board of ship as an infringement of the terms by which they had surrendered, and availing themselves of a gale of wind in their favor, they mastered the Spanish guards, cut the cables of the vessels, that they might be driven across the bay to the Trocadero, then occupied by their countrymen blockading Cadiz. Supposing the vessels to have drifted by the wind, our gun-boats were ordered to their assistance, but when alongside they were saluted with cold shot (on board as ballast) thrown by the prisoners into the boats, upon which, orders were given to our men-of-war to fire into the prison ships; accordingly, a heavy fire was directed upon the vessels, also from Fort Puntales; however, one succeeded and grounded near the Trocadero. The prisoners in it were liberated by their countrymen, who brought down boats from Puerto Real for that purpose.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

We find the following poem in the *Christian Intelligencer*, given as the original version of the hymn in the prayer-book :

I would not live alway, live alway below !
Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go ;
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

Would I shrink from the path which the prophets
of God,

Apostles and martyrs, so joyously trod ?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam !

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
Where seeking for peace, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found ;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the
air,

Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair ;
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plunge that bears him away.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin ;
Temptation without and corruption within ;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine, e'er I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears ;
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
And my spirit her own Miserere prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb !
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the
gloom ;

There, too, is the pillow where Christ bowed his
head ;

Oh, soft are the slumbers of that holy bed !
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight ;
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the
skies.

Who, who would live alway ! away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music ! what is it I hear !
The notes of the harps ring sweet on the ear ;
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold !
The King, all arrayed in his beauty, behold.
O give me, O give me the wings of a dove !
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above ;
Ay, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would
soar,

And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ABSENCE from our post has caused us to neglect some of the parcels from publishers :

Messrs. *Harper & Brothers* have sent us Parts 1 and 2 of the *HISTORY OF PENDENNIS*. By W. M. Thackeray : with Mr. Thackeray's own illustrations. It is well printed, and the author's name

ensures its popularity.—Also, *HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY*. By J. F. Corkran, Esq.—Also, a LITERAL PROSE TRANSLATION OF DANTE'S *INFERNO*. By John A. Carlyle, M. D. For people who cannot read Italian, and yet wish to know this great poem, such a translation is far better than a versified paraphrase. From the same house we have : Mr. Seymour's *MORNINGS AMONG THE JESUITS AT ROME* : being notes of conversations held with certain Jesuits on the subject of religion in the city of Rome. We have marked for the *Living Age* a full review of this interesting work. *PICTURES OF THE VIRGIN AND HER SON*, by Charles Beecher : with an Introductory Essay by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. This is an original work. *SCENES WHERE THE TEMPTER HAS TRIUMPHED*.

Messrs. *Phillips, Sampson & Co.* have sent us the 2d volume of their good edition of *Hume's England*, and the first number of a new issue of *Shakespeare*, in very large type, and on thick, white paper. This number consists of *THE TEMPEST*.

Messrs. *Munroe & Company* have sent *THE CANTON CHINESE*, or the American's Sojourn in the Celestial Empire. By Osmond Tiffany, Jr. A handsome volume.

Mr. Geo. P. Putnam has published, in excellent shape, *BULWER & FORBES ON THE WATER CURE*. Edited, with additional matter, by Roland S. Houghton, A. M., M. D.

LAMARTINE'S NEW HISTORY.—With a promptness quite unequalled, the new *History* by Lamartine has been translated, and well translated, and published in this city. The American edition thus takes the lead of any English edition, while the grace and ease of its style is such as will not be improved upon, if a translation should be attempted in London, as was promised. The translation has been very carefully made by Messrs. Francis A. Durivage and Wm. S. Chase, of Boston.

There are few persons who did not follow with wonder Lamartine's career during the first three months of last year's French revolution. In a large measure then, he must have owed the popularity which gave him his position to the deserved success of his *History of the Girondists*. It was natural therefore that his history of the events of which he was so great a part in 1848, should be awaited as uniting claims to interest which seldom meet ; for one of the first authors of the time, who has shown himself one of the first men of the time, here resumes his pen to write his own history. It will be called egotistical. But it could hardly fail to be so. If Cromwell had written an account of some of the more stirring days of the protectorate, or if Jefferson had left on record the discussions of the committee who reported the declaration of independence, such narratives would have been as egotistical. It would have been absurd for Lamartine to fail to write this sequel to his other work, simply because he, of all men, knew most of what transpired in the period of which he writes.

He is certainly a most attractive narrator. And we cannot but congratulate ourselves that his agreeable though of course hasty narrative, is given to us in the form in which we have it ; for this will prove itself a standard English history.

The publication is one of the very creditable enterprises of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. The book is the size of one of their volumes of Macaulay.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers's* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world), and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (14 cts.). We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

Or all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MEMOIR OF SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH, K. B.*

THIS is the memoir of an upright diplomatist, a character which we are disposed to hope is not altogether so rare as many think; at all events, the work before us shows that there once lived an envoy who, with a sound judgment and a perfect acquaintance with his position, combined the directness of a soldier, and the honor of a true knight. The character of Keith is developed by the most satisfactory of all methods, the exhibition of his own letters, together with those of his correspondents, and in this manner laid open to the light of day, it commends itself unfailingly to our admiration and esteem. In his private relations he was exceedingly amiable. Although possessed of but a moderate fortune, he saved little from his emoluments as ambassador, conceiving that it was his duty to maintain, by a generous expenditure, the dignities of his station; and not only was his personal honor unquestioned, but, what we wish could be said of every minister in every land, in all his transactions he never sought to sap the integrity of others. His simple answer to an inquiry respecting the secret-service money placed at his disposal was, that in the twenty-five years during which he had been employed in various missions, he had never charged a shilling to the account of government for secret service. The correspondence embraces letters from the celebrities of the day: from Frederick the Great of Prussia; from that Admirable Crichton of real life, whom even Walpole praised, Marshal Conway; from the too-famous Duchess of Kingston; from Mr. Bradshaw, treasurer of the navy, and afterwards one of the lords of the admiralty; and from other House of Commons' men and *habitues* of the clubs. The story of the memoir is not devoid of interest, but its other points of interest are almost absorbed by the stirring circumstances connected with the Danish revolution of 1772, when the life and reputation of the young Queen Caroline, sister of George III., were endangered by a successful conspiracy and a court intrigue, and when Keith came forward to her rescue,

And saved, from outrage worse than death,
The Lady of the Land.

It was a proud and happy hour for our ambassador, when, having dared the authorities of Denmark to touch a hair of her head, he led the injured princess through the halls of Hamlet's Castle,† and placed her in security.

Robert Murray Keith, born on the 20th of Sep-

* "Memoir and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith, K. B." Edited by Mrs. Gillespie Smyth. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1849.

† The Castle of Cronenburgh, near Elsinore, supposed to be the scene of Shakspeare's tragedy.

tember, 1730, was the eldest son of Robert Keith, who was for some time ambassador at the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, and of the ancient line of the Keiths of Craig, in Kincardineshire. His mother was a daughter of Sir William Cunningham of Caprington, a family in which there were two baronetcies, both now represented by Sir Robert Keith Dick Cunningham of Prestonfield, near Edinburgh. Robert Murray's brother was Sir Basil Keith, who died in 1777, governor of Jamaica; and his sister was Mrs. Anne Murray Keith, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and whose engaging character the novelist, as he himself tells, endeavored to portray under that of Mrs. Bethune Baliol, in the "Chronicles of the Canon-gate." Keith was early thrown upon the world. His father's duties kept him much abroad, and at the early age of eleven he lost his admirable mother, to whose training, even up to that period, his family ascribe much of the tenderness and delicacy of feeling which marked his character. He was for a time at the High School of Edinburgh, but at sixteen was removed to an academy in London, with, apparently, the object of being prepared for the army, as in a letter of this date to his uncle, Sir Robert Dick, he says—"My present studies are, riding the great horse, fencing, French, fortification, music, and drawing." He seems, however, to have been well-instructed in the classics, as he was, in after life, enabled to make use of Latin as a means of intercourse in parts of Europe where he could not easily have availed himself of any other tongue. His acquirements in modern languages were, at that time, quite unusual. French he wrote and spoke like a native, and he was almost equally conversant with Dutch, German, and Italian. These acquisitions attest that early diligence, without which distinctions are not often gained; nor did they embrace the whole of his polyglot store, as we find him subsequently alluding to his "ten tongues." On leaving school he obtained a commission in a Highland regiment in the Dutch service, known by the name of the "Scotch-Dutch," and remained there until he was two-and-twenty, when the corps was disbanded. After having graduated in the Scotch-Dutch as a captain, he transferred his services to one of the German states, with the object of improving himself in military science. Whatever knowledge he then acquired was dearly purchased by the hardships and privations to which he was exposed. The allowances were so insufficient that there was not enough of fuel, and the necessity which Keith was under of keeping guard over his store of firewood, during the depth of a severe winter, brought on in him, we are told, a habit of somnambulism. Keith served in an active campaign under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick,

and afterwards acted for a while as adjutant-general, and as secretary to Lord George Sackville, who at that time commanded the English branch of the allied forces. On the resignation of that nobleman, he was again without employment, but his own services and his father's interest had influence enough with Mr. Pitt to secure his appointment to the command of a new Highland force about to be raised and sent to the scene of war in Germany. The corps was to consist of five companies, and Keith's rank was that of major-commandant. His commission was made out in the most gratifying manner, his command being quite a separate one, and only under Prince Ferdinand and Lord Granby. It was not long before "Keith's Highlanders" became well known to the public. General Stewart of Garth, in his spirited account of the Highland regiments, after remarking that the body commanded by Keith joined the allied army under Prince Ferdinand, in 1759, observes—"The opinion early formed of this corps may be estimated from the fact of their having been ordered to attack the enemy the *third day* after they arrived in the camp of the allies. In what manner this duty was executed, may be learned from the following statement":—

The Highlanders, under Major Keith, supported by the hussars of Luehnec, who commanded the whole detachment, attacked the village of Eyback, sword in hand, where Baron Fremont's regiment of dragoons were posted, and routed them with great slaughter. The greater part of the regiment was killed, and many prisoners taken, together with 200 horses and all their baggage. The Highlanders distinguished themselves greatly by their intrepidity, which was the more remarkable, as they were no other than raw recruits just arrived from their own country, and altogether unacquainted with regular discipline.

The good opinion which Prince Ferdinand formed of this corps, led him to recommend its being augmented. This was accordingly done, and the men who had been marched down from the Highlands, and embodied at Perth and Stirling, joined the allies in Germany in 1760. They were immediately paid the distinguished honor of being placed in the grenadier brigade.

The campaign having opened (says Gen. Stewart) on the 20th July, 1760, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick marched for the camp at Kelle, with a body of troops, including the two battalions of English grenadiers and two of Highlanders; and on the 30th, in a smart action, defeated the enemy with considerable loss. The prince, in writing to George II. an account of the battle, after stating the loss of the enemy at fifteen hundred men, and more than an equal number of prisoners, adds, "Ours, which was moderate, fell chiefly on Maxwell's brave battalion of English grenadiers, and two regiments of Scotch Highlanders, *which did wonders*."

On a subsequent occasion, that of a night attack on a fortress, he says:—"The Scots Highlanders mounted the breaches, sword in hand, supported by the chasseurs. The service was *complete*, and the troops displayed equal courage, soldier-like conduct,

and activity." Another account says:—"The brigade formed of grenadiers and Highlanders distinguished themselves remarkably on this occasion."

In the battle of Fellinghausen, in July, 1761, the conduct of the Highlanders (who had now acquired the character of veteran soldiers) was again honored by a flattering mark of approbation by the commander-in-chief. "His Serene Highness Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick has been graciously pleased to signify his entire approbation of their conduct on the 15th and 16th of July. The soldier-like perseverance of the Highland regiments in resisting and repulsing the repeated attacks of the *chosen troops of France*, has deservedly gained them the highest honor. The intrepidity of the little band of Highlanders merits the highest praise." He adds—"The humanity and generosity with which the soldiers treated the great flock of prisoners they took, does them as much honor as their subduing the enemy."*

After the battle of Fellinghausen, Keith wrote to his father that Prince Ferdinand, to show his sense of the gallantry of the Highlanders, "deigned to embrace your son in the presence of all the general officers, which favor he accompanied with the most flattering expressions of regard for the brave little bodies." So high was their reputation that Marshal Broglie, who commanded the troops to which they were opposed, said, in reference at once to their stature and their courage, "that he once wished he were a man six feet high, but that now he was reconciled to his size, since he has seen the wonders performed by the little mountaineers." The testimony to their good conduct wherever they were known did them equal honor. As they marched through Holland, on their route home, they were received with acclamations, the women presenting them with laurel leaves, and the children imitating their dress and swords. In England they were hospitably entertained at the different towns through which they passed; and at Derby not only was no payment accepted from them for quarters, but subscriptions were raised to give gratuities to the men. This last exhibition of feeling, we may be well assured, arose not merely from an admiration of their heroism, but from the grateful recollection of the people of the town, that when the Highlanders were there under Charles Edward, they had respected persons and property, and conducted themselves in all respects with exemplary propriety.

The Highland corps was disbanded in the summer of 1763, and the following year was passed by Keith chiefly in Paris, where he was received with a great deal of attention. In 1765 he returned to London, and for four years formed one of a set of clever men, most of whom held high appointments in the government, and who all lived much together. In the interval he was given the regular rank of colonel in the British army, and in 1769 was appointed envoy to the court of Saxony. Mr. Pitt, who was disposed to be his friend, was aware of his acquirements, and had

* "No trait in the character of the Highlander was," says Mr. Gillespie Smyth, "more noticed in the army, than the respect paid by them to their chaplain, Mr. Macaulay, and the influence he possessed with them."

the opportunity of knowing something of his business habits, and no doubt thought that he was well suited for the line in which his father was already distinguished. His new position, however, seemed only likely to develop his social qualities, as the following account of the routine of his existence indicates :—

Now I'm about it, I'll give you a little sketch of my way of living. Morning, *eight o'clock*—Dish of coffee, half a basin of tea, *billets doux*, embroiderers, toymen, and tailors. *Ten*—Business of Europe; with a little music now and then, *pour engayer les affaires*. *Twelve*—*Devoirs* at one or other of the courts (for we have three or four.) From thence to fine ladies, toilettes, trifles, and tender things. *Two*—Dine in public—three courses and a dessert; venture upon a half glass of *pure wine*, to exhilarate the spirits without hurting the complexion. *Four*—*Rendezvous*, sly visits, declarations, *éclaircissements*, &c. &c. *Six*—Politics, philosophy, and whist. *Seven*—Opera, *appartement*, or private party. A world of business, jealousies, fears, poutings, &c. After settling all these jarring interests, play a single rubber at whist, *en attendant le souper*. *Ten*—Pick the wing of a partridge, *propos galans*, scandal, and petites chansons. Crown the feast with a bumper of Burgundy from the fairest hand; and at twelve steal away mysteriously—*home to bed!* There's a pretty lute-string kind of life for you!

In telling of a run which he made to Berlin, Keith describes the great Frederick as “younger, handsomer, and livelier by far than he had figured to himself, his conversation as keen and interesting, and his looks, when he was in good humor, as agreeable.” While there, he made the acquaintance of a remarkable man, who was a near relative of his own—George Keith, ninth Earl Marischal of Scotland, who, on account of the part he took in the rebellion of 1715, was obliged to leave his country, and was invited by Frederick to reside, as his friend, in Berlin. The lord marischal deserves some episodal notice. At the age of four-and-twenty he arrived in Paris on a mission from the English Jacobites, and while residing there with his uncles the Dukes of Perth and Melfort, he became attached to a young lady of great beauty, and of the noble family of De Breteuil. One day he said to her, *apropos* to nothing—“If I dared to fall in love with you would you ever forgive me?” “I should be enchanted,” was the fair reply; and the handsome Scotchman was permitted to read Spanish with the object of his love. As to English, no one then thought of learning it or any other northern language. The marischal's proposal of marriage was formally made and regularly submitted to the heads of the family, amongst whom was unluckily an aunt, who shrieked at the idea, “because the Maréchal of Scotland must be a Protestant.” The sequel of piety, constancy, and despair is told by the lady herself, when young no more, and after having been long married to another :—

I had never thought of that! The discovery burst upon me so suddenly and so grievously that I cannot, even now, dwell upon it without shudder-

ing, and without having a bitter recollection of what I suffered. We ascertained, however, that he was a Calvinist, and he said so himself; and Heaven is my witness that from that moment I did not hesitate. I refused the hand of milord maréchal, and two days afterwards he set out to return to his own country, from whence he wrote to say that grief and despair would lead him to acts that might bring him to the scaffold. There, my child, is the history of the only predilection I ever had in my life for any one except M. Créqui, to whom I was honest enough to talk of it without reserve.

The lovers never met again until the lady was a grandmother, and the chevalier three score years and ten. The scene is described by Madame de Créqui, as before :—

The visit of the Maréchal of Scotland took place in the presence of Madame de Nevers, and it moved her to the depths of her soul. You were then born, my dear grandson, and the maréchal was seventy years of age. “Listen,” said he, “listen to the only French verses I ever composed, and perhaps the only reproaches that ever were addressed to you :—

Un trait, lancé par caprice,
M'atteignit dans mon printemps :
J'en porte la cicatrice
Encore, sous mes cheveux blancs.
Craignez les maux qu' l'amour cause,
Et plaignez un insensé
Qui n'a point cueilli la rose,
Et qui l'épine a blessé.”

Vol. i., p. 137.

The lord marischal was, on the intercession of the King of Prussia, restored to his estates in Scotland, and Mr. Adolphus says that having then but lately returned from Spain, he, to show his gratitude, communicated to our government their earliest information on the subject of the remarkable treaty known as the “Family Compact.” He was the brother of the gallant Marshal Keith, to whom, we may observe, our Sir Robert Murray Keith erected a monument at Hochkirchen, where he fell, and the inscription on which was written by Metastasio. The lord marischal retained, until he was past eighty, the winning liveliness of his manner; and Madame de Créqui, surviving him many years, died at nearly a hundred.

After a two years' residence in Dresden, Keith was, much to his sorrow, sent as ambassador to the court of Denmark. It pained him to give up the intimacies he had formed in Saxony; and he could not contemplate without repugnance the colder climate and more formal manners of Denmark. The appointment was, however, a proof of the confidence which the government reposed in him, and eventually proved to be the means of extending his influence and reputation. To show how greatly he was regarded in Dresden we may mention that the electress dowager, of whose talents and character he had always expressed a high opinion, was, during his stay in Denmark, his weekly correspondent, and, as he said himself, “on as easy a footing as my sister Anne.”

Keith's connection with this northern court leads to the story of that young, fair, and injured princess, Carolina Matilda, Queen of Denmark,

which forms the most interesting portion of these volumes, and was, as the editor assures us, at first their only object. There is not, we believe, an historical romance connected with the annals of any country which is at the same time more tragical and more affecting; and its details are not, in our day, so well remembered but that they may be referred to with interest.

Carolina Matilda was the posthumous child of Frederick Prince of Wales, and sister of King George III. She was, from her earliest years, remarkable for the sweetness of her character, and her mind was highly cultivated. To an acquaintance with the classics she added a knowledge of French and German, which she spoke with perfect fluency. Her charities, while a girl, made her known to the indigent in the neighborhood of Kew; and when Queen of Denmark she often took with her own hands supplies of money to the poor, with stockings for their children, knitted by herself and her ladies. She was above the middle height, well-formed, yet inclined to *embonpoint*. "Her face was a regular oval, and her eyebrows, arched with symmetry, added sweetness and expression to her beautiful eyes. Her lips and teeth exhibited the lively colors of coral and the whiteness of alabaster. She had a good complexion, although not so fair as some of the royal family, and her hair was of a light chestnut. Her voice was sweet and melodious, and her aspect rather gracious than majestic; but she had in her *tout ensemble* a most prepossessing physiognomy." Such was she at sixteen, when her hand was sought in marriage by Christian VII., the young monarch of Denmark. The proposal, it is said, was received by her in sadness, although there is no reason to think that she regarded the young king—then but seventeen—with anything like repugnance. He is described as rather under the middle height, yet finely proportioned, light, compact, and possessing a considerable degree of agility and strength. "His complexion remarkably fair; his features, if not handsome, were regular; his eyes blue, lively, and expressive; his hair very light: he had a good forehead and aquiline nose, a handsome mouth, and a fine set of teeth." He was, it was added, elegant in his dress, courteous, and generous to profusion. The darkest share of their tragic fates is that which relates to him. He was left by his father, when very young, in the charge of an ambitious stepmother, who sought, even in his father's lifetime, to repress, rather than cultivate, his mental powers; disregarding, at the same time, both his principles and his health, in the hope that he might be early removed, and that her own son, who was but four years younger, should be made king in his stead. Thus much is necessary to make our reference to the narrative intelligible.

The youthful pair were married at the Chapel Royal of St. James', on the 1st October, 1766—and on the 18th, the bridal queen first landed in her new dominions. The bridge at Altona was covered with scarlet cloth, "on one side whereof

were arrayed the ladies, and on the other the men; and at the end were two rows of young women, dressed in white, who strewed flowers before her majesty as she approached."

How irresistibly (says Mrs. Gillespie Smyth) do these details of the contemporary chronicler in the quaint language of the times—the "bloom-colored" dress, white wreath, and flowers strewed before the virgin bride by the young maidens of her new dominions—suggest to those acquainted with the sad sequel, the idea of an unconscious victim proceeding to her doom! Yet, among those who witnessed this brilliant reception, who would have ventured to predict that within five years the interposition of her royal brother of England would have been called for, to rescue from popular fury and the virulence of faction, the princess so enthusiastically hailed; or imagine that the cannon which pealed the welcome from the forts of her new capital would, within that period, with extorted courtesy, give the signal of her perpetual exile from a kingdom of which she had been the delight and ornament! It was not until after the event, that an honest eye-witness utters remarks: "The tears of her majesty on parting from the dear country in which she drew her first breath, might have inspired in those who beheld them gloomy forebodings as to the issue of the voyage she was about to undertake."—Vol. i., p. 63.

In January, 1768, the young queen gave birth to a son; but notwithstanding the event, the queen dowager continued to practise her ambitious arts, and to avail herself of the ascendancy which she had early acquired over the king, as well as with his leading counsellors. Her object now was to separate him from his wife, and afford herself the chances of making out causes for their domestic unhappiness. With this view she suggested his travelling for improvement and observation, and it was accordingly determined that he should visit, first London, and then the other great courts of Europe. Except one faithful statesman, Count Bernstorff, it was remarked that every nobleman in his train was well calculated to pervert his principles, and aid him in all that was wrong. On their reaching England, Horace Walpole, the great authority in little things, thus describes the royal Dane:

I came to town to see the Danish king. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the fairy tales. He is not ill-made, or weakly made, though so small; and though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly. Still, he has more of royalty than folly in his air, and considering that he is not twenty, is as well as any one expects a king in a puppet-show to be.

And again:

Well, then, this great king is a very little one. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather (or a cock-sparrow) and the divine white eyes of all his family on the mother's side. His curiosity seems to have consisted in the original plan of travelling, for I cannot say he takes notice of anything in particular. The mob adore and huzza him, and so they did at the first instant. They now begin to know why, for he flings money to them out of the window, and by the end of the week I do not doubt

they will want to choose him for Middlesex. His court is extremely well ordered, for they bow as low to him at every word, as if his name were Sultan Amurath. You would take his first minister for only the first of his slaves. I hope this example, which they have been good enough to exhibit at the opera, will civilize us. There is, indeed, a pert young gentleman who a little discomposes this august ceremonial; his name is Count Holke, his age three and twenty, and his post answers to one that we had formerly in England, ages ago, called in our tongue, a high favorite. Minerva, in the shape of Count Bernstorff (or out of all shape in the person of the Duchess of —) is to conduct Telemachus to York races; for can a monarch be perfectly accomplished in the mysteries of *king-craft*, unless initiated in the art of jockeyship?—Vol. i., pp. 173-4.

Count Holke, the Narcissus of the group—ever his own admirer—was, as well as Molke, his rival in the royal confidence, a shallow follower of pleasure, and the scenes into which they led their thoughtless master were of the most discreditable kind. Monarchs, however, who go about incognito, sometimes meet with warnings which they would not be likely to receive under other circumstances, and so it proved with our young Christian VII. One evening he and his friends went in disguise to some place of resort frequented by Danish and Swedish shipmasters, and Count Holke asked an old skipper what he thought of his king; and if he were not proud of the honors paid to him by the English? "I think," said the seaman, dryly, "that with such counsellors as *Count Holke*, if he escapes destruction it will be by miracle." "Do you know Count Holke, friend," said he, "that you thus speak of him so familiarly?" "Only by report," said the Dane; "but everybody in Copenhagen pities the queen, attributing the coolness which the king showed to her, as he was setting out on this voyage, to the malice of Count Holke." "The confusion of the minion," says Gillespie Smyth, "may be conceived; while the king, giving the skipper a handful of ducats, bade him 'speak the truth and shame the devil.'" The moment the king spoke in Danish, the old man knew him, and looking at him with love and reverence, said in a low and subdued tone, "Forgive me, sire, but I cannot conceal my grief to see you exposed to the temptations of this vast metropolis, under the pilotage of the most dissolute nobleman in Denmark." This incident, we are told, led to the decline of the influence of Holke, and to the rise of that of a more celebrated person, the Count Struensee, who had also accompanied the king to England, as his physician, and of whom, as he is a leading character in our tragic tale, it is needful for us now to speak. John Frederick Struensee was the son of a poor and humble clergyman, who was afterwards, but long before his son came into power, advanced to a bishopric in Holstein, and who, it was known, never ceased to lament the elevation of his child. Struensee was born in Holstein, in 1737, received his early education in the Orphan House of D'Franke at Halle, passed on at fourteen to the University,

and leaving that, practised with some reputation as a physician at Altona. His evil fortune led him to Copenhagen, where very considerable talents, a fine person and graceful manner, commended him to the king. On the return of the royal party to Denmark, Christian presented Struensee to the queen with his own hand, recommended him to her confidence as a physician, and very soon afterwards promoted him to the station of privy councillor. His influence was now in the ascendant, and an occasion offered which at once, and very naturally, established it. The follies and excesses of the king, which, bad as they were, were all, through the artifices of his stepmother, exaggerated to the queen, led to their being alienated from each other, and to their living apart. Struensee succeeded in reconciling them. From that day he received every hour new marks of their regard, was soon known as the confidential adviser of the king, and in a little time appointed his first minister, with almost unlimited powers. He was, moreover, given the highest title of nobility, that of a Count of Denmark.

This rapid elevation was most unfortunate for him. It exposed him to the envy of a jealous aristocracy, and rendered him unpopular, the Danes not liking that a foreigner—and such they counted the natives of Holstein—should have so much power in the state. Struensee, while simply a doctor, was generally beloved, and in his new sphere he exhibited great industry, and considerable administrative talents; but he was prone to rash innovation, and some of his measures were both ill-judged and unpassable. He offended the military by disbanding the regiments of guards, on the ground of economy; he incurred the hostility of the nobility, by suppressing the privy council, and excited the indignation of the people at large by repealing one of their ancient laws, which punished adultery with death. This last proceeding was accepted as a proof of his sympathy with vice, and his leaning to licentiousness. It was not enough attended to that he was the first minister of an absolute monarch who abolished torture, that he did much toward the emancipation of the serfs; that he encouraged agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; exempted from censure all literary productions, and granted to all religious denominations the free exercise of their worship. The good that he did "was buried with him," while his errors were too bitterly remembered. He was deficient in the vigilance and sagacity needful for one who had to contend with numerous enemies, and he did not possess that purity of personal conduct which might have eventually set him right with the people. He had the reputation of being a profligate, and this was the main cause of his ruin, as well as of the fall of the innocent queen. Caroline Matilda was but nineteen, and it will not raise the wonder of any one that she should with youthful warmth exhibit her gratitude to one who had restored her to influence, and served her so materially. She undoubtedly conducted herself in regard to him with extreme im-

prudence, dancing with him in public, having him as her attendant in her daily rides, and permitting him, as our editor observes, to assume towards her an air of ostentatious intimacy which gave great offence. In these, as well as in some particulars of less importance, she was too indifferent to appearances. The very circumstance of her ordinary equestrian costume is said to have aided quite as much as anything else in disposing the people to believe the scandalous rumors which were circulated against her.

When Queen Matilda rode out a hunting, her attire too much resembled a man's. Her hair was pinned up closer than usual; she wore a dove-colored beaver hat, with a gold band and tassels, a long scarlet coat, a frilled shirt, and a man's cravat, while from beneath the coat was seen to peep a more unfeminine appendage still, too much in keeping with the terminating spurs. That she made a noble figure, mounted on a majestic steed, and dashing through the woods after the chase, her cheeks flushed with health and violent exercise, may readily be conceded.

Her love for hunting arose, it is said, from a desire to counteract, by following the chase, a tendency to *embonpoint*, and the fatal influence of her costume is another evidence that a failure in decorum is often more severely censured than a want of morals. Keith, writing home, says in reference to this ungraceful fashion :

An abominable riding-habit, with a black slouched hat, has been almost universally introduced here, which gives every woman the appearance of an awkward postilion. In all the time I have been in Denmark, I never saw the queen out in any other garb.

Mrs. Gillespie Smyth cites from a Danish writer the following description of a celebrated picture of the queen at Copenhagen :

Over a marble table hung a portrait in a broad gilt frame. It represented a lady in a dress of bluish satin, embroidered with gold and edged with lace; the sleeves and puffs over the full bosom being of brownish brocade. Round her neck was a closely-strung necklace of pearls, and similar rings were in the ears. The hair was turned up and powdered: it occupied a height and breadth which, agreeably to the fashion of the time, exceeded that of the whole face, and was decorated with a gold chain, enameis, and jewels, entwined with a border of blonde, which hung down over one ear. The face was oval, the forehead high and arched; the nose delicately curved, the mouth pretty large, the lips red and swelling; the eyes large, and of a peculiarly light blue, mild, and, at the same time, *serious, deep, and confiding*. I would describe the entire dress, piece by piece, and the features, *trait by trait*, but in vain should I endeavor to convey an idea of the peculiar expression, the amiable loftiness or lofty amiableness, which beamed from that youthful face, the freshness of whose color I have never seen surpassed. It needed not to cast your eye upon the purple mantle, bordered with ermine, which hung carelessly on the shoulder, to discover in her a queen! She could be nothing of inferior rank. This the painter, too, had felt, for the border of the mantle was so narrow as almost to be

overlooked. It was as though he meant to say, "This woman would be a queen without a throne!" A higher title was conferred on his long-dead mistress by an old court chamberlain, who, looking on the picture, said "that was an angel!"

Who this faithful Polonius was we are not told, but we glean from another source* a still more engaging portrait of the queen, which the reader will agree with us in thinking goes quite as far towards justifying his praise. It refers to a period when the weak monarch and his worthless friend were wasting health and character amidst the mysteries of Paris, or the low orgies of London :

During the absence of her giddy lord, Matilda resided, principally, at the palace of Fredericksburg, in the neighborhood of Copenhagen, and her conduct was free from reproach. Though courted and menaced by conflicting parties, she joined with none, nor showed the least ambition for political power. She appeared to feel a truly maternal affection for her child, and, in spite of remonstrances, had the infant and nurse to sleep in her own apartment. She sometimes visited, and was visited by the queen dowager, who lived very retired. She was grown in stature and appearance much more womanly than when she arrived in Denmark. The glow of robust health was on her cheek; she often nursed her child, and a more interesting object could scarcely be conceived than this lovely and lively queen playing with her babe.

During this period of retirement she visited the houses of the farmers and peasants who resided near the palace; and though she could not converse fluently with these poor, grateful people, she gained their warm hearts by her condescension in visiting their cottages, smiling graciously on their wives and daughters, and distributing useful presents. Thus innocently Queen Matilda passed her time, during the travels of her wild and dissipated husband.

When the ambitious queen dowager conceived that her artifices were successful, that she was supported by the military, the dissatisfied nobility, and might probably rely on the people at large, she formed a conspiracy, in which the chief agents were, her son, Prince Frederick, a courtier named Koller Banner, and Count Rantzau, a general of great influence, who had been much in the French and Russian interests, but of whom Keith says, that "had he lived within reach of Justice Fielding,† he would have furnished matter for an Old Bailey trial, any one year of the last twenty of his life." Their object, no doubt, was to make

* Danish MS. quoted in "Brown's Northern Courts."

† This was indicated by a circumstance mentioned in a letter of Keith's, written before the queen's attempt: "A few hundreds of Norwegian sailors, who had some demands of pay, and were unable to feed themselves in this dear capital, went three weeks ago, in a tumultuary, though deliberate manner, to demand justice at Hincholm—the king's palace near Copenhagen. Upon the first promise of redress, they returned quietly to town, but it was easy to see what might have been effected by this handful of men, if they had been led to the palace by a less pardonable impulse than hunger. The possibility of such an application is now manifest, as well as its impunity; and what is very important to the fortune of Struensee, it is generally believed that his boasted intrepidity forsook him upon the appearance of the sailors."

‡ The well-known novelist, at that time Divisional Magistrate of Police in London.

Prince Frederick king, but their first step was to influence Christian VII., who, from early dissipation, was become weak in mind, to sign a warrant for the arrest of Count Struensee, and of the queen, and then, it was said, to have them both put to death. They endeavored to persuade the king that there was a plot against his person and dignity, at the head of which were Struensee and his wife; but though taken by surprise, and feeble in understanding, Christian refused to sign the document, and it was only on false representations urged by the queen dowager and Prince Frederick, that he gave at length a reluctant consent. The order once given, was immediately carried into execution. It was long past midnight. Struensee was found in bed, and awakened from a deep sleep to the horrors of his condition. The queen had for some time retired to her own apartment, and was also asleep.

It was about five o'clock in the morning, when she was awakened by a Danish female attendant, who always lay in the adjoining room. Holding a candle in one hand, she held out a paper to the queen in the other, which, with marks of agitation, she requested of her majesty to peruse. It contained a request, rather than an order, couched in very concise but respectful terms, stating that the "King of Denmark, for reasons of a private nature, wished her to remove to one of the royal palaces in the country for a few days." The queen, in her first surprise, had imagined that the note which she saw in the woman's hand, came from the Baron de Bulow, her master of the horse, and that its purport was to inquire whether it was her pleasure to hunt on that day. But no sooner had she cast her eye over the paper and read its contents, with a royal signature annexed, than she instantly comprehended the nature and extent of her misfortune. Conscious that if she could only gain access to the king, she could in a moment overturn the plans of her enemies, she sprung out of bed, and without waiting to put on anything except a petticoat and shoes, she rushed into the ante-chamber. There the first object which she met was Count Rantzau, seated quietly in a chair. Recollecting then her dishevelled state, she cried out, "Eloignez vous, Monsieur Le Comte, pour l'amour de Dieu, car je ne suis pas présentable." She immediately ran back to her chamber, and hastily threw on some clothes, assisted by her women. On attempting a second time to leave her room, she found that Rantzau had withdrawn himself, but had stationed an officer in the doorway, who opposed her further passage. Rendered almost frantic by this insult, added to her distress, she seized him by the hair, demanding to see Count Struensee or the king. "Madam," said he, "I only do my duty, and obey orders. There is no Count Struensee now, nor can your majesty see the king." Having pushed him aside, she advanced to the door of the ante-chamber, where two soldiers had crossed their firelocks in order to stop her progress. The queen commanded them to let her pass, and added promises of reward if they obeyed. Both the soldiers fell on their knees, and one of them said in Danish, "It is a sad duty, but we must perform it. Our heads are answerable if we allow your majesty to pass." As no man, however, dared to lay hands upon the queen, she stepped over the muskets, which were crossed, and ran, half wild, along the

corridor to the king's apartment. She even forced her way into it by violence; but her enemies, aware that she might try to gain admittance, and justly apprehensive of her influence over him, had taken the precaution of removing him, betimes, to another part of the palace.

Exhausted by the agitation of her mind, and by such exertions of body, the queen attempted no further resistance. She returned to her own chamber, where she was aided to dress herself, and informed that she must instantly quit Copenhagen. Rantzau had the insolence to say to her, alluding to his gouty feet, "Vous voyez, madame, que mes pieds me manquent; mais, mes bras sont libres, et j'en offrirai un à votre majesté, pour l'aider à monter en voiture." She was then put into a coach, which waited for her at the door, near the chapel of the palace. Two ladies, a maid-servant, the little princess her daughter, and a major in the Danish service, got into the carriage with her. They took the road to Cronenburg, a distance of about twenty-four miles, which, as they drove at a great rate, they soon reached, and in which fortress the queen was confined.

"There was immured," writes a cotemporary author, "in the gloomy mansions of guilt and horror, a queen, whose personal charms and mental accomplishments would have melted into compassion the heart of a ruffian. In this inhospitable fortress she had not even been permitted to have the necessary clothes to prepare herself against the severity of the weather in this frozen region; nor was she indulged with more conveniences in her apartments than those granted to criminals of the lowest station, but treated with the greatest indignity by her unfeeling keepers and an insolent soldiery."—Vol. i., pp. 244 to 247.

The charges against the queen were two; first, that of adultery with Struensee, and next, a design to poison the king. Although they were altogether unsupported by evidence, the populace received them as if they were already proved; and this bad feeling was stimulated by wretches who were paid to cry out, "Justice against Matilda!" "Vivat Regina Juliana." The queen dowager ruled the king and the kingdom, Prince Frederick was given the significant title of *The Hereditary Prince*, and the council, now composed of the enemies of the queen, pronounced her, without even the form of a trial, guilty of adultery, and of having been privy to poison being administered to her husband. There appears to be no doubt that the intention of the conspirators was to put her to death. They perfectly well knew the influence which she possessed with her weak and wavering husband, and that so long as she lived, her return to power would be, at any time, probable. This view is corroborated by the authority of Archdeacon Cox, who, after having twice visited Denmark, and carefully inquired into the matter, expressed himself as well assured that the queen was "not only uncertain of the fate that awaited her, but had reason to apprehend that the party who arrested her meditated still more violent measures." It was under such circumstances that Keith, the English minister, forced his way into the council, and stood forward as the defender of the queen; he refuted the statements made against

her, vindicated her innocence, denounced the vengeance of her nation, and threatened the bombardment of Copenhagen, if justice were not done to her; and, by his energy and firm demeanor, prevented them from passing a sentence which would have been, no doubt, promptly carried into effect. He then despatched a messenger to England, and locked himself and his household up until the answer should arrive. Four tedious weeks elapsed, and the messenger returned, bearing his despatches in a large, square packet. Keith, not without emotion, cut the strings, and the Order of the Bath fell at his feet. The insignia had been enclosed by the hands of George III. himself, who directed him to invest himself, and appear forthwith at the Danish court. His majesty had, with great delicacy, desired Lord Suffolk, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, to inform Colonel, now Sir Robert Murray Keith, that he chose the time previous to the issue of the negotiations relative to the Queen of Denmark on purpose to *distinguish his merit, independent of his success*, and the distinction was more signal, as there was, at that time, no stall vacant. It is right also to observe that the Order of the Bath, which has been since extended, was then confined to twenty-five knights, and only given to persons of the highest grades in the public services.

To return to the principal characters of our tragedy; Struensee was, during his imprisonment, chained so closely that he could hardly sit upright on the side of his bed, and he suffered the barbarous punishment of having first his right hand and then his head cut off. The dismal story of his closing days derives a deeper interest from the circumstance that amidst his misfortunes the early teaching of a pious father came back upon him, and that, aided by these, and by the instructions and prayers of the chaplain, a holy man, there is reason to believe that he died a Christian. The case of the queen will move the reader's pity, as it once did the indignation of all England. Her trial, which proceeded slowly, was held in secret; and the queen dowager, who appeared to have regained all her ascendancy, assigned her, with ostentatious impartiality, the most celebrated advocate in Denmark. This, like all her acts, had a double motive. The public, she hoped, would say, that if he could not show her to be innocent she must be guilty; and as he was the ablest man of her party, and the one on whom she could most rely, she hoped to arrange with him so to conduct the cause of his client as that he might indirectly injure it. She understood the character of her friend, and the demon artifice was successful. The name of this individual was Uhlhdahl; we give it, as it would be wrong to deprive him of the infamy he deserves. After all, the trial was a failure; the public, who had time to reflect, disbelieved the charges, and the queen dowager, whose original purpose was to have Matilda punished with death, and her children declared illegitimate, felt herself compelled to change the sentence to that of perpetual imprisonment in the

remotest of the frozen regions of Jutland. The case, as got up against the queen, was before her trial sent over to London, and submitted to the most distinguished civilians of that day, who, though their opinions were taken separately, all agreed that so far from affording grounds for conviction, it did not sanction a presumption of her guilt. The unhappy King of Denmark, during all this time, never once accused his queen of infidelity. He, on the contrary, repeatedly avowed that she was worthy of a better husband, and that his excesses and irregularities justified the indifference she had long exhibited towards him. The queen dowager, however, counted so surely on his weakness that she hoped, at least, to get him divorced from his wife. Had she succeeded, it would have been, as Walpole remarks, "the *unique* instance of a divorce passed without the consent of either party." In this, as in her other perils, Keith was the real defender and sole champion of the queen. It is true that he knew he was supported by the English government, and that he was enabled with perfect earnestness, to threaten all Denmark with the vengeance of England. But it is also true that it was his judgment, energy, and firm demeanor, which made these threats effective before an English fleet appeared, too late perhaps to save Matilda. When we consider the daring and ambitious character of the queen dowager, and her ascendancy at the moment, we are disposed to wonder that she did not incur all other hazards rather than that which was to her the greatest—the letting her victim live. She knew that the king retained an affection for his queen, and that her restoration to influence, which would, of course, be followed by her ruin, and that of her friends, was, while she lived, at any time probable. The dangers of the alternative, of putting Matilda to death, might easily have appeared to her to be less. There was the hope that the English government, however much it might threaten, would not, when the Queen of Denmark was no more, make her case the cause of a national war; and there were again the chances of Russian and French interference, aided by the fact that the leading men of the revolution in Denmark were, and had long been, much in the interest of these powers. These views may enable us to appreciate, in some degree, the difficulties with which Keith had to contend in his endeavors towards saving the life of the young queen, and obtaining her liberty. He at length compelled the government of Denmark to deliver her up into his hands, to consent to her residing in the electorate of Hanover, and to allow her a pension of £5,000 a year; and on the 27th of May, 1772, he had the heartfelt happiness of escorting her through the gothic gates of Hamlet's castle, so long her prison, and of embarking with her on board an English frigate at Elsinore. Even the hour of her escape from Denmark was rendered in the highest degree distressing—she was obliged to give up her infant child, whom she had until then nursed herself.

She fondly pressed for some minutes the babe to her bosom, and bedewed it with a shower of tears; she then attempted to tear herself away; but the voice, the smiles, the endearing emotions of the infant were claims that irresistibly drew her back. At last she called up all her resolution, took her once more in her arms, with the impetuous ardor of distracted love, imprinted on the lips of the babe the farewell kiss, and returning it to the attendant, exclaimed, "Away, away, I now possess nothing here!"

This guiltless and more than widowed queen, resided for five years at Zell, in Hanover, where she was beloved, and where, her health having been impaired by her misfortunes, she closed her painful life, on the 10th of May, 1774, at the early age of twenty-four.

We have been led to give this outline of the story of Caroline Matilda, because the narrative of her life fills, as we have already said, a great portion of these volumes, and is of the deepest interest. The part which Keith took as her defender, was the great achievement of his life, and justly established his influence and his fame. He was soon afterwards appointed ambassador at Vienna, and held that high office until a few years before his death, which took place at his residence near London, on the 7th of July, 1795. His memoirs and letters, now collected, form the best monument to his honorable name, and they are illustrated with a very remarkable industry, and great happiness of research.

From the Economist, 8 Sept.

UNITED STATES BANK-NOTE CIRCULATION.

We have lying before us a remarkable document in relation to the monetary system of the United States. It is a list of all the banks of the Union which issue notes, with the value of each at New York at the sailing of the last mail. Of these banks there are no fewer than *six hundred and ninety-eight*, of which the notes of only *fifty-three* were at *par*, leaving those of no less than six hundred and forty-five at various rates of discount. No doubt, in a great majority of these cases, the discount has reference rather to the cost of exchange than to a depreciation of the note, or a doubt as to its value. On the other hand, in very many cases, the large discounts marked against these notes show that in New York, at least, they are greatly depreciated, and in every case the discount betokens a very imperfect system of internal exchange.

In the city of New York there are *twenty-eight* banking establishments, which issue their own notes. The whole of these are marked at *par*. In this city alone, therefore, we find 28 out of the entire number of 53 banks in the Union in that position.

In the state of New York there are no fewer than *one hundred and sixty-seven* banks, of which only *twenty-four* are marked at *par*, and the remaining *one hundred and twenty-three* are at discounts vary-

ing from $\frac{1}{4}$ to 30 discount—the greater number, however, do not exceed $\frac{1}{2}$ discount.

In the state of Maine there are *forty* banks issuing notes, the *whole* of which are marked at discounts varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ to 10 per cent.

In New Hampshire there are *twenty-five* banks issuing notes, which are *all* marked at $\frac{1}{4}$ discount.

In Vermont there are *twenty-two* banks, all of which are marked at discounts varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 per cent.

In Massachusetts, the great manufacturing portion of the Union, there are *one hundred and twenty-three* banks issuing notes. The whole are marked at $\frac{1}{4}$ discount.

In Rhode Island there are *sixty-two* banks, all of which are marked at $\frac{1}{4}$ discount, except one, which is marked at 60 discount.

In Connecticut there are *thirty-seven* banks, all of which are marked at $\frac{1}{4}$ discount.

In New Jersey there are *twenty-six* banks, all of which are marked at $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ discount, except one, which is marked 80 discount.

In Pennsylvania there are *fifty-four* banks issuing notes, *only one* of which is marked at *par*, and *fifty-three* are marked at discounts varying from $\frac{1}{4}$, 1, $1\frac{1}{2}$, 2, 3, to 10 discount, and one is even as low as 50 discount.

In Delaware there are *six* banks, all of which are marked at $\frac{1}{4}$ discount.

In Maryland there are *twenty-three* banks, all of which are marked at discounts varying from $\frac{1}{4}$, 1, 3, and up to 10 discount.

In the District of Columbia there are five banks, all marked at 1 discount.

In Virginia there are *nine* banks, all marked at discounts varying from 1 to $2\frac{1}{2}$.

In North Carolina there are *four* banks, all marked at 2 discount.

In South Carolina there are *eleven* banks, all marked at $1\frac{1}{2}$ discount.

In Georgia there are *ten* banks, all marked at $1\frac{1}{2}$ discount.

In Alabama there are *two* banks, the one marked at 2, the other at 6 discount.

In Louisiana there are *eight* banks, all marked at 2 discount.

In Ohio there are *twenty-two* banks, all marked at $1\frac{1}{2}$ discount, except *three*, which are marked at 40, 60, and 80 discount respectively.

In Indiana there is *one* bank, at 2 discount.

In Kentucky there are *three* banks, all marked at 5 discount.

In Missouri there is *one* bank, marked at 2 discount.

In Michigan there are *three* banks, all marked at 2 discount.

In Wisconsin Territory there is *one* bank, marked at 2 discount.

Making in all 698 banks, of which the notes of 53 are marked at *par*, and those of the remaining 645 at the various rates of discount indicated above.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, at sunrise, Pavel was retracing the road over the Gallician frontier in company with his cousin. The latter probably thought some explanation necessary, for, as he entered his native territory, he said :—

"Now, Pavel, that you are old enough fully to understand your position, it is but fair you should be put on your guard as to the dangers that will surround you on your return to the estate of your master. But first, tell me how much do you recollect of the past?"

"I recollect that a beggar woman attempted to frighten me into the belief that I was her son."

"You mean poor old Jakubeka? I swear to you she is your mother, as you will find by the parish register. Who should know that better than myself, who am your father's cousin? That you ever were wrongfully palmed upon the count, was the fault of my poor deceased sister, who would have gone through fire rather than see the Countess Vanda weep. She devised and conducted the whole affair. However, they all meant it for the best; and, had the countess not been seized with remorse at the last, it would have answered very well."

Pavel listened with an incredulous smile.

"Well, you will find it all true, to your cost," said the cousin, "for your name is down in the steward's book among the other serfs, and you will, by and by, be reminded of your real condition, I promise you."

"I suppose I can run away," said Pavel, sullenly, "if I don't like it?"

"For that you will want a few things not easily come at. Who is to get you a passport? Besides, I know it for sure, that the bailiff has already asked after you, most likely by his master's orders, and certainly without the slightest notion of your having ever borne another name. Doubtless, he will keep a sharp look-out."

"But if I do not choose to remain?" persisted Pavel.

"Ay, but the law binds you. Say, however, you get off—you can't apply to the count—what would you do to live? Go into service? You are as well here. You have no money that I know of to set up anything for yourself. Besides, I must tell you that your mother has been greatly tried during the last few years. All your brothers are dead. She has been bed-ridden, and, but for the pension secured to her by the count, must have starved. Now, indeed, she is better, and can hobble about the room; but she'll never be able to do much for herself—so it is your duty to stay at home and work for her. She has given out that you have been with distant relations since your birth, which makes your long absence and present return seem natural enough. If you keep quiet, all may go well; and the count may in time remember you with less bitterness. You must not spoil your own chances. After all, remember you are a born vassal, and have no right whatever to anything better than your present lot."

And now, for the first time since their separation, the young man obtained some information about the General, and his habits of life, subsequent to the Countess Vanda's death. With the exception of occasional visits to his mines, he had not been seen on the estate, and had never approached the chateau. Having, a year after his bereavement, married again, he had, in right of his wife, acquired another domain, on which he chiefly resided, leaving to the care of his bailiffs his lands of Stanoiki, nor did anything seem to indicate his intention of ever again dwelling upon them.

"And the servants who accompanied him on the day of his departure—the coachman—the jager!" demanded Pavel.

"They have never been heard of since," said the cousin. "The peasants were duly informed of Count Leon's death, said to have taken place on a tour through Russia. You may be sure the count has procured all the papers necessary to prove his version of the story; so every precaution, you see, has been taken; and after all he has done to blot out every trace of your existence, I leave you to judge if he is likely to leave unpunished any blabbing of yours. See what it will bring upon you, that's all. It is easy to silence you in such a way that you will never be tempted to meddle with his affairs again. So be prudent, and keep your own counsel."

The man knew not what to hope or what to fear from the boy's obstinate silence. He continued to preach him into patience and discretion until they arrived at Jakubeka's cottage, an abode so wretched and comfortless, that his late home might well seem worth regretting—not but, as Pavel's cousin explained, it might have been very different, considering the pension she enjoyed, had she not ruined herself by drinking. "Every farthing of it goes for brandy," said he, "or she might have paid for you at the Jew's these last two years, and kept her hut in better trim too. However, she is your mother—you must not quarrel with her little weaknesses, especially now that she has no other child left but you."

The hut stood somewhat apart from the village. Like all such tenements, it was put together of lime, sand, and wood, materials at no time very solid, but which, from the owner's neglect, showed a tendency to ruin on all sides. The solitary chimney seemed about to fall. The thatch had been blown from the roof, through which patches of sky were visible. The cottage had all the appearance of having been shaken by a recent earthquake. Pavel paused an instant before crossing the threshold.

"Is it not lucky," said his cousin, "that you were prepared for this by your long sojourn at Noah's? I don't think you would have liked it fresh from the castle."

Pavel smiled, but did not give utterance to the thought that rose in his mind at that moment; namely, that to be Jakubeka's son and a serf, was a fate which, to him, no externals could either

aggravate or soften ; and he resolutely entered the hut.

Jakubka lay huddled up on the bench by the stove, her person more ragged and shrunken than ever, but her eyes glittering with the same painful, piercing look that had affected him when a boy.

"Well, gossip," she said, addressing her cousin, "may the Virgin repay you your trouble and kindness—you have brought me home at length my last, my only one ; they are all dead and gone, my good boys, who loved me and whom I loved—there remains but this ungrateful one, who would not come when he knew me at death's door ; but still my own Pavel, the only one left me." She put forth her arms as if to embrace him, but Pavel made no motion towards her. The woman crossed herself rapidly, muttering as she did so—"I have been a great sinner, and this will be my punishment."

"Well," said the cousin, "I'll leave you for a time to make acquaintance, whilst I go and refresh myself hard by."

The moment the door closed upon him, Pavel approached the old woman, threw himself at her feet, and clasping his hands, as if prostrate before a saint, exclaimed :—

"By all that is holy, I conjure you tell me the truth—you are *not* my mother—the count pays you to deceive me, as well as every one else !"

"Pavel, Pavel ! why will you come back upon that after so many long years ? There is no oath so sacred but I am ready to take, to convince you that you are my own legitimate child. I will swear it on the graves of your father and brothers. Is there, then, no voice in nature to tell you so !"

Pavel looked earnestly into her eyes. The woman returned his gaze with one as steady. He had encouraged the belief that Jakubka would reveal all at his urgent solicitation ; he now felt like a drowning man, between whom and the deep the last plank has given way, and, rising from his knees, he said coldly :—

"Well, I shall work for you."

Jakubka made no reply. Vile as was her spirit, deeply as it was steeped in insensibility, her son had inflicted pain on her ; and she felt that one dark shadow more had fallen on her cheerless life. Though in his heart he did not, would not, credit the tale of her relationship to himself, still the sincerity and solemnity of her manner had raised doubts in his mind, and somewhat startled his conscience ; for Noah's house was a school where filial duty was enforced above all others. He could not, he would not, love that woman, or acknowledge her as his parent ; but yet he felt it incumbent upon him to provide for her in her old age. He would not have her curse on his head—in case she were his mother. He would take upon himself the cultivation of the bit of land that had fallen to his father's lot, and see what he could make of it. As these ideas flitted through his mind, he stood, with folded arms, gazing through the solitary windows upon the bleak prospect without.

"How changed ! how changed !" mumbled the old woman, in a rambling way to herself. "No one will take him for a count now, with that dark brow, sulky look, and loutish bearing ; and yet my own handsome Pavel, I'll be bound, if I could but see his face ;" but Pavel resolutely kept his face averted.

"I have been very sick," she continued, "and could not go to see you, and then God deprived me of the use of my limbs ; but you never missed me, and I had then good sons to take care of me ; but I—I never forgot my last-born ; and though I have been pinched at times, and sorely tempted, I never parted, or dreamt of parting, with the only gift of my own flesh and blood, all count as he thou was."

She rose, and, with feeble steps, tottered over to her bed, which was surrounded with color prints of the family's patron saints ; a rude crucifix of wood and a *benitier* standing at its head and foot, and sundry branches of consecrated box, embowering a flaring image of the virgin over the crucifix. From some hidden nook behind the bed, the old woman brought out a broken cup, in which Pavel recognized the small gold buttons, a gift from the count, which he had brought on one occasion from Lemberg, the child having expressed a caprice for the then new fashion. These trinkets were the only objects that had floated across his way from the wreck of his fortunes. He snatched the cup from Jakubka's hand, and, holding it to the light, he gazed intently at the jewels. Each button was a small ruby, surrounded with filigree work. Light as that tracery had then been his thoughts—his hopes bright as those rubies—and, now !

"These buttons are mine !" he said, with impetuosity.

"So they are," answered the old woman ; "take them back, Pavel, if you like."

"I will find means to give you the equivalent," said he, grasping the treasure.

"Though why you should like to remember those people," she continued, "is more than I can understand. It is true I don't know much about fine writing, but it seems to me that there never was anything more touching than the petition got up by the Jew in your favor. I had it read out to me by a priest, without telling him for whom it was intended, and by whom addressed. Well, I presented it. It was one day when I knew the count had gone up to his mines—he sometimes visits them, though he never comes near the castle—the moment he saw me, he looked as black as thunder, and asked me what I wanted with him—were you dead ? I thought he looked as if he wished it." Pavel clenched his hand. "He took the paper, cast a hasty glance at it, then throwing it in my face, rode off with a curse."

Pavel's head fell on his breast. He had cherished a secret hope that this petition had never reached the count, or that some show of tenderness had accompanied its reception. But no ; spurned like a hound—how he hated that man ! His emotion was too deep for utterance. "He'll get no

more petitions from me to spurn," he mentally resolved, and resolved it in the bitterness of a wounded heart.

At Noah's, Pavel had heard a great deal of oppression, but never suffered from it; young as he was, he had now to feel it. The count's steward was by nature a grinding, harsh-tempered man, who had the double task to perform of presenting correct accounts to a master who was not easy to blind, and feathering his own nest. These two achievements demanded the greatest nicety of proceeding, and the sufferers were, of course, the serfs. If the terms of a peasant's tenure exacted two days' work in the week, then as surely would the steward require a third to be devoted to his own bit of land; and whatever advantages devolved on the peasants by right, he curtailed it by half. If a cottage required repair, or a case of peculiar distress occurred, it was noted down in his books, and set forth at a most extravagant rate; but the roof was not thatched, the relief was not afforded. Of those tithes that are paid in kind, a large portion found its way into his own yard and granary. His system was this:—If a man's tithe comprised two fowls at a certain season, it was an understood thing that he must deliver three, that the steward might have his share. Should the peasant neglect this precaution, he might make sure that the work allotted to him and his horses would try both man and cattle in such a manner, that the unlucky serf might consider himself fortunate if he could purchase forgiveness by the payment of an extra fowl, with, perhaps, the addition of a basket of eggs, or a measure of wheat and rye. If the peasant happened to keep on his own land one cow or horse more than was, by regulation, allotted to that piece of ground, the animal must either be given up, or the steward duly softened.

It was not long before Pavel became acquainted with this man. His independent bearing was evidently displeasing from the first; and the steward was not slow in manifesting symptoms of hostility. He was confirmed in this course by the count's having ordered him to keep a sharp look-out after the Jakubskas, which he interpreted into a token of dislike, and, therefore, set down the lone widow and her youthful son as legitimate objects of his malignity; and he showed it in a series of galling annoyances. Thus, free pasture on the castle lands for the widow's cattle being among the privileges granted by the late countess, Pavel one day permitted a favorite goat to stray into one of these paddocks. He was immediately summoned before the count's court of justice, and punished—slightly, indeed, for no extent of ill-will could construe this into a crime. On paying his periodical visits to the steward's house with his mother's tithes, he was invariably accused of having brought light weights, and forced to add greatly to what was really due; when it was his turn to work on his lords' lands, he never worked sufficiently—he had never done his task properly; and more was exacted from him than from any one else, though all were overtoiled, and knew themselves to be so.

Whenever wagon-loads of stone or wood had to be transported over heavy country by-roads, Pavel's horses were sure to be put in requisition; but if, as happened once or twice, an animal died in consequence of being over-labored, Pavel had no redress, nor could he get his beast replaced. On such occasions, however, he lamented the loss less than he was enraged at witnessing the sufferings of the poor animals, for which he ever had the greatest sympathy, and seeing them expire beneath a brutality which he could neither avert nor revenge; and when his over-burthened horses looked at him with the reproachful glances of human beings, and he was yet compelled to flog them on, his heart hardened towards mankind—no amount of human suffering could move him after that. "Man, at least," thought he, "might complain, might resist; but I—serf that I am—can I complain! can I resist! am I not as much in the thrall as these poor victims!" and he grew more insensible with injustice, his temper became fiercer, his thoughts darker.

There was nothing in his home to soften these impressions. Jakubaska, discontented, often beside herself with drink, always irritable, incapable of attending to her womanly duties, yielded him no comfort; but, by her loathsome presence and habits, added a sting to his wretchedness. She played her mean tricks even upon him. Often did he find his pockets rifled in the night of the very few pence they contained. Often when he had, by dint of the severest exertion and self-denial, laid by the tithe due to church or lord, would she dispose of the treasured-up debt in his absence, and leave him to settle it with the exacting steward and the count's justice as best he might. At first Pavel remonstrated—threatened to abandon her; but she laughed his threats to scorn. Thus there was not in the whole village a man more sober or hard-working, yet more frequently fined and punished, than Pavel. For now Pavel was a man. Ten long years had passed in this perpetual hopeless struggle with his destiny; still neither Jakubaska's vices nor the steward's persecutions diminished, nor did any change of feeling occur to turn the current of his afflictions. They settled down ever more gloomily on his spirit, and left at the bottom of his nature but one element, that of sullen despair.

It is not, however, to be supposed that discontent was restricted to Pavel. The whole estate, for fifteen years under the steward's rule, complained grievously; and forgetting altogether how often they had, under similar circumstances, complained of the count, they now longed for his presence among them.

At last, one morning in spring, the great event was announced—he was about to return. To say that the people rejoiced at the prospect of seeing him for his own sake, would be saying too much; affection so vivid as to inspire a sentiment of this kind towards their lords is not generally known to the Gallician peasantry; but there was a hope, a vague feeling, that now their rights, such as they

were, would be respected, and their situation somewhat bettered. They hailed the event, in short, as one likely to be productive of good.

To Pavel, it was fraught with a nameless, indescribable interest. He could not have shaped his confused hopes and sensations into form; but he had a presentiment as of some impending change. At any rate, he would be roused from the torpor in which his whole being was petrifying. Soon, indeed, wagons, laden with furniture, made their appearance slowly nearing the chateau; and, a few days later, the count followed alone, to prepare everything for the reception of his family. Now, for the first time since her death, the apartments of the late countess were thrown open. These the general determined to appropriate to his own use, and gave directions that another part of the mansion should be fitted up for his present wife.

About a week after his arrival, an elegant travelling carriage, preceding several others, was seen entering the estate, and rolling at great speed along the road leading to the mansion. The count's orders had been given that a village *fete* should be got up to celebrate the arrival of the mistress of Stanoiki. The peasants of the two chief villages, in the nearest of which Pavel resided, were, accordingly, decked out in their best attire, and with rifles, from which to send forth triumphant salutes; accompanied by little village maidens with baskets full of flowers and early violets, to strew upon the countess' path. They now stood drawn up to receive her on the lawn before the chateau, singing some old native song, in which the words *maminka* and *papinka gos podino* and *gos podina* (mother, father, lord and lady) figured *ad infinitum*.

There was, however, something like a blight upon the scene. The idea of alighting never seemed to occur to the countess; and her carriage, hermetically closed, looked, together with those that immediately followed it, like so many hearses drawn up in the midst of the rejoicing peasantry. The violets and primroses fell at the horses' feet, and were soon trampled beneath their hoofs. The weather was damp, and the rifles flashed in the pan; and the rich pure voices peculiar to the Slavonic race were accompanied by the croaking of frogs from the marshy banks of the river, where they were rejoicing in the first warmth of the year.

Whilst the physiognomy of the Slavonic peasant is distinguished by the peculiar type of the slave, extreme depression, and an apathy which borders on stolidity, the noble of those countries unites, with an undeniable grace and peculiarly aristocratic form, a harshness of aspect, and a *hauteur* which, coupled with the brutalized appearance of the lower orders, gives a key to the existence of the latter. The General Count Stanoiki, as he rode up to the carriage in which his wife sat, and took his stand beside it, had a look so cold, so abstracted from the scene, so unapproachable, that the peasants felt a chill at their hearts that increased the natural mournfulness of their voices. The chorus of welcome being finished, a few young girls, daugh-

ters of the most affluent inhabitants of the villages, drew near to offer nosegays to the countess; but the footmen took the flowers from their hands, and remitted them to his mistress. The children looked abashed. They had hoped and expected that the carriage-door would be opened, and a few kind words from their new mistress would have repaid the courtesy, but the door remained closed, and the veil that half hid the countess' face was not removed. The thin lace could not, however, conceal the movement of her hand, which raised a handkerchief to her lips in order to suppress a yawn.

The carriage then rolled into the castle-yard, and the peasantry were sent home till the evening, when their presence would be required for the framework of a rural *fete*.

The guests were shown their several apartments. The servants, all huddled together in the common room, immediately fell to upon what eatables they could find; and soon the so long silent house reëchoed to the unwonted sounds of animation. The count, his wife, and child, repaired to the room where first we saw Leon. Here nothing had been altered. The chamber was as naked and faded as of yore; the persons who occupied it alone were changed. The count was no longer in his prime as when last he stood there; the few years that had since elapsed seemed to have weighed him down. His tall figure was, indeed, erect as ever; but his head was bald, and the thin locks yet clinging to the temples were fast merging from gray into the silver tints. His bushy eyebrows and fierce mustachios were thickly grizzled; and his aquiline features had assumed an austere expression that repulsed all advances. The heart naturally closed before that aspect of utter abstraction.

His lady, though nearly thirty, scarcely seemed past twenty, so juvenile was her style of beauty. Of middle height and slender form, with eyes, hair, and skin, of the palest possible tints, with features which, though not strictly regular, were the most delicate imaginable, with lips well nigh as colorless as her cheek, the countess was one of those women for whom the words ethereal and sylph-like seem expressly invented, or who, more properly, may be said to have inspired them. She understood well the peculiarity of her style, and how to make the most of it; her hair surrounded her face in fleecy clouds, and her dress was ever of the lightest, most transparent materials. I know not if Lavater has illustrated the truth of the following remark; it is generally in this sort of nebula phantom that the hardest kernel may be found. A warm heart, and a lively fancy, like rich soils, develop a more abundant and highly colored vegetation; but beneath these spotless snows one may be pretty sure to discover, in the long run, a good, solid foundation of ice, and hard, sterile ground. Those who had no systems, and drew no foregone conclusions, might be divided, with respect to the countess, into two distinct classes: her inferiors, who, even at the first glance, felt an unutterable repulsion from her, and her equals, who strongly sus-

pected her mind to be of the same unearthly nature as her person. This difference was easy to understand. To the former, her half-closed eyes, which, it seemed, she could not take the trouble to open to their full extent to gaze on their worthlessness, the sneer of her curling lip, the impatience of her slightly-elevated eyebrows, conveyed an impression of such ineffable insolence, that more perfect features than hers would have been obscured by it. Among her equals her disdainful indolence vanished; her frigid grace was deemed purity, and her angel wings were clearly discernible. In *tête à tête* with her husband, her countenance had a third and no less marked expression; it was that of irrepressible ennui, which the difference in their age might explain, but could not justify.

Near the *fauteuil* on which his mother lay reclining, stood her son, now twelve years of age, with the same gray eyes, flaxen curls, and pallor, that distinguished his mother, but with features more irregular, and which want of strength and expression rendered utterly insignificant. It was a puny, sickly child, on whose faded, old-looking countenance might be traced the baneful effects of late hours and the atmosphere of crowded rooms. The child had remained the solitary fruit of their union, and was the heir of Stanoiki. Certainly the group bore little resemblance to that which had preceded it fifteen years before, yet there was one thing that was not changed—the heir of Stanoiki was as spoiled and as wilful as ever Leon had been.

"It is all very well," said the countess, languidly, endeavoring to suppress a yawn, "to visit this place *en passant*, but it is too much out of the way of my friends to spend here any length of time."

"It is my intention," said the general, "to devote the few next summers to my estate; I have too long neglected it."

"I always hated the place!" said the countess.

"How could you hate, my dearest Sophie, what you did not know?"

"Oh, because—that is the great drawback to marrying a widower—there is always a portion of his past life which does not belong to one. Now this place is so connected with your first wife and child, that I fancy their shadows are haunting every spot."

The words conjured up the image of a soft, pale female, and a hearty boy, which was as instantly repressed by the strength of the count's will, but his brow clouded over.

"You have the talent," he said, sharply, "ever to evoke disagreeable subjects."

"Disagreeable to me, I conceive," said the countess, "but to you, I should not have thought so."

"Your delicacy should have made you feel it," replied the count.

"I always told you I hated the idea of coming to Stanoiki," resumed the countess. The count shrugged his shoulders, and for a time returned no

answer; but as his wife remained silent, he said in a milder tone—

"It is necessary that my son should be known on his principal estate—that from which he will one day draw a considerable part of his fortune; and as you will never let him go anywhere without you——"

"I know my duty as a mother and a wife," interrupted the countess, drawing herself up primly. "If you go where I do not like to be, still I must follow—I am yet too young and too good-looking to spend my summers alone at a bath, or on one estate when you are at another."

"But I shall like to be here," said the boy—"I think there will be more pleasure in boating and riding, on the lake and about these grounds, than anywhere I have yet been."

"Well, Casimir, if you like it," said the mother, "it will be a comfort at least; but I can't fancy with what I shall amuse my guests!—drive them to the mines—boat down the river—*et puis après?*"

"Oh, you'll have scandal and cards here, as everywhere else," said the general.

The countess was about to cast on her husband one of her most vindictive glances, but one of the guests happening to enter the chamber at the moment, she exchanged it for one of welcome.

The general left the room, followed by Casimir.

"Where are the stables, papa? where is my pony? where is the boat you promised me?"

The count passed his hand over his brow as these accents, tinged with an infantine acidity, that reminded him but too well of the maternal ones, reached his ear. Similar requests, made in a franker, more joyous tone, still dwelt on his memory, and the figure of a bold, dark boy, shooting along the river alone in his boat, or scouring the grounds on his pony, flitted across his mind. But that child of his love was no more, though the child of the slave still existed. Recollections here crowded from all sides upon him. For fifteen years he had not had the courage to face them, and he felt it would yet be the work of time to disconnect the images of the past from that abode.

He had known but little of happiness since Vanda's death. Childless and wealthy, when his proposals had been accepted by a young creature who might have been his daughter, and whose brilliant advantages of person and fortune entitled her to make her own selection, he thought he had every reason to congratulate himself; nor had the warnings of a few, faithful old friends, as to the danger of wedding one so much his junior, been in any way justified by the sequel. The countess' behavior, as a wife, was beyond the breath of scandal. Not only virtue, but prudence and discretion had guided her every step. But if the count knew none of those heart-burning jealousies that are generally the lot of elderly husbands of young wives, yet his self-love gained but little on that score; for the countess made him feel, as well as the rest of the world, how admirable was her be-

havior, considering the very peculiar and delicate circumstances in which she was placed. The first time she stood prepared, radiant in her fairy beauty, all gauze and gossamer, with her *marabout* boamling with a cloud of fair hair, to be taken by him to a court-ball at Vienna, he felt a pride in his new bauble, such as he had not experienced since the sun of his emperor had blazed forth in glory. But pride gave way to mortification when, putting her child-like hand in his broad palm, she said, in her peculiarly low, yet acidulated accents—"Now mind, my dear general, our position is exceptional, so must our manners be—you must be doubly careful of me, and I shall be more reserved than other women, for no one can suspect me of a romantic attachment to you."

"It need not be romantic," said the general, in a tone of pique, "but still——"

"Still," said the countess, "my part will be a very difficult one just at first, till the world understands me thoroughly, and gets accustomed to the immense disparity of our years."

"I," said the general, with a reddening brow, "I shall never condescend to play the jealous husband."

"I don't ask you—it would be wearisome—be kind and fatherly, that is all I demand."

That night the arrow entered the general's heart, and had rankled there ever since. He perceived plainly, and so did the world, that he was not loved—that he was as much alone in his second marriage as he would have been had he remained a widower. The countess lived beside him, but not with him. Their pursuits, their amusements, their likings and dislikings, their joys and their griefs, had nothing in common. The count, an old trooper of the "grand army," hated the Jesuits. The countess, of a family devoted to them, lived and breathed but through their counsels. In his faults, as in his virtues, the count was reserved, but not false: the countess was a finished actress, and her husband at last came to the opinion that her manifold virtues were all but so many stage effects. Beneath the coldness of the count's air lay concealed passion; but the countess had not a fibre in her whole system which it was in the power of man to move. An inflexible will—an indomitable pride—an unbounded self-esteem, were the qualities enshrined within that fragile casket; their hearts, parted from the first, were like two parallel lines running on; they never met by the way. But here, at Stanoiiki, the count had known true happiness. Vanda had gilded years of felicity on this spot; and never had his regrets, no, not even in the first hour of bereavement, been so poignant as now, when experience had taught him how ir retrievable was his loss.

While he was thus musing, the countess and her female friend were discussing the general; not that she was one of those vulgar women who are in the habit of complaining of, or making formal accusations against, the man whose name they bear, to a third party; she was altogether above that.

"The general looks moved, my dear," observed her friend.

"This place, you know," said the countess, "is so fraught with tender reminiscences—such a romantic story, too—cousins—an attachment of early youth—all that sort of thing—one must make allowances; it quite overcomes him. I assure you I feel for him—it is so natural. Of course he has no longer that affection to offer me which, after all, one must be fair, belongs but to one period of life."

"But you—so young, with your warm heart!"

"Oh, I—I have such a perfect esteem for the general. He is, too, the father of my beloved Casimir. A romantic, silly girl might not like always having the remembrance of another rising between her and her husband, but you know with me it is so different."

"Your angelic temper makes you bear anything, my dear."

"We cannot expect unalloyed delight on this earth—we should not even desire it."

Other guests now assembling in the *salon* prevented the countess from gratifying her patient listener with more of those wise saws and pious maxims which, when forming, as they did with this lady, the ground-work of conversation, are neither amusing, edifying, nor sincere. One sentiment alone seemed genuine—her almost idolatry of her son. The affection could only be surpassed by the injudiciousness of its application. Cloyed with sweetmeats and *blasé* with toys from his cradle, ever present at the countess' late *soirées*, his education neglected—for no tutor could be found so thoroughly deprived of hope and resources as to remain for any length of time with this hopeful scion—his every wish gratified, no one on the establishment daring to venture upon the slightest opposition to his desires, and the Josephinka of his mother, who had replaced the Countess Vanda's Seraphinka, being proportionably humble and slavish as the rule she lived under was exacting, rendered fretful and irritable by the mismanagement of his stomach and disposition, Casimir was an embryo tyrant, whom even his mother was glad to obey. She had indeed managed to instruct him in the first rudiments of reading and writing, but there seemed but little prospect of his ever turning this instruction to good account. There was, it is true, no danger of his perusing light books—the countess eschewing French novels as she eschewed plays, operas, and ballets, on account of their immoral tendency—but as often happens in such cases, the boy read not at all. The history of the Dukes of Burgundy, by Barante, lay open on the countess' table, always presenting the same page to view, for eleven successive years, and her son had a Buffon *des enfans* which seemed likely to do him similar service in time.

We said that the countess had but one affection in her heart, but one tie in life. This was, however, doing the lady injustice. She was a zealous patriot, and would have sacrificed for Poland, as an abstract idea, even the fortune of her child.

Perhaps this feeling was too absorbing to allow others of a less pure nature to stand beside it, and had consequently raised her above ordinary temptations. In her country's cause she had already, as we have seen, lost a brother who, having succeeded to large estates in Russian-Poland, one day disappeared, no clue to his fate having ever been obtained. Whether he had fled to distant countries, as was his intention, and perhaps died in his exile, or perished by the hand of an unknown assassin, was what no one had been able to ascertain; and the countess, who inherited after him, had felt and exhibited on this occasion a sorrow which, considering the general tenor of her character, her husband might be excused for secretly suspecting to be greatly exaggerated. She had, however, neglected no means of procuring intelligence of his fate; hitherto these efforts had been fruitless, and except herself, no one indulged the belief that he was yet on earth.

The evening *fete* went off badly. The peasantry were awkward from want of habit in that sort of thing. The ladies were tired, the lamps burned dimly, and the crackers would not explode. Every one said that it was a failure, which the countess, of course, attributed to Vanda's spirit, and her husband's *maladresse*, and the guests went to bed with a dim consciousness that this estate was rather far from Lemberg for amusement.

Pavel had affected illness to avoid going near the castle, but he was now ordered, with one or two more, to work in the gardens. Never had he approached those precincts since he had last been there with the Countess Vanda. During the many years he had spent on the domain, he had uniformly avoided the premises. With what feelings did he now approach them! In spite of the insensibility in which he had endeavored to steep his soul, at sight of those well-remembered parterres, a flood of recollections crowded in upon him. In those broad alleys he had walked with his gentle protectress—in that shady bower he had sat, with scarce controlled impatience, listening to her tender words—he was then the future lord of those grounds upon which he was now called to labor as a serf. The master and mistress never made their appearance in the garden, but Casimir constantly crossed his path. The first time Pavel set eyes on this usurper, as he deemed him, of what fate had intended to be his lot, his emotion was so great that he was obliged, on pretext of indisposition, to leave the place. But in time, whether there was something in Pavel that roused his latent love of teasing, or he found his services agreeable, Casimir seemed to take a fancy to him—he was ever having him called. The very sound of the boy's imperative voice, the sight of the scornful countenance he had inherited from his mother, made Pavel's heart beat. Should he, a man in his full strength and power, obey the beck of that child's hand—be ordered about by his querulous tones!—he would rather work in the mines, and labor for his master all the days of the week!—to be ever at that boy's disposal, now to boat him down the river—for there was no other

boatman so bold and safe as Pavel—now to run after his pony, and satisfy his many caprices, was gall and wormwood—it was gall and wormwood to see him riding about the grounds as he once rode, spending his time roaming as he once roamed, and treated with more servile respect than he had been treated withal. Pavel's dark looks and sulky bearing seemed to give zest to the child's tyrannic humor. He found a sort of charm in this tacit opposition. Though too young to read aright the play of the features, he instinctively felt he was tormenting, and like all children too much left to themselves and their own whims, he was not insensible to the pleasure resulting from the consciousness of power. Yet sometimes there was that in Pavel's look which would check the boy in the very height of his enjoyment, and a monitor in his breast told him he had gone far enough for that day.

One morning, the count, accompanied by his wife, and many of his guests, chanced to ride over a field on which, it being *robot* day, the peasants were at work. A little apart from the rest, in a fit of abstraction, his squire lying beside him, his arms folded on his chest, a large straw-hat shading his face, stood a young man, in whose attitude and picturesque negligence of costume there was but little of the serf. His striking person and countenance drew all eyes involuntarily upon him. The count looked at him with a vague interest; and turning to the bailiff, who had come up when the party halted, and cutting short a long story with which that personage was favoring him, abruptly inquired the name of the youth.

"Pavel Jakubski, excellency," was the answer—"the most dangerous-tempered man on the whole estate."

At that moment their eyes met. Pavel's were filled with melancholy reproach. The count could not repress a start—could not conquer himself so far as to withdraw his gaze instantly; and his eyes fell before the peasant's steady look. To conceal his agitation, or perhaps in consequence of it, he looked fiercer than usual; and feeling that he must not appear to quail before one of his serfs, cast upon Pavel a glance of uncompromising severity, then turned away without a word.

"What a handsome brigand!" exclaimed a young lady who rode near the countess, in tones so unmeasured that they reached Pavel's ears.

"My dear," said the countess, with the air of mild virtuous reproof in which she loved to indulge, "people of this sort are below the notice of ladies like us."

"Oh, that dark fellow!" put in Casimir, "you cannot think, mamma, how I hate him. He is always so reluctant to do anything for me, I am obliged to compel him; and he always seems as if he were about to say something impertinent."

"I should think there is no one bold enough on this estate to brave its future lord," replied the lady. "General, this must be looked to."

"What must be looked to?" said the general, somewhat abruptly.

"That young peasant you were just now ob-

serving does not, it seems, show Count Casimir proper respect."

"And what has Casimir to do with that peasant?"

"How strange and absent you are, general! How should I know!—he probably amuses himself."

"Well, then, I forbid you, sir, ever to amuse yourself with that man—do you hear? If you disobey me, and I discover it, you may depend upon being sent immediately to the gymnase of the nearest town;" and the count rode forward.

"Military men," said the countess, with a slight shrug, "have such strange manners and fancies! The idea of sending Casimir to a gymnase—to a common school!—now many people, not knowing him, might imagine from such a speech that he is actually brutal, whereas it is no such a thing. The worst that can be said of the count is, that, at such a time of life, one has no delicacy of sentiment—the keen edge of sensibility has been worn off by friction with the world. The only drawback to marriage," she added, turning to her younger guests, "is the roughness of man's mind compared to our own refinement. This I feel more than another, perhaps, who am gifted with such extreme sensibility. As if I could live without my Casimir! Is not the taking him from my sight striking me blind? why not at once deprive me of ears, if I am no longer to hear his voice?"

The angel wings were fast spreading at her back when the tenderest of mothers was awkwardly interrupted by a rough, fat, old German baroness, whose thirty-two quarterings seemed to croak in her guttural accents as she exclaimed:—

"Bah! *machère*, is that the way you bring up boys to be men in Poland—tying them to their mothers' apron-strings? His majesty the emperor has been kind enough to take six of mine successively, and yet I am not aware that my sight or hearing were ever affected by the fact, and you should see what proper men they are—perfect giants, my dear. Now poor little Casimir is so delicate——"

"Oh," said the countess, with affected *bonhomie*, and half-closed eyes, "of course, my child could scarce be expected to resemble yours. I know," she continued, turning to her Polish friends, "I am a foolish mother; but if I cannot say, with the Roman matron 'here are my jewels,' I can at least say with all sincerity, there is my only treasure."

"You are building something there," said one of the ladies. "What may it be?"

"Oh, something about the count's late wife; I don't know—of course, I am too delicate to inquire. His heart is in the past," she added, with a deep sigh, and upturned eyes. "I understand the late countess was so charming—so beautiful—it is natural that he should never have got over his loss."

"It seems to me I should be consoled for every-

thing in his case," said one of the gentlemen, gallantly.

The countess turned on him the most virtuous of glances, and again the glory seemed to shine around her head. When, however, she reentered the chateau, and was alone in her boudoir with the unhappy Josephinka, who had felt the angel's talons oftener than she had seen her wings, the countess inquired, in somewhat harsh tones, if she knew anything of Jakubski, or had ever heard the name. Josephinka had not. She must be very stupid, considering the time she had been at the castle. Josephinka did not defend herself. The countess felt nervous and irritable. Josephinka had an unfortunate way, when agitated, of losing her head completely; and that morning, in her trepidation, went the length of leaving her mistress with a walking-boot on one foot, and a satin shoe on the other, a delinquency which was only discovered as the countess was about to adjourn to the *salon*. This was too much. The unlucky abigail's attention was called to the error she had been guilty of; and, to the no small amusement of Casimir, her cheek was made acquainted with the sole of the said slipper.

When the angel entered the drawing-room, however, not one feather of her wings was ruffled; and there were few men more envied by the male portion of the assembly than the happy possessor of so much sweetness. As the general entered the apartment, his eye was attracted by a letter, or, more correctly speaking, a petition—for there was no mistaking the manner in which it was folded and directed—that lay, conspicuously, among many more elegant and far-travelled epistles upon the table. Hastily snatching it up, he thrust it into the breast-pocket of his coat.

"Ladislas," said the countess, in a coaxing voice—for the room was full—"you know the petitions belong to me by right—they are the only secrets of yours I wish to surprise; but really you have done so much for your estate, and I am so little known here as yet, that my own egotism prompts me to demand admittance into your counsels on such occasions."

"Later—later," said the count, hurriedly.

"Later means never," replied the lady.

"Well, then, never!" exclaimed her husband, abruptly, and, rising, he left the room.

The guests looked at each other. The general was a well-meaning, but rough man; thus might the glances be construed.

The count retired to his own chamber, and sat at his desk, with the paper unfolded before him. Neither the style, the hand-writing, nor the orthography were perfect; yet all were superior to what might have been expected from a person whose education had been neglected; nor was the letter couched in terms that betrayed a vulgar mind. It was an appeal of Pavel's. He represented how he had, in every respect, conformed to the general's desires—how he had never alluded, nor would even now allude, to the past; but that

day's meeting had shown that the count could not wash it out of his memory. Why not spare a being who had never offended, the consciousness of being hated? Why not spare himself so detestable a sight? Why not give him (Pavel) the means—the only boon he had ever asked—not pecuniary, but legal, of quitting the domain—liberty to sell the small property which had devolved upon him? This was all he would ever demand. He had been refused education—been refused every chance of bettering his moral condition—all he now asked was the power, not of making himself happier, but of suffering less. "Descend into your heart," were the concluding words—"consult your own conscience, and then deny me this request if you can."

The count, crushing the letter in his hand to a ball, flung it among his waste papers, then ringing the bell, ordered his steward to be called.

"Duski," he said, "let the youth you pointed out to me this morning know that he is to send no more petitions here."

"Has he had the insolence?"

"That's no concern of yours—have the goodness to do my errand without comment."

Duski retired with a deep obeisance.

"Wretched boy!" murmured the count, as the door closed; and the rest of the day he was more morose than ever. When he entered the countess' boudoir, he held an open letter in his hand—she was alone with Casimir.

"Well, Sophie," he said, "here is a petition that chiefly concerns you. It from the daughter of an officer in your father's regiment—a Pole—a gentleman—at least so she says. She wishes her father, who has lost his reason, in consequence of a brain fever, to be placed in the lunatic asylum at Lemberg, and her brother at the free school, her work being by no means adequate to their care and maintenance."

"Oh, I'll send her a few florins," said the countess, negligently.

"But, my dear, she does not ask florins—she represents herself to be the daughter of a gentleman. It is our interest, our protection, that she desires. She says she is obliged to pay guardians night and day for her father, and the boy grows up wild for want of proper training."

"Nonsense!" said the countess, pettishly—"what do poor people want with education?—when one has no money, one makes oneself a footman; and as to the father, it wants no interest to get him into the hospital."

"Well, my dear Sophie, you know best what answer to make to your own petitioners: but it seems to me that you ought to bring your professions and your practice into more harmony."

"My dear general, there are very few ladies, I believe, so widely known as myself for their unsparring exertions in favor of the poor."

"Ay," said the general, "you fine ladies have a way of your own in such matters. So long as your charity can vent itself in bazaars, where you

hold the stalls, in balls, in private theatricals, in lotteries, there are none more charitable than yourselves. You don't dislike going begging for the poor from house to house, with the rarest veils on your heads; but as to unseen, unknown charity—as to obliging where the obligation bears no echo—Well, vanity, thy name is 'woman.'"

"Of course," said the countess, "you have a type in your remembrance to whose perfection I cannot pretend to aspire."

The count was fairly silenced, and, as usual on such occasions, beat a hasty retreat.

The steward was triumphant. He had received two commissions for Pavel, which he was fully aware would chafe his high spirit to the uttermost, and which he, of course, determined to execute in a manner most likely to produce that effect. The countess, to spare her beloved Casimir any chance of collision with the paternal will, which she knew to be as inflexible as her son's stubbornness was unconquerable, had held an interview with Duski, in which she had commissioned him to forbid the young peasant Jakubski the approach to the chateau, or its immediate vicinity, so long as the family should be on the estate. No reason for this contemptuous treatment did she assign. The steward transmitted the command of his master and mistress in a manner which seemed to make them both emanate from the former. Pavel listened with suppressed passion.

"The count is right," he said at length, with a bitter laugh—"quite right."

"Do these words imply a threat against our lord?" said Duski; but Pavel turned his back upon him, and left the hut.

"A bad son, a bad son," said old Jakubeka, from her corner—"a bad everything. You can't think what I have to suffer from Pavel. He lays my food before me as one does before the brutes—he never opens his mind to me on any subject, and hardly ever speaks to me at all."

"Ay," said the steward, "he is a discontented, disaffected soul—we have our eye on him—he'll bring himself and you into trouble one day—but it's all your own fault. Why did you, against the express command of our lord, get him taught reading and writing? And then a precious example he has had in you, mother Jakubeka—if you could see yourself with your watery eyes!"

"It's weeping over my son that does it—I shall go blind with sorrow before long."

"Ay, sorrow and brandy," said the steward. He was about to depart, but a sudden thought arrested his footsteps. "He, doubtless, takes from you the pension my lord allows you!"

"That," the old woman said, shaking her head, "would be nothing; but never a word of comfort can be got out of him—never a word, good, bad, or indifferent; and nobody," continued the gossip, "will come near me, and my limbs are too weak and too stiff now to carry me far, so that I am but a poor, lone body, abandoned like a dog in his kennel—if it was n't for the drop of brandy that you

“speak of, master Duski, how could I ever keep my heart up?”

The steward treasured in his memory that portion of the widow's complaints which suited his own views. Indeed, he had only listened to them in order to extract from her something that might prove prejudicial to the object of his enmity. Nothing could be more groundless than the old woman's malicious insinuations. Far from losing anything by Pavel, to which she had a claim, she continually drained his own resources; but she had tact enough to perceive the version of the story which was most pleasing to the steward.

A few days later, Duski was again in the count's presence, with a large book under his arm, the domain register, on whose pages were noted down, in categorical order, the names of the vassals, and various details concerning them and their families, as well as the exact allotment of each, and a specification of the tithes, charges, and feudal services belonging to its tenure. Then followed observations on the more or less regularity of performance, a black cross marking the names of those who had attempted to pass off light weights of corn, grumbled at lending their cattle, or kept more than their lawful number, by which means they could lend their master their worst teams, and keep their best for their own use. There were, too, notices on the general character and behavior of the several families, of course more or less favorable, according to the number and value of each peasant's voluntary contributions to the steward.

The count, after looking over the most recent annotations, turned hastily the pages, as if in search of a name which he could not immediately find; at last, losing patience, he said hurriedly—

“And that young man—that Jakubski—what of him?—what sort of character does he bear in the village?”

“The very worst, my lord. He ill-treats the poor, old, bed-ridden woman, his mother, and takes from her all the money your grace has been so good as to allow her. Moreover, he is averse to the discharge of his duties—it is next to impossible to extract the dues from him. He is a sulky, ill-tempered man—it could scarce be otherwise, son of such an old drunkard as his mother.”

A shade of pain passed over the count's countenance.

“If I might humbly venture to suggest,” continued the steward, “that woman wants no pension now—her son can manage the land his father and brothers left. When the late countess granted it,

her family was numerous and young—there are many on the estate more deserving—”

“Not another word, Duski,” interrupted the count, severely; “look to it that the pension be paid regularly, and in full.”

“I believe,” mentally ejaculated the steward, “that if the late countess had chosen to dispose of Stanoiki by will to an utter stranger, the count would yield possession. Well, I don't understand great folks—he looks pretty sharp after his money, too, on ordinary occasions, and clips my reckonings close enough, and he is not ashamed to lavish it on those worthless people.”

From that day forth, Pavel did not darken the precincts of the castle; but the young count's pleasure in his future domains was much curtailed, by not having the savage-looking peasant to torment, and watch the effect of his dawning tyranny in his physiognomy. The visitors soon wearied of the monotony of the place, and departed, leaving the house more empty and more silent, much to the relief of the general, but greatly to the chagrin of his wife. At last autumn came, and with it a pretext for departure; for the countess could never spend a winter away from the capital; and her husband, seeming to take no more pleasure in a *tête-à-tête* than herself, made no objection to the plan of removing to Lemberg.

The peasantry felt no regret when the travelling carriages were seen undergoing preparations for the journey. Their master had fulfilled none of their expectations; and they accused themselves of folly in ever having entertained them. They gazed in gloomy silence on the chariot containing the count and countess, each leaning back in a corner, their son sitting between them, as it rolled away from the chateau, followed by several britzkas with their suite. The countess affected to sleep, to avoid being troubled with her husband's conversation, who, however, was wrapt in thought, whilst Casimir was assiduously emptying a large paper of bonbons, with which, despite the general's desires in that respect, his mother never failed to gratify her beloved Casimir.

This journey, how little satisfactory soever it might be to any of the parties concerned, was, to the great vexation of the countess in particular, to be frequently repeated; but, as she said to some of her most intimate friends, “Every one in this world has a cross to bear;” a favorite expression with many people who hardly know what it is to have a cross in life.

[GED'S INVENTION OF BLOCK-PRINTING.]

The Monthly Review for February, 1782, contains a brief article on the “Biographical Memoirs of William Ged, including a particular account of his progress in the art of block-printing.” “We have here,” it says, “some authentic documents of an ingenious though unsuccessful invention, and some fugitive memoirs of the inventor and his family. Mr. Ged's scheme for block-printing, with his execution of the specimen which he produced, were certainly curious; but had his invention been found

in all respects superior to the method of printing by single types, we cannot suppose that it would have proved unsuccessful. Sufficient trial was made, and though perhaps some unfair practices were chargeable on certain persons who were interested in opposing or undermining Mr. Ged's undertaking, yet both our universities and private printers seem to be nothing loath in consigning not only the artist, but his performances, to that oblivion from which these Memoirs are designed to rescue them.”

From the Spectator, of 8 Sept.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

DOCTRINE floats upon the uncertain waters of language, and cannot but share in its fluctuations as the stream grows broader and more open to the winds of thought; but there are things more steadfast than doctrine. The spectator of the world's life, through the last two generations, cannot fail to derive consolation and support under every doubt from observing the remarkable train of phenomena in the matter of ecclesiastical affairs. We are not now considering any theological doctrines, their nature and merits—which is indeed a function that we uniformly disclaim; but we are simply reviewing the relation of such matters to the external world, intellectual and material. We observe that, while controversy has not at all relaxed in its activity, it has lost much of its malignancy, on all sides; as if men, through all their dissensions, more firmly united in the faith that with the development of human faculties must come a more enlightened and a more worthy conception of the divine powers that rule the universe. Whatever may be the merit of doctrines now severally advocated, we believe it is impossible to deny these striking facts—that zeal, though not less zealous, is less intolerant; that orthodoxy is less supercilious, dissent less oppugnant, inquiry less presumptuous; to a great extent bigotry has laid aside its malignancy, and free-thinking of the freest kind is no longer blank scepticism. In every distraction of council, through every change of doubt, a more reverential and trusting recognition of eternal influences is apparent; and at the same time, even the highest representatives of orthodoxy are awakened to a remembrance that authority may be graced and strengthened by beneficence; which is indeed to the simple and ignorant the highest and most intelligible manifestation of authority. There can be no question that the Church of England has lost an immense amount of influence, for extending its moral authority and for strengthening its own position, by neglecting its office as the adviser and helper of the poor, the ignorant, and the helpless; an office performed by every church that zealously and intelligently seeks its own enlargement.

A new spirit, however, is awakening. Lord Ashley has avowedly been animated in his benevolent exertions among helpless and proscribed classes by a spirit of piety, and has evidently extorted a respect for that spirit which would have been very generally denied to its mere dogmatic assertion. Within the church itself, we have noticed the labors of such men as the late incumbent of St. Matthias, Bethnal Green; and the sequel, the events that have occurred since our notice of "The Poor Man's Pic-nic," have been not less interesting. The Reverend Joseph Brown is, we believe, held by the highest authorities to be unexceptionable in his ministry; however, that by which he has been distinguished is not doctrinal force of utterance or polemical vigor, but his enlarged conception of the office of a pastor as

the adviser and helper of his flock, by his acuteness in fulfilling that office actively and efficiently, and by his untiring zeal, which no worldly interest or failing health could abate. His promotion to the rectory of Christ Church in Southwark, by the Bishop of Winchester, is an example which can scarcely fail to animate others. Again, in asking Mr. Brown to name a successor for Bethnal Green, who should be able to continue the ministry in a similar spirit, the Bishop of London has given a high authoritative sanction to the same view, from a quarter in which many would have been very unwilling to look for it.

Meanwhile, controversy and doctrinal warfare go on, not interrupted, though elevated and perhaps sweetened, by this sort of spiritual chivalry, which recognizes a broad truth denied by none but a very debased and perverted ignorance—that active beneficence cannot be oppugnant to truth nor uncongenial to divine will.

TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

THE following lively sketch of a short journey in the Italian States, is extracted from a letter of "our own correspondent" in the London Times:

Naples, August 18.

I reached the office of the *malle poste* (in Rome) at 5 o'clock in the afternoon precisely, and as I had been told that the arrangements were of the most positive nature, and that as the clock struck the coach would start, I had been fully employed—newspaper correspondents ever are—up to the last moment, and even abandoned an excellent outlet, on "time" being called; but I might have saved all this bustle, for when I arrived the coach was quietly in the *remise*, the horses busy with their last feed of barley, and the courier taking his siesta. The only persons I saw employed were a priest, and a clerk of the post-office, who appeared to entertain a most confidential communication.

The courier and the clerk looked hard at the stranger, and seemed to have a design on him. I paid no attention to what they said, until both opening a double battery at once explained that my consent was required to robbing the administration, and at the same time suffocating myself by admitting two extra fares. To this I stoutly demurred; but when asked in the name of God and of religion not to separate three sisters of charity, who had been ordered by their superior to proceed to Naples, how could I hold out? I insisted, however, on the exclusion of the extra gentleman; and thus it was settled that in this bonnet-box of a *malle poste* were to be packed five instead of four—namely, the courier, myself, and the three sisters. I hope they are not fat, I inwardly exclaimed; as yet we had seen nothing of them, the thing being so well managed to avoid the inspector's eyes that the screw was to be put on outside the gates. There, true enough, were the priest and the three good women in waiting; two monsters of obesity, and the third a sweet pretty creature of eighteen, with a shape like a poplar tree, and a pair of dark eyes never intended by nature for a nunnery. Fortunately the two stout ladies occupied one seat, and the novice sat between me and the courier, for the first time in her life having been so close to two men, and for the first time having embarked on so long an excursion.

I never met such simple-minded, good creatures,

in my life; models of neatness and propriety in mind and person, innocent and cheerful as lambs, and nothing starched about them, save their nicely-folded snow-white bands and tuckers. The guard told them how well I had behaved, and they were predisposed in my favor, particularly when they saw a sleek, portly, well-fed personage, such as "our own correspondent" ever should be, and I gained at once their good-will and unbounded confidence. I took care that my traveller's stories should be worthy of their ears; and when I told them of my campaigns, and how I got lodgings on the banks of the Mincio, by persuading an old lady that she was secretly beloved by Charles Albert, and a bed at the French camp by representing myself as Pio Nono in disguise—how I had tamed the wild Indians in Mexico, and converted the harem at Constantinople, they were struck with astonishment, and absolutely loved me for the "danger" I had passed. The great object of their curiosity was to ascertain who I was, and on what business I was going to Naples and Gaeta. On that head I was tormented in a manner worthy of the Inquisition, and the novice declared she would close her dark eyes, and not let me see them again during the whole journey, unless I told the truth.

Thus entreated I could no longer refuse, and with strict injunctions to secrecy, admitted I was the Archbishop of California, travelling *incognito*, and only known, when it was necessary I should be known, as Fra Gerolimo. This frank avowal won their entire confidence. The two stout ladies would have smothered me, and sweet sister Agatha was melting with affection. No wonder, the weather was at tallow heat, and we were five in the *malle poste*. I not only gave mine, but I won their full confidence, and I found that the two fat souls had spent their whole time in visiting hospitals, and waiting on the sick. As to the young thing, she had been locked up in a convent at Tivoli for the last six years, and she was now going to be immured at Naples for the rest of her blessed life, or at least until the beauty of her shape was gone, and the lustre of her dark eye faded. I had a long conversation with her, as the two older sisters dropped in sleep their double chins in their ample white bosomkerchiefs; and I can say that a sweeter, gentler, or more angelic victim was never offered on the altar of good works, than the resigned and beautiful Agatha.

Thus we travelled on, the fat sisters buried in sleep—the courier making the most of his time in the same manner—and no one awake and talking but the novice and myself, until we arrived at the stage between Albano and Velletri, and were told that the up mail had been robbed and the passengers ill-treated. What an alarm was now in our little camp, and how did the stout frame of Fra Gerolimo advance in value! The fat nuns wished to throw themselves into my arms, and Agatha nestled close to my side in the full confidence of artless friendship. The robbers had quarrelled among themselves. One was murdered by the knives of his companions, and as his body was found, suspicion was directed against others seen in his company, against whom the police were in full pursuit. I calmed my dovecoat by showing that as the police were on the roads, all other robbers would take care to be out of the way, and that it was not probable the mail would be plundered twice in the same day. The courier took the same line of argument, and with our joint aid, and of a *vinagrette*, which sister Martha, who was given to

nervousness, carried about her, order was restored. The fat sisters blubbered, the novice trembled. Fra Gerolimo came off with flying colors, and though the dear ladies slept no more, and each in turn would mistake a distant tree for a robber, the night passed over tolerably well, until we passed the Pontine Marshes, and daylight appeared to guide us to Terracina. Then we took leave of the Roman States, and at a short distance further on, we halted before a sentimental gateway which marks the Neapolitan frontier.

We were all paraded before the gate, while an inspector from the board of health was satisfying himself that we had no cholera about us, and inquiring most particularly how long it was since we had quitted England. Receiving to all questions very satisfactory replies, the word "*avanti*" was heard, and forward we went, the courier taking the lead, the sisters of charity in line, and "our own" bringing up the rear. Thence we went on to Fondi, where is the frontier custom-house, and as I was the bearer of despatches for a northern court, I was treated with profound respect, and neither was my luggage nor that of the sisters examined. As the Neapolitan *malle poste* takes but one passenger, my three companions had to be removed to another carriage. The Fra and his sisters parted perhaps never to meet again. How we did shake hands!

THE GREAT SUGAR DISCOVERY.

WE had occasion, some days ago, to translate from the *Courrier des Etats Unis* a brief account of a great discovery by M. Melsens, a Belgian chemist, of a process by which he could, almost at once, extract the saccharine matter—or, in other words, precipitate the sugar—from the juices of the beet root and sugar-cane; expressing some doubt whether "a pinch of the marvellous substance," which M. Melsens was said to employ, could produce such an extraordinary result.

The *Journal des Debats*, last received, states that the discovery continues to occupy all minds, not only in France, but wherever the production of sugar is of importance. The results upon a grand scale, in one of the principal factories in Belgium, during the past season, have justified fully, it is said, the scientific deductions and experiments of the laboratory.

At Paris, the experiments ordered by government appear to have been not less conclusive. Two commissioners of the Belgian government, Messrs. Paul Claes and J. T. Stas, charged to inspect them, in stating the result in their official report, give the following summary—which, we must say, is not altogether of the most lucid character.

1st. The process of M. Melsens, when introduced, will constitute an entire change in the manufacture of sugar, both from the cane and the beet.

2d. It will permit the extraction of 33 per cent. more sugar from the beet root than is generally obtained at this time in most of our factories.

3d. It permits the employment of means of such a character that the yield of the sugar-cane may be doubled.

4th. It will furnish sugars of superior qualities, both as regards whiteness and flavor.

5th. The chemical agent, which is the base of the new process, has no noxious qualities.

6th. This chemical agent takes the place of expensive and complicated apparatus.

7th. The manufacture of sugar from the cane and the beet root will be so simplified that the alterations which are requisite need not be feared.

8th. Every manufacturer can, without making great changes in his establishment, apply the process immediately.

9th. The cost of production will be considerably diminished.

The Belgian government takes the matter all at once to heart, and the minister of the interior, M. Rogier, has made it the subject of a special report to the king. The report is too long to be translated for our columns, but in it the minister speaks in high terms of the discovery, and mentions that the approaching harvest of the beet root will permit experiments to be made in a proper manner. He suggests that a special commission be organized to state the results of the experiments, and requests that the decoration of the order of Leopold be given to M. Melsens.

The *Moniteur Belge* subsequently announces that the special commission has been ordered, and the nomination made of the chemist to the grade of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

These proceedings look as if there were more in the discovery than we were inclined to suppose. The sugar planters of Louisiana will be very anxious for the publication of M. Melsens' secret; which cannot but prove of interest even to our maple sugar boilers in the north.—*N. American.*

From the N. Y. Nation, 1 Sept.

CLERICAL COMBINATIONS AGAINST THE PRESS.

TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC:

Nation Office, 121 Fulton-street, }
New York, August 28, 1849. }

In Paris, the press is persecuted in the name of "law and order;" in Petersburg, it is excluded as an open enemy; in Rome, it is silenced in the name of religion; in Dublin, it is suspended for "the security of the crown." Where can freedom of speech and writing find a refuge, if not in these United States?

But even here it is sometimes subject to one species of interference—the interference of a selfish combination, a corporate conspiracy, which, if less summary, is not less successful in its attempts to stifle opinion and punish independence. An instance of this method of violating the liberty of the press is now submitted to the American public; in whose power it is to make it the last, as it is probably the worst, experiment of the kind, hitherto attempted here.

A short statement of the facts in this case will enable all men to judge whether it does not call for a prompt verdict of public condemnation.

On the 26th of October, 1848, I commenced the publication of a weekly newspaper in New York, called *The Nation*, "to be devoted to Ireland and her emigrants, and the European democracies." From the first number, it had to deal with the causes of the degeneracy and destruction of the Irish in Ireland, with the intellectual and social condition of the emigrant Irish in America, and with European questions, such as have arisen in France and Germany, and of late, especially with the Roman business.

In relation to Ireland, *The Nation* was the first journal, owned and edited by a Catholic, which charged the horrors endured by human nature in that island equally on its clerical politicians and its foreign rulers.

To the emigrants in this country we devoted a fixed department, explained by its motto—"Educate, that you may be free." We told them their faults in the plainest language. We showed that they were "tools" in society, "units" in political influence, and "the dung" instead of "the seed" of the American Catholic Church. We preached to them "a wise selfishness," "temperance, cleanliness, and frugality;" we exhorted each man to own his own house, and his own opinions.

In relation to Rome, we advocated the republic, vindicated the Triumvirs, opposed the collection of Peter's Pence, and urged the total separation of the temporal from the spiritual power.

These were new ideas in our Irish community but many were prepared for their reception. We have the satisfaction to know, that in each town, state and territory, throughout North America, some Irishmen have received, advanced, and manfully upheld them.

But it cannot, ought not, to be concealed, that a wide-spread and powerful influence has been organized to stifle these opinions in their infancy, and to crush *The Nation*, their organ. For half a year we have been informed of the workings of this influence in several states and cities, and have endeavored, by remonstrance, and every honest mitigation of language, to conciliate or remove it. It is implacable, and continues so.

In the dioceses of Boston, Hartford, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Toronto, special measures have been taken by many Catholic clergymen to arrest the circulation of the *New York Nation*. Our subscribers or ourselves have been denounced, by name or description, from the altars, and in other ways by the clergymen of South Boston, Mass., Pawtucket, R. I., Springfield, Mass., Cohoes, N. Y., Lockport, N. Y., in some of the churches of this city, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and in Richmond, and other parts of the diocese of Philadelphia. In one instance (that of Mr. O'Grady, of Cohoes) the right of confession was refused by the clergyman, Mr. Van Reeh, to a subscriber for *The Nation*. In other towns our travelling agents have been denounced by clergymen as soon as they arrived, and literally "hunted out." This has been going on since the beginning of the year.

By none of our reverend opponents is it maintained that the journal, to which they have shown such hostility, is either anti-religious or immoral. They only see "a tendency" injurious to their influence in its constant comments on the sins of the Irish clergy against their country, and those of the supreme pontiff against Rome. And this tendency, as *The Nation* circulates almost exclusively among Catholics, is considered formidable enough to justify their course against it.

It is easy to show that the entire American public are interested in it. It concerns liberty, and liberty concerns us all. The safety of a republic is the intelligence of its citizens, and in this the Irish form a numerous class. It is not unimportant to the commonwealth that independent opinion should be promulgated through their special organs. They have acquired the ballot—but the best of the ballot is the safety it affords to independent men. Those who can be led or driven in groups from side to

side, may vote in any way; they are not citizens, but slaves. Such electors are valuable only to speculators in the vote-market, or aspirants after lucrative offices, to which their merits do not entitle them.

If American opinion declares that *The Nation* newspaper shall not be controlled by clerical dictation—if, wherever such dictation is attempted, native as well as adopted citizens shall publicly condemn it—if the American press should adopt a similar course, then the Catholic clergy of this republic would confine themselves to their legitimate clerical duties, and a sound and enduring basis of opinion be laid among the Catholic laity to their own advantage, and the credit and honor of the entire commonwealth.

(Signed) THOMAS DARCY M'GEE.

LUCY OSBORN.

THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held its fortieth anniversary in the Congregational meeting-house in Pittsfield, on Tuesday, the 11th of September, 1849.

We have read the report of the proceedings with great pleasure. There seems to have been a hearty devotion to the great matter in hand—undisturbed by the controversial heat which too often interrupts the best business, and drives away or weakens the spirit of love.

We were much affected by the simplicity and self-denial shown in the following story, told by a venerable missionary to Ceylon.

Mr. Poor said that his first duty on meeting with the board should be to report himself to the official members from whom, thirty-three years ago, he received his commission as their missionary to India. But where are they? Where are Governor Treadwell, and Dr. Lyman, and Dr. Spring of Newburyport, and Worcester, and Evarts? They do not need that I should report to them, for they are among the cloud of witnesses with whom this meeting is surrounded, and now hold us in full view. He spoke of the good hand of God upon himself and his brother missionaries; of six that were sent out at that time, he said there were three able-bodied men yet remaining, and he straightened himself to his full height and shook his arms as he spoke it. He dwelt fondly, as he is accustomed to do, upon the schools of the Ceylon mission. A single anecdote of the many he related with his peculiar force and *naïveté*, we copy from the report of the *Boston Traveller*:

He would conclude by relating a story. Moses Welch, he said, was his assistant pastor. He had been a long time in the employ of the mission, and was a very useful man; but his story was not about him. His wife was Clarissa Peabody, and she was educated at the female boarding-school, and was a very efficient helper to her husband. When it was proposed to build the first church among the natives, she generously gave a portion of a lot of land that was given her as a dowry, for a site for the church. She had done many other noble deeds. But it was not the wife that his story was about. It was about Mrs. Clarissa Peabody, whose name she bore. When he returned to this country, and

visited Hanover, he heard this name mentioned, as the widow of Professor Peabody, of Dartmouth College. It occurred to him that she might be the patroness of Clarissa Peabody. But his story was not about this lady. He visited her, and made the inquiry; but she said she was not the person who gave the money to educate the heathen girl that bore her name, but it was Lucy Osborn, a colored girl that once lived with her; she had given it out of her wages at one dollar per week. She now lived in Lowell. When he was in that city he made a request from the pulpit, that if any one knew such a person he would make it known; and after meeting, a gentleman introduced her to him, and he had the pleasure of informing her of the fruits of her beneficence. He had since seen Mrs. Peabody, and heard more about Lucy Osborn. He learned that she had never received more than \$1 a week, but she made it her uniform practice to give \$1 at monthly concert. Her friends remonstrated, but she said the Lord would never permit her to suffer. If she was disabled, the Lord had provided an almshouse; and there were many who were willing to give money to support an almshouse, who would not give it to convert the heathen. And now, said he, I told this story once before since I came here, but a gentleman said, if I would tell it again at this meeting, he would make Lucy Osborn an honorary member of the board.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

FROM THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

Great Salt Lake City, July 8, 1849.

PERHAPS a few lines from a stranger in this strange land, and among a still more strange people, will be judged sufficiently interesting to find a place in your columns.

The company of gold-diggers which I have the honor to command, arrived here on the 3d inst., and judge our feelings when, after some twelve hundred miles of travel through an uncultivated desert, and the last one hundred miles of the distance through and among lofty mountains and narrow and difficult ravines, we found ourselves suddenly and almost unexpectedly in a comparative Paradise.

We descended the last mountain by a passage excessively steep and abrupt, and continued our gradual descent through a narrow canon for five or six miles, when, suddenly emerging from the pass, an extensive and cultivated valley opened before us, at the same instant that we caught a glimpse of the Great Salt Lake, which lay expanded before us, to the westward, at the distance of some twenty miles.

Descending the table-land which bordered the valley, extensive herds of cattle, horses, and sheep were grazing in every direction, reminding us of that home and civilization from which we had so widely departed—for as yet the fields and houses were in the distance. Passing over some miles of pasture-land, we at length found ourselves in a broad and fenced street, extending westward in a straight line for several miles. Houses of wood or sun-dried brick were thickly clustered in the vale before us, some thousands in number, and occupying a spot about as large as the city of New

York. They were mostly small, one story high, and, perhaps, not more than one occupying an acre of land. The whole space for miles, excepting the streets and houses, was in a high state of cultivation. Fields of yellow wheat stood waiting for the harvest, and Indian corn, potatoes, oats, flax, and all kinds of garden vegetables, were growing in profusion, and seemed about in the same state of forwardness as in the same latitude in the States.

At first sight of all these signs of cultivation in the wilderness we were transported with wonder and pleasure. Some wept, some gave three cheers, some laughed, and some ran and fairly danced for joy, while all felt inexpressibly happy to find themselves once more amid scenes which mark the progress of advancing civilization. We passed on amid scenes like these, expecting every moment to come to some commercial centre, some business point in this Great Metropolis of the Mountains; but we were disappointed. No hotel, sign-post, cake and beer shop, barber-pole, market-house, grocery, provision, dry goods or hardware store distinguished one part of the town from another, not even a bakery or mechanic's sign was anywhere discernible.

Here, then, was something new; an entire people reduced to a level, and all living by their labor—all cultivating the earth, or following some branch of physical industry. At first I thought it was an experiment—an order of things established purposely to carry out the principles of "Socialism," or "Mormonism." In short, I thought it very much like Owenism personified. However, on inquiry, I found that a combination of seemingly unavoidable circumstances had produced this singular state of affairs. There were no hotels, because there had been no travel; no barbers' shops, because every one chose to shave himself, and no one had time to shave his neighbor; no stores, because they had no goods to sell nor time to traffic; no centre of business, because all were too busy to make a centre.

There was an abundance of mechanic shops, of dress-makers, milliners, and tailors, etc.—but they needed no sign, nor had they time to paint or erect one, for they were crowded with business. Beside their several trades, all must cultivate the land or die; for the country was new, and no cultivation but their own within a thousand miles. Every one had his lot, and built on it; every one cultivated it, and perhaps a small farm in the distance.

And the strangest of all was that this great city, extending over several square miles, had been erected, and every house and fence made, within nine or ten months of the time of our arrival—while at the same time good bridges were erected over the principal streams, and the country settlements extended nearly 100 miles up and down the Valley.

This territory, state, or, as some term it, "Mormon Empire," may justly be considered one of the greatest prodigies of the age, and, in comparison

with its age, the most gigantic of all republics in existence—being only in its second year since the first seed of cultivation was planted, or the first civilized habitation commenced. If these people were such thieves and robbers as their enemies represented them in the States, I must think they have greatly reformed in point of industry since coming to the mountains.

I this day attended worship with them—in the open air. Some thousands of well-dressed, intelligent-looking people assembled; some on foot, some in carriages, and on horseback. Many were neatly and even fashionably clad. The beauty and neatness of the ladies reminded me of some of our best congregations in New York. They had a choir of both sexes, who performed extremely well, accompanied by a band who played well on almost every instrument of modern invention. Peals of the most sweet, sacred, and solemn music filled the air, after which a solemn prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Grant, of Philadelphia. Then followed various business advertisements, read by the clerk. Among these I remember a Call of the Seventeenth Ward, by its presiding bishop, to some business meeting—a Call for a Meeting of the 32d Quorum of the Seventy, and a Meeting of the Officers of the 2d Cohort of the Military Legion, &c. &c.

After this came a lengthy discourse from Mr. Brigham Young, president of the society—partaking somewhat of politics, much of religion and philosophy, and a little on the subject of gold—showing the wealth, strength, and glory of England, growing out of her coal mines, iron, and industry—and the weakness, corruption, and degradation of Spanish America, Spain, etc., growing out of her gold, silver, etc., and her idle habits.

Every one seemed interested and pleased with his remarks, and all appeared to be contented to stay at home and pursue a persevering industry, although mountains of gold were near them. The able speaker painted in lively colors the ruin which would be brought upon the United States by gold, and boldly predicted that they would be overthrown because they had killed the prophets, stoned and rejected those who were sent to call them to repentance, and, finally, plundered and driven the Church of the Saints from their midst, and burned and desolated the city and temple. He said God had a reckoning with that people, and gold would be the instrument of their overthrow. The constitutions and laws were good, in fact the best in the world, but the administrators were corrupt, and the laws and constitutions were not carried out. Therefore, they must fall. He further observed, that the people here would petition to be organized into a territory under that same government—notwithstanding its abuses—and that if granted they would stand by the constitution and laws of the United States; while at the same time he denounced their corruption and abuses.

But, said the speaker, we ask no odds of them, whether they grant us our petition or not! We never will ask any odds of a nation who has driven

us from our homes. If they grant us our rights, well—if not, well; they can do no more than they have done. They, and ourselves, and all men, are in the hands of the great God, who will govern all things for good, and all will be right and work together for good to them that serve God.

Such, in part, was the discourse to which we listened in the strongholds of the mountains. *The Mormons are not dead, nor is their spirit broken.* And, if I mistake not, there is a noble, daring, stern, and democratic spirit swelling in their bosoms, which will people these mountains with a race of independent men, and influence the destiny of our country and the world for a hundred generations. In their religion they seem charitable, devoted, and sincere—in their politics, bold, daring, and determined—in their domestic circle, quiet, affectionate, and happy—while in industry, skill, and intelligence, they have few equals, and no superiors, on the earth.

I had many strange feelings while contemplating this new civilization, growing up so suddenly in the wilderness. I almost wished I could awake from my golden dream, and find it but a dream; while I pursued my domestic duties as quiet, as happy, and contented as this strange people.

Sunday, P. M.

Since writing the foregoing, I have obtained a copy of one of the *Mormon songs*, which impressed me deeply this morning, being sung to a lively tune, accompanied by the band.

Lo, the Gentile chain is broken!
Freedom's banner waves on high;
List! ye nations: by this token,
Know that your redemption's nigh!

See, on yonder distant mountain,
Zion's standard wide unfurled;
Far above Missouri's fountain—
Lo, it waves for all the world!

Freedom, peace, and full salvation,
Are the blessings guaranteed;
Liberty to every nation,
Every sect, and every creed.

Come! ye Christian sects, and Pagan,
Pope, and Protestant, and priest:
Worshippers of God and Dagan—
Come ye to fair Freedom's feast.

Come! ye sons of doubt and wonder,
Indian, Moslem, Greek, or Jew—
All your shackles burst asunder;
Freedom's banner waves for you.

Cease to butcher one another,
Join the Covenant of Peace;
Be to all a friend and brother—
This will bring the world's release.

Lo! our King, the great Messiah,
Prince of Peace, shall come to reign;
Sound again, ye Heavenly Choir:
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Please excuse these hasty and imperfect lines, written while seated on a trunk of goods, with the paper spread in the sun on a parcel of clothing, and the wind blowing sufficiently to carry away the sheets before they are signed.

A STRANGER IN QUEST OF GOLD.

[GRACE MYSTERIOUS IN ITS MODE OF OPERATIONS.]

"We allow again that there is another obscurity upon the face of this dispensation; we know not the philosophy of sanctifying grace; not unto what class of beings to reduce it, nor unto what modes to conceive its operations; and this is a speculation that our Saviour himself argues us ignorant of, as much as we are of the issues and retreats of the wind; and yet he thought fit to leave us so. Whether the knowledge of it were *too excellent* for us; or whether it were *too useless*, as no way conducing to the ends of practical wisdom; for we may observe of our Saviour, that, in all his discourses, he never entertained his auditory with any doctrine that was purely speculative; because such kind of knowledge is apt to make us more vain than wise; had he led our understandings through the whole theory of grace, we could not have accommodated it better to our uses, than an honest heart now can without any further insight; no more than, if he had stooped to teach us the philosophy of the wind, any mariner could have gathered it more commodiously into his sheet. It is not then our emulation to determine *how* the work of sanctification is done; our only care is that it be done; we pretend not to *declare*, but thankfully to *admire*, by what ray the divine grace opens and shines in upon our understanding, clearing it from worldly prejudices and the impostures of flesh, and rendering it teachable, considerative, and firm; by what motion it inspires good thoughts, excites good purposes, and suggests wholesome counsels and expedients; by what welcome violence it draws our wills, steers our appetites, and checks our passions; by what heat it kindles love and resolution and cheerfulness of endeavors; by what discipline it extinguishes sinful imaginations and loose desires; by what power it awes the devil, and foils temptations, and removes impediments, and strengthens and exhilarates amidst all difficulties; and finally, by what patient art it turns, moulds, and transforms our stubborn nature into new notions, new saviors, new powers, new acts, new aims, new joys; as if we were entirely new creatures, and descended from another race; all these effects do as well by their wonder as their benefit render grace, as our apostle calls it, the *unspeakable gift*; a gift surmounting our apprehensions as well as it does our merit. That these *are* all the effects of God's grace we know, because he has declared them to be so; that they are so, we know, because many of them are wrought beside our thinking, many without our seeking, and all beyond the reach of our too well known and experienced infirmity; that they are so, we know, because their being so comports best with the great end of all things, (that is,) the glory of their Maker; for it tends much more to the glory of the mercy of God, to watch over and lead and assist infirm creatures than to have made them strong."—*Dean Young's Sermons*, vol. 1, p. 158.

Translated from a late French journal for the New York Journal of Commerce.

NAPOLEON AND THE SON OF MADAME DE STAEL.

In the first days of December, 1807, the official part of the *Moniteur* contained the following paragraph :

" This night His Majesty the Emperor and King set out from the Tuileries on a six weeks' journey, accompanied only by his Grand Marshal of the Palace, Prince Berthier, and the aide-de-camp on duty, and a few servants."

No one knew the object of this journey, although some persons, generally well informed, supposed that Italy was the only country that the emperor would visit. In truth, it was to Milan and Venice that he repaired ; but the principal motive of this journey, generally unknown, was to bring about a reconciliation between himself and his brother Lucien, whom he had not seen since his second marriage. Napoleon knew that Lucien was the only one of his brothers who could aid him to move onwards upon the wide extensive road, which he had so laboriously opened, for the accomplishment of his vast projects ; and for this purpose he named a certain day and hour to meet him at Mantua.

Accompanied by Duroc, Berthier, and General Lauriston, the emperor crossed the Alps over the Simplon—the road formed by his orders—and arrived at Milan, where he was enthusiastically received. Thence he passed through Venice, amidst pomp and splendors such as were formerly lavished on the doges, and reached Mantua, where Lucien, punctual to the rendezvous, awaited him. But, after a short interview, Lucien not wishing to accede to the brilliant proposals of his brother, the latter immediately left Mantua to return to Paris, passing by Alexandria, Turin, and Chambery.

The emperor was impatiently expected during two days in the old capital of Savoy, though it was well known that his sojourn there would be no longer than the time necessary for taking breakfast. The couriers who generally preceded his carriage were on this occasion delayed. The great quantity of snow which had fallen rendered the roads almost impassable. At length, on the 29th of December, at 5 o'clock in the morning, after an excessively dark and cold night, the foremost of the couriers entered the yard of the Hotel de la Porte at Chambery, followed shortly by the unescorted carriage of the emperor. His custom of travelling day and night rendered the precaution of an escort impossible.

M. de Stael, son of the celebrated Madame, was waiting here two days for the emperor, in order to present a letter supplicating an audience.

General Lauriston took this letter, as was customary, in order to lay it before Napoleon when they were installed in the hotel.

In crossing the saloon where breakfast was prepared, Napoleon said, in a tone of ill-humor, " It is not warm here !"

In fact, however, during forty-eight hours, a fire that would roast an ox was kept up in this saloon.

The emperor retired for a moment to change linen, and then came into the saloon and sat down to breakfast with the Grand Marshal, Berthier, and General Lauriston. The Mameluke Roustant was the only attendant.

After having eaten the leg of a fowl with great celerity, as was his habit, he cast his eyes over some letters placed all open before him, by his aide-de-camp, looking only at the signatures.

" Ah ! ah !" exclaimed he, in contemplating one of those letters, " it is from the son of Madame de Stael ! He desires to see me ;" and addressing his guests, in order to have their opinion, he added, " what can there be between me and this wild lad from Geneva ? what motive has he to speak with me ?"

" Sire," said Lauriston, " the person who handed me this letter is a very young man, and seemed rather an interesting one, as well as I could judge by the light of the bougies."

" A very young man, do you say ? Ah ! that alters the case," and, turning round, he told Roustant to say to M. de Stael that he would be received.

In a few minutes after this consent for admission was given, the eldest son of the authoress of *Corinna* entered the saloon. He presented himself to the emperor without timidity, and gracefully and respectfully bowed. Napoleon returned his salute by a slight bend of the head, and immediately entered into conversation with him, whilst his guests all the time remained silent, continuing their repast.

" Come nearer, M. de Stael," said he with kindness.

The young man approached nearer. The emperor looked earnestly at him. " You resemble your mother very much," said he ; " whence do you come ?"

" From Geneva, sire," replied M. de Stael, looking downwards.

" Ah, it is true ; and your mother, where is she at present ?"

" At Vienna, sire."

" She will have fine occupation in learning German."

" Sire, can you believe my mother could be happy, away from her country and from her friends ! Were I permitted to show your majesty the letters written to me since her departure, you would perceive, sire, how much her exile renders her worthy of your compassion."

" What do you require me to do in this affair ! It is all her own fault. I do not pretend to say, on that account, that she is badly inclined. She is witty and intelligent ; she has too much talent, perhaps, and that is what makes her so ungovernable. She was reared in the chaos of a declining monarchy and of an advancing revolution ; she made of all that a dangerous amalgamation, with the fertility of her mind, and her mania for writing upon everything and upon nothing ; for your mother

is highly gifted—she could make many proselytes. I have been obliged to keep a strict watch over her movements; and, besides, I am no favorite with her. M. de Stael, it is in the interest of those whom she could compromise, that I ordered her to quit Paris."

When once Napoleon launched forth upon the topic of recriminations, it was not easy to stop him; however, M. de Stael did interrupt him to defend his mother. The emperor, without being angry, permitted him to speak, and then replied to him with a certain calmness, which might lead you to suppose that, being convinced, he was disarmed. But those who knew the emperor could easily judge that the solicitor would obtain nothing. However, when M. de Stael finished the explanation of his demand, Napoleon replied:

"But supposing I permit your mother to return to Paris; three months would not elapse before she would place me under the necessity of sending her to prison. I would be sorry for that, inasmuch as public opinion would interpret my act unfavorably. Say to her that my resolution is fixed, that my decision is irrevocable; so long as I live, she shall not enter the capital of my empire."

"Sire," replied M. de Stael with dignity, "permit me respectfully to observe, that your majesty could not throw my mother into prison, unless she furnished a plausible motive."

"Sir, she would furnish me with ten of them, instead of one!"

"Sire, I am convinced that my mother would live in a manner that would be considered by your majesty as quite irreproachable. I dare then entreat your majesty to give her a trial, even for three months. Deign to authorize her to spend this short time in Paris, before you take a definitive decision."

"That cannot be; she would be a standard and rallying point for the Faubourg St. Germain. Even should she resolve to see nobody, could she do it? She would be visited, and she would return visits; she would pass her jokes, her *bon mots*, to which she might attach little importance, but which I should consider very important, because my government is not a joke, nor a fiction, but a reality, and every person must be made to know that."

"Sire, I appeal to you, who love France so much, what punishment can be greater than to be expelled from it? Should your majesty be pleased to grant my entreaties, your majesty can reckon on us all—my mother, my brother, and myself—amongst the number of your majesty's most faithful and most devoted subjects."

"You and your brother—that is possible; but your mother—pahaw, pahaw!" and the emperor accompanied this exclamation with the little usual shrug of the shoulders when there was a doubt in his mind. This manifestation, which every one remarked, far from discouraging the young man, served on the contrary to animate him the more, and he replied vivaciously,

"Since your majesty is pleased not to grant my

prayer, may I beg your majesty to permit a son to ask what has excited your displeasure against his mother?"

At this interrogatory, so pointedly made, the persons present began to fear for the young de Stael, thinking that the emperor, pressed hard, might lose all patience. All kept their eyes bent on their plates; the grand marshal seemed uneasy and fidgety on his chair; Berthier bit his nails; Lauriston picked with the point of his knife the pippins from the pear he was eating. However, they were disappointed in their fears. Napoleon only, startled at the question, struck the table with his snuff-box, which he was constantly turning in his hands, and looking right and left at his guests, who never moved, exclaimed, like a man astonished, "This is really too much! 'T is too bad!"

M. de Stael was not dismayed; and, in a respectful and dignified tone, hastened to add:

"Sire, some persons have told me that it was the last work of my grandfather which had so displeased your majesty, and created unfavorable impressions against my mother. Then, sire, I can certify that my mother had no hand whatever in that work."

"'T is true," replied Napoleon frankly. "This book of your grandfather contributed much to excite my displeasure; M. Necker was an *ideologue*, a raving dotard. At his age, to dream of reforms, and the overthrow of my constitution! In truth, states and kingdoms would be prettily governed, with system-mongers and inventors of theories, who judge men according to books, and who think of regulating the affairs of the world in looking upon a map!"

"Sire, since the plans traced by my grandfather are nothing but vain theories, according to the opinion of your majesty, I cannot conceive, therefore, why your majesty is so displeased. It is not of economists who have written——"

"Economists!" exclaimed Napoleon, interrupting him, with a singular tone of voice: "but, young man, you do not know them. They are shallow-brained people, who dream of plans of finances, and are ignorant of the duties of a tax-gatherer in a village. The book of your grandfather, I repeat it to you, is the work of an obstinate old fool."

"Some evil-disposed persons have, doubtless, rendered this account of the work to your majesty."

"Sir," said the emperor, beginning to be fatigued at the discussion, "I have myself read this trash, from one end of the book to the other; it was not entertaining."

"Then your majesty must have observed the justice rendered to your genius by my grandfather."

"Fine justice, truly! He calls me the indispensable man; and, according to his idea, the first thing to be done was to cut off the head of this indispensable man!—thanks! Surely," continued Napoleon, becoming warm as he spoke, "I was indispensable to repair all the fooleries of your grandfather—to efface the evils he caused to his country; for it was he who overthrew the mon-

archy ; it was he who conducted Louis XVI. to the scaffold !”

“ Your majesty cannot but know, on the contrary, that it was for having defended the king that the estates and property of my grandfather were confiscated.”

“ He, Necker ! defend the king ! Ah ! ah ! Let us understand each other upon that point, M. de Stael ! If I gave poison to a man, and carried him the antidote when he was in the agony of death, would you say that it was my wish to save this man ? Well, then, such is the mode adopted by your grandfather to defend Louis XVI. As to the confiscations you speak of, they prove nothing. Have they not confiscated the property of the good Robespierre, who perhaps did less evil to France than Necker, for your grandfather provoked the revolution. I confine myself to that. You have not seen all, because you were too young ; but I have seen those times of terror and public calamity. As long as I live, those deplorable epochs shall not come back, be assured of it. Your project-makers trace utopias on paper ; the idle and unemployed read them, and hawk them about ; fools believe them ; general happiness is on the lips of every one. Shortly after, the people want work, and, consequently, bread ; they rise in revolt ; and here is the result of all those fine doctrines. Sir, your grandfather was a great culprit.”

In pronouncing these words, Napoleon pushed away suddenly the little cup of coffee left near him a few minutes before by Roustant. His ire seemed raised to so high a degree, that his guests believed, this time, that the storm was on the point of bursting on the head of young de Stael, whose countenance, hidden in the darker part of the saloon, Napoleon did not see ; for, if he had been able to examine it, he would have spared him a little from such a torture, and, by mere compassion, from the last angry sally. The features of the poor young man were contracted and convulsed, and every one could judge of the efforts that he made, in order that reason might triumph over the feelings of resentment working in his mind ; however, he was sufficiently master of himself to reply in a calm but agitated tone of voice. —

“ Sire, let me at least but hope that posterity will be less severe, in regard to my grandfather, than your majesty.”

“ Posterity, did you say ? The best way would be to consign the whole to oblivion.”

Here the conversation ceased for a few minutes, during which Napoleon drank the coffee which Roustant had placed before him, and afterwards, addressing himself to his guests, he resumed, with rather a forced smile, the dialogue.

“ After all, I should not utter too much against the revolution, for I have lost nothing by it ;” and turning round towards M. de Stael, he said in a mild tone of voice, “ The reign of insurrection is finished. I wish authority to be respected, because it comes from God. You seem to me to be

well-informed, well-educated : follow a better road than your grandfather, especially than your mother, who, by her babbling and by her writings, has compromised the future prospects of her family.”

Having said this, he rose from table, his officers rising also. M. de Stael still persevered, though timidly, in order to obtain the recall of his mother. Without replying to his importunities, Napoleon approached the young man, and taking hold of him by the ear, spoke to him in a mild, paternal tone of voice : —

“ M. de Stael,” said he, “ you are very young ; if you had my experience, you would judge things better. I am far from being angry ; your frankness has pleased me ; I love a son who pleads the cause of his mother. Your mother gave you a difficult mission ; you have acquitted yourself in an intelligent and becoming manner. Whatever may be the result, I do not wish to give you false hopes ; you shall obtain nothing from me. If your mother were in prison I would not hesitate to liberate her ; but she is only in exile ; let her remain so.”

“ Sire, is she not as unhappy in exile as in prison !”

“ Those are romantic ideas. Your mother — is she much to be pitied ? Why, with the exception of Paris, she can travel through all Europe. After all, I cannot understand why she is so anxious to come to Paris, to place herself thus within the reach of *my tyranny*. You see, I speak candidly ; can she not go to Rome, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and London ? There she will be safe, and can, all at her ease, write libels against me ; but Paris is the place of my residence, and there I will not suffer any persons to remain who are unfavorably disposed towards me. Do you know what would happen if I permitted her to return to my capital ? She would corrupt and spoil all the persons about me, in my court, as she has spoiled my tribunate. She has seduced Garat ; she could not refrain from meddling with politics.”

“ I can assure your majesty that my mother’s tastes and inclinations are exclusively employed in literature.”

“ But, sir, politics are mixed up in her literary pursuits. Besides, women have no business to write ; they should employ their time in knitting. In short, sir, if your mother is not content in Vienna, she may go where she pleases.”

In saying this, Napoleon, thinking himself freed from the importunities of M. de Stael, turned his back on him, and moved towards the fire-place, where the fire was getting low, etiquette being opposed to throwing wood on it in his presence. To get some warmth, he endeavored to stir up the embers with the end of his boot. In the mean time Lauriston, who guessed the mind of the emperor, winked at the young man, to make him understand that he would act wisely by retiring ; but M. de Stael did not pay attention to this warning, and seemed as if nailed to the spot. The emperor, having burned the end of his boot, turned

round to the side where M. de Stael stood, who did not fear to speak again, saying :—

"Sire, will your majesty permit?"

This time, Napoleon did not allow him to finish his phrase ; but raising his head, suddenly interrupted him with a frown, and a tone of voice which had made crowned heads shake.

"What, sir! you have not finished! If you have nothing to do, it is not the case with me; I have pressing affairs." And moving towards Lauriston, he whispered a few words to him, (it was the order to depart;) the aide-de-camp left the saloon. The emperor, then advancing to M. de Stael, and placing himself right before him, crossed his arms, and addressed him in a tone and manner only employed on certain occasions :—

"Now, sir, let us see what you still require."

"I wish to have the honor of stating to your majesty," continued the young man, with tears in his eyes, "that the presence of my mother is indispensable at Paris for the recovery of a sacred debt against the French government."

"Well, sir, are not all debts against the state sacred?"

"Certainly, sir, but ours is accompanied by circumstances which render it more of a private nature."

"Ah! are we come to this—a private affair? Every creditor said the same. M. de Stael, I do not know the nature of your demand on my government. Moreover, that does not concern me. If the laws are in your favor, you will obtain redress; but if it is a special favor you require, I now apprise you that my interference cannot be obtained in any way whatsoever."

"Deprived of the counsel of my mother, what shall my brother and myself do to pursue the business?"

"There is no lack of lawyers in Paris, who will undertake the matter," said the emperor, interrupting him, "even supposing the case be bad. In fine, manage the business as you please; but I declare to you for the last time, that I will hear no more on the subject of your mother. Adieu, M. de Stael," added he, with a movement of the hand to make known to him that his audience was finished, and that he must withdraw.

This conversation lasted more than an hour. The emperor never gave so long a time to a solicitor. His intention was only to remain twenty minutes at Chambéry, and he staid an hour and a half.

M. de Stael withdrew with a heart so afflicted that he could not refrain from weeping. Lauriston saw him cross the hall of the hotel, holding his handkerchief to his eyes, apparently choking with grief; every one pitied him.

A few moments after, Napoleon stepped into his carriage, and remained silent until within a few leagues of Bourgoin. The day began to dawn. Napoleon seemed absorbed in deep reflection, when, pushing slightly with his elbow the grand marshal, who sat on his left, half asleep, he said to him, in a jocular manner,—

"Are you asleep, Duroc?"

"No, sire," stammered out Duroc, aroused from his slumber.

"Was I not a little hard," said the emperor, "in my conversation with young De Stael?"

The grand marshal remaining silent, Napoleon continued :—

"I fear it. After all, I have not said too much to him. His grandfather had no talents in the administration of affairs. I know something of it."

Berthier, who had not said a word since their arrival at Chambéry, here remarked : "In that respect every one renders a plenary justice to your majesty."

"In short, I am not sorry," said the emperor, "to have explained myself categorically, on the score of Madame de Stael, because I am freed from further importunities. Those people rail at me and blacken all that I do; they do not understand me."

It is well known that Napoleon travelled with great celerity. The 29th December, 1807, he left Chambéry at half past six in the morning; after passing by Lyons, Macon, Auxerre, and Melun, he was at the Tuileries the 1st January, 1808, at 7 o'clock in the evening; and, half an hour afterwards, sat down to dinner as if he had only just come into town from St. Cloud.

About three months from this period there was a reception in the grand apartments of the palace. The court was very brilliant, and the diplomatic body numerous. Napoleon appeared well pleased with the political news he received that morning. Leaning on the arm of the grand marshal, who named to him the personages whom he did not know, he passed through the splendid saloons of the Tuileries, addressing kind words to every one on his passage. Arrived in the middle of the *Salon de la Paix*, he spied in one of the angles of this saloon, (before the pedestal on which was placed the marble bust of Washington,) a small group of foreign diplomatists, who were talking together in a low voice; he moved on quickly; they perceived his approach, and all were at once silent.

"Gentlemen, I do not wish to interrupt you," said the emperor, smiling, and addressing himself in preference to the minister plenipotentiary of Baden, who seemed to be speaking as he approached; "continue, I pray you. What were you saying?"

"Sire," replied Admiral Verhuel, "M. de Dalberg was speaking to us of a new work published in Germany, which causes at this moment a great sensation."

"And what is the title of this new work which makes a sensation?" demanded the emperor, smiling.

"Sire, those gentlemen say that it is the '*Considerations sur les Principaux Evénements de la Révolution Française*,' written by Madame la Baronne de Stael."

"Ah, nonsense!" exclaimed the emperor, with surprise; "I bet that I am spoken of in it."

"Sire, the authoress praises and extols the wonders created by your majesty ; but——"

The admiral did not finish his phrase.

"I understand you," said Napoleon, with a singular inflection of voice ; "they speak ill of me in that work ;" then turning towards the grand marshal, who, placed behind him, winked at the ambassador of Holland, in order to hinder him from saying any more of the book.

"Well, then ! Duroc," continued the emperor, "you recollect our young man of Chambery. Was I not right to hold firm ! You see there is no end with this woman."

And, giving to his body a light swinging motion, Napoleon bent a little his head, as if he wished to look at the fine buckles sparkling in his shoes, and exclaiming, as aside, to himself—

"There are some persons who are incorrigible !"

Then, after a moment's silence, raising up his head suddenly, he saluted the group, in order to give a word to the Austrian minister, M. Metternich, whom he observed modestly seated in the most retired part of the saloon.

"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE."

"EARLY to bed and early to rise"—

Aye, note it down in your brain,
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
And uproots the weeds of pain.
Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
Who sigh for a softer bower,
Try what can be done in the morning sun,
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day forever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow ;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.
And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power,
Ye who would couple labor and health,
Must begin at the early hour.

We make bold promises to Time,
Yet, alas ! too often break them ;
We mock at the wings of the King of kings,
And think we can overtake them.
But why loiter away the prime of the day,
Knowing that clouds may lower !
Is it not safer to make life's hay
In the beam of the early hour !
Nature herself ever shows her best
Of gems to the gaze of the lark,
When the spangles of light on Earth's green breast
Put out the stars of the dark.
If we love the purest pearl of the dew,
And the richest breath of the flower,
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

Oh ! pleasure and rest are more easily found
When we start through morning's gate,
To sum up our figures, or plough up our ground,
And weave out the threads of fate.
The eye looketh bright and the heart keepeth light,
And man holdeth the conqueror's power,
When, ready and brave, he chains Time as his slave,
By the help of the early hour.

[GOD'S GRACE, LIKE HIS PROVIDENCE, WORKS BY NATURAL MEANS.]

"T is true indeed, and we readily acknowledge, that there is an obscurity sitting upon the face of this dispensation of grace ; for we cannot feel the impressions nor trace the footsteps of its distinct working in us ; the measures of our proficiency in goodness seem to depend entirely upon those of our own diligence ; and God requires as much diligence as if he gave no grace at all ; all this we acknowledge, and that it renders the dispensation obscure ; but then, on the other side, it is as plain that there is the same obscurity upon every dispensation of God's temporal providence ; and so there is no more reason for doubting of the one than of the other. They that will not allow that God does by any inward efficacy confer a sound mind, allow nevertheless that he gives temporal good things ; but how, in the mean time, does this dispensation appear more than the former ! For when God intends to bless a man with riches, he does not open windows in heaven, and pour them into his treasures ; he does not enrich him with such distinguishable providences as that wherewith he watered Gideon's fleece, when the earth about it was dry ; but he endows such a man with diligence and frugality, or else adorns him with such acceptable qualifications, as may recommend him to the opportunities of advancement, and thus his rise to fortunes is made purely natural, and the distinct working of God in it does not appear ; when God intends to deliver or enlarge a people, he does not thereupon destroy their enemies, as he did once the Assyrians, by an angel, or the Moabites by their own sword ; but he inspires such a people with a courageous virtue, and raises up among them spirits fit to command, and abandons their enemies to luxury and softness ; and so the method of their rising becomes absolutely natural, and the distinct work of God in it does not appear ; and, in the same manner, when God does by the inward operation of his grace promote a man to spiritual good, and bring him to the state of undefiled religion, he does not thereupon so suddenly change the whole frame of his temper, and chain up all the movements of his natural affections, and infuse into him such a system of virtuous habits as may make him good without application and pains ; but he works his spiritual work by a gradual process, and human methods ; instilling into such a man first a considering mind, and then a sober resolution, and then a diligent use of all such moral means as conduce to the forming and perfecting of every particular virtue ; and now, while God, in all these instances does work in a human and ordinary way, and never supersedes the power of Nature, but requires her utmost acting, and only moves and directs, and assists her where she is weak, and incompetent for her work ; both his grace and his providence are like a little spring, covered with a great wheel, though they do all, they are not commonly seen to do anything ; and man, when he pleases to be vain and ungrateful, may impute all events to his own power and application. Now 't is certain that God leaves this obscurity upon his dispensations on purpose to administer an advantage and commendation to our faith, not an opportunity or argument to our doubting ; but yet if we will doubt, the case is plain, that we may as well doubt of any act of his ordinary providence as of his sanctifying grace ; and so, (by this method of reasoning) God will have no share left him in the management of the world."—Dean Young's Sermons, vol. 1, p. 155.



THE ADOPTED CUBS OF THE RUSSIAN BEAR.

From the United Service Magazine.

THE CONVICT QUESTION AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

SIR W. MOLESWORTH has in the House of Commons so fully expatiated on the misgovernment and manifold grievances of which the British colonies have so long, and with so much reason, complained, that it would be superfluous here to recapitulate what has been by him so ably and so eloquently described.

But whatever may be the wrongs inflicted on our unhappy colonial dependencies, by official ignorance, official blunders, or official indifference, the colony of the Cape of Good Hope is, of all our foreign settlements, that which has ever been doomed to bear the greatest proportion of neglect, of grievances, hardships, and oppression.

Hemmed in on all sides by hordes of savage barbarians—inadequately guarded, and frequently without any protection whatever from the ever-recurring depredations of these sanguinary tribes; neglected and overlooked, misgoverned, detracted, and calumniated, its inhabitants have, from the very first period of its annexation to the British empire, been in turns the prey of fanaticism and of falsehood; of unmerited censure, and the most heartless system of oppression—a system now carried to an extent likely to exceed even the limits of the forbearing patience of its—spite of their wrongs—hitherto loyal and dutiful inhabitants.

Cast we a retrospective glance on the condition of the Cape, from the date of its annexation as a dependency to the British empire; our first act to commence with was so to oppress the Boers, and leave them so completely exposed to native depredations, as at last to drive them in despair to open rebellion. This outbreak subdued, we next proceeded to frame such puerile enactments as appeared purposely intended for the encouragement of Kaffir aggression. We next passed an act by which all wholesome restraint was removed from an unruly, idle, and vagrant native population; a measure which rendered property insecure, and moreover deteriorated in value, for want of requisite labor, the hitherto cultivated lands of the colony; but that deterioration was tenfold depreciated by the premature emancipation of the slaves, without any adequate compensation to their former owners; an act neither more nor less than a legalized felony, which brought to the verge of ruin every landed proprietor in the country.

But all these oppressive enactments had hitherto chiefly weighed on the Dutch colonial inhabitants; it now became the turn of British-born subjects equally to participate in those evils, which, under our rule, appear ever to have oppressed this ill-fated colony.

The Eastern Province had, from the above-mentioned causes, been deserted by its former sturdy defenders, the Dutch Boers; the colony was now therefore laid open without defence to the depredations of the Kaffirs—the urgency of the case required some instant remedy; that rem-

edy was to send out in 1820 several thousand English emigrants at the expense of government.

These poor people were deluded into the belief of being allowed to settle at the spot of their debarkation on the shores of Algoa Bay; on arriving there, to their consternation they discovered that they were to be sent—at their own expense—far into the interior, to act as a barrier, or sort of advanced guard to the colony, against the constantly renewed aggressions of a set of cruel and blood-thirsty savages!

This was rather a pleasant predicament for a community of peaceful mechanics and laborers to find themselves thus suddenly placed in!

It will, no doubt, be taken for granted, that they were, in so perilous a position, fully protected by a watchful and paternal government, both in rights and persons, against their barbarous neighbors; quite the contrary—they were left entirely to the tender mercies of this so-called “gentle and inoffensive race of shepherds,” who plundered our poor countrymen right and left, whilst the latter were by the most stringent regulations debarred from even the use of fire-arms in the defence of their persons and property!

Did they not complain? They did. Were not their complaints listened to? No. And wherefore? Because a set of interested and wily hypocrites had, under the specious cloak of religion and philanthropy, gained the ear of the British public, and British authorities. Because these mendacious traitors had aspersed with vile calumnies their injured fellow-countrymen, had represented their spoliators, these “irreclaimable Kaffir barbarians,” as more sinned against than sinning, and had thus succeeded in turning the current of public opinion decidedly in the latter; the colonists continued therefore to be plundered without redress.

And what was the consequence of this “philanthropic” forbearance on the part of the British government towards these banditti hordes of savages? The consequence was, that the Kaffirs, mistaking such forbearance for fear, looking with contempt on a power from whose functionaries constantly emanated the most childish, contradictory, and vacillating edicts, openly set that power at defiance, and, without even a declaration of war, rushed in overwhelming numbers across the border, their onward course fearfully marked by incendiarism, slaughter, and devastation. Hence the Kaffir war of 1834–5, followed by a renewed series of missionary misrepresentations, of consequent false and injudicious measures on the part of government, the result of which eventually led to the last ruinous Kaffir war of 1846–47, and 48; next followed a renewed persecution of the expatriated Boers, and lastly that most flagrant of all former acts of injustice and oppression—the unjust and unauthorized decree, which, if carried out, would eventually transform an innocent, a rural, and inoffensive population, into a race of felonious malefactors; for moral, like physical contamination, once communicated, speedily runs

through every part of the social as well as of the human frame!

Such is the fate at present—like the sword of Damocles—impending over this ever ill-used and much-to-be-pitied colony. • Let England however beware; let her pause ere she carry into effect so flagitious a decree, for persecution may be urged at last beyond the powers of human endurance; even the writhing insect will turn on the heel that crushes it; the submission of the hitherto loyal and dutiful inhabitants of the Cape may be tested by too high a degree of pressure; they have now solemnly declared their resolution not to submit, whatever be the consequences, to this new and greatest indignity with which, amidst their manifold wrongs, they have ever had the misfortune to be afflicted; to a contamination by which, not they alone will be immediate sufferers, but involving likewise the fate of a rising generation, and of their still unborn posterity, thus doomed, by a single stroke of an official pen, at once to physical degradation and moral perdition.

This resolution has been passed at a monster meeting held at Cape Town on the 19th of May last, a meeting consisting of thousands of inhabitants of every class and color of which the colony is composed, and directed, moreover, by one of the most respectable and influential men of the colony.

The organ of popular opinion at the Cape thus notices the sentiments expressed at this—it may be called—national assembly of the people of South Africa.

Three hundred felons, convicted of crimes for which the mitigated code of England awards the extreme penalty of transportation beyond the seas, for the term of seven, ten, or more years, are already on their way to the Cape, here to be dispersed throughout the districts, to mingle with the population, and to find their way to such fields of enterprise among the native tribes on the borders of the colony, the Kaffirs, Basutos, and Zoolahs, as may be most agreeable to their temper and genius! And should the colonial government permit them to land, at any port or place within this colony, they will, without doubt, be only the advanced guard of an invading army of as many thousands. This colony, then, which has hitherto resisted all attempts that have been made to stain its character, to pollute its domestic life, and to blast its political prospects, by the admixture of European felony, is thus to be recklessly struck down at a blow, by the secretary for the colonies, into the mire of despair and ignominy! The colonists are now fully acquainted with the moral fruits of transportation in penal settlements, completely developed in Van Dieman's Land and Norfolk Island, from which a cry of agony has issued, befitting the lowest depths of eternal woe. And they know that from the peculiar constitution of society in this colony, and among the tribes beyond, but in constant and daily-increasing intercourse with it, the introduction and dispersion of felons will speedily open up a lower depth, to swallow up all that is estimable, all that is desirable, all that is hopeful in their lot; and they now declare, in the face of heaven and earth, that *they will not submit to this wrong*. They deny the right of the crown to inflict it. They deny the right of the crown to convert a free settlement of

200 years' standing, into a convict settlement, in defiance of the universal protest of the inhabitants. No such power is inherent in the British crown. It is a usurpation.

They regard it with respect to their children, to the remotest generations, as a matter of eternal life, and eternal death. They will not witness with their eyes the children of their love, through the extinction of their moral life, delivered over, by an act of their rulers, to the bitter pains of eternal death. They, therefore, lift up their hands to heaven, and swear by Him that liveth forever, that *they will not submit to this wrong*.

Let, therefore, the minister—from whom has emanated such an act—pause, ere it be carried forcibly into effect; let him, ere too late, rescind this unjust, this arbitrary, this most ill-advised decree; for on *his* head will rest all the consequences which may ensue, if the inhabitants of the Cape be driven to commit some frantic act of despair.

From the Spectator, 8 Sept.

LOUIS PHILIPPE ON GOVERNMENT.

EVERYTHING is true in its essence; falsehood lies in our imperfect knowledge. Louis Philippe's self-defence, as published in the *Ordre*, may be adulterated by error in the report, by self-deception on the king's part, or by the endeavor to give facts a twist in his own favor; still it is instructive; for much of it is too probable to permit entire disbelief; and, by whomsoever put into words, the reflections are sound. Taking it as we find it, the moral which we draw from it is, that the want of openness and directness, which was commended as a source of power in comparatively barbarous times, has ceased to be so, and now really derogates from the strength of political rulers. This conclusion is suggested, whether we put implicit trust in the colloquy or not.

The king avers that he governed "constitutionally,"—that is, by the advice of his ministers, and not according to his own individual will; but the very arguments which he adduces to prove it show that he was much more active in council than an English sovereign is understood to be. He intimates that he, with the rest, submitted to "the majority" in council, but that he urged his own views with extreme energy and pertinacity. Thus he wished an authoritative contradiction to the tradition of 1830, that some programme offered to him by Lafayette at the Hotel de Ville received his assent; there was, he insists, no such document; and he drew up a denial, under the signature of "Un Bourgeois de Paris," which he wanted to publish in the papers. Imagine Queen Victoria sending to the *Times* her version of the Bedchamber affair, and offering to the right honorable gentlemen in council an autograph letter, signed "A Westminster Elector!" But Louis Philippe's "article" was never published; the cajoling ministers put him off with assurances that the contradiction should be made, and Casimir Perier put the manuscript in his pocket. How one realizes the

whole scene!—the ministers trying to rub on without any decisive declaration, and thinking more of some business immediately in hand; the alert, pursy, clever old gentleman, with his *copia verborum*, and his letter of “Un Bourgeois de Paris,” always thinking of his own reputation—the Silk Buckingham of royal life—the inextinguishable “Mr. Smith.” An exquisitely indiscreet manuscript it was, no doubt; painfully true, transparently intelligible, and astoundingly candid. But, says the naïve Ulysses, “my opinions were always opposed, and freely opposed, by those of my ministers who did not participate in them; and I was consequently, *when in the minority*, obliged to yield.” “This happened very frequently,” not only on large questions submitted to the royal decision, as coming within the direct exercise of the royal functions, but on “minor points.” How much does all this imply!—how busy a contest, how importunate and bustling a combatant, how diligent a canvassing of votes! It is clear that Louis Philippe’s council was like a board of guardians or a common council, and that Mr. Smith was busy as a borough magnate. Only it did unluckily happen, that “whenever he was on a jury, it was with eleven obstinate men.”

In spite of all the possible fussiness and impracticability, there is something respectable in this wish to register an appeal to facts, and this desire for openness; and the royal ingenuousness contrasts favorably with the official shuffling. The king was exposed to calumnious attacks, and demanded an open explanation. The ministers, perhaps, could not indorse the explanation; but then, they should have said so, and have ceased to be ministers under so unconstitutional a monarch. On the other hand, if the king’s view was the true one, there was no reason for shirking a direct and faithful exposition of it. At all events, the perpetual cajolery, procrastination, and evasion, expose a miserably low sense of the ministerial position.

And was there, then, no “programme of the Hotel de Ville,” nor any equivalent for it! Either the assertion is wrong, in which case the king should have been called to account for making an unfounded statement, and therefore governing on a wrong tenure; or the fact is so, and not only was the enthronement of 1830 managed in the most slovenly manner, but the whole subsequent reign was conducted on a false and defective basis. Either the report of the colloquy makes Louis Philippe tell an untruth, or that very important element of stability, a clear understanding, was altogether wanting between him, his official servants, and his people. All had different ideas, and were acting on different notions of rights and mutual relations. The people thought there was, actually or virtually, a programme; Louis Philippe denied its existence; and the ministers suffered their policy to rest on those two bases, false and incompatible—the popular credulity, and the unuttered disclaimer; trimming between delusion and repudiation. To play these sleight-of-hand feats with the truth, has been accounted a proper

art of statecraft; but surely the revolutions of this century, in great part due to misconceptions, and owing their worst features to ignorance, or to the exasperation which attends the awaking from delusion, should teach statesmen that evasion and prevarication are not half such trustworthy reliances as plain truth and substantial fact.

There is a great deal of force in the ground on which Louis Philippe acquits the French people of blame: “For eighteen years they had been taught to despise, to detest the personification of authority, that safeguard of the people;” because we may add, the authority was disguised to them by the equivocations of statesmen, and by the equivocal demands for “dotations.” Louis Philippe avers that he was not mercenary and grasping: perhaps; but while his conduct was so misrepresented as he declares it to have been by his ministers, he should have held that he was precluded from asking for money. He complains that he was undefended, and there is something very disgusting in the utter lack of chivalry which the silence of his servants and professed friends implies. But why did *he* consent to act with such men? why did he suffer delicate demands to be made under circumstances so deceptive? why seem a trader when he was a patriot? Possibly there is something more than *self*-deception in this retrospective assertion; but at all events, it exposes the extent of weakness which was entailed upon the monarchy by the want of openness and substantial truth as its basis.

It does appear to be true, that part of the French rage against the monarchy was provoked by a hatred of effective authority—a common error of “republicans.” They are trying to do without it now, and have a tyranny—King Log and King Stork in one—a log that bites—a crowned police-officer, who is accounted harmless because he is called “President,” and signs the ukase which is handed up to him by despots underneath the throne.

Louis Philippe admits that he did agree to one point at the Hotel de Ville; although he disclaimed being “the best of republics,”—not on any score of modesty, but because “the best of republics is good for nothing.” He consented to be “a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions.” What does *that* mean? Assuredly, whatever ideas may have been attached to the epigrammatic paradox, no one ever developed it in an authoritative exposition.

And that epigrammatic paradox was all the charter of the French nation!

ENGLISH REPUDIATION.

A CLAIM is made on behalf of Nelson’s representative—Horatia, now the wife of an exemplary country clergyman, Mr. Ward, Vicar of Tenterden. Nelson left Lady Hamilton to his country, and a grateful country left her to beggary. The said grateful country accepted his services, which were carried to the sacrifice of his life, and chose to entertain a controversy with him on the point of ma-

als after his death. Lady Hamilton was tolerated on the deck of the ship that he was needed to command—nay, she was allowed to afford most material aid to his diplomacy; but when he was gone, the virtuous country, by its public servants, began to entertain scruples.

It is a pity that this question was not settled before Nelson committed himself to the battle of Trafalgar; but virtue winked at his victories. It may indeed be presumed that he would not have withheld his sword from the cause of his country through any fear about the ultimate requital, although even Emma was to share the injury; no doubt, he would have "gone in and won," even with the certainty of that crowning ingratitude. But, somehow, it does appear to us that the absence of the man precludes this country from too nice an overhauling of his little bill after death. It ought to have been paid in full, with a mere glance at the total.

The debt is due still, and, luckily, there is a representative of the creditor to receive the due.—*Spectator*, 8 Sept.

From the Economist.

FRANCE—FINANCE.*

M. Passy has laid before the Legislative Assembly his view of the finances of France, and it is not favorable to the government of Louis Philippe. "For the last ten years (is one of the first of his statements) the equilibrium of the budget has ceased to exist. Ever since the end of 1839, there has not been a year that has not added to the number of deficits of the treasury. For three years previous to 1848 the deficits have arisen from 100 to 162 millions, to reach in 1849 the number of 257 millions." "At the end of the financial year of 1847 the deficits that had successively fallen to the charge of the treasury in eight years past, formed a total of 897,764,093f, and the produce of the mortgage fund had only been sufficient to cover that amount to the extent of 442,249,115f. During the same lapse of time the loan of 450 millions, contracted in virtue of the law of the 25th of June, 1841, had been spent, and 35 millions of perpetual interest had been added to the *grand livre*. When the budget of 1848 was voted, it admitted as a probability a deficit of 48 millions on the ordinary service, and 169 millions on the extraordinary. This budget was in course of execution when the revolution of February came on." There was, then, a very rapid accumulation of debts in the last ten years of the reign of Louis Philippe.

There was also a very rapid increase of expenditure. According to Mr. Porter's tables, the expenditure was, in 1829, 40,596,577l., in 1830, 43,805,684l., and it jumped up in 1831 to 48,584,439l. It went down in 1834 to 42,542,377l.; but it subsequently increased, till it reached, in 1848, according to Mr. McCulloch, the sum of 54,400,000l. According to M. Passy, the ordinary expenses of 1849 will not exceed 1,408,776,384f., or

56,300,000l. At the same time, he contemplates an ordinary expenditure for 1850 of upwards of 47,000,000l., and an extraordinary expenditure of upwards of 60,000,000l. We admit that this sum is not large for a population of 35,400,000, in comparison to the expenditure of our country, 52,000,000l. for a population of 28,000,000. But the resources of the two peoples must be considered, as well as what they are accustomed to. It has been estimated, for example—and though the estimate may rest on no very accurate data, it is approximately correct, and may serve as a specimen of the whole—that the number of persons in the United Kingdom who enjoy incomes of 40l. a year and upwards is 2,750,000; while the number of persons who enjoy incomes in France exceeding 36l. is not more than 671,000. With a population of a fifth less than that of France, the number of persons whose incomes are capable of contributing to the public revenues without excessive inconvenience, is four times as great; and, measured by that test, the burden of taxation in our country is much less than the burden of taxation in France. Moreover, a very large part of our taxation, all that which pays the dividend on the national debt to English subjects, is not taken and appropriated by the government for its own purposes; it is merely collected from the whole people to be paid back to a part of them, all the recipients being the individuals who pay the taxes. The taxation of France, which at first sight appears light in relation to the number of people, is, in fact, extremely onerous in relation to their fortunes.

What they have been accustomed to, seems to us a still more important consideration than the positive amount of taxation. Thus it is creditable to our statesmen; it marks, as has been observed by M. Michel Chevalier, the skilfulness and wisdom of our government, that a reduction of expenditure, after the conclusion of the peace in 1815, was rapid and continual. But it was not so in France. The number of persons employed under our government has been lessened; but both the number of persons employed under the French government has been augmented, and its expenditure, in relation to the time of the great war, has been much increased. According to the authors of the *Histoire Parlementaire*, the popularity of the emperor was much on the wane in 1808, on account of the demands he made on the blood and treasure of the people for the aggrandizement of the dynasty of Napoleon. On examination, we shall find that the people have been more tormented by taxation to serve the purposes of the dynasties of the Bourbons, or keep up a great and mistaken system in which the sovereigns had no personal interest, than ever they were, with the exception of the three last years of the empire, under Bonaparte. Though the increase of population and resources of France, subsequent to his time, might have warranted some increase of expenditure, our readers will perhaps learn with astonishment that the average of the taxes levied on the French under Louis Philippe was nearly three

* This is the article to which the readers of the *Living Age* were referred, in connection with that from the *Times* on Mr. Gurney's speech, in No. 232.

times as great as the average of the taxes they had to pay under the emperor. We will quote the statement from a work entitled "France: her Governmental, Administrative, and Social Organization," published in 1844:

The average of the taxes levied upon the eighty-six departments of France during the Empire, the Restoration, and the present government, (that of Louis Philippe,) is as follows:

During the empire,	544,000,000
During the restoration,	950,000,000
During the present government,	1,360,000,000

Thus, in the fifteen years of the Consulate and of the Empire of Napoleon, when France was constantly engaged in wars, with the exception of the short peace of Amiens, the total amount of contributions paid by the eighty-six departments was 8,160,000,000 francs; in the fifteen years of the Restoration the same departments paid 14,250,000,000 francs; and in the thirteen years of the reign of the citizen king, they have paid 14,210,000,000 francs.

That comes down only to 1844; continued to 1848, as subsequent to 1844 the expense was much increased, the comparison would be still more unfavorable to the government of Louis Philippe. M. Michel Chevalier, writing in 1848, said, "The whole naval and military expense under Bonaparte in 1802 was 315 million francs; and the military and naval expense in 1846, under Louis Philippe, exceeded 576 millions." "Except 1806," he adds, "no year of the reign of Napoleon, till 1811, exceeded, for military and naval purposes, the expense of 1846." But the increase of expense, for the civil administration, appears to have been greater than that for the military. At least, the number of persons employed by the government is astonishingly large. The cost is said by the author of France to be 18,462,124*l*. Mr. Herries, on the 16th ult., called the public attention to the fact stated by Mr. Porter, that the number of persons in the service of our government had been reduced between 1815 and 1835, from 27,365 to 23,500, and their salaries at the latter period was 2,780,000*l*. The number of such persons employed in France was, in 1844, not less than 900,000. Including the police, the number was 992,000, and adding the military, the government of France may be said to comprise 1,392,000 persons, or about 1-26th part of the whole population. The number of persons employed in the government of the two countries does not admit of an actual comparison between England and France, because the bulk of our municipal and county magistrates and officers are either not appointed by the crown or do not receive salaries, while all such persons are appointed directly or indirectly by the crown in France. At the same time, it is evident that the number of persons employed in administering the government of France is much greater than is employed in administering the government of England. A German writer estimates them at fifteen times as many. As a specimen of the increase in France, we may quote that of the Ministry of the Interior.

In 1807, when France had 130 departments, the expense of the Ministry of the Interior was 740,273*fr*; it is now, when the number of departments is only 86, threefold. Under the Empire, there were in the ministry four chiefs of departments; in 1819, six; in 1823, seven; in 1824, eight; and now (1845) M. Duchatel has under his orders an under-secretary of state, a private secretary, three directors, thirteen heads of departments, and sections, and thirty-nine chief clerks. The number of officials has increased more rapidly since the revolution (1830.) It amounts to a fourth more than at the period of the Restoration. The finance ministry, which in 1830 had 59,700 officials, has now more than that number by 12,890. The several ministerial offices in Paris alone employed in 1830, 2,539 officials, with salaries of 8,836,000*fr*; and in 1844, 3,060, with salaries of 9,962,800*fr*: or the administration of Paris alone cost 1,126,500*fr*. more in 1844 than in 1830.*

It is well observed by M. Passy, "that the effect of every revolution is double. It creates increased expenditure, and reduces receipts." But we may almost be permitted to doubt whether such acute and terrible squandering as that of M. Ledru Rollin and his associates, which, generating great alarm and confusion, must soon come to an end, is on the whole more injurious than the continued and chronic increase of expenditure and debt, such as characterized the last ten years of the government of the Citizen King.

A great mistake is afloat as to the prosperity of France. The *Times*, for example, speaks of the "expansion of the national resources under Louis Philippe;" but if any such expansion had taken place, it would have shown itself by an increase of the people. Whenever and wherever national resources increase, the population increases. Fully analyzed, it may, indeed, be said that there is no other test of prosperity than their *continual and permanent* increase. They will always breed fully up to the means of subsistence, and if these means be abundant, the increase will be rapid. Certainly we have seen official accounts of immense imports and exports, particularly exports; but how much of them were sent to Algeria to supply the wants of the army, and were paid for out of the government expenditure, did not appear in the returns. Certainly, too, we know, from authentic sources, that while the imports and exports were assuming, at least on paper, an appearance of expansion, the shipping of France, one index of prosperity, was declining. M. Michel Chevalier tells us that the number of great ships—ships of three hundred tons and upwards—had fallen off in nine years, betwixt 1837 and 1846, 21 per cent., or from 300 to 237. In 1830, according to Mr. McCulloch, the number of ships was 14,852; in 1840, 15,600; and 1844, 13,679. Without giving us any specific data, M. Blanqui, in his recent work, *Sur des Classes Ouvrieres*, referred to in the *Economist* on June 2d, complains loudly of the decay of manufactures in France, and explains at some length the cause of the decline, and the deterioration in the condition of the workmen: "We have on several

* Müller's Statistisches Handbuch, for 1845.

occasions quoted from M. Thiers, Mr. M'Culloch, and others, statements of the alarming number of actual paupers and of persons scarcely able to subsist in France. We have shown, on the authority of Mr. M'Culloch, that not only is the agriculture of France extremely bad, in relation to that of England—not only does one acre in England yield considerably more than two acres in France—not only do two husbandmen in England supply a surplus of food for four other individuals, while in France two husbandmen only supply a surplus to feed one other person—but, bad as agriculture is in France, it is becoming worse. The number of cattle and horses is falling off, and the consumption of butcher's meat throughout the country is declining. This sad condition does not date from the Revolution of 1848; all these facts relate to France in the palmy and prosperous days of Louis Philippe, and indicate, with unerring certainty, that the general *malaise* which M. Blanqui notices as heralding that great storm, was a more effective cause of the revolution than the writing and talking of demagogues.

We may confirm this general view by a quotation from *Le Libre Echange* of February 13, 1848. Unfortunately, M. Frederic Bastiat's calm and thoughtful wisdom was not appreciated by either the bigoted and spendthrift coercionists, who insisted on carrying out their own system by forts and armies, or their antagonists, the republicans, who ran to the other extreme, and, in the fury of their self-will, made a sweeping and a devastating change.

Without speaking (said M. Bastiat) of the embarrassment of our finances—of which the principal source is the application of those ideas which form the system of protection—a painful languor affects all the branches of the national industry. Agriculture vegetates, manufactures languish, our mercantile marine dies out. Some particular branches of industry suffer more than others; such, for example, as that of the wine-growers, who complain incessantly, and with reason; such as the linen manufacture, which suffers not less, though it complains not, lest it should advocate freedom of trade, which can alone save it. But it may be said that the evil is general. There is not at present a single branch of industry of which the condition can be praised. It is a remarkable thing, in fact, that the distress (*malaise*) which afflicts France extends with double intensity to all its foreign possessions.

But the most decisive test of the very slow progress and condition of France, is the state of the population. Mr. J. S. Mill, in his recent work on political economy, says, in accordance with other authorities, that "the census of 1806 showed a population of 29,107,425. In 1846, according to the census of that year, it had only increased to 35,409,486, being an increase of little more than 21½ per cent. in 40 years." But that increase took place in a retarding ratio. It was greater under Napoleon than under the elder Bourbons, and greater under the latter than under Louis Philippe. We take the proof from Mr. Mill:—

In the 27 years, from 1815 to 1842, the population only increased 18 per cent.; and during that period,

with progressively increasing slowness—namely, in the first 11 years, 9 per cent.; in the next 9 years, less than 6 per cent.; and in 7 years, from 1835 to 1842, 3 1-10th per cent. only. According to the official returns analyzed by M. Legoyt, (and quoted by Mr. Mill,) the increase of the population, which from 1801 to 1806 was at the rate of 1.28 per cent. annually, averaged only 0.47 per cent. from 1806 to 1831; from 1831 to 1836 it averaged 0.60 per cent.; and from 1836 to 1841, 0.41 per cent.; and from 1841 to 1846, 0.68 per cent.; but M. Legoyt is of opinion that the population was "understated in 1841, and the increase between that time and 1846 consequently overstated; and that the great increase during the period was something intermediate between the last two averages, and not more than 1 in 200."

The extraordinary fact then is, that the French population, who were not reconciled to the waste of life and treasure which took place under Bonaparte by his splendid victories, then actually increased in numbers, and, we must believe, increased in wealth and material well-being, much faster than under the elder Bourbons, and faster still than under Louis Philippe. It is plain from these facts that, instead of society expanding rapidly in France, in which alone is health and safety, it was coming to a dead lock before the revolution of February; and such is the fatal mistake of the system there followed—such the error of their creed, or the perversity of their politicians—that the course since pursued has terribly increased the mischief. "By far the strangest feature in M. Passy's statement," says the *Times*, "is the total absence of any real and positive proposition for the reduction of the public expenditure." The system, of which the principal features were an increase of expenditure and debt, with no increase, if not a positive decrease, of resources, is to be continued and aggravated. M. Passy, like his colleagues, regards an extension of the functions of government—and of course an increase of expense—as a necessary consequence of the increase of civilization. According to the French theory, as men become more enlightened, moral, and wise, they are less to be trusted, and require more government.

We do not regard ourselves as over prosperous in England; we complain much and justly of the pressure of population; but in 40 years, when the French increased only 21½ per cent., our population increased 100 per cent., or four times as much as that of France; and, what is of more importance, it has increased, not in a retarding, but in an accelerating ratio. Between 1801 and 1811, the increase was 18.50 per cent.; between 1831 and 1841 it was 28.24 per cent. The population of the United States, undoubtedly the most prosperous country of the globe, increases still faster than our population, though we come nearly next to them; but the population of France, with two exceptions, increases more slowly than any population of the civilized world. A population that does not increase is not prosperous; and we may find a clue to many of the disasters of France in the wonderful disproportion between the increase of the population and of the government expendi-

ture. The latter has gone on in an accelerating ratio. In forty years, the increase of the people was $21\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—the increase of expenditure $2\frac{1}{2}$ fold, or 250 per cent. We may all mourn with the *Times*, as France seems likely to be the centre of continued convulsions in Europe, that there is to be no substantial alteration in her system and expenditure.

From the Montreal Herald.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE AND ANNEXATION.

THERE are a considerable number of persons, who, while they admit all the evils of our present condition—for who does not admit what each feels in his own individual case!—are yet indisposed to take that bold and decided step, which appears to us the only probable remedy. To these persons the nostrum of a federal union with the sister provinces—with or without independence—appears a better course, more consistent with old ideas and feelings, than that of an incorporation of our fortunes with those of the neighboring States. This opinion originates in honest, manly devotion to the country of our birth—to the desire still entertained to preserve the name and condition of British subjects. It is, therefore, respectable, and to be respected; but is nevertheless founded in mistake. We have said that these persons lean to the idea of a federal union of the British North American provinces, with or without independence of Great Britain; for among those who have not fully considered the subject, there is a vagueness of perception which prevents some of them from seeing distinctly that a federal union can be nothing, unless it be accompanied by independence. But it is easy to show that this is the fact; and that, therefore, to advocate such a plan is also to advocate a separation from the mother country.

A federation is a number of states, each managing its own local affairs as we do at present; but united by the tie of a general and metropolitan government, which arranges, for the entire group, all that regards their external relations. That is to say, the federal government determines all questions of peace and war, and, of consequence, all questions as to the extent and employment of the army and navy. It takes charge, also, of all diplomatic communications with foreign powers; all negotiations and treaties; and all restrictions, customs, or other taxes imposed upon foreign commerce. Now, unless there be these foreign relations, there can be no federal government, for the simple reason that the federal government would have no functions—would have nothing to do. If we should establish a federation to-morrow, in order to find some business for the general government to do, in order to prevent such an institution from becoming as useless a mockery as that of the governor-generalship, under the present system, we should have to obtain from Great Britain the right to treat with independent nations as an independent state. The cost of maintaining the army and navy would be necessarily thrown upon us, as a

consequence; for it would be absurd to suppose that we could be permitted to quarrel on our own account, and that Great Britain would bear the brunt of the contest.

We say, then, that a federal union and independence are inseparable; and we proceed to show how much less advantageous that arrangement would be, than the union with our southern neighbors.

The expenses of government in case of a federal union would be divided into two parts, that which belongs to the local or state government, and that which belongs to the federal government. In Canada at present we pay only the first set of expenses. Great Britain pays all those other charges, which in the United States are borne by the federal government, and would have to be borne by the federal government in case of a union with the provinces.

By a federal union, therefore, we save nothing of sources of expense, which we should incur by annexation; it is easy to show that these expenses would be vastly greater in the former case than in the latter. We have two millions of people in British North America. Joined to the United States we should form a nation of about twenty-four millions. But the two millions, in order to the maintenance of a thorough system of diplomatic relations abroad, would require as many ambassadors and consuls as would be necessary for the twenty-two. The two millions would have to go to all the cost of paying for a president, instead of paying the eleventh part of the cost of one such functionary for the twenty-two. The two millions must keep up a great variety of other civil establishments in the same way and out of their own resources, instead of sharing the burden with ten times their own number. Lastly, the army and navy must either be manifestly useless, or it must be equally powerful with that army with which it would probably have to contend in case of war.

The nation with which the North American Union would have to dread collision would clearly be the United States, therefore our army would either be utterly incapable of affording us protection, or it must be as numerous as theirs. Two millions of population, then, must go to the same expense as twenty millions; or else waste all the outlay in useless form, whereas by a union with the twenty millions, which would diminish the necessary cost of the present military establishments maintained by the larger population, the same protection might be had for a tithe of the money.

So far, then, it is evident, that the items of increased expenses, rendered necessary by a change, would be incalculably greater in the case of a federal union than in that of annexation. Let us see what would be the advantages. The great advantages to be looked for in either case, arise from enlarged markets for our produce—an increased field for our future industrial enterprises. Now a federal union of the British provinces would add, if they were all customers, only five hundred thou-

sand people to our commercial system. Of our two staples, lumber and breadstuffs, these five hundred thousand people would require nothing but breadstuffs. But annexation to the United States would add twenty million to our commercial system; would give us markets wherever railroad, canal, sea-going ship, or pack-horse could transport our present produce, and would open the same vast region to our manufacturers, protected from foreign competition by a high differential tariff.

Instead of taking our breadstuffs only, this immense population would every year require more and more of the produce of our forests, while the funds which came here in return would accumulate till they grew into capital, and were reinvested in the manufacture of fresh sources of profit. Finally, the federal union would give no privileges to our Canadian vessels, steamers or otherwise, which they do not now possess; annexation would give free entry to our craft in every water of the continent.

The contrast is succinctly stated, but we think it is sufficiently striking to induce any one who reflects upon it to give up the federal union, and cleave to the larger and better measure.

From the Economist.

GERMAN COMMERCE. THE NEW GERMAN FEDERAL EMPIRE.

In whatever light we regard Germany, it is unquestionably the most important "*foreign relation*" which this country can boast of. The only other country that has any pretensions to a comparison with it, is the United States of America. The manufactures of Great Britain are consumed in Germany to a larger amount than in any other country whatever. On the other hand, Germany supplies this country with wool, timber, flax, hemp, and grain, to an aggregate amount exceeding our imports from any other single country, unless it be in some years from the United States, in the trade of which cotton alone forms so important an item. If to our *direct* exports we add those which pass through Belgium, Holland, and other channels, the amount of British manufactures disposed of in Germany is not less than *twelve millions* annually. In other words, Germany, as a market for our goods, is equal to those of the possessions of the East India Company, Ceylon, the whole of the Australian colonies, the Cape of Good Hope, and the British possessions in North America, all taken together. When the German markets were paralyzed and deranged last year, in consequence of the political disturbances, which destroyed all credit and confidence, we had a striking example of the influence exerted by them on British industry. In the course of a few months our exports fell off upwards of £5,000,000. With tranquillity partially restored in Europe, our exports have increased as suddenly in the present year as they declined in 1848. According to the board of trade tables, which we publish this day,

the exports for the month of July in the present year show an increase of more than *two millions*, compared with the same month last year: while those of the seven months exhibit an increase of more than *five millions* in 1849, compared with 1848. What was lost by continental revolutions in 1848, has been restored to our general commerce by the tranquillity, such as it is, which now reigns in Europe. And those sudden and great changes have chiefly affected our trade with Germany, because it is so much larger than any other.

In everything, therefore, which affects the permanency of that tranquillity, this country has a deep and important stake. There is no more vulgar error, common as it hitherto has been, than that our success and prosperity can be built up on the misfortunes of our neighbors. Thus it is impossible that those who understand the true importance of the commercial intercourse between this country and Germany, can look with apathy upon the efforts now making at Berlin to consolidate into some rational confederation the scattered elements of the great German empire. We are in no humor at the present time to criticize too severely the errors of the past, whether of omission or commission, which have been made by those in whose hands the destinies of Germany have been placed. They have been sufficiently numerous.

We are rather disposed to aid, in every way we can, what appears to us to be the most likely means of cementing, if not all Germany, at least those states in the north which, from identity of interests and similarity of views, are capable of forming one great union, which will be sufficiently powerful to suppress domestic anarchy and forbid foreign aggression. By such a union alone can the peace of the north of Europe be guaranteed.

Taking the brilliant speech of M. de Radowitz, in the second Chamber at Berlin, as the true exponent of the policy of Count Brandenburg, and of the views and wishes of the King of Prussia, we must admit, that, for the first time since the revolutions of 1848, do we now see a well-founded hope for a reorganization of the German states into one united and intelligible policy. In the Frankfort Assembly we never had any confidence. It was based upon a theory which, however grand and imposing, embraced conflicting elements, which we had no hope to see reconciled. However much Austria and Prussia might appear to do homage to the "*occasion*," no one who considered the different principles and material interests which they represented, to say nothing of the private ambitions and jealousies which animated the representatives of two such great powers, could believe that either contemplated a true adherence to an arrangement which neither believed could be permanent.

But the Frankfort Assembly is now a matter of history. German unity, in the grand sense contemplated by that body, proved a failure, because it was based upon a vague theory, and not upon the wants and interests of the people. Since its dissolution it has been evident that the two great powers of Prussia and Austria have been striving

to influence a future organization of the German states. These efforts on the part of Austria no doubt would have assumed a more decided shape long before now but for the occupation which she has had in Italy and Hungary. At the present moment there are three plans open to Germany. The first is to remain in its present dislocated condition, with even the organization of the Zollverein, although literally in force (unless superseded) till 1853, practically, for any great object of progress or improvement, in abeyance; the second is to make another attempt to form one empire, with the reigning family of Austria at its head; and the third is to form such a limited union of the states which comprised the Zollverein of 1833, with such others in the north as are disposed to join it, leaving Austria and some of the minor states in the south to an independent existence. The first of these plans could lead only to continual intrigues, conflicts, and anarchy. The second to a reactionary policy, both with regard to the liberties of the people and the freedom of commerce, which would soon prove fatal (in the present temper of the German nation) to the governments themselves, both central and local, however formed. The third seems the only plan which promises anything like permanency, because it is based upon actual existing facts, and not upon any vague theory, because it assimilates itself to the material wants and the views of the people, and does not rely upon the people assimilating themselves to its dogmas; because it is a constitution made for a people, suited to their interests and actual existence, and does not depend upon a people for its sake changing their habits and views in order to adopt it. Such is the proposal now made at Berlin, under the immediate sanction of Prussia.

We have confidence in the Berlin constitution, because it is moderate in its pretensions, avoiding the grand but impracticable visions which proved fatal at Frankfort, and confining itself to an attempt to meet the real and present wants of that portion of Germany which can ever be permanently united. The whole objects and policy of this constitution are most ably explained in the speech of M. de Radowitz, already alluded to. He dwells with great stress upon the misfortunes of the past year—upon the anarchy which long prevailed—and against which, as yet, no permanent security has been taken. The old organizations of 1815 and of 1833 have equally fallen to pieces, and are no longer of any true force. Yet, without organization, what is Germany? Confederation is not more needful to the United States of America than it is among the numerous petty states of Germany. "Germany can only present itself as a union, in relation to foreign states. Its politics and representation must offer a united whole, with whose several divisions foreign powers have nothing to do. It is necessary I should show that this demand contains the condition upon which the life of the nation depends." Prussia, in short, now seeks to establish a federal union, following the example of the United States of America, in

determining the rights and powers of the federal government, and those of the independent separate states, and based upon a free and liberal representative system.

What, then, has Germany to choose between at this moment? On the one hand, there is Prince Swarzenburg's proposal for a great confederate empire of *seventy-four millions*, of discordant and dissimilar elements, with Austria at the head, and to include a mutual guarantee of *all* possessions, and consequently of Lombardy and Venice; and of which, no doubt, the cabinet of Vienna would be the moving spirit, as well with respect to its commercial policy as its general liberties. On the other hand, there is the proposal of Prussia, to establish a federal union of those states whose interests and views are similar and identical—based upon a liberal representative system. The one is reaction in politics—protection in commerce. The other is "progress" in both. The one addresses itself to a vision—an incompatible theory; the other, to actual existing facts—to living realities. The one, from its discordant elements, and reactionary attributes, could not fail to lead to confusion, anarchy, and (finally) to military despotism; the other, to a gradual amelioration of the present condition of the people, the expansion of their liberties, and the accomplishment of free trade. At the present moment, the one works by private intrigue; the other, by open and clearly announced principles and plans.

No one who has at heart the maintenance of that tranquillity which is so far reestablished in Europe can feel indifferent as to the success of the Berlin project. It is already far advanced. Austria has lost its opportunity, if, indeed, it ever existed. On the 30th of the present month, the *Reichstag* will be fully convened in both houses, senate and representatives, at Berlin, when the constitution will be formally submitted, and, no doubt, accepted. On the 15th of October, the general German Parliament will be convoked, representing the new federal empire, which will embrace, including Holstein, a population of about *twenty-eight millions*, of which Prussia alone possesses sixteen millions. The only thing which is now necessary for the full success of a project so admirably calculated to meet the peculiar position and wants of the German states, is that the King of Prussia, and those statesmen who have originated and proposed it, shall carry it out in the true spirit of M. de Radowitz's professions. The cabinet of Berlin must be prepared to carry it out in a frank, liberal, and enlarged spirit. We tell them that they cannot afford to vacillate or hesitate. They have put their hand to the work, and, for their own sake and the sake of Germany, they must persevere in it. If they do, they will have the credit and the honor of having laid the foundation of a great confederation, which, though independent in all its parts for local purposes, will form a powerful *unity* for all common objects, which will contain within itself the germs of progress and rational liberty. For our own part, we

greatly rejoice that Hamburg has given its influence for the accomplishment of this scheme. By the constitution, that free and intelligent city is accorded a preëminent share in the representation in both houses of the federal legislature, in which it cannot fail to have the influence which its importance deserves. This must be regarded as a great guarantee that the policy of the confederation will, especially in commercial objects, be more enlightened than has hitherto prevailed in Germany. Prussia has always used her influence against the progress of the southern states for increasing the protective duties, and in favor of a liberal tariff. And now, when she will be strengthened by the accession of Hamburg, we have every confidence that a great reform will be made in the commercial system now in use.

Hamburg will cease to be a free port. But Hamburg is, at present, free only for itself, while it is essentially the port of Germany, in respect to which all its freedom vanishes. No duties are collected in Hamburg; but very high protecting duties are now collected upon their imports, a few miles out of Hamburg, in whichever direction they go. How infinitely more important will it be that the influence of Hamburg shall be used in liberalizing the whole policy of Germany, than simply in retaining a system, however valuable in itself, which extends to scarcely a *twentieth* part of the population for whom the merchants of Hamburg are employed. Of what value would it be to England, were London and Liverpool free ports, if all produce and materials, on leaving for the interior, were exposed to heavy protective duties? What London and Liverpool are to England, Hamburg is to Germany. With a view, therefore, only of advancing their own interests, by extending a free commercial policy throughout Germany, the citizens of Hamburg have pursued, in our estimation, a wise and enlightened course, in throwing the whole weight of their influence into the Prussian confederation, and thus doing much to counteract the projects and designs of Austria, in every way opposed to their principles and interests.

From the Examiner, 22d Sept.

THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF GERMANY.

THE subjoined letter was written without any view to publication. But it very ably expresses the views of an intelligent and impartial German on the probable solution of the great problem of German unity, and we have obtained permission to lay it before our readers.

When I wrote you last, there were hopes that Prussia would succeed in consolidating a German confederation, with a general national assembly, an upper house, a council of the princes, and the King of Prussia as the president of the union, before Austria and Russia could disengage themselves from the Hungarian troubles. To counteract that salutary end, Austria had nothing at her disposal, then; but underhand intrigues at the small royal

courts, and diplomatic notes fraught with hypocrisy and sophistry. Though she had voluntarily excluded herself from a true German union, governed by a central power and general legislative bodies, by her special constitution of the 4th of March; and though she had formally refused to enter into a confederacy with such a union, formed under the auspices of Prussia; she insisted upon her right of having the lead in reorganizing Germany—and, in his note of the 16th of May, to the Prussian extraordinary ambassador, M. de Canitz, Prince Schwarzenburg tried to prove that the revolution could be put down in Germany only by the coöperation of Austria; that Prussia was quite unable to do so by herself; and as he had no material assistance to offer, and, forgetting that Austria is bankrupt in reputation, he did not hesitate to offer *moral support*, hinting openly to the sympathies of southern Germany. Such sympathies do exist, because, by the bigoted Catholic clergy in Bavaria, &c., Prussia is constantly denounced as the bulwark of heresy, and they would fain make their ignorant votaries believe that every Prussian is an incarnation of the devil with a tail and cloven feet. But these prejudices are on the wane in the same proportion as the iniquity of the Austrian and Bavarian governments begins to stare in the eyes even of the dullest minds.

At the present moment the positions are materially changed. Hungary, as Paskiewitch says in his despatch announcing the surrender of Görgey, lies prostrate at the feet of the czar; and Austria, though out at the elbows, stands with her arms a-kimbo, resolved to take the German affairs seriously into hand with her helpmate Bavaria, who hopes to get part of the lion's share. The Prussian government begins to veer round. After having assisted its worst enemy in subduing Hungary, by allowing Russian troops to pass through Silesia; after having forfeited the sympathies of many patriots in all Germany, by refusing the imperial crown offered by the national assembly, by the manner in which it has behaved in the Danish war, by annihilating its own constitution given on the 5th of December, and by forcing upon Prussia a new law of election, it is obliged to fall back on its allies of the old *régime*, Russia and Austria. We see how it veers round in the explanations on its German policy, which it laid, some days ago, before the first and second chambers, through its commissaries, M. de Bulow and M. de Radowitz; and we find that the plan proposed by the three kings, of Prussia, Hanover, and Saxony, for the constitution of all Germany, except the Austrian provinces, is already antiquated, in as far as it is given to understand that Prussia cannot sacrifice its *old alliances* against advantages that are at best uncertain, because the unanimous consent of all the German governments is very doubtful.

The truly liberal party in Germany is now everywhere kept down by violent means. Its heads, stigmatized by the names of demagogues, republicans, socialists, communists, &c., are forced to fly their country, unless they choose to be capitally or criminally tried by their political adversaries. The most respectable men are shot as rebels, imprisoned, or driven from place and home, promiscuously with the *mauvais sujets* that deserve no better. Even the members of the national assembly who had been recalled by their governments, but, as German patriots, preferred to obey the decrees of that assembly, in migrating with what remained of it from Frankfurt to Stuttgart, are imprisoned in Bavaria, and threatened to be tried for high treason in Prussia.

The holy alliance is in a fair way of outdoing itself, of outheroding Herod.

Prussia, therefore, and Austria, will now take the arrangement of the German affairs into their hands jointly. They have the power again; and all they promised and executed since March, 1848, was only done with a reservation that they should continue to be powerless. The reactionary party, with a tuft and place-hunting nobility at their head, and in league with the family interests of the sovereigns, are seriously bent upon bringing back the good olden times, when the anointed of the Lord and his special and loyal favorites were, with the assistance of priestcraft and a hired soldiery, recklessly fleecing a flock of bipeds created for their support. But as long as Germany shall be inhabited by its present race, it cannot become like China; nor can the democratic principles of Christianity be thoroughly eradicated in civilized Europe, even though our modern saints do all in their power to reduce it to a hollow form.

If not the crowned heads themselves, yet the statesmen in the cabinets *must* have learned something within the two last memorable years. Besides, some of the most essential reforms have struck such deep roots within that short period, that they cannot be put down. In Austria religious toleration must be realized, even through that assembly of the Protestant dignitaries which first met at the call of the government of Vienna on the 2d of August, when it moved in solemn procession to the Protestant meeting-house, and proclaimed its confession to be on a level with that of its Catholic brethren.

Thus we may confidently hope that, although Austria, lying prostrate at the feet of the czar, will have an active hand in managing the new organization of German politics, we shall not return to the old *régime*. The new central power that is to be installed by Prussia and Austria jointly, will no doubt be considered as being *de jure* a successor to the old German Diet, and as operating on the basis of the treaties of 1815; but *de facto* it will be compelled to grant many salutary innovations, especially a general national representation, as Austria will not scruple to violate her constitution of the 4th of March. One should, however, be a conjurer to foresee what will be the state of our internal constitution or affairs a six-month hence, and whether Germany will become one, two, or seven.

That the Congress of Peace should have been sitting at the very time when so many countries were actually bleeding, is a curious coincidence. But whether the great continental cabinets be plotting to exterminate every republic in Europe, from France down to Lubeck, or whether France herself be privy to a new holy alliance of which Prussia and Germany are to be the victims, we may regard the rumors of such matters as at least the smoke indicating that the diplomats are busily employed in their laboratories.

One fact is certain, that the continental cabinets consider the movement of 1848, which has shaken the foundations of so many governments, as a phenomenon, whose principle they are determined to uproot. It is a general crusade against what they call the revolution, that they are about.

But there are two tendencies in the cabinets. The one knows nothing about *ideas*; all history is to it but a play of intrigue and power; progress and reform are but concessions that are marks of weakness; it knows but an absolute government and an obedient people, whose persons and property are at the disposal of the sovereign and his retinue, and

who must not be enlightened, lest they should begin to think and to have a will of their own, instead of obeying. This is the *counter-revolution* that, at the present moment, thinks it is powerful again, and is resolved to use its power for going the full length towards bringing back the old *régime*.

The other tendency is that which does not consider either the power of the governments sufficiently great, or the victory gained sufficiently decisive, to attempt a counter-revolution. Absolutism is likewise what it drives at; but it sees that standing still or going back is impossible, and that a progressive movement is indispensable for the purpose of making advances to certain *ideas* of the age by certain forms; though there ought to be no essential change in the practical results. It would affect *liberal appearances*, and prefer concessions to violence; as the latter would be risking too much.

These tendencies are struggling for superiority in the cabinets, though in fact they aim at the same end. They both wish to put down republicanism throughout Europe, and they likewise agree in thinking the small German states a nuisance, not because the people there labor under many disadvantages, but because they consider them as breeding places of revolutionary ideas.

The unity of Germany or of Italy (countries which in so many respects are similarly circumstanced, as being the battle-fields for the rest of the European countries, never-failing objects for their policy, and an inexhaustible source for defraying the expense of other nations' wars) will not be acknowledged by the cabinets as a national or European desideratum, because it is a demand raised by the revolution.

But if Germany were united it would give a different direction to the whole policy of Europe; and it is next to impossible that the German powers should altogether overlook their vocation of rendering their country less insignificant. They must see that the interest of their own families is at variance here with the interest of the nation at large, and that they should forfeit every claim to respect and love if they did sacrifice the latter to their selfish ends. Thus the liberal as well as the counter-revolutionary absolutisms are compelled to shift their direction against their will.

This is especially true as regards Prussia. However much her cabinet inclines to absolutism or despotism, however great the abhorrence in which it holds a true and effectual constitution, founded of course on democratic principles, yet she cannot withdraw from the mission that happens to be allotted to her. She cannot become the ally of a league whose object it is to uphold absolutism and legitimacy at any rate, to oppose political and social progress, and to repress that development which freedom and independence bestow on the life of a nation. She has become great through Protestantism, wherefore she cannot fetter the spirit of free inquiry; she has done so much for public instruction, and has been so proud of being called the intellectual state *de préférence*, that now she cannot shrink from the results of a high development of intellect. Prussia has, through the assistance of democracy, whose principle she embraced in 1806, risen from her deep fall to a considerable height; and she has so often boasted of having obtained all the results of the revolution by progressive reform, that she cannot now declare open war to democracy, or turn back and call every reform an emanation from the revolutionary principle.

Prussia has promised so much that her honor

demande that she should keep her word, and to Prussia still all sensible Germans look up as their leader towards a better time. She has already once braved all the rest of Europe, having England for an ally; and if she were once more to unfurl her banner, and in a cause so truly noble, Germany believes and trusts that assistance would not be wanting from the same quarter.

Weimar, August 31, 1849.

From the Spectator, 15 Sept.

POSITION OF ROME AND HER CHURCH.

ECCLESIASTICAL affairs partake of the disorder which prevails in every branch of polity, and therefore extraordinary interest is felt in every step that may give a new turn to the stream of events, or furnish the nucleus around which the floating fragments may form a resting-place.

Among many questions which excite the most vivid curiosity, is the relation of France to the Church of Rome. It has for a long time been peculiar, acknowledging spiritual suzerainty rather than direct spiritual sovereignty in the Pope; and the conflict of councils on that head has grown more perplexing of late years. The affair of the Archbishop of Cologne, though a foreign transaction, served to shake the faith in the pontifical authority still further than it had been. The preaching of De la Mennais, whose mystic sentimentalism tended to gratify the religious instinct, while it overruled the dogmatic power, has gained ground so far as to occasion a direct denunciation from the actual incumbent of St. Peter's chair—if incumbent he can be called who has fallen off and is afraid to get on again. Nevertheless, towards the close of Louis Philippe's reign, there had been so long, strong, and steady a reaction upon the blank scepticism of the two previous generations, as to give hopes of what the Scotch would call a wholesale "revival" in the Gallican Church; a reaction partially exhibited in an enormous increase of religious publications. It was an effect of that reaction, aided no doubt by the personal character of the late Archbishop of Paris, and even of some leading schismatics, that the last revolution was characterized by a marked difference from the first, in the absence of any anti-religious movement. Another effect was the attempt of the competitors for power, notably the provisional government and the actual president, to coquette with Rome for an alliance with the papal authority. Pius the Ninth, whose sallies in the direction of reform never blinded us to his intellectual deficiencies, missed his way—took flight to Gaeta—and now, quite bewildered, has placed himself, like an old Pope of the most degenerate days, in a commission of absolutist cardinals. The French government had considerably stretched its *ex officio* republicanism to bring the papal alliance within its resources, and had sent an army to restore the pontifical Louis Philippe to the Vatican; but the pontifical Louis Philippe declares that he is a very Charles Dix, and Louis-Napoleonic France cannot go quite so far back as that. So the prince president, "*neveu de mon oncle*," and humble servant of the powers that be

in Paris, writes an "Oh! fie" letter to Rome, and warns whom it may concern that France has a flag in the Eternal City, and is going to be tricolor in policy again. The pontificate has gone back to the days of Leo the Twelfth—only the pontiff is out of town; France is in possession not of Ancona but of Rome itself—having come to pray, remains to scoff, and intimates that she will not be insulted by the ungrateful pontificate.

The manifest loosening of the territorial tenure heretofore held by the head of the Roman Catholic Church has suggested a report, to the effect that the organization of that church is to be revised; each great division of it, according to political geography, acquiring a practical independence, with a kind of federal relation to the central authority. In other words, the idea has been broached, of breaking up the unity which the church retained through the headship of Rome.

It is under these circumstances that an ecclesiastical council is summoned at Paris, for Monday next, at the seminary of St. Sulpice.

The bishops of the province of Paris (says the *Univers*) will alone take part in it. There will perhaps also be present the Archbishop of Chalcedonia, and two bishops of a neighboring province, who have requested permission to attend at this first assembly of their colleagues. Amongst the priests present at the council will be some grand vicars, and some theologians brought there by the bishops and the delegates of the chapters of the province. The superiors of the societies, which have their place of meeting in Paris, will be also invited. There will be no external ceremony; the rites marked out in the Pontifical will be followed. The time will be divided between labor and prayer; everything will take place with all the seriousness which the church commands. No vain discussions, and particularly none connected with politics, will take place. Time cannot be lost in useless words, for in the space of a week or ten days it is proposed to treat of the following matters: 1. Profession of faith; Provincial Councils; Diocesan Synods; Reports from Metropolitans and Suffragans; Bishops; Canons; Curés, Vicars, and Priests. 2. Uniformity of discipline to be established in the province; project of provincial statutes; catechism for the province. 3. Diocesan officialities; desservants; infirm priests; forbidden priests. 4. Ecclesiastical studies; faculty of theology; examination of a project of reorganization; seminaries, institutions, and free schools; school of the Carmes. 5. Question of the immaculate conception; examination and condemnation of some contemporaneous errors. All these matters will be examined in private assemblies, and be voted on at the general meeting. The decrees are brought forward by the bishops alone in session, with the accustomed solemnity.

Enough matter and to spare for a ten days' discussion! It is hardly possible that the actual position of the Roman Catholic Church as a whole should be overlooked, even if the consideration of it be not deliberately contemplated under some of the heads indicated in the programme. Unless it be excluded altogether, very startling ideas are likely to be thrown out, and "the point of the wedge" will probably be introduced at this part.

Unless, indeed, a wholly new spirit should man-

ifest itself with sufficient power to make a last stand for the Church of Rome. Pius the Ninth was supposed to intend the step of assimilating the constitution and regimen of the church to the genius of the age; but if ever he entertained the design, he has failed, and takes refuge in reaction. The Council of Paris cannot supply the fatal omission. But possibly, feeling its want of authority and of influence sufficient to cope with so vast a subject, it might start the project of a Great Council of the whole church. We speak under correction in expressing the belief that a council possesses supreme power within the church—higher than that of the Pope himself. If so, the council might revise the constitution and regimen of the church, as Pius the Ninth was expected to do; only that the revision would be effected with greater breadth and completeness. It is probable, indeed, that the Romish Church may prove essentially incapable of this expansive and progressive modification; and, in that case, the conflicts of councils which we note may be regarded as the signs of its final disruption.

From the London Times, of Sept. 19.

RUSSIAN PREPONDERANCE.

THE Emperor of Russia has withdrawn his troops from Hungary with a promptitude and sincerity which are more calculated to increase his weight and influence in the affairs of Europe than any concessions of territory wrung from an enfeebled ally, or any act of hostile defiance to the other states which surround the frontiers of his empire. We are not surprised at the haughty and self-applauding language of the proclamations in which the Russian autocrat has thanked his armies and celebrated their triumph. Nor do we regret that the harshness of some of the expressions contained in these documents should be such as to make the Austrian ministers feel how little such acts of friendship are to be coveted or accepted. The Emperor Nicholas took up arms against the Hungarian insurrection partly from a desire to extricate the house of Austria from the formidable difficulties which had been aggravated by the open and by the clandestine enmity of other powers. But the principal and decisive consideration which led him to enter upon this campaign was the extreme danger to which the possible success of the Hungarian republic, assisted by the most daring soldiers of the Polish emigration, obviously exposed the most unsettled portion of his own dominions. Many thousand Poles fought in the ranks of the Magyars. Dembinski and Bem exercised a degree of control over the military plans of M. Kossuth's government which might subserve their own ulterior objects, but which was highly unpalatable to such men as Görgey, who probably entertains the wonted aversion of the Magyars to their Sarmatian neighbors. These foreign auxiliaries had contributed to make the breach between the Hungarians and the house of Austria irreparable, by encouraging the deposition of the emperor and his

race, because their only hope was in total revolution. No recognition of the national rights of Hungary could have satisfied them; but it was precisely the excesses to which they had contributed which brought down upon them the whole force of the north, and terminated the campaign.

Moreover, the cabinet of St. Petersburg, extending its observation to the rest of Europe, was well aware that the triumph or defeat of the Hungarian insurrection was not a question confined to the frontiers of that kingdom. Its consequences embraced the whole of Southern Germany. Already, in October last year, Hungary had kindled the conflagration in Vienna which rivalled the horrors of the Parisian days of June, when the Polish Bem and the Saxon Robert Blum conspired to overthrow the monarchical institutions of Germany in the heart of her greatest capital. However patriotic the intentions of some of the Magyars may have been, their cause was identified elsewhere with the explosion of those frantic doctrines and acts of violence which had so recently spread terror and destruction through so many of the fairest cities of Europe. At one moment the policy of M. Kossuth had been daringly aggressive; had he become undisputed master of Hungary, it would probably, or rather perforce, have become so again. The termination of the Hungarian war has interrupted a series of calamities to which it is not easy to assign bounds.

But, whilst we express our satisfaction that the blind enthusiasm of some of our contemporaries has not been gratified at so enormous a price as a prolonged European convulsion, we have never concealed our regret that no other means of averting it could be employed with effect, and we concur with some of our habitual antagonists in viewing with dissatisfaction the increase which has thereby accrued to the power and influence of Russia. That the fact is so, is generally acknowledged, and no less generally deplored, because we have yet to learn that the armies and agents of Russia are to be regarded as the champions of improvement, and it fares but ill with freedom and civilization if they are to be the defenders of Europe from the most grievous excesses. But to what cause are we to attribute this augmentation of the European ascendancy of Russia, which those who are so ready to call revolutions liberty observe and deprecate as we do ourselves? Evidently to the occurrence of those very convulsions which their puerile enthusiasm was so eager to applaud; and, secondly, to the extraordinary position of British diplomacy on the continent, which some of them have the intrepidity or the ignorance to defend. Whatever Russia has gained has been by the weakness of others, rather than by her own strength—by opportunities of influence which offered themselves to her more readily than if she had sought them—by calamities which threw others prostrate whilst she remained erect, and which left her mistress of her policy and resources, whilst all the other continental states were without force, and without will. In other words, the

revolution which paralyzed the other governments of Europe left her the more free to pursue her own course, even against their aberrations, so that we may venture to affirm that no combination of circumstances could have been so favorable to the extension of the power of Russia as that sudden and irrational outbreak which swept away the habitual checks to her policy. The Emperor Nicholas made use of his position with great forbearance and moderation; but, had his ambition been of a more active kind, he would have found that his most effectual auxiliaries abroad were precisely those liberals who professed the keenest hostility to his policy, but who had destroyed the system by which that policy was controlled. The conflict between a regular and absolute government, conducting its affairs with skill and secrecy, and disposing of great military resources, and a fluctuating, irregular, and irresponsible popular power, whose resources are dispersed, and whose diplomacy is in the street, can have but one termination.

One country, indeed, besides Russia, remained entirely exempt from these infirmities of revolution; the measures of the British Foreign-office were never taken with greater freedom from external pressure or popular debility; and if they have failed it has been, not from necessity, but from choice. Nevertheless, even when an effort has been made by this country to oppose or counteract a tendency which she disapproved, it has so happened that she has not only succumbed, but has actually contributed to promote the result least acceptable to British policy. We have seen it asserted that in the Danish mediation Lord Palmerston succeeded in defeating the intentions of the Russian cabinet in the Baltic. A more erroneous statement was never made, for the settlement which was ultimately adopted was precisely that which Count Nesselrode had sanctioned, and every important point in the negotiation and the war was determined, not by English suggestions, but by Russian declarations. It was well known that the Emperor Nicholas was resolved and prepared to act, though with reluctance, and that we were not.

So, also, in the affair of Moldavia and Wallachia; when England protested against the Russian occupation, and was even said to have fomented the warlike spirit of the Porte, the Russian cabinet simply took no notice of our remonstrances, and declared it should continue to hold the country. In Italy and Sicily, when it was found that the weight of England was thrown on the side of the revolution, the credit and influence of Russia increased in a compound ratio with all the governments we had estranged from ourselves; and, to crown these exploits of our foreign policy, our persecution of the interests of Austria contributed to send her as a suppliant to Warsaw until Russian armies appeared on the Lower Danube.

If, therefore, the Emperor of Russia has reason to view his present political position with pride and satisfaction, he may thank, in the first instance,

those factions which have weakened and convulsed the continental states of Europe, but he owes at least an equal debt of gratitude to that English minister who based his policy on the chances of these revolutionary adventurers, and at once threw aside the principles and the power which this country had so long adhered to and enjoyed in her foreign relations.

From the London Literary Gazette.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN VENTILATION.

AT a time when cholera, with an appalling voice, calls the most earnest attention to house ventilation, and dreadful explosions and loss of life in mines demand no less efforts to devise means for the prevention of these calamities, we have much satisfaction in anticipating that human residences may easily be supplied with a continual circulation of wholesome air, and the most dangerous subterranean works be preserved against accident from foul currents of fire-damp. Dr. Chowne has enrolled a patent for Improvements in Ventilating Rooms and Apartments, of the perfect efficacy of which, we believe, there cannot be a doubt, and on a principle at once most simple and unexpected. Without going into details at present, we may state that the improvements are based upon an action in the siphon which had not previously attracted the notice of any experimenter, viz., that if fixed with legs of unequal length, the air rushes into the shorter leg, and circulates up, and discharges itself from the longer leg. It is easy to see how readily this can be applied to any chamber, in order to purify its atmosphere. Let the orifice of the shorter leg be disposed where it can receive the current, and lead it into the chimney, (in mines, into the shafts,) so as to convert that chimney or shaft into the longer leg, and you have at once the circulation complete. A similar air-siphon can be employed in ships, and the lowest holds, where disease is generated in the close berths of the crowded seamen, be rendered as fresh as the upper decks. The curiosity of this discovery is that air in a siphon reverses the action of water, or other liquid, which enters and descends or moves down in the longer leg and rises up in the shorter leg! This is now a demonstrable fact; but how is the principle to be accounted for? It puzzles our philosophy. That air in the bent tube is not to the surrounding atmosphere as water, or any heavier body, is evident; and it must be from this relation that the updraft in the longer leg is caused, and the constant circulation and withdrawal of polluted gases carried on. But, be this as it may, one thing is certain—that a more useful and important discovery has never been made for the comfort and health of civilized man. We see no end to its application. There is no sanitary measure suggested to which it may not form a most beneficial adjunct. There is not a hovel, a cellar, a crypt, or a black, close hole anywhere, that it may not cleanse and disinfect. We trust that no time will be lost in bringing it to the public test on a large scale, and we foresee no

impediment to its being immediately and universally adopted for the public weal. We ought to remark, that fires or heating apparatus are not at all necessary; and that, as the specification expresses it, "this action is not prevented by making the shorter leg hot while the longer leg remains cold, and no artificial heat is necessary to the longer leg of the air-siphon to cause this action to take place." Extraordinary as this may appear, we have witnessed the experiments made in various ways, with tubes from less than an inch to nearly a foot in diameter, and we can vouch for the fact being perfectly demonstrated. Light gas does descend the shorter leg when heated, and ascend the longer leg, where the column of air is much colder and heavier.

From Punch.

AN ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A LONDON CHURCH-YARD.

BY A TRADESMAN IN THE VICINITY.

The sexton tolls the bell till parting day;
The latest funeral train has paid its fee;
The mourners homeward take their dreary way,
And leave the scene to Typhus and to me.

Now fades the crowded graveyard on the sight,
But all, its air who scent, their nostrils hold,
Save where the beadle drones, contented quite,
And drowsy mutes their arms in slumber fold.

Save where, hard by yon soot-incrusted tower,
A reverend man does o'er his port complain
Of such as would, by sanitary power,
Invade his ancient customary gain.

Beneath those arid mounds, that dead wall's shade,
Where grows no turf above the mouldering heap,
All in their narrow cells together laid,
The former people of the parish sleep.

The queasy call of sewage-breathing morn,
The ox, urged bellowing to the butcher's shed,
The crowd's loud clamoring at his threatening horn,
No more shall rouse them from their loathly bed.

For them no more the chamber-light shall burn,
The busy doctor ply his daily care,
Nor children to their sire from school return,
And climb his knees the dreaded pest to share.

Good folks, impute not to their friends the fault,
If memory o'er their bones no tombstone raise;
Where there lie dozens huddled in one vault,
No art can mark the spot where each decays.

No doubt, in this revolting place are laid
Hearts lately pregnant with infectious fire;
Hands, by whose grasp contagion was conveyed,
As sure as electricity by wire.

Full many a gas, of direst power unclean,
The dark, o'erpeopled graves of London bear,
Full many a poison, born to kill unseen,
And spread its rankness in the neighboring air.

Some district surgeon, that with dauntless breast
The epidemic 'mongst the poor withstood,
Some brave, humane physician here may rest,
Some curate, martyrs to infected blood.

To some doomed breast the noxious vapor flies,
Some luckless lung the deadly reek inspires;
Ev'n from the tomb morbid fumes arise,
Ev'n in men's ashes live disorder's fires.

For thee, who, shocked to see th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their shameful plight relate;
If, chance, by sanitary musings led,
Some graveyard-gleaner shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some muddle-headed clerk will say,
We used to see him at the peep of dawn,
Shaving with hasty strokes his beard away,
Whene'er his window-curtains were undrawn.

There would he stand o'erlooking yonder shed,
That hides those relics from the public eye,
And watch what we were doing with the dead,
And count the funerals daily going by.

One morn we missed him in the 'customed shop;
Behind the counter, where he used to be,
Another served; nor at his early chop,
Nor at the "Cock," nor at the "Cheese," was he.

The next, by special wish, with small array,
To Kensall Green we saw our neighbor borne;
Thither go read (if thou can'st read) the lay
With which a chum his headstone did adorn.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rest with decency the bones in earth,
Of one to Comfort and to Health unknown;
Miasma ever plagued his humble hearth,
And Scarletina marked him for her own.

Long was his illness, tedious and severe;
Hard by a London churchyard dwelt our friend;
He followed to the grave a neighbor's bier,
He met thereby ('t was what he feared) his end.

No longer seek corruption to enclose
Within the places of mankind's abode;
But far from cities let our dust repose,
Where daisies blossom on the verdant clod.

[JEWISH RESURRECTION.]

"THE Jews commonly express resurrection by regermination, or growing up again like a plant. So they do in that strange tradition of theirs; of the Luz, an immortal little bone in the bottom of the *Spina dorsæ*; which, though our anatomists are bound to deride as a kind of *Terra incognita* in the lesser world, yet theirs (who know the bones too but by tradition) will tell ye that there it is, and that it was created by God in an unalterable state of incorruption; that it is of a slippery condition, and maketh the body but believe that it groweth up with, or receiveth any nourishment from, that; whereas indeed the *Luz* is every ways immortally disposed, and out of whose ever-living power, fermented by a kind of dew from heaven, all the dry bones shall be reunited and knit together, and the whole generation of mankind recruit again."—*John Gregorie*, p. 125.

[THE GREENDALE OAK.]

HORACE WALPOLE mentions cabinets and glasses at Walbeck "wainscoted with the Greendale Oak, which was so large, that an old steward wisely cut a way through it, to make a triumphal passage for his lord and lady on their wedding, and only killed it."—*Letters*, vol. 2, p. 8.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately *Essays of the Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers's* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

From the Christian Observer.

SEYMOUR'S MORNINGS AMONG THE JESUITS.

Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome: being Notes of Conversations held with certain Jesuits on the subject of Religion in the City of Rome. By the Rev. M. H. SEYMOUR. London: Seeley.

WE consider this work of Mr. Seymour's as one that is likely to be of much service in the Romish controversy. Circumstances appear to have favored Mr. Seymour in obtaining for him free and unreserved communication with some of the leading Jesuits at Rome, and he seems to have availed himself with much tact of the opportunity thus afforded him of ascertaining their precise views, and the strength of their arguments in various important points on which we are at issue with the Church of Rome.

Mr. Seymour informs us, in his Introduction, how this happened, and as it might appear, without his own explanation, that he misled the parties with whom the interviews were held as to his real state of mind, we give his own account of the matter.

During my constant attendance at all the services of the Church of Rome, I was observed by a Roman gentleman who held office in the papal court; and, being acquainted with him, he remarked one day to my wife, that I seemed much interested in these things; and asked whether I would not like to make the acquaintance of some of the clergy. Having learned from her my wishes to that effect, he called some days after to say he had been with his personal friend the Padre Generale—the father-general of the Jesuits—and had mentioned to him my wish to enter into communication with the clergy, and he seemed to intimate that this was sure to convert me to the Church of Rome. He added that the father-general had directed two members of the order to wait on me, to give me any information which I might desire. These gentlemen came in due course. They soon presented me to others. They introduced me to the professors of their establishment, the Collegio Romano, and thus a series of conversations or conferences, on the subject of the points at issue between the Churches of England and Rome, commenced and were carried on, as occasion offered, during the whole period of my residence at Rome. A portion of my notes of these conversations constitutes this present volume of "MORNINGS AMONG THE JESUITS AT ROME."

I dealt with all frankness with these several gentlemen, as to the object of their visit. They were under the impression, which they were at no pains to conceal, that I was disposed favorably towards their church;—that I was one of those Anglican clergymen, who neither understand nor love the Church of England, and who, in a restless dissatisfaction and love of change, are prepared to abandon her communion for that of Rome, and who only wait a little encouragement, and perhaps instruction, before taking the last step. I was very careful to undeceive them, stating that I should be most happy to confer with them on the differences be-

tween the two churches, but that I could not do so under a false color—that I was devotedly attached in judgment and in feeling to the Church of England—that I looked on her as the Church of God in England, and the most pure, most apostolic, most scriptural of all the churches of Christendom—that, without unchurching other churches, she was still the church of my judgment and of my affections; and that I had never for a moment harbored the thought of abandoning her for any other church, and especially for the Church of Rome.

My new friends, for such their subsequent conduct proved them to be, seemed surprised at the decision of my opinions; and expressed their wonder that I could refuse to hold communion with the Church of Rome.

I stated that I felt very strong objections, as they appeared to me, against that church; but that, if those objections were removed—if they, who were priests of the Church of Rome, could remove them—if they, living at the fountain-head of that church, could prove them futile, in that case they should find me free to act, and prepared to act on my enlightened convictions, and I would without hesitation join their communion.

They generally asked me to state my objections, as they felt assured that they would be able to remove them.

This invitation led to a series of conferences or conversations with some of these gentlemen. (pp. 3—5.)

In these interviews Mr. Seymour displays, we think, much acuteness in drawing out his opponents so as to obtain from them a clear admission as to the real character of Romish views on various important points on which generally much reserve is adopted by Popish controversialists in their communications with Protestants; and we are not surprised, when we read the account here given of their conversations with Mr. Seymour, to find him making the following remarks:—

I have learned, and must bear about me forever the memory of the lesson, never again to regard the extremities of credulity as inconsistent with the most scientific attainments; or to suppose that what seems the most absurd and marvellous superstition is incompatible with the highest education; or to think that the utmost prostration of the mind is inconsistent with the loftiest range of intellectual power. There was in some of my friends an extraordinary amount of scientific attainments, of classical erudition, of polite literature, and of great intellectual acumen; but all seemed subdued and held, as by an adamant grasp, in everlasting subjection to what seemed to them to be the religious principle. This principle, which regarded the voice of the Church of Rome as the voice of God himself, was ever uppermost in the mind, and held such an influence and a mastery over the whole intellectual powers, over the whole rational being, that it bowed in the humility of a child before everything that came with even the apparent authority of the church. I never could have believed the

extent of this, if I had not witnessed it in these remarkable instances. They seemed to regard the canons of the church precisely as we regard the decisions of Scripture; and just as we regard any unbelief of the statements of Holy Scripture as infidelity, so they regard every doubt as to the judgment of the church as the worst infidelity. It seemed as if a doubt of it never cast its shadow across their minds. (pp. 5, 6.)

One of the first subjects of conversation naturally was the Tractarian movement in the English Church.

He then begged of me to explain my idea of the manner in which the movement was likely to operate.

I answered, that the Anglican church stood between two systems—between Romanism and dissent. These were the two extremes, to one or other of which all who loved extremes were likely to precipitate themselves. The party of the movement desired to draw her nearer and nearer to Rome—to give her more and more a similarity to the Church of Rome; and by that very course had led their opponents to run into the opposite extreme. It had evoked an antagonistic spirit, that was sure to lead nearer and nearer to dissent; and I added that my own conviction was, that the real evil, the impending danger, was, the people forsaking the Church of England, as a church declining towards Rome; and then utterly overthrowing and destroying her—a danger like that which arose out of the proceedings of Archbishop Laud, in the time of Charles I., namely, the utter subversion of the Church of England.

He intimated that he had not seen the movement in that light, but rather regarded it as one likely to lead the Church of England towards the Church of Rome—that all parties of all churches seemed agreed that the movement could not stop where it was—that the active movers would come over, and if honest in their statements, and sincere in their opinions, must come over, to the Church of Rome; and that so far at least the Church of Rome must be a gainer;—that, however it might end for the Church of England, it must prove a gain to the Church of Rome—that they could not remain as they were, but must go further; and he felt that the course taken by such good men was certain to exert a great weight and influence upon others.

I was silent, except so far as assenting to his opinion respecting the parties engaged in the movement. He observed this, and continued to say, that there was a large section of the Church of England—and that too an increasing section—steadily and surely inclining to the Church of Rome; and thus a great division existed in the very heart of the Church of England, and that thus there were many who would embrace, and were embracing, the very system against which I objected; and he added, that although I might not be aware of the fact, yet he knew it from sources of information that were not accessible to all, that multitudes in England were privately coming over to the Church of Rome. (pp. 18, 19.)

We quote this principally for the testimony contained at the close of it, and wish it may tend to open the eyes of some who would fain keep them closed to everything but what appears on the surface.

Among the conversations on the doctrine of the Church of Rome, none seem to us of more impor-

tance than those which related to its Mariolatry and saint and image worship, and we quite agree with Mr. Seymour in thinking that the position taken by his Jesuit collocutors on this point, is worth especial notice, as showing the present state of feeling in the Church of Rome respecting it, and demonstrating that the tendency is towards the growth and increase of this superstition. There are bold declarations of doctrine and expressions of feeling in the conversations on this point, for which we should have been equally unprepared with Mr. Seymour, and which (combined with the recent Letter of the Pope on the subject of the Immaculate Conception) seem to show that that church is sinking even into more degrading depths of superstition and false doctrine.

I stated, says Mr. Seymour, that there appeared to be many things that seemed not only extravagant, but even impossible, from their palpable absurdity; things that at times seemed so gross that no reasonable credulity could stand them; and had the effect of raising an insurmountable objection against any communion with the Church of Rome, if, indeed, these things were part and parcel of her system, or in any way essential to her completeness; and I added, that if they were not essential they ought to have been got rid of as offensive to so many persons.

He replied, that he quite felt that there were many things to which my remarks would very justly apply, but that there were many others that were extravagant or absurd only in appearance; and that it not unfrequently occurred that those things that at one time seemed liable to insurmountable objections, were afterwards adopted by converts without the least scruple or difficulty. He therefore wished me to specify some illustration.

I referred in return to the miraculous picture of the Virgin Mary in the church of S. Maria Maggiore—to the miraculous image of our Lord as a child in the church at Araceli—to the miraculous image of the Virgin Mary in the church of the Augustines; and to several other pictures and images, which were said to be miraculous, and which were worshipped with a special and peculiar devotion—were crowned and carried in procession precisely as the ancient heathens of Rome used to carry the images of their gods. I stated that these things seemed very gross, and that usually in England the advocates of the Church of Rome got rid of all objections derived from them by disavowing all these things as abuses, as exaggerations, as bad or superstitious practices, which were not acknowledged or practised by the well-informed, and were not approved by the church. I therefore would take the opportunity of asking him, living as he did at the fountain head, and capable of informing me with some authority, whether others or myself could be justified in setting the objection aside in that way—namely, by attributing these things to the ignorance of the foolish and superstitious.

He answered without the least hesitation, and in a manner that took me by surprise. He answered that I had taken a very wrong view of these particulars, in regarding them as extravagant or absurd; for, although they might appear strange to me, as at one time they had appeared to himself, so strange indeed as sometimes to be absolutely loathsome to his feelings, and although he felt him-

self unable to justify them in themselves, yet there was no doubt of their being approved in practice by the church; that they were no exaggeration or caricature, but real verities, which at one time were a stumbling-block and offence to his own mind. He added that there was much that might be said in their favor, for that the Italians were a people very different from the English; that the English loved a religion of the *heart*, and the Italians a religion of the *senses*; the English a religion of the *feelings*, and the Italians a religion for the *taste*; the English an *inward and spiritual religion*, and the Italians an *outward and visible religion*; and that it was the intention of the church, as well as her duty, to arrange all the rites, ceremonies, acts, services of religion, so as to be suitable to an outward and visible religion, and calculated for the mind of Italy; and thus those particulars concerning the crowning and processions of miraculous pictures and miraculous images, however strange and absurd to the English, have been sanctioned by the church as both natural and wise to the Italians.

I expressed in strong terms my surprise at the position he had taken, expecting that he would have denied or softened these things, instead of asserting and defending them. And I took the opportunity of alluding to the coronation of the picture of Mary, in S. Maria Maggiore—a coronation by the present Pope, (Gregory XII.) who crowned it amidst religious services with his own hands; I also alluded to the procession which conducted the same picture through the streets, in order to suppress the cholera—a procession in which the present Pope joined bare-footed—and I asked whether we were to regard these acts, in which all the chiefs of the church, as the Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, &c., took an active part, as the acts of the church, sanctioning the opinions that pictures could work miracles, and that the procession of a picture of the Virgin Mary could possibly stay the virulence of the cholera, and that any particular picture was entitled to any special or peculiar devotion, as a coronation—in short, entitled to more veneration than other pictures.

To this he replied with frankness and decision, saying that he had no doubt, and that there could be no doubt whatever, as to the miraculous powers of some images and pictures; and he explained the matter thus. It sometimes occurred, he said, that some persons were affected, specially affected or moved, by some pictures or images more than by others; that in praying before these, their feelings were more touched, their sensibilities more excited, and their devotional affections more drawn out in prayer; that, in answer to such prayer, God not unfrequently gave responses which were more marked than ordinary, and were to be regarded as miraculous answers to prayers made before miraculous pictures or images.

I could not avoid showing my incredulity as to all this, and I certainly was as surprised as I was incredulous.

He observed this, but only continued to express himself more strongly, stating that there was no doubt whatever as to the reality of many miracles of this nature in answer to such prayers; and that when the report of these miracles spread abroad, when the public heard of them, when the minds of the devout were excited by the fame of them, then multitudes of persons naturally flocked to such pictures and images to pray before them; and their feelings being excited, and their affections being the more drawn out by the circumstance, there were

yet again other miracles wrought by God, and so these images and pictures became miraculous. He added, that the picture of the Virgin at S. Maria Maggiore was such—that the image of Mary at the church of the Augustinians was such—and that the picture of St. Ignatius praying to the Virgin in the church of Gesu was, with many others, also miraculous.

I must frankly confess that I was wholly unprepared for this. In all my former experience of controversy in Ireland and England, I had been told that all those were the mere abuses of the superstitious, and not sanctioned by the learned; if, indeed, such things were believed or practised anywhere. I had often heard them denounced as mere fabrications—pure inventions to injure the character of the Church of Rome, and I felt much surprise to find them not only believed and practised, but defended. I felt that it was opening out to me a new state of things, a new phase of mind, and a totally new system of faith or credulity, which I had never anticipated. A mind must be in a peculiar state to believe in the miraculous powers of a picture or image.

His explanation led me to advance a step in our argument, and to say that his statements seemed to imply that there was something peculiar to those images and pictures, something inherent in them as compared with others, something not in the saint or angel represented, but in these very pictures and images themselves. I endeavored to illustrate my meaning by suggesting two pictures of the Virgin Mary placed side by side, and asking whether one being supposed to be miraculous, the people would pray before that one rather than the other; and whether he believed the Virgin Mary would interfere with a miraculous answer for those who prayed to her before that one rather than the other. I added, that, if such was the case, it went to prove a belief that there was something peculiar, some virtue or power, something miraculous in such a picture, in one rather than the other; and that the distinction proved that the people did look for something, in pictures and images, more than the persons whom they were designed to represent.

He gave the fullest assent to this, saying, that they looked first of all to the saint represented in the picture or image, and that then, in case there was a miraculous character, they looked also to that power or virtue. He added, that his full belief was, that the Virgin Mary was more partial to some representations of herself than to others; and that, in order to induce the devout to pray before these her favorite ones, she heard and answered the prayers so offered, while she neglected those that were offered elsewhere—answering the prayers offered before one picture which she liked, and refusing those offered before a picture which she did not like.

This was a degree of credulity, not to say superstition, for which I was wholly unprepared; and I felt that there must be something in the atmosphere of Italy, or something in the training of the mind of Italy, that could lead an intelligent, a travelled, and educated man to such a state of credulity. (pp. 35—41.)

My clerical friend, after a pause which I was unwilling to break, lest I should express myself as strongly as I felt, resumed the conversation, and said, that the worship of the Virgin Mary was a growing worship in Rome—that it was increasing in depth and intenseness of devotion; and that there were now many of their divines, and he spoke of himself as agreeing with them in senti-

ment, who were teaching that as a woman brought in death, so a woman was to bring in life;—that as a woman brought in sin, so a woman was to bring in holiness;—that as Eve brought in damnation, so Mary was to bring in salvation; and that the effect of this opinion was largely to increase the reverence and worship given to the Virgin Mary.

I said that I had read something of the kind, and also that I had seen a sort of parallel in some of the fathers on the subject, but that it did not go so far as the modern opinion. But in order not to misunderstand him, and to prevent any mistake as to his views, I asked whether I was to understand him as implying, that as we regard Eve as the first sinner, so we are to regard Mary as the first Saviour; one as the author of sin, and the other as the author of the remedy.

He replied that such was precisely the view he wished to express, and he added, that it was taught by St. Alphonso de Liguori, and was a growing opinion. (pp. 43, 44.)

And when Mr. Seymour remarked, that, from his observations on the devotions of the Italians, he felt that “the religion of Italy ought to be called the *religion of Mary* rather than the *religion of Christ*,” the answer, “made with perfect ease and entire frankness,” was—

That my impression was very natural; that such was really the appearance of things; that coming from Germany, where Christ on the cross was the ordinary object of veneration, into Italy, where the Virgin Mary was the universal object of reverence, it was no more than natural such an impression should have been created; that such an impression was very much the reality of the case; and that, to his own knowledge, the religion of Italy was latterly becoming less and less the religion of Christ; and that “the devotion to the most Holy Virgin,” as he called it, was certainly on the increase.

I was perfectly startled, not indeed at the statement itself, for it was too palpably true to escape the observation of any one; but that a man, a minister of Christianity, should describe such a state of things with the manifest approval he exhibited. We were shocked.

He perceived this, and then proceeded to justify himself with an ingenuity and address that laid open the system, and exhibited the worship of Mary in a new light, at least in a light in which I had never seen it before. He stated, that there was a great difference in the bent or habit of mind, between English Protestants on one hand, and Italian Romanists on the other; that Protestants habitually let their minds dwell on Christ’s teaching, on Christ working miracles, and especially on Christ’s suffering, bleeding, dying on the cross; so that, in a Protestant mind, the great object was Christ in the maturity of his manhood; but that Romanists habitually dwelt on the childhood of Christ; not on the great events that were wrought in maturity and manhood, but on those interesting scenes which were connected with his childhood. He then went on to say, that this habit of mind led to the great difference; that as Protestants always dwelt on the suffering and dying Christ, so Christ in a Protestant mind was always connected with the cross; and that as Romanists constantly meditated rather on the childhood of Christ, so Christ in a Romanist’s mind was usually associated with his mother, the Virgin Mary. He then continued to say that the constant dwelling of the mind in contemplation on

the child, naturally led to more thought, more contemplation, more affection, and finally more devotion for the mother; that when one thinks of all the little scenes of His childhood, dwells on the little incidents of interest between the child Jesus and the mother Mary, recollects that she had him enshrined in her womb, that she used to lead him by the hand, that she had listened to all his innocent prattle, that she had observed the opening of his mind; and that during all those days of his happy childhood she, and she alone of all the world, knew that little child whom she bore in her womb, and nursed at her breasts, and fondled in her arms, was her God—that when a man thinks, and habitually thinks, of all this, the natural result is that his affections will be more drawn out, and his feelings of devotion more elevated, towards Mary. And he concluded by stating that this habit of mind was becoming more general, and that it was to it that he would attribute the great increase that late years had witnessed in the devotion to the Virgin Mary. (pp. 45—47.)

A practical illustration of this devotion was voluntarily given by one of Mr. Seymour’s Jesuit visitors, in an account of his own conduct towards a poor Protestant, to whom he was called in when almost in the agonies of death. Mr. Seymour thus reports his statement:—

He then told the circumstances with much simplicity; that the man was dying—that he had no relatives near him—that one of his companions had talked much to him about sending for a priest—that he had never avowed anything on the subject of religion or of a priest—that as he was nearer death, my friend as a priest was at the bedside of the man—that he found him so far gone as to be speechless—that he therefore stated to him that he would kneel down and offer a prayer for him. His words were, “He was speechless; so I said I would kneel down and say one of my prayers for him. I then immediately knelt down and said the ‘Hail Mary,’ the ‘Ave Maria.’”

I was perfectly astonished, and could not repress the expression of my intense astonishment that at such a moment, when an immortal soul was passing into eternity—when all the awful accompaniments of death were around him, he could think of offering such a sentence, for prayer it was not, as the “Hail Mary!” I repeated the words of the “*Ave Maria*,” and asked how it was possible that he had no word to offer—no counsel to give—no message of forgiveness to announce—no gospel of salvation to preach? how it was possible that, instead of praying to Christ for forgiveness, praying to the Spirit for grace, praying to God for salvation, he could only have offered these words of worship to the Virgin Mary? I was deeply moved at what appeared to me a frightful neglect of the eternal interests of the dying man; and did not hesitate to express myself strongly, as to the fearful responsibility he had incurred.

He seemed not to have heard me, as if he was absorbed in his own thoughts, so that my words were lost on him; and he said with eagerness that he had observed, as he knelt and said the “Hail Mary!” that the dying man moved his lips as if secretly repeating the words after him, for being speechless he could not repeat the words openly; and that he said to the dying man, “And can you repeat that prayer after me?” For he said, addressing himself to me, “There is nothing against which

the feelings and prejudices of Protestants are more strong and enduring than against praying to the Holy Virgin; so," he added, "I felt that when the dying man could join me in that prayer to the Holy Virgin, he must have been very far gone towards us."

"Very far gone, indeed," I replied.

"Yes," he continued, "he seemed to repeat the prayer after me, and feeling he must have gone very far towards us, I asked him further whether he could not join our church in all the rest. He showed by his manner that he could, and that he wished to be received into our church; so I heard his confession and gave him absolution."

At this I was on the point of asking my priestly friend, whose tone and manner was exultation in its highest degree, how he could hear the confession of a man who was speechless? and how a speechless man could utter his confession? but I checked myself on recollecting that, according to their canons, he was justified in exhorting the man to make confession, and then in assuming a confession to have been made in such cases, where the person is too far gone to be able to speak: so I was silent.

He proceeded to say, that, after having thus confessed and absolved the dying man, there arose a doubt as to whether the man had ever been baptized; and though baptism must never be repeated, yet, as Protestants were very careless in administering baptism, it was felt safe to give conditional baptism to such converts. It was so customary, he said, among the Protestant churches, to baptize without properly pouring the water on the child, that there was no certainty that there was a real baptism; and though they could not think of repeating baptism, yet they always gave conditional baptism, in such cases, to converts. "And in this way," he added, "I baptized the man conditionally, and then I had him immediately confirmed, and he received the communion, and then the extreme unction, and thus he received almost at once no less than five sacraments!" (pp. 102—104.)

This account led to some further conversation on the subject of prayers to the Virgin Mary and the saints. The following extracts will show its character:—

I asked why, on so solemn an occasion as a death-bed, when an immortal soul was about passing into the presence of God—why did you pray to the Virgin Mary instead of praying to Jesus Christ? In common with all Protestants, I would have prayed to Jesus Christ, or to God through Jesus Christ.

He answered, that it was their opinion—the opinion too of many of the fathers—that *God hears our prayers more quickly when they are offered through the blessed Virgin, than when offered through any one else.* (pp. 105, 106.)

I therefore asked, how he supposed those persons, whom he regarded as saints in heaven, heard the prayers of men on earth, and how he could justify the practice of praying to them for this intercession, assistance, or anything else? (p. 107.)

He answered, promptly, that the argument from experience was decisive. He then paused for a moment, as if recollecting himself, and then went on to say that it was the experience of good Catholics, that when they prayed to the blessed Virgin their prayers were answered. Many and many a time, he said, when a godly mother prayed for her ungodly son, who was wandering in the way of sin

and shame—praying that he might be brought back to repentance and holiness—when a mother thus prayed to the blessed Virgin for her son, she finds that sooner or later her prayer is answered—that her son is brought back repentant and holy; and, connecting this with the blessed Virgin, who was herself a mother and able to sympathize with a mother, she recognizes it as the answer of the Virgin to her prayers, and is therefore encouraged to pray to her again. He continued to say, it was the same way in praying to other saints. When praying to them for any particular object, for recovery from sickness—for deliverance from any trouble—for the conversion of a beloved child—or, indeed, for any object of prayer generally; when praying thus to a saint for these, it is often found, by experience, that the prayer is fulfilled and the object granted, and this experience induces them to pray again and again to the saints. (pp. 107, 108.)

He repeated what he had said before on this point expressive of the greater leniency, the gentler compassion, and the closer sympathies of Mary; adding that he was borne out in such an opinion by that of the fathers, of whom many were of opinion that even *Christ himself was not so willing to hear our prayers, and did not hear them so quickly when offered simply to himself, as when they were offered through the blessed Virgin.*

I felt this was a hideous sentiment, and could not forbear to say so, adding that when such opinions were circulated by the priesthood, I could no longer feel surprised at the extent, the extravagance, to which the devotion to Mary had gone in Rome—that I felt the whole devotional system of the Church of Rome, the prayers unceasingly offered to the Virgin, the innumerable pictures of the Virgin, the countless images of the Virgin; the many churches dedicated to the Virgin, the universal devotion rendered to the Virgin, the manner in which all the services and prayers of the church and people are impregnated with thoughts of the Virgin—the extent to which in conversation all classes went in speaking of the Virgin, all had impressed me with the feeling that the religion of Italy ought to be called *the religion of the Virgin Mary*, and not *the religion of Jesus Christ*. I added that it was impossible to justify such a state of things. "If," said I, "I enter the church of the Augustines, I see there an image of the Virgin Mary as large as life. Some are decorating her with jewels as votive offerings—some are suspending pictures around her as memorials of thankfulness—some are placing money in a box at her feet—some are prostrate in profound devotion before her—some are devoutly kissing her feet and touching them with their foreheads—some are repeating the rosary before her, as if acceptable to her—all turning their backs upon the consecrated Host, turning their backs upon that which the priest is elevating at the high altar, and which he and they believe to be Jesus Christ himself bodily and visibly among them—turning their backs upon Christ, and turning their faces to Mary, practically forsaking Christ for Mary, with a prostration the most profound before her image—a prostration that was never surpassed in the days of heathen Rome, and can never be justified in Christian Rome."

He said, in answer to all this, that for his own part he would not act thus, and that it was not right to judge of the church by the devotion of the ignorant.

My wife then interposed, and said she had witnessed all this, and was shocked at what seemed to

her to be a most fearful idolatry; for while the priest was saying mass and elevating the Host at one end of the church, and some of the people bowing before it, the image of Mary stood at the other end, and some of the people were in precisely the same way bowing before it. Some preferred what they believed to be Christ. Some preferred what they regarded as an image of the Virgin.

He replied, with much gentleness, that he never prayed to the Virgin of the Augustines—that it was not a sightly image—that it was really an ugly image, and had never excited his devotion, and in fact he had never prayed before it; but still he thought it scarcely fair to speak against this devotion to Mary as exhibited by the more ignorant, inasmuch as they had learned its value by experience. Many of those, whom we had witnessed there, had no doubt offered many a prayer to her, and had found an answer. Many a mother, praying for her child, had obtained her petition. They were poor people, subject to privations, afflictions, sicknesses, and they found relief and consolation in going to the blessed Virgin. (pp. 101—113.)

I therefore merely asked him, though with all the earnestness which I felt, whether, if attending the bed of a dying man, he would feel himself justified in speaking to an immortal soul, when about to pass into eternity, and desiring him to fly to Mary—that in all his doubts and perplexities he was to look to Mary—that in all his fears and terrors he was to look to Mary—I asked whether, considering his responsibility at such a moment, he would address a dying man in language that pointed only to the Virgin Mary and made no mention of Jesus Christ? I then read the following words from the Roman Breviary: “If the winds of temptation arise, if thou run upon the rocks of tribulation, look to the star, call upon Mary. If thou art tossed upon the waves of pride, of ambition, of detraction, of envy, look to the star, call upon Mary. If anger, or avarice, or the temptations of the flesh, toss the bark of thy mind, look to Mary. If disturbed with the greatness of thy sins, troubled at the defilement of thy conscience, affrighted at the horrors of the judgment, thou beginnest to be swallowed up in the gulf of sadness, the abyss of despair, think upon Mary—in dangers, in difficulties, in doubts, think upon Mary, invoke Mary. Let her not depart from thy mouth, let her not depart from thy heart,” &c. I asked him solemnly, whether he would use such language, even though sanctioned by his Breviary, in preparing a dying man for the presence of God in the eternal world.

He replied unhesitatingly that he would, and then went on to argue that experience justified him—that experience proved that the prayers offered to the Virgin were heard and answered—that mothers, praying to her who was herself a mother, with all the sympathies of a mother, were heard and answered—that such prayers for children, in sin, or in danger, or in sickness, were heard and answered; and it was this practical experience that proved the great encouragement to the devotion of ourselves to the Virgin Mary. (pp. 124—126.)

Among the other parties who sought to gain Mr. Seymour to the communion of the Church of Rome, was the professor of dogmatic theology at the Collegio Romano, who undertook to prove that the Church of England is no part of the Church of Christ, because she does not claim to be infallible. We recommend to the reader's attention the way in which Mr. Seymour met his

arguments, (see pp. 142—151.) but our limits prevent us from giving any portion of the discussion.

An interesting conversation is also recorded with the professor of canon law in the same college, with whom Mr. Seymour took the opportunity of discussing the important question, in what way, “supposing the Pope to be infallible whenever he uttered a decision, or issued a bull, *ex cathedrâ*,” we are “to ascertain a decision *ex cathedrâ* from a decision *non ex cathedrâ*,” and we recommend to our reader's particular attention both the solution of the question given by the professor, and the way in which Mr. Seymour dealt with it; which will give him, we think, a tolerably accurate notion of the sort of foundation which Roman Catholics have for their faith.

He at once (says Mr. Seymour) met the difficulty, and said that it was of very easy solution. He stated that there were certain requisites, certain essentials, which were characteristic of a bull *ex cathedrâ*, and without which it could not be received as *ex cathedrâ*, and that these characteristics were very easily ascertained. He added, that these requisites or essentials were seven in number, and that he feared to weary me by their detail, but that otherwise he would be happy to enter on them.

I did not fail to express, with all fitting courtesy, my wishes that he would continue so interesting a detail; and I expressed the obligations I should feel for such valuable information, especially as, coming from one holding his important position at Rome, it could not but possess much of authority in my eyes, and would be sure to possess the same in the eyes of others.

He then proceeded to state, that there was no real difficulty in ascertaining when and under what circumstances the decision of the Pope was to be received as infallible; that there were certain requisites or essentials; and that the presence or absence of these would be an adequate test by which to ascertain the point; that these requisites or essentials were seven in number, and were all very clear and very easy to be found. He then described them in detail.

I. It is necessary, in the first place, that, before composing and issuing the bull, the Pope should have opened a communication with the bishops of the universal church—that in such a communication he should ask their prayers to the Almighty, that the Holy Spirit might fully and infallibly guide him so as to make his decision the decision of inspiration. He added that by thus previously asking the prayers of the bishops, he would obtain the prayers of the universal church for divine assistance, before he proceeded to form or publish his decision.

I asked him how, seeing that there was a necessity for this previous communication on the part of the Pope with the bishops, how I was to inform myself that this requisite or essential had really been borne in mind? He merely replied that it was very easy to be ascertained, and then proceeded to the second particular.

II. It was necessary, in the second place, that, before issuing the bull containing his decision, the Pope should carefully seek all possible and desirable information touching the special matter which was under consideration, and which was to be the subject of his decision. And that he should be specially careful to possess himself of all available information from those persons who were residing

in the district affected by the opinion called in question, and who were found faithful in that district, that so the Pope might have all the requisite information for an infallible decision, from the very district in which the opinion, on which the decision was sought, had its origin or its existence.

I asked, in reference to this, how I was to be assured that the Pope was thus rightly and fully informed—that he had sought and obtained the required information, and was thus capacitated for proceeding to issue the bull? He replied, as before, that there was not the least difficulty in ascertaining this, and so passed on to the third particular.

III. He said that a further requisite or essential was, that the bull should not be formal, but should be authoritative, and should claim to be authoritative; that it should be issued not merely as the opinion or judgment of the Pope, in his mere personal capacity, but as the decisive and authoritative judgment of one who was the head of that church, which was the mother and mistress of all churches, to whom all Christians owed subjection and allegiance, and who was the living voice of infallibility, and who, as such, had the power and the authority to pronounce infallibly the decision required.

I remarked, that this requisite could be easily ascertained, as it must necessarily appear on the face of the bull, the only difficulty being to obtain a true copy of the bull. He then stated the fourth particular.

IV. It was again necessary that the bull should be promulgated universally; that is, that the bull should be addressed to all the bishops of the universal church, in order that through them its decisions might be delivered and made known to all the members or subjects of the whole church. The Pope was the fountain-head of all episcopal jurisdiction, so as that there can be no episcopal jurisdiction but from the Pope; and as episcopacy is the only channel through which every grace flows to the church, so it is necessary that the bull, containing the decision of the Pope, be addressed to all the bishops of the universal church.

I observed, on this point, that the superscription or title of the bull would at once show whether this essential was forthcoming, and I begged the reverend professor to proceed. He then passed on to the fifth requisite.

V. He stated that another essential was, that the bull should be universally received; that is, should be accepted by all the bishops of the whole church, and accepted by them as an authoritative and infallible decision—that, after promulgation by the Pope, it should be accepted and promulgated by all the bishops as authoritative and infallible, or at least should be simply accepted by them without formal promulgation, or even tacitly permitted by them without opposition, which is held to be a sufficient acceptance in a legal sense.

I said that this was a point very difficult to be ascertained. I knew not of anything more difficult to ascertain with satisfaction, than whether any given bull was received and promulgated, or simply received without promulgation, or only permitted without opposition, in any given country. Some are received in Spain, which are rejected in France; and some are received in France, which are rejected in England and Ireland; and some are rejected in all these, and yet are said to be accepted in Italy; and the assertions made on all sides upon this fact were so contradictory, that I knew nothing so difficult to be ascertained to satisfaction. It opens out a prodigious sphere of inquiry and dis-

putation. He smiled, and assured me there was not the least difficulty, and went on to the sixth particular.

VI. Another characteristic, he said, was of immense importance, indeed more absolutely essential than any he had as yet named, viz., The matter or question upon which the decision was to be made, and which was, therefore, to be the subject-matter of the bull, must be one touching faith or morals; that is, it must concern the purity of faith, or the morality of actions. And this necessity arose from the fact, that faith and morality are the matters upon which infallibility was designed to be exercised, and for the preservation of which this infallibility was given to the head of the church.

I remarked that this was very reasonable, and that I fully acquiesced in it; but that an opinion prevailed very generally in England, that the Church of Rome had strained "faith" and "morality," to include all matters of fact, even matters of history, whenever they seemed to bear upon any question of "faith" or "morality;"—that this was practically illustrated in the celebrated controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, where the point at issue was the mere matter of fact whether the opinions condemned by both parties were really contained in a specified book. I said that a difficulty might arise in prosecuting our inquiries as to whether this essential was there. He seemed a little annoyed at this allusion, so I begged he would be so kind as to proceed to the seventh particular.

VII. This was the last of the series. He said it was essential, in the last place, that the Pope should be free—perfectly free from all exterior influence, so as to be under no exterior compulsion or constraint. He stated that the bull or decision of Pope Liberius possessed the other essentials, but that this one was wanting. That Pope had acted under compulsion—under a fear of his life, and, therefore, as he was not free, his decision could not be regarded as *ex cathedrâ*. That bull thus issued was full of error. The Pope, therefore, must be free from external influence or constraint, in order to his decision being received as infallible.

On this I remarked, quietly, that it would be very difficult for me, or for any one in England, to ascertain, to anything like moral certainty, whether the Pope, at the issuing of any bull, was really under exterior influence, or whether he was perfectly free. I did not see how it was possible to have certainty on such a point. He said, as before, that there was no real difficulty in this or in any of the tests he had specified, and merely added that these several essentials or requisites were the tests by which any bull was to be tried. If they existed, then the bull was *ex cathedrâ*, and was to be received as infallible; but if any of them were wanting, then the bull was not *ex cathedrâ*, and could not be recognized otherwise than as fallible.

I felt exceedingly interested in all this detail. It was the first time I had ever heard of any means by which to test the existence of infallibility.

Hitherto various bulls and decrees had frequently been cited, and often one was asserted to be infallible and authoritative, and another fallible and rejected. One Pope with his decisions were urged on one side, and another Pope with his bulls were cited on the opposite; and between conflicting bulls and opposite decisions, and one bull rescinding a former one, and one decision reversing a preceding one; and amidst all this conflict and confusion, I had never seen or read or heard of any means, by

which I could learn when a Pope was fallible and when he was infallible. I therefore felt considerably interested in the details of the reverend professor of canon law, and thanked him warmly for the information he had imparted to me. I asked, however, several questions, anxiously avoiding the appearance of unnecessary cavilling or captiousness, and putting them with the manner of one who rather sought further information. My questions referred to the difficulty which persons like myself, resident in England, would experience before they could ascertain whether the Pope had asked for the prayers of the universal church—whether he had sought and obtained the requisite information—whether his bull was really received and promulgated universally, &c.; and I suggested that it was quite possible that other persons in England, simple and unlearned men, unacquainted with such subjects, and wholly unable to obtain information on them, might feel these inquiries not only difficult but absolutely impossible, and in any case altogether uncertain and unsatisfactory. I suggested, also, yet further, that if there was difficulty in ascertaining all these minute particulars, in reference to any bull that might be issued at the present day, the difficulty must be enhanced a thousand-fold, when the inquiry concerned some bull that had been issued some centuries ago. It becomes not only a moral but even an absolute impossibility for ordinary men to carry out the inquiry to any satisfactory result.

He replied, that all that was necessary for any man, in such cases, was to go to his bishop—ask the bishop respecting the bull in question—and the bishop would inform him whether it was *ex cathedra* or otherwise. Nothing could be easier.

I said that though certainly nothing could be easier than such a course, yet that I apprehended that nothing could be more unsatisfactory to an English mind. It proposed to leave the whole question of the fallibility or infallibility of any given decision to the word of a bishop, who was himself fallible, and might be mistaken both as to the fact and as to the meaning of the bull. It was not usual in England—it did not suit the character of the English mind, to refer the decision of such historical facts as the Pope's freedom from influence, the reception of his bulls, &c., to the mere opinion of a bishop. Men there would be very apt to think themselves quite as good judges as to the matter of fact.

He said that the bishop was the legitimate channel for all communications from the Pope as the Head of the Church and Vicar of Christ; and all doubts would at once be removed from the minds of humble and sincere men, if they referred it to the bishop.

I replied that it would suggest itself to most minds that such a course was merely placing all their faith and hope of salvation on the word of a bishop, a man like themselves, and admitted to be fallible. And I added, that, from my knowledge of the English mind and habit of thinking, men in England—men of common sense and ordinary judgment—in most things would prefer turning to the Holy Scriptures, and judging for themselves. It would be a most difficult thing to alter their habit in this particular. They would prefer comparing the bull with the Holy Scriptures, and thus learning, not the opinion of the bishop, who was but a man, but the judgment of God in his own word, for so they habitually regarded the Holy Scriptures.

He laughed at me for this, and said that an appeal to the Scriptures was absurd and impossible. It might all be very well comparatively for men like

himself and me, who were well read and well versed in sacred literature; but it was quite otherwise with men in general, and especially with humble and illiterate or ignorant men—in fact, with the great mass of mankind. For, he argued, with a tone of great confidence, his whole face lighted up with the expression of conscious triumph, the Holy Scriptures are a volume that requires many preliminary inquiries before it can be received. In the first place, it will be necessary for the man to ascertain the authenticity of every separate book, or portion of the volume. In the next place, it will be necessary for him to prove the divine inspiration of every part of it. In the third place, the book is written in dead languages, and the man must know how to understand them, or have them translated. In the fourth place, it is a volume that has given rise to different meanings or interpretations, and the man should be able to judge upon these. All these, he argued, are preliminary inquiries, which are absolutely necessary to be made; and as the poor and ignorant man, the ordinary man, is incapable of making them and judging on them, so the Holy Scriptures can never be a fitting volume for such a man to appeal to in matters of religion.

At this point of our conversation, where he seemed most confident and apparently conscious of a triumph over me, as if he thought no answer could be returned to his argument, I felt that he had given me a prodigious advantage, of which he was wholly unaware. It was the very position in which I had wished to place him, and I could not have led him into a line of argument more suited to my purpose. I felt in my soul that the Lord had delivered him into my hands, and could not but render my thanksgiving in secret to Him, who gave me the opportunity of dealing effectually with this matter; and I inwardly prayed that I might be cool and collected, and effective in my reply. I hoped most fervently that it might have some effect upon his mind.

I began by stating, that while my own opinion on the point was a matter of unimportance, yet I apprehended his method of argument would be met in England in a very effective way, at least in such a way as I should be unable to answer, unless he informed me further than he had as yet done. I said that the most ordinary and common-place men in England would say, that if they forsook the volume of the Holy Scriptures for the volume of the papal bulls—that if they exchanged the Bible for the Bullarium, they could gain no advantage thereby; for if, as he had said, there was a necessity for a man to ascertain the authenticity of each book in the Holy Scriptures, before he could avail himself of it, then it was no less true that it was equally necessary for a man to ascertain the much questioned authenticity of each bull in the Bullarium; that if, as he had alleged, the man must be carefully informed by study on the inspiration of the sacred volume, before receiving it as his divine teacher, there will exist a similar necessity for his being informed by study on the disputed infallibility of the papal Bullarium, before receiving it as his infallible instructor;—that if, as he had averred, the Holy Scriptures were written in the dead languages, and a man must learn to translate them before using them, the very same may be averred against the papal bulls, which also are all written in a dead language, and a man must learn to translate them before appealing to them;—that if, as he had argued, the Holy Scriptures have been variously interpreted by various men, and all this variety must be resolved by every man before he makes the

sacred volume his guide, it might in like manner be argued that the papal bulls have been variously explained, some received and some rejected by a vast variety of persons, and men must be able to decide on all these varying interpretations of bulls, before accepting them as an infallible guide—in short, it would be argued, fairly argued, by men of no pretension to anything but the possession of common sense, that every objection he urged against the volume of the Holy Scripture, was liable to be urged against the volume of the papal bulls. They were written in a dead language. They were the subject of various interpretations. They were the source of endless controversies. Their number and names were doubtful. Their title to infallibility was questioned. All men disputed as to which was fallible and which infallible. Some bulls were directly contradictory of others; some actually and by name were condemnatory of others; some were admitted on all hands to be erroneous and heretical; and the whole combined constituted a series of volumes, almost as extended as a library, and therefore wholly inaccessible to the masses of a Christian population. They could never become the guide of a Christian people, and to this day have never yet been translated into the language of any Christian church. While the Holy Scriptures, on the other hand, were universally translated, were small in size, convenient for reference, and incomparably more easy to be read, studied, and understood, than the endless intricacies and scholastic niceties of the Bullarium. I said that men in England would argue thus, and would feel that they should lose rather than gain by exchanging their Bible for the Bullarium—the Holy Scriptures for the papal bulls. (pp. 164—176.)

How wonderful is the self-deception in which men of great learning and considerable intellectual power will indulge themselves, when wedded to a system! To ascertain the authenticity, and validity, and meaning of every bull in the Bullarium, is maintained by this Roman professor to be a work void of all difficulty; but to do the same with respect to the Holy Scriptures, is a matter encompassed with difficulties. The Bullarium may be taken as a very convenient and simple rule of faith, but the Bible is quite unfit to serve the purpose!

Among other arguments adduced in favor of the Church of Rome, was one derived from the success of its missionary labors; and the conversation on this point so completely shows the character of the missionary labors of that corrupt church, and what value is to be attached to their accounts of the success of their missions, that we should have been glad to present it to our readers. But our limits forbid us to do so. It will be found in pp. 190—196.

We strongly recommend Mr. Seymour's volume to public attention, as containing one of the best and most authentic accounts of the present teaching of the Church of Rome that is easily to be met with, together with remarks upon some of its leading errors, showing considerable acuteness, and an intimate acquaintance with the subject.

WHAT BECOMES OF DISCHARGED PRISONERS ?

No one believes that imprisonment in the usual way produces reform; and the question, therefore,

is highly interesting, "What becomes of discharged prisoners?" They leave the jail without money, and without character, and are turned loose upon the world to seek a subsistence as they can. Their former haunts are the only places open to them, and their former associates the only human beings who do not turn away from them in terror or contempt. What resource have they? Is it possible for them to change their evil habits, and become good members of society? It is *not* possible. Crime is their destiny. Society has punished them for their transgression of its laws; its dignity is vindicated, its outraged virtue appeased; and having deprived them, by the stigma it has attached to their character, of any possible alternative, it dismisses them to their old course of villany. Society has caught a wolf; and having punished its depredations by imprisonment, it gravely unlocks the door, and turns it out—with teeth, appetite, and instinct as sharp as ever—into the sheep-walk!

If the liberated prisoner is caught again, he is of course punished for his offences as before! Not as before. He receives a *heavier* punishment, because this is the second time; because he has yielded to an uncontrollable fate; because he has done what he could hardly by possibility avoid doing. The magistrate examines the record, discovers a former conviction, and is indignant at the depravity which took no warning, but on the contrary, after a wholesome chastisement, gave itself up anew to crime. The poor wretch is awe-struck by the dignity of virtue, and is too much abashed to offer even the poor excuse, "But I was hungry—I had not a penny—no one would give me work—what could I do?"

In Manchester, we are told in the Daily News, it is the custom of the criminal class to celebrate the liberation of a comrade by a day of carousal. They wait at the door of the prison, carry him off in triumph, and thus guard against any extraordinary circumstance, any exception to the general rule, which might occur to save him. But of late years, it seems, an opposition has started; an influence of an opposite kind is lying in wait, and now and then a brand is plucked from the burning. This opposing force, it may be thought, is the respectable class of Manchester, who have thus arrayed themselves against the criminal class. Alas! no. The good angel is a solitary individual—a humble workman in a foundry, who obeys the Divine impulse without knowing why; and, without a theory or a plan, neutralizes alike the destinies of the law, and the allurements of the law-breakers.

This individual is Thomas Wright, an old man of threescore-and-ten, and the father of nineteen children. The following account is given by the paper we have mentioned of the way in which his attention was first attracted to the prison-world:—"There was a man of a sailor-like appearance who had got work at the foundry as a laborer; he was a steady and industrious workman, and had obtained the favorable notice of Mr. Wright. One day the employer came and asked if he (Wright)

was aware that they had a returned transport in the place? He had learned that the sailor was such. Mr. Wright desired to be allowed to speak with the man, and ascertain the fact. Permission was given; and during the day he took a casual opportunity, not to excite the suspicions of the other workmen, of saying to the man, 'My friend, where did you work last?' 'I've been abroad,' was the reply. The man was not a liar. After some conversation, he confessed, with tears in his eyes, that he had been a convict. He said he was desirous of not falling into ill courses, and kept his secret, to avoid being refused work if he told the truth. Wright was convinced that in the future he would act honestly, and, repairing to their common employer, begged, as a personal favor, that the man might not be discharged. He even offered to become bound for his good conduct. This was ten years ago; and the prejudice against persons who had ever broken the law was more intense than it is now. There were objections; and other partners had to be consulted in so delicate a matter. Great numbers of men were employed in the foundry; and should the matter come to their knowledge, it would have the appearance to them of encouraging crime. This was on the day of paying wages for the week. Before night, however, Wright had the satisfaction to obtain a promise that, upon his responsibility, the convict should be kept. The following day Wright went to look after his protégé—he was gone. On inquiring, he found he had been paid off and discharged the previous night. It was a mistake. The first orders for his dismissal had not been countermanded, and gone he was. Mr. Wright at once sent off a messenger to the man's lodging to bring him back to the foundry. He returned only to say the man had left his lodgings at five o'clock in the morning, with a bundle containing all his property under his arm." In short, notwithstanding every effort of this benevolent person to find him, the poor convict was never more heard of.

This incident made Mr. Wright think as well as feel. The case was only a solitary one. He had been attracted to the man by the mere circumstance of their passing a portion of the day at the same work; but were there not hundreds of other cases, of equal exigence, which had as strong a claim upon his sympathy? He went to the New Bailey, and conversed with the prisoners, passing with them his only day of rest—Sunday. The jealousy with which the authorities at first viewed his proceedings was gradually changed into approbation; and at length, when a prisoner was about to be discharged, he was asked if he could find the man a situation. He did so. "This was the commencement of his ministry of love. In ten years from that time he had succeeded in rescuing upwards of three hundred persons from the career of crime. Many of these cases are very peculiar; very few, indeed, have relapsed into crime. He has constantly five or six on his list, for whom he is looking out for work. Very frequently he per-

suades the former employer to give the erring another trial. Sometimes he becomes guarantee for their honesty and good conduct—for a poor man, in considerable sums—£20 to £60. In only one instance has a bond so given been forfeited, and that was a very peculiar case. The large majority keep their places with credit to themselves and to their noble benefactor. Most of them—for Mr. Wright never loses sight of a man he has once befriended, through his own neglect—attend church or Sunday-school, adhere to their temperance pledges, and live honest and reputable lives. And all this is the work of one unaided, poor, uninfluential old man! What, indeed, might he not do were he gifted with the fortune and the social position of a Howard?"

There are probably very few Mr. Wrights in Manchester or anywhere else; but there are hundreds of individuals in every large town in the empire who would cheerfully subscribe a small sum each to aid in the institution of a society for doing on a large scale what Mr. Wright does with the limited means and power of an individual. This, we presume to think, would be the noblest of all charities. It would not, like some other public charities—including the work-house—rob men of their social rights, and withdraw them from their social duties. It would restore to them the one by leading them back to the other; it would turn felons into citizens; and, in fine, it would save the country the expense of one or more new convictions and new imprisonments for every man rescued. Do not let us be told of impossibility, or even difficulty, in the face of the fact, that in ten years three hundred felons have been saved from a continuance in a life of villany by a poor workman in a foundry!

From the Spectator.

GERMAN TRAVELLERS ON NORTH AMERICA.*

WHEN so much is done by English travellers of all grades of opinion to diffuse a knowledge of American peculiarities—when, thanks to the gossiping book, and the files of very national journals, that so often cross the Atlantic, we have such characteristics of the genus Yankee that we can define it almost more accurately, than the genus Cockney, we should hardly go to Leipzig or Dresden in search of new information on the matter. It was not, therefore, to find new objects that we referred to the volumes of Herren Naumann and Ziegler, but to learn the effect which such objects might have when impinging upon the German mind. When you cannot vary your actual landscape, you may at any rate vary your point of view.

The first of the two books is a voucher for the reports of those English travellers whose animadversions have so greatly stirred the bile of Brother

* Nordamerika, sein Volksthum und seine Institutionen. Von Jakob Naumann. (North America, its National Peculiarities and its Institutions.) Leipzig.

Skizzen einer Reise durch Nordamerika und Westindien. Von Alexander Ziegler. (Sketches of a Journey through North America and the West Indies. By A. Ziegler.) Dresden and Leipzig.

Jonathan. The very peculiarities which offend Herr Naumann are those which have been found most offensive to the British visitor. With a true Trollopian sensitiveness, he shrinks from the tobacco-chewing, the hat-wearing, and the feet-upon-the-table-placing, which he has found so prevalent in the United States. Accustomed probably to some easy German church, which jogs on with scarcely any faith at all, he sees little to admire in the religious toleration of America, where people are at least in earnest about their creed, and where fanaticism exists in the multitude, though not in the government; and in this respect he doubtless feels more strongly than an Englishman, who perfectly understands the sentiment, though he may wonder at its exaggeration. The violence of popular outbreaks, the too frequent impotence of laws, the recklessness of speculation, all come in for their share of censure; and he has a due European horror of negro slavery. Here he is greatly solaced by the fact, (stated by a work published at Philadelphia in 1836,) that notwithstanding the German settlers in the United States amount to many millions, some of whom have acquired large fortunes, not one was ever known to speculate in slaves.

To the Americans this book may prove so far useful, that they will see that the observations made by the English on their manners and customs are not solely to be attributed to national animosity. Here is a German, whose nation has had no quarrel with our relations, who goes to look at the country as a place of settlement for his compatriots, and returns with precisely the same animadversions which have been made by Englishmen over and over again.

Herr Ziegler, the author of the second book, seems to have visited America with a more immediate design of finding a locality for poor German emigrants, and comes back much better pleased with his tour than Herr Naumann. The new State of Wisconsin, with its city of Milwaukee, the first settlement, especially fixes his attention as a desirable point for emigration. The rapid advance of this State strikes him with amazement.

In the second year of the foundation, (says he,) in June, 1836, the city of Milwaukee already numbered 1,200 inhabitants, who, in September, 1843, had increased to 7,000, and now exceed 12,000. No country upon earth can exhibit such astounding results in the increase of population as America—that youthful, fresh America, which ever sends forth new blossoms. Rochester, in the State of New York, was formerly regarded as the city which exhibited the most rapid increase of population; since, having been founded in 1812, it numbered in 1820—namely, after a lapse of eight years—1,500 inhabitants. Milwaukee, after the lapse of the same period from its foundation, contained above 6,000 inhabitants,—more than four times the population of Rochester. The Germans in this city carry on a considerable business. The trades and professions are fully employed; artisans and daily laborers earning from three fourths of a dollar to a whole dollar per day, and work being never deficient. German landlords do a thriving trade; and the peas-

ant, in my opinion, can select no place of settlement more favorable than Wisconsin.

Still more is he in favor of an immigration of German women to this infant State.

In the newly-settled countries, the want of marriageable women is first discernible, since in them, including Wisconsin, males only settle first, and endeavor to gain a subsistence. Most of the men—and there are several of tolerable education in Milwaukee—have a business which supports them, and possess all that they desire, except a wife. Of young, and especially educated women, there is a great want; and I do not doubt that an emigration of female candidates for matrimony, under careful superintendence, would have a successful result, and produce beneficial effects in Wisconsin. I assume that Germany is sufficiently provided with such women; as I do not doubt, though I would add the proviso that they must be young. The census of 1840 gave in the territory of Wisconsin (not then a State) a male population of 18,600, and a female population of 11,900. The German girls, on account of their industry, their modesty, and their domestic character, are highly prized throughout America; and if they can heighten their own intrinsic attractions by some proficiency in the English language, they may easily make the most brilliant conquests. The respect, or rather reverence, of the Americans for the fair sex, is renowned all over the world; and the women will more easily than the men find a paradise on the other side of the Atlantic. The American ladies have beauty and grace to the highest degree; and everywhere receive the greatest attention and gallantry on the part of the gentlemen; indeed, a lady, protected more by the general respect than by laws and constitution, may travel unimpeded from one end of the Union to the other, without encountering anything unpleasant from the other sex.

Notwithstanding the various habits that appear uncouth to Europeans, we hope this estimate of American gallantry to the fair sex is not exaggerated.

THREE DAYS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DELAVIGNE.

En Europe! en Europe! Esperez! Plus d'espoir!
—Trois jours, leur dit Colomb, et je vous donne un monde.

"BACK to Europe, again, let our sails be unfurled!"
—"Three days," said Columbus, "and I give you a world!"

And he pointed his finger, and looked through the vast,

As if he beheld the bright region at last.

He sails—and the dawn, the first day, quickly leads:

He sails—and the golden horizon recedes:

He sails—till the sun, downward sinking from view,

Hides the sea and the sky with their limitless blue—

On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
Down plunges the lead through the fathomless sea!

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er

The rudder, which creaks 'mid the dark billows' roar;

He hears the hoarse moan of the waves rushing past,

And the funeral wail of the wind-stricken mast;

The stars of far Europe have fled from the skies,
And the Cross of the South meets his terrified
eyes;
But at length the slow dawn, softly streaking the
night,
Illumes the dark dome with its beautiful light.
"Columbus! 't is day, and the darkness hath past!"
—"Day! and what dost thou see?"—"I see
nought but the Vast!"

What matter! he's calm!—but ah, stranger, if you
Had your hand on his heart with such glory in
view;
Had you felt the wild throb of despair and delight
That depressed and expanded his bosom that night;
The quick alternations as morning came near,
The chill and the fever, the rapture and fear,
You would feel that such moments exhausted the
rage
And the multiplied malice and pains of an age—
You would say these three days half a lifetime have
slain,
And his fame is too dear at the price of such pain.

Oh! who can describe what the crushed heart must
bear—
The delirium of hope and the lonely despair—
Of a Great Man unknown, whom his age doth
despise
As a fool, 'mid the vain vulgar crowd of the wise!
Such wert thou, Galileo! Far better to die
Than thus by a horrible effort to lie!
When you gave, by an agony deep and intense,
That lie to your labors, your reason, your sense,
To the Sun—to the Earth—to that Earth, we
repeat,
That you trembled to feel moving under your feet!

The second day 's past—and Columbus!—he sleeps,
While Mutiny round him its dark vigil keeps:
"Shall he perish!"—"Death! death!" is the
mutinous cry,
"He must triumph to-morrow, or perjured must
die!"

The ingrates! Shall his tomb on to-morrow be
made
Of that sea which his daring a highway hath made?
Shall that sea on to-morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his longing eye
craves?

The corse of an unknown adventurer then—
One day later—Columbus, the greatest of men!

He dreams, how a veil drooping over the main
Is rent, at the distant horizon, in twain,
And how, from beneath, on his rapturous sight
Burst at length THE NEW WORLD from the dark-
ness of night!

Oh, how fresh! oh, how fair the new virgin earth
seems!
With gold the fruits glisten, and sparkle the
streams—
Green gleams on the mountains, and gladdens the
isles,
And the seas and the rivers are dimpled with
smiles.

"Joy! joy!" cries Columbus, "this region is
mine!"
Ah! not even its name, hapless dreamer, is thine!

Soon changes that dream from a vision so fair,
For he sees that the merciless Spaniards are there,

Who with loud mimic thunderbolts slaughter the
host

Of the unarmed people that cover the coast.
He sees the fair palace, the temple on fire,
And the peaceful Cazique 'mid their ashes expire;
He sees, too—oh, saddest! oh, mournfullest
sight!—

The crucifix gleam in the thick of the fight—
More terrible far than the merciless steel
Is the uplifted cross in the red hand of zeal!

He sees the earth open and reel to and fro,
And the wretches who breathe in the caverns
below.

Poor captives! whose arms, in a languid despair,
Fall fatigued on the gold of the rocks that they
tear.

Pale spectres! whose agonized cries, uncontrolled,
Seek the light of that sun that they're ne'er to
behold.

They struggle, they pant 'mid the pestilent dew,
And by labor escape the sharp whip that pursues,
Till a long, lingering death, in the cavern's dim
light,

Consigns them at length to eternity's night!

Columbus, oppressed by this vision of pain,
Scares it off from his feverish pallet and brain;
It dwindleth, it melteth, it fades from his eye,
As a light passing cloud in the depths of the sky.
All is changed!—he beholds in the wilds of the
north,

Full of strength, full of hope, a new empire spring
forth—

Its people oppressed, as the war-cry goes round,
Seize the peaceable ploughshare that furrows their
ground,

Or that creature of iron which lately they swayed
As it turned into cities their forests of shade.

They have conquered!—they show him with grate-
ful acclaim

Their Hero, their Washington—type of that name—
O sage Cincinnatus and Cato! no more
Need we doubt of thy virtue, or mocking adore.
He has caused our weak hearts that strange gran-
deur to feel,

And conceive what corruption till now could con-
ceal.

In the council, a Sage by the Hero is seen,
And not less revered 'neath a different mien.
He rules, he discovers, and daringly brings
Down the lightning from Heaven and the sceptre
from kings.

At length, o'er Columbus, slow consciousness
breaks—

"Land! land!" cry the sailors, "land! land!"—
he awakes—

He runs—yes! behold it!—it blesteth his sight—
The land! O sweet spectacle! transport! de-
light!

O generous sobs which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say! and the Future? and
Spain?

He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne—
His king will repay all the ills he has known—
In exchange for a world what are honors and
gains!

Or a crown! but how is he rewarded?—with
chains!

Dublin Univ. Mag.

From Chambers' Journal.

NATURE'S ICE-CAVES.

SOME curious and but little-known facts upon natural ice-houses having turned up in the course of our reading, we are tempted at this time, when the production of cold is becoming almost as necessary as that of heat for domestic comfort, to set them in some sort of order. When it is borne in mind that the natural refrigeratories of which we are about to speak abound in the production of clear, massive, and valuable ice, and yet that they often exist in places where the mean or average temperature is far *above* the freezing-point, we are justified in claiming a peculiar interest for our article. Many of these natural storehouses of cold are highly estimated in the districts where they occur, and furnish in various instances enormous supplies of ice at a period when every other source is either unavailable or exhausted.

Several natural ice-houses exist in the chain of the Jura Mountains. Some of these have been long known to a few scientific travellers, and have formed the "lions" of the unimportant districts in which they are situated. Perhaps one of the best known is called La Beaume, and has been described in most interesting terms by several men of science who have visited it. M. Prévost, who made a scientific tour in the region, has related the following particulars concerning it: Situated in the above-named locality, it is a grotto or cavern hollowed out in a naturally low hill, the average temperature of its position being considerably above 32 degrees Fahrenheit, the freezing-point. From the peculiarity of its aperture and general form, no snow can enter, and therefore the internal cold of this place cannot be due to any external cause. The cavern is upwards of 300 feet in length, and at its widest is about 100 feet, and is naturally divided into three compartments. The traveller visited it in the middle of August, on a broiling, scorching day, and, on entering it, experienced the most severe and penetrating cold. "The first object," he says, "that struck my eyes was a mass of ice fed by the water which distilled constantly, drop by drop, from a sort of spring in the roof." The whole cavern was covered with a sort of glittering pavement, clear as crystal, of ice a foot thick. In it were numerous holes containing water of intense coldness, by sounding which, the thickness of the pavement was easily ascertained. This, it will be observed, is the scene in summer. The winter comes, and all is changed: the crystalline pavement *melts*, and runs away into water; the solid masses of ice are no longer visible; and the cavern is actually *warm*er than the external air; and during all this period a thick mist issues constantly from its mouth, and fills its interior. Surely here is a paradox, which, at a less enlightened and more illiberal period, would have been scouted as one of the improbable series called travellers' tales. The fact, however, can be well authenticated, and will receive abundant corroboration in the many similar examples we shall adduce.

Professor Pictet, of Geneva, who paid much attention to this natural phenomenon, and has published a scientific communication upon the subject, in a tour in the same regions, visited another natural ice-cave, of almost equal celebrity, called St. George's. This cave is let out to a peasant, by the commune to which it belongs, for a small annual rental, for the sake of the beautiful ice which it produces. In ordinary years, the cave supplies only the families in the immediate vicinity; but when a mild winter is succeeded by a broiling summer, even Geneva itself, although several leagues distant, receives its store from this source. At such seasons, every second day a heavily-laden wagon proceeds from the ice-cave to the hospital at Geneva, which purchases the whole quantity, and retails it at a profit to the confectioners of the town—a trade by which its revenues are considerably augmented. This cavern is entered by two well-like pits, down which the visitor must descend by a ladder. The bottom is a solid bed of ice, and its form is that of a lofty hemispherical vault about twenty-seven feet in height, which is covered by a stratum of calcareous rock only eighteen inches thick. The length is seventy-five feet, its width forty feet. A regular set of ice-masons are engaged in excavating the sparkling solid. It is cut with appropriate tools into long wedges, and then divided by transverse cuts about a foot distant from each other, by which means blocks of ice a cubic foot in dimensions are detached. After a certain quantity has been quarried out, it is carried in hods to a magazine near the place, where the wagons are loaded. Some idea may be formed of the severity of the cold inside, when it is mentioned, that, although the thermometer in the shade was at 63 degrees Fahrenheit outside, it was at 34 degrees Fahrenheit, or only two degrees from the freezing mark inside! That even a more severe cold than this exists during the most broiling summer day, is evident from a fact mentioned by the workmen, that if two blocks are left in contact for a little while, they become so firmly frozen together, as to require to be re-cut to separate them. Now it is an extraordinary fact, that the temperature of a spring which bubbled from the rock at a little distance did not indicate in the remotest manner the existence of such a degree of cold in its source, as it was as high as 51 degrees. Hence it was evident that the cause of the frigorific effects was purely local, and confined to the cave and its immediate vicinity.

In this cave, as in the last, the ice disappears in winter; and, singular to say, the *hotter* the summer, in both cases, the more abundant the productiveness of the caves in this substance! Had the cave been the work of some ingenious artist, one would scarcely have felt surprise at the exactness of its adaptation for the production of ice; and it must be considered, with the rest of the cases to be quoted, as a rare illustration of an apparently fortuitous arrangement of inanimate nature, fulfilling in the most complete manner all the functions of a special contrivance. But, as

will be noticed in the sequel, the law which governs its temperature sufficiently indicates that an all-wise Mind ordained it, and no doubt with a special object in view. At no great distance from the ice-cave of St. George's another was found, the entrance to which was announced by a low vault, forty feet or so in width, and by a current of air which fell upon the over-heated traveller with folds of deadly coldness, so that the greatest caution is necessary in entering it. Descending by an inclined plane, the cavity is found to become wider from the entrance inwards. At the bottom is a horizontal platform of ice. The cave is about sixty feet long by thirty wide; the ice is thickest at the farthest end. The roof presents a beautiful appearance, all pendent with elegant stalactites of the purest ice; and the *coup d'œil* is picturesque in the extreme. The temperature in the open air at this time was 58 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and in the grotto it was 34 degrees Fahrenheit. The guide related that when he visited it in the previous April, three months before, there was no ice then; yet at this period, in the middle of an unusually hot summer day, it existed in abundance.

The all-observant and renowned De Saussure, in his travels in the Alps, paid much attention to these caves, and offered the first rational attempt at a solution of the riddle. He says that in the volcanic island of Ischia, near Naples, which abounds with hot springs, a number of grottos exist in which a great degree of cold is felt. At the period when he visited them, the external shade-heat was 63 degrees, that of the grottos 45 degrees, and in a severely hot summer they were colder still. Other caves are mentioned in a free-stone hill upon which the town of St. Marin is built, where the same violent contrasts existed between the temperature of the external and internal atmospheres. Evelyn mentions, in his account of his tour in Italy, being shown as a wonder, in one of the palaces which he visited, a hole out of which issued a strong current of cold air sufficiently powerful to buoy up a copper ball. Saussure states that in a private house near Terni, in the Papal States, there is a cellar, of no great depth out of which an impetuous, sharp, cold wind issues. Numerous natural refrigeratories are commemorated by the same philosopher; among the most curious were some which he found at the foot of a steep mountain near Mount Pilatus, on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne. These places were simply small wooden huts, on three sides formed of timber, but the back wall was built against the talus, or heap of fragment and rubbish at the foot of the rock, and was formed in a loose manner of dry stones. When these huts were visited by the traveller, it being the 31st of July, the thermometer marked 73 degrees in the shade; in the huts it was as low as 39 degrees, or seven degrees above the freezing-point; and all that separated these remote degrees of temperature was a few planks of wood! The proprietors of these places mentioned several curious facts in illustration of their

utility. Milk, they said, could easily be kept sweet and fresh in the heats of summer for three weeks, meat for a month, and cherries from one season to another! In winter, curious enough it is to notice that outside water will be frozen for some time before it is so within. Saussure adds, that the "proprietors of the caves unanimously affirmed, that the hotter the summer was, the greater was the strength of the cold current which issued from them;" in the winter a sensible current of air sets *into* them. In the south of France is another famous natural ice-cave—that of Fondereule. M. Hericart de Thury has given an interesting account of a visit to it. This cave is situated in a wild and romantic region, where some long bygone convulsion of the earth has rent asunder the solid rocks, and produced a scene of confusion of the wildest description. The occurrence of the cave in this district, and its extraordinary phenomena of temperature, &c., are without doubt attributable to this geological disturbance, as will be best perceived in the sequel. It was long thought to be a subterranean glacier, and has been described as such; but this is an erroneous view of the case. It is a magnificent cavern, nearly two hundred feet in depth, of very irregular width; and the thickness of its vaulted roof is about sixty-six feet. Its interior is decorated with the most beautiful calcareous stalactites, and the floor is variegated with curious alabaster cones, which shoot out from the sheet of clear, transparent ice forming the pavement. In many places elegant stalactites of ice drop down from the roof like pendants of clear glass, and, as it were, melt into the glassy floor beneath, so that the vault is upheld by pillars of this beautiful material. The alabastrine stalactites are found principally at the sides of the cavern, while the icy ones are in the middle, and here and there produce all the resemblance of rich folds of drapery clear as water. One of the travellers cut a hole in a pillar of ice, and placed a candle inside; the most magical effects were thus produced; and the fantastic aisles of this subterranean temple of cold were illuminated with the richest yellow, blue, green and red tints, the reflected rays playing with illusory effect upon the floor of ice, the pillars of the same substance, and of alabaster, and the great stalagmites which lined the walls. A larger illumination was afterwards got up by arranging torches in the clearest and best crystallized parts of the cavern; and the result, say the visitors, "was worthy of all that the 'Thousand and One Nights' could present to the richest and most brilliant imagination." This beautiful cave is sometimes made use of economically when there is a scarcity of ice; and its crystalline pavement is dug up and carried to several towns in the vicinity.

We have met with an account, by Professor Siliman of America, which we have no hesitation in classifying under our present head. The ice-cave of which he speaks is in the state of Connecticut, between Hartford and New Haven. It is only

two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is situated in a defile filled with fragments of rocks of various sizes, through which a small brook runs. It was visited in the middle of July, the thermometer at 85 degrees in the shade; and on approaching it, an evident chilliness was felt in the air. Parties of pleasure often resort hither in the sultry summer days to drink of the cold flowing waters, and to amuse themselves with the rich store of ice here treasured up. In some places the ice is quite near the surface, and is only covered with leaves. A boy, armed with a hatchet, descended into a cavity, and, after a little hard work, hewed out a solid lump of ice several pounds in weight. An idea of the solidity of this piece may be formed, by adding that on the third day some of it was yet unmelted. A similar repository of cold exists about seven miles from New Haven, at the bottom of a steep ridge of trap rock. In the hottest summers ice is conveyed from this place to New Haven, much soiled, indeed, with leaves and dirt, but useful for cooling beverages. A more celebrated one, also in America, has often been noticed by tourists of that country; some accounts, in fact, have been greatly exaggerated about it. It is situated in Hampshire county, Virginia, and is widely celebrated under the title of the Ice-Mountain. The place where the store of cold exists is a sort of natural glacier, which lies against a steep mural ridge of lofty rock, and is composed of a number of fragments of sandstone of all sizes loosely heaped together. In the midst of these the ice is contained. It was visited in the summer of 1838, a season of drought and heat quite unparalleled in the history of that country. But the excessive external heat did not appear to exert the smallest influence on the Ice-Mountain. At the depth of a few inches abundance of excellent ice was found, and a thermometer lowered into a cavity dropped from 95 to 40 degrees. The surrounding rocks were covered with dew, owing to the condensation of atmospheric vapor by the excessive coldness of their surface. One cavity had been filled with snow, and only covered with a few planks, and yet the snow was as crisp as if it had but just fallen! At the bottom is a little artificial structure called the "dairy," and used for that purpose in the summer. In ordinary summers its roof is covered with icicles, and its sides are often quite incrustated with ice. Strange to say, a spring near the rock has only one degree less temperature than the waters of the surrounding district. The atmosphere over this singular spot had in this scorching season a balmy, spring-like coolness, most refreshing to the weary traveller. Most Italian tourists know the Monte Testaccio near Rome. It is a hill, from two hundred to three hundred feet high, composed of broken pieces of urns; hence its name. It is, in fact, a vast mass of broken pottery; therefore extremely light and porous. It is situated in the burning Campagna, near the city; and yet, most singular it is, that from every side of this hill there descend winds of the most refreshing cool-

ness. The inhabitants also dig caves into the hill, which they use as refrigeratories, and in these the thermometer often marks 44 degrees when the temperature outside is nearly 80 degrees.

We shall conclude our series of illustrations upon this curious subject, by referring to one which has attracted a large share of interest and attention of some of the most talented of our learned men. It is to be found in the splendid work on the Geology of Russia, recently published by Sir Roderick T. Murchison. The ice-cave here commemorated is not far from Orenburg, and boasts of the unpronounceable name *Illetz kaya-Zastchita*. It is situated at the base of a hillock of gypsum, at the eastern end of a village connected with the imperial establishment, and is one of a series of apparently natural hollows, used by the peasants for cellars or stores. It possesses the remarkable property of being partly filled with ice in the *summer*, and totally destitute thereof in the *winter*. "Standing," says the talented author, "on the heated ground, and under a broiling sun, I shall never forget my astonishment when the woman to whom the cavern belonged opened a frail door, and a volume of air so piercingly keen struck the legs and feet, that we were glad to rush into a cold bath in front of us to equalize the effect! We afterwards subjected the whole body to the cooling process by entering the cave, which is on a level with the street. At three or four paces from the door, on which shone the glaring sun, we were surrounded by half-frozen *quass* and the provisions of the natives. The roof of the cavern hung with solid undripping icicles, and the floor might be called a stalagmite of ice and frozen earth. We were glad to escape in a few minutes from this ice-bound prison, so long had our frames been accustomed to a powerful heat." The cold in this cavern is invariably the greatest inside when the air is the hottest outside. As soon as winter sets in, the ice disappears, and in mid-winter the peasants assured the travellers that the cave was of so genial a temperature that they could sleep in it without their sheep-skins. At the very period when Sir R. Murchison visited it, the thermometer was 90 degrees in the shade, a degree of heat which only those who have experienced it can appreciate; yet a single plank was the division between a burning-sun and a freezing vault! The cave is about ten paces long, and about ten feet high. It has a vaulted roof, in which great fissures open, which appear to communicate with the body of the hillock. This account was first read before the Geological Society, and excited much discussion among the members of the body. Sir R. Murchison at first believed that the intensely-frigorific powers of the cave were due, in some way which the learned expositor could not make very clear, to the presence of saline ingredients in the rocks. His geological chemistry, however, being shown to be at fault, and the causes on which he relied, if they existed at all, being such as to produce *heat* instead of cold, Sir J. Herschel undertook the solution of the problem. An elaborate

letter of his soon appeared, in which he attempted to show that the cold of the cave was explicable on climatological grounds solely, and in which much was said about waves of heat and cold, so as to give a very scientific air to the explanation. But on similar grounds we might expect every natural cavern similarly situated to be a freezing cave; which is not the case.

Saussure long ago gave the clue to the real exposition of this paradoxical phenomenon; and Professor Pictet, following it out, has satisfactorily demonstrated that it is a beautiful example of a practical illustration in nature of that first principle in chemistry—*evaporation produces cold*. It is well known to the geological student, that in certain mines which have a horizontal gallery terminating in a vertical shaft communicating with the atmosphere, a current of air in *summer* descends the vertical shaft, and emerges from the horizontal; while in winter the current *sets in* at the horizontal, and issues from the vertical shaft. Now, in almost every instance quoted, the arrangement of these caves has been precisely similar; they are placed at the bottom of a hill perforated by various rents and chasms. Thus the cave is the horizontal, and the vertical shaft lies in the mass of the hill. Suppose, then, the mean temperature of the hill to be about 48 or 50 degrees. The descending summer current passing through the channels in the hill evaporates the water it meets with in its progress, and so rapidly, as to become colder and colder in its descent; until, reaching the cave, it is even below 32 degrees, and there freezes the water collected in it. The hotter the air outside, the greater the destruction of equilibrium between the interior and exterior columns, which communicate at their base in the cave; consequently, the more rapid and intense the evaporation, the more severe the measure of cold produced. Every postulate is satisfactorily answered upon this hypothesis; and while no doubt occasionally the ice found in some caves may be part of a glacier, or the remains of last winter's product, yet the phenomenon which we would include under the term Nature's Ice-Caves, is explicable solely upon this simple and beautiful law. "This view," says Sir R. Murchison, in a postscript to his previous account, "is supported by reference to the climate of the plains of Orenburg, in which there is great wetness of the spring, caused by melting of the snow, succeeded by an intense and dry Asiatic heat."

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE TOMBS.

EGYPT offers subjects of conversation and meditation which no one can entirely neglect, whoever he may be, if he have eyes to see, a memory to remember, or a sprinkling of imagination wherewith to dream. Who can be indifferent to the tableaux of unaccountable nature on the banks of the Nile! At the spectacle of this river-land, that no other land resembles! Who

will not be moved in the presence of this people, which of old accomplished such mighty deeds, and now are reduced to misery so extreme! Who can visit Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, Heliopolis, Thebes, without being moved by reminiscences the most imposing and the most diverse! The Bible, Homer, philosophy, the sciences, Greece, Rome, Christianity, the monks, Islamism, the crusades, the French revolution; almost everything great in the world's history seems to converge in the pathway of him who traverses this memorable country! Abraham, Sesostris, Moses, Helen, Agesilaus, Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Aristarchus, Plotinus, Pacomus, Origen, Athanasius, Saladin, St. Louis, Napoleon—what names! what contrasts!" Thus exclaims an eloquent writer in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*:" but his list of memorabilia, M. Ampère very well knows, begins where the really marvellous ends; and to arrive—not at the origin of Egyptian civilization, but merely at the epoch where our researches are lost in the darkness of antiquity—we must go back at least fifteen centuries before the calling of Abraham! With Moses, between two and three hundred years after the first patriarch, begins the procession of the historians, lawgivers, and warriors of a world now passed away; but in the tombs of Egypt there are written, with a freshness that endures to this day, the annals of a long anterior greatness—a greatness earlier than antiquity itself.

Egypt is now the great highway between the east and west; and one may as well stay at home as pretend to travel without seeing the pyramids. To enjoy, however, the descriptions we receive, from every succeeding tourist, of a buried people, who, 2400 years ago, reproached the ancient Greeks with their modern juvenility, it is necessary to know from what sources these records are drawn, and what are the claims to authenticity possessed by the Language of the Tombs. To do this, we do not require to understand the ancient tongues, or any other modern one than English: Colonel Vyse having thrown into an appendix, in the second volume of his quarto work, all that is known on this subject.* But a much smaller book has recently been published, touching upon all the Egyptian questions together; and although, from the highly-condensed form in which the knowledge is conveyed, it is somewhat difficult of study for persons previously ignorant of the subject, we are in hopes of being able to extract from it, for the benefit of our readers, some rudimental information. It consists of a series of reports, taken from several American newspapers, of the lectures of the distinguished Egyptian antiquary Mr. Gliddon; and the whole has been revised by himself, and enriched with learned notes and appendices.†

* Operations carried on at the Pyramids of Ghizeh from 1837 to 1839. See also Gliddon's Chapters on Early Egyptian History. 1843.

† *Otia Egyptiaca: Discourses on Egyptian Archaeology and Hieroglyphical Discoveries.* By George R. Gliddon. London: Madden. 1849.

Previous to the year 1802, the hieroglyphics, or sacred characters of the Egyptians, found in the sepulchres and on monuments, were a mystical scrawl, the unknown signs of an unknown tongue, which the learned gazed at with unavailing longings. But a stone, found three years before between Rosetta and the sea by a French officer of engineers, was destined to give the hint, which fell like a sudden spark of light upon their conjectures. This was the celebrated Rosetta Stone, (now in the British Museum,) a fragment of black basalt, 3 feet in length, and originally 2 feet 5 inches in breadth, and from 10 to 12 inches in thickness. The sculpture was not in itself of great antiquity, dating 196 years before the Christian era. It contained two inscriptions—one in the Greek, and one in the popular Egyptian character, called Demotic or Enchorial, afterwards discovered not to have been much used before 700 years B. C. : but there was likewise a third, in hieroglyphics; and it may be supposed with what interest it was discovered that these three were identical in substance! They were an edict chiselled at Memphis, in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes, and the concluding sentence was in these words:—"That this decree should be engraved on a tablet of hard stone, in hieroglyphics, enchorial, and Greek characters, and should be set up in first, second, and third-rate temples, before the statue of the ever-living king."

The inscriptions, being identical, would of course repeat the name the same number of times; and the word Ptolemy, in its various inflections, being found in the Greek eleven times, the first business was to look for a corresponding word in the Demotic character. In this inscription a group of seven letters was found repeated eleven times; and these were discovered to compose the word Ptolemais, thus giving seven letters of the alphabet, from which the whole was afterwards deduced. But the hieroglyphic inscription? How was it possible to interpret those representations of animals and things, intended though they must be for the symbols of a language? Here and there some of them were enclosed in an oval. This was repeated again and again, and must no doubt be the name sought for. The middle figure was a recumbent lioness, the Coptic name of which is *laboi*. Might not the lioness represent the *sound* of the initial letter of her own name? It was a wild and fantastic conjecture, to which the explorer was no doubt driven by mere despair; but it was inspiration. The moment it was taken for granted that this was one letter of the name, the others were read with comparative ease; and thus were obtained, to begin with, the signs of seven hieroglyphic letters, P T O L M E E S.

We of course cannot pretend to follow here the course of the discovery; but Mr. Gliddon declares, that with the aid of the published literary resources, any intelligent person may at this day read into English, direct from the hieroglyphics, words, phrases, and consecutive sentences, as easily as he would acquire any other oriental tongue.

The revelations thus made have released Egypt from the plague of darkness. She is no longer a land of sorcery and mysticism, such as she appeared to the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans; but thousands of years ago, her every-day life appears a prototype of our own. The hieroglyphics are at once manuscripts and pictures—illustrated books, speaking at once to the eye and the mind; and the genius of the people seems to have delighted in perpetuating themselves in their records. "If we enter a tomb," says Mr. Gliddon, "we see the deceased surrounded by his family, who offer him their remembrances. The—I had almost said Christian—name, the profession, rank, and blood-relationship of each member of the family, are written against him or her. The scenes of ordinary life are painted on the walls. Study, gymnastics, feasts, banquets, wars, sacrifices, death, and funeral, are all faithfully delineated in these sepulchral illustrations of manners, which are often epic in their character. You have the song with which the Egyptian enlivened his labor in the field; the anthem, that, when living, he offered to his Creator; and the death-wail that accompanied his body to the grave. Every condition, every art, every trade, figures in this picturesque encyclopædia—from the monarch, priest, and warrior, to the artisan and herdsman. Then these tombs are real museums of antiquities—utensils, toilet-tables, ink-stands, pens, books, the incense-bearer, and smelling-bottle, are found in them. The wheat which the Egyptian ate, the fruit that adorned his dessert-table, peas, beans, and barley, which still germinate when replanted, are also discovered. The eggs, the desiccated remains of the very milk he had once used for his breakfast, even the trussed and roasted goose, of which the guests at his wake had partaken—all these evidences of his humanity, and a myriad more, exist, in kind, in the museums of Europe, to attest their former owner's declaration to us, modern occidentals, athwart the oceans of time and the Atlantic, *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*. But not only do the scenes sculptured or painted on the temples or in the sepulchres furnish every detail concerning the Egyptians; they give us the portraits, history, geographical names, and characteristics of an infinitude of Asiatic and African nations existing in days long anterior to the Exode—many of whom have left no other record of their presence on earth, and others again whose names are preserved in the Hebrew Scriptures."

Not the least curious and important of the hieroglyphical revelations, is the synchronism which exists between the Scriptural annals and the monuments of Egypt. The names of some of the Pharaohs are not only the same, but they are identified in particulars of their history; and authenticated portraits of sovereigns incidentally referred to in the Bible are now exhibited in engravings throughout the Christian world. These portraits are carried back to 3500 years ago, (about the time of Joseph,) but the synchronism cannot be traced earlier than 971 B. C. This is unfortunate, as it

would be very interesting to identify in their monuments the Pharaohs who were contemporary with Solomon, Moses, Joseph, and Abraham. The earliest, however, as yet reached is Shishak, the conqueror of Rehoboam, son of Solomon; and indeed, as the Bible does not mention by name the earlier sovereigns of Egypt, there is little probability of further advance in this interesting study. As for the supposed death of the Mosaic Pharaoh in the Red Sea, it is neither countenanced by the text of the Pentateuch—which merely relates the destruction of Pharaoh's host, chariots, and chosen captains—nor by the traditions of the Talmud, which expressly state that the king returned and reported the loss of his army. The hieroglyphics, however, are silent on both points. Neither has any trace at all been found in them of the patriarchal relations with Egypt. We may add that Mr. Gliddon makes the pertinent remark, that if the validity of hieroglyphical history be proved "from the Scriptures for the time succeeding Moses, in all those cases where either record refers to the events mentioned in the other, the authenticity of *hieroglyphical* monuments in affairs whereon the Bible is silent, and which antedate Moses by twenty centuries, cannot fairly be called in question." While mentioning portraits, let us descend to later times, and say that the portrait of Cleopatra, taken from the temple of Dendera, by no means establishes the Shakspearian authority with regard to the personal beauty of that "serpent of old Nile." The Cleopatra of history appears to have been celebrated only for her powers of fascination and the splendor of her court.

The earliest date of the sacred language is not known; but if the antiquaries are correct, there must be an error in the commonly-received interpretation of Bible chronology, the original fifteen hieroglyphic letters having been in *common use* only 250 years after Menes, the first Pharaoh. This would carry back the origin of hieroglyphics to near the time commonly assigned to Cain and Abel! The emblem of the scribe's palette, reed-pen, and ink-bottle, is found about 3400 years B. C.; and books, indicated by the sign of the papyrus or scroll, are long antecedent to the time of Abraham. This language received afterwards some change, and in that form became more current as the hieratic or sacerdotal. About 700 years B. C. there was introduced an alphabetic kind of writing called the Demotic, Enchorial, or Epistolographic; and this remained in popular use till it was suppressed by the Roman imperial authority, and replaced by the Coptic alphabet, formed of Greek and Egyptian letters intermixed.

The prayer-book of the Egyptians, called the Book of the Dead, is traced as far back as 3200 A. C. It was a collection of hymns and liturgical prayers offered by and for the departed Egyptians; and extracts from it are met with on mummy cases, and every other object connected with death or religion. In this antique ritual are taught the doctrines of the soul's immortality and resurrection of the body; but instead of the Jewish command-

ments, and the Christian petitions for divine aid to observe them, they present only a series of self-righteous assertions of innocence, supposed to be made by the departed spirit. In these, however, which are forty-two in number, is found the whole, and more than the whole, decalogue.

It is impossible to ascend to the origin of the mummies that are covered with extracts from this ritual. Mummification, as the science is now called, is supposed to have been earlier than the pyramids or tombs, the first mummies having been buried in the sand. The Necropolis at Memphis is twenty-two miles in length by about half a mile in breadth, and here, it is supposed, one fourth of the population of Egypt was buried. The Great Pyramid was built 4000 years ago; but supposing the period of mummification to be only 3000 years, Mr. Gliddon calculates that the number of mummies in Egypt is about 500,000,000. A Cairo journal, a year or two ago, went further; it counted up the quantity of cloth in the wrappers, and came to the conclusion that if the linen were manufactured into paper, it would bring into the pacha's treasury £4,200,000! The objection as to the vast *space* so many mummies would fill, is met by a calculation which shows that they could be contained in a cube half a mile in length, breadth, and height; although so far from being cramped in room, the tombs of a single individual sometimes cover several acres of subterranean ground.

Under the fourth dynasty the bodies were prepared by a saturation with natron, and were baked in ovens, and wrapped in woollen cloth. The sarcophagus of Cheops was a plain monolithic bin, and that of Mycerinus a rectangular chest, with an inscription in which the dead Osirian king is saluted with a sublime simplicity, "Live forever!" Under the twelfth dynasty linen is found in use, the bodies are partially gilded, and all the luxury in coffins had commenced, which, from the eighteenth dynasty down to the time of the Romans, remained at a great pitch of extravagance. Under the eleventh dynasty, round the "sides are usually painted the whole sepulchral equipment of the dead—his bows, arrows, quivers, shirts, wigs, mirrors, sandals, and cosmetics. They are, in fact, the pictorial portmanteau of an Egyptian gentleman twenty centuries before our era, as well as a bill of fare; his ducks, geese, haunches, shoulders, chops, bread, cakes, biscuits, flour—his drinks, water, beer, wine, white, northern, or Mareotic—his salt and pastiles—are detailed at the head of these coffins." The eighteenth dynasty is the era of the introduction of bitumen, which became known to the Egyptians through their conquests of Assyria; and the new fashion changed the color of the mummies, which, since that epoch, are black, while those earlier embalmed are of the natural hue. By this time the system of idolatry had attained its full development; even the bodies of animals were at length embalmed as well as those of men; and the religious simplicity of the earlier mummies existed

no more. About the Augustan period the shape of the sarcophagus was changed, and the mummies were not wrapped in the human form, but of an equal thickness all down, and swathed in a coarsely painted cloth exhibiting portraits of the deceased.

The cost of these embalmments varied from £4 up to £250, according to the rank in life of the deceased, and the luxury of the coffin and ornaments. There are specimens still in existence which contain above 1000 yards of linen, varying in texture from good calico to superfine cambric. The majority, however, belong to the middle classes, and their cost is estimated at £60; but calculating them all at the cheapest—namely, £4—this would give an annual expense for manufacture of £666,000. For our own part, however, unless the *lowest* classes were mummified at the public cost, (which is very improbable,) we do not see how even £4 could have been paid for their funeral expenses; and as Mr. Gliddon remarks that only a single *negro* mummy has been found, although negroes were always very numerous in Egypt as domestic servants, there must, we think, have been a portion of the population allowed to moulder in the usual way. The whole of the revenue arising from this process belonged to the priests, “who were the physicians, apothecaries, mummy-makers, undertakers, scribes, and sextons, and who, besides, leased out the sepulchral excavations in which the bodies were to repose.” They held also the monopoly of the linen cloth used for wrapping the body, the flax for which was grown and manufactured by themselves. The mummies made, however, were so strictly the property of the purchasers, that a debtor was obliged to give up in pledge to his creditors the remains of his ancestors; and if he died insolvent, his next relations were held bound, both in honor and law, to redeem them.

The pyramids, it is now known, were sepulchres for containing the mummies of the Pharaohs. “As to the epoch of those of Memphis,” says Mr. Gliddon, “these were all built between the times of Noah and Abraham in the scale of Biblical chronology, and those of Menes, the first Pharaoh of Egypt, and the founder of the *first* dynasty at Memphis, and the *thirteenth* dynasty in collateral Egyptian hieroglyphical chronology. Thus all the Memphite pyramids existed and were ancient 2000 years before Christ. All the pyramids in lower Egypt are 4000 years old; and taking the pyramid of Mæris, according to Lepsius’ letters, built between 2151 and 2194 years before Christ, as the last of this series, the remainder will successively recede to above 5000 years ago.”

When a king commenced his reign, a small isolated hill of rock was fixed upon for his tomb, and a chamber excavated in it, with a passage communicating with the surface. Around and over this a course of masonry was built in a four-sided figure, converging at the top, in general of limestone, but in four instances of sun-dried brick;

and if the death took place during the year, this was immediately cased over, and thus a small pyramid formed. If the king lived a second year, another course of stone or brick was added, and so on another and another, till, as in the case of the Great Pyramid, the solid materials thus piled over the chamber in the rock would suffice for the construction of a city. “The pyramid continued to be increased every year until the death of the king in whose reign it was erected, fresh courses being added each year of his life. When the king died, the work of enlargement ceased, and the casing was put on the pyramid. This was done by filling up the angles of the masonry with smaller stones, and then placing oblong blocks one upon another, so as to form steps from the base to the apex; after which, beginning at the top, and working downwards, these stones were bevelled off at the corners, so as to form one uniform angle, and give a smooth surface to the pyramid, leaving a perfect triangle. * * * Two conclusions will strike the observer; first, that a pyramid, being smooth from its base to its summit, was by its builders never meant to be reascended; secondly, that the *entrance* was hermetically closed, never to be reopened; although its location, to judge by classical and Arabian traditions of hieroglyphics on the exterior, was probably indicated by a *royal tablet*, or *stele*, commemorative of the Pharaoh interred in each sepulchre. * * * The philosophical deduction from all this is, that the size of the pyramid is in direct proportion to the length of the king’s reign in which it was constructed, having been begun at his accession, and finished at his death. Large pyramids indicate long reigns, and small pyramids short reigns. The *sixty-nine* pyramids, therefore, represent some seventy or eighty kingly generations, (two kings having been sometimes buried in the same pyramid,) the last of which race died before Abraham was born. Such is the *law* of pyramidal construction. Of its importance in *chronology* the reader can judge.”

In the Great Pyramid there are several chambers; the Great Hall, the Kings’ and Queens’ Chamber, the Well, as it is called, &c.; and there are air-passages communicating from these with their external surface. The casing-stones were eight tons in weight, but were removed by the caliphs, so that the edifice can now be ascended as if by the steps of a stair. There is no danger either in the ascent or descent; although, in 1831, Mr. James Mayes, an English traveller, contrived to commit suicide by throwing himself from the summit.

The private tombs scattered around the regal pyramids are full of interest of the same kind; being covered with paintings of the manners, customs, genealogies, &c., of the ancient Egyptians to such an extent, that the antiquary Lepsius promises to write the court journal of the fourth Memphitic dynasty, which flourished five thousand years ago! “The manufacture of glass,” Mr. Gliddon tells us, “was known in Egypt 2000 years previously to its reported discovery by the

Phœnicians; and the decimal system of numeration, *units, tens, hundreds, thousands*, and upwards, was current in the days of the Pyramids, or 4000 years before the Arabs of Mohammed's era. In the tomb of Eimeï, architect of the pyramid of Shopho, of the fourth dynasty, is an inventory of his wealth. There are, amongst other details, "835 oxen, 220 cows, with their calves, 2234 goats, 760 asses, and 974 rams." The numerals are hieroglyphical *ciphers*; and the same decimal system is found in the *quarriers' marks* on all the pyramids. Indeed, it became evident that perhaps, with the exception of steamboats, electrotypes, Daguerreotypes, the magnetic telegraph, chloroform, printing-presses, and cotton gunpowder, the arts and sciences were much the same at that early period in the Valley of the Nile as at this time in our own country. The drawings of the trades, as found pictured on the walls in the tombs, show the practical sort of people the Egyptians were. Corroborations of the last remark are to be found in the various paintings now extant of "carpenters at work, boat-building, musicians, poulterers, veterinary surgeons, wine-pressing, brick-making, weaving, ploughing, transporting of columns," &c. All these are illustrated by, and serve as illustrations of, that sacred language which, at the end of fifty ages, speaks to us from the tombs almost as intelligibly as it did to the priests at a time which could only be known to the Jewish patriarchs as an old-world tradition.

Having now run through these lectures—although not in a cursory manner, for one must pick his steps while traversing such a mass of erudition—we have only to recommend the volume to the studious reader, as one from which he will receive as much general information on Egyptiographical science as he could obtain by the perusal of a variety of more bulky, though not more learned, productions.

From the Spectator.

WATER IN LONDON.

LONDON pines and sickens for want of water! The paragon of modern cities, the unrivalled metropolis of the mightiest nation of the earth, is grovelling like a Calmuck camp in squalor, stench, and unwholesomeness, for want of one of the first necessities of life. The fact illustrates a curious tendency in civilization to run in some respects a cyclical course. Allured by certain natural advantages of site, and chiefly by the abundance of water for domestic use and for the purposes of manufacture and transit, men congregate together and lay the foundation of great cities. In the lapse of ages, as their numbers and their activity increase, their own animal exuvie, and the refuse matter of the arts which they exercise, become sources of grievous discomfort, vitiating the soil, the water, and the air. A wise economy will then seek to arrest this deteriorating process, and to recover and preserve for the dwellers in the city the primitive bounties of nature. To be in

perfect harmony with the organic laws of the universe, which can never be violated with impunity, is the ideal goal of advancing civilization.

London town has outgrown the original resources of the spot, and is now dangerously and disgracefully ill-watered. The supply is both inadequate in quantity and bad in quality; the badness being of various degrees, from the insidiously unwholesome to the loathsome and fatal—in other words, from slow to rapid poisoning. In order to put this matter in the clearest light, let us briefly consult the natural history of our subject.

Water in its simplest state is a combination of oxygen and hydrogen in definite proportions. When freshly obtained by the contrivances of the chemist, it is insipid and unfit for alimentary purposes; but on exposure to the air, it quickly imbibes an additional portion of oxygen, which it holds in solution, thereby acquiring a more grateful flavor, and a character in the highest degree congenial to the animal economy. In this second state, then, it constitutes the natural standard of pure potable water; every decline from which is indicated by a proportionate increase in specific gravity, evidencing the presence of extraneous matter. Now as water possesses great solvent powers, it readily becomes impregnated with foreign ingredients. The pure element, distilled in the great laboratory of nature, and stored up in the clouds and vapors of the higher regions of the air, descending thence in the form of rain, carries down with it the gases and the finer particles of solid bodies suspended in the atmosphere. The fallen rain, flowing along the surface of the earth and sinking through its interstices, parts with some of these adventitious matters, to enrich the soil and speed the work of vegetation; in exchange for them it again takes up others, such as animal and vegetable remains, and earthy, alkaline, and metallic salts. Thus freighted, and often depositing and renewing its freight, it pursues its subterraneous course, until it again finds vent at some point where the stratum over which it trickles crops out at the earth's surface. The lower that stratum, the purer in general is the water issuing from the spring. The water of Artesian wells, being derived from a great depth below the surface, is preëminent for purity and softness.

The hardness of water is owing to the presence of earthy and alkaline salts. A great portion of the water used in London labors under this grave defect. The consequences are, great waste and enhanced cost in washing and culinary processes, and a long catalogue of bodily sufferings entailed on the drinkers of the impure beverage. To illustrate by contrast the pernicious effects of repeated calcareous drenches, we need only point to the restorative qualities of the Malvern waters. Long before Priessnitz and hydropathy were heard of, those celebrated springs were resorted to for their curative powers, especially in diseases of the digestive organs, the kidneys, &c., such as the hard water of London tends to produce. Now the Malvern waters are not of the mineral class;

they cure, not by means of any medicinal ingredients contained in them, but simply by virtue of their own exceeding purity. Their specific gravity is only 1.002, showing them to be all but devoid of foreign admixture. There lies beneath London, quite accessible and ready to overflow for our use, an inexhaustible lake of water as pure as that of Malvern; but we are forbidden to touch it. The sick Londoner, craving for nature's pure cordial draught, must gulp down his lime-drugged potion, in reverence for the monopoly of the water companies.

But there are worse impurities in our daily drink than those of which we have yet spoken. We are paying the companies collectively 340,000*l.* per annum for the privilege of cooking our food, sweetening our persons, and washing down our meals, with a more or less concentrated solution of native guano. Excepting the parts of London supplied by the New River, the metropolis derives its supply of water chiefly from the Thames, just as in the reign of Henry the Third, when the limpid river still pursued "its silver winding way," where now we see a great fetid ditch, seething with the putrescent sordes of more than two millions of human beings, and incessantly churned by the paddles of steamers rushing about in every direction to make the infusion more slab and homogeneous. The tyranny of the water companies entails on this metropolis some of the horrors of a state of siege, literally compelling its inhabitants to quaff

The stale of horses, and the gilded pool
That beasts would cough at;

with other nameless abominations, the outpourings of the common sewers. There are public pumps in London, but, for the sake of consistency we suppose, many of these are so situated as to receive the drainings of graveyards. Elsewhere, wells and cisterns have been constructed in such a manner as to have their contents mingled with the overflowings of the adjacent cesspools. The frightful mortality by cholera in Albion Terrace, Wandsworth, has been distinctly traced to that very cause. It is also worthy of especial note, that the localities which have been most desolated by cholera, are those which are supplied by the companies that procure their water from the Thames below Vauxhall Bridge.

In Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* there is an account of certain Tartar tipplings, that bear no remote analogy to our London ways of using water. From a choice species of mushroom or agaric the Tartars extract a wine too costly to be within the means of any but the rich; the poorer sort, being forced to content themselves with the generous juice at second-hand, assemble round the place where the revels are held; and we pray our readers to surmise the sort of transformation it is made to undergo before it reaches their lips. Dr. Persira, if we remember rightly, states, in his commentaries on the *Materia Medica*, that the

same identical dose of agaric wine has been known to make five Tartar tipplers happy one after the other. It is not speculating too minutely to conjecture that in London the same particles of animal sordes or of morbid poison may pass unaltered through the bodies of several human beings successively.

The grievances we have here set forth are no new ones. They have been for many years the subject of loud and general remonstrance. Flesh and blood can endure them no longer. There is nothing to hinder their prompt and entire removal, except the resistance of the water companies on the one hand, and on the other the absence of a power able and willing to enforce the reasonable desire of the community. To do that is the proper office of the government. If par hazard we possess a government which is not altogether a sham, it will seriously take up this subject at the commencement of next session; only a government can bring together the needful information on the legal hindrances that obstruct the supply of sweet and wholesome water for London and the other towns—only a government has power to grapple with those obstructions by a sweeping vindication of public health against private monopoly and local corruption.

What hast thou to do with Peace?

2 *Kings*, ix. 18.

CHILDHOOD! thy wild and frolic hour,
Long as the butterfly's bright race,
Or the gum-cystus' dazzling flower,
As short-lived, and as full of grace;
Does it the calmer good contain?
Will it from future care release?
Glad art thou—joyous, free from pain—
But, what hast thou to do with peace?

Maiden of throbbing heart—whose breast
Hardly for what 't is yearning knows,
Yet, like the polyp, without rest,
Its trembling filaments out-throws,
Oft to be wounded—shrinking oft,
Wearied, but not from search will cease—
Tears check with pain thy rapture soft—
And what hast thou to do with peace?

Manhood, thine eye is still elate,
The weapons in thy hands are strong;
Thought sits within thy brow sedate,
And busy cares thy bosom throng.
Success hath sped thee; thou hast fame—
Bays that might serve victorious Greece;
Tumultuous joys thou hast, and name—
But what hast thou to do with peace?

Thou sire, of venerable age,
White-haired; for counsel rightly sought;
With sons to take thy heritage,
And well-filled chests, for which thou 'st wrought;
Long have been here thy wanderings,
Thy grandchildren sit on thy knees;
Thou 'rt troubled about many things—
And what hast thou to do with peace?

CHAPTER V.

YEARS glided on, each summer regularly bringing the family to Stanoiki, and winter as regularly transporting them to Lemberg. During this time but little perceptible change took place in the several personages of this drama, with the exception of Casimir, who was now verging upon nineteen, and looking and demeaning himself like a town-bred cavalier. He had, latterly, attended lectures at the Lemberg university; but a recent duel between a Polish and a German nobleman, occasioned by difference of opinion, political and national, which had ended fatally to the former, had induced many cautious mothers, and among them Casimir's, to recall their sons until the first distemperate heat produced by this affair should have subsided. Casimir had gained but little by his short and irregular attendance at college. The only thing he deigned to borrow of the Germans was their smoking propensity; and he was, indeed, seldom now seen without a pipe in his mouth. He was at this time a fair, aristocratic youth, seeming by rapid growth to have somewhat undermined his strength, with that mingled air of indolence and grace which constitute what is commonly called an elegant person; but there was about his mouth, already ornamented with an incipient moustache, and in his light gray eyes, a feline expression that marred the effect of a countenance which, despite its effeminacy, might have been termed handsome.

The spring of the year 1845 was the first time that Casimir had visited the estate since his residence at the university. He came accompanied by a few of his friends who had proposed to assist him in whiling away the tedium of a residence in the country; and tedious enough it proved, no ripple stirring the monotonous, calm surface of the life at the chateau. Still, one or two incidents occurred during this summer which, however trifling and insignificant to all appearance, assume some importance from their connection with after events.

At a considerable distance from the chateau, touching the confines of the domain, there was a dark, desolate-looking pool, surrounded by a mass of rocks so embedded in the sand as to be little discernible from afar. In this pool Pavel, in his solitary roamings, had traced a colony of beavers, abundant enough in some parts of Galicia, though rare in others. His discovery soon became the talk of the village, where it reached the ears of Duski, who lost no time in communicating the intelligence at the chateau. Casimir immediately determined to visit the spot; and, conceiving himself to be of an age when no paternal commands in trifles should interfere with his will and pleasure, ordered Pavel to wait for him at the pool, to point out the exact place where the beavers might be seen.

He came, with his young friends, full of eagerness for the sport, riding at a gallop to the spot where Pavel and a few more villagers stood

expecting him. Years had not conquered Casimir's dislike to the surly peasant who had been the butt of his childish persecution; when, therefore, divers means of attracting the creatures to the surface had been resorted to in vain, he exclaimed:

"That dog has again been lying! How dare you, sirrah, look at me thus! By my honor, I think the fellow has a mind to be insolent! Where are the beavers!—can none of you say!"

The peasants looked stolidly at Pavel, who at length answered, in a voice tremulous with suppressed emotion:

"Doubtless they are gone into the hollows of the rocks—it is the way with these animals when scared."

"A precious goose-chase we have had of it," said one of the young men, so incensing Casimir that, turning to Pavel with rage, he cried:

"If I find that you have deceived me, by all that is sacred, I'll break every bone in your body!"

Pavel, with expanding nostrils, flashing eyes, and heaving chest, folded his arms, threw back his head, and met sternly the eye of his young lord. Casimir, excited beyond the pitch of endurance by this tacit though manifest defiance, grasped his riding-whip nervously; and the scene might have had a tragic conclusion, had it not been interrupted by the general cry—"A beaver, a beaver!"

No sooner was Casimir's back turned, than Pavel walked off, making the best of his way to the village. Casimir's eye, however, was upon him. That he did not call him back was due to no feeling of kindness or mistrust. For the former he was too much spoiled—for the latter too bold; but he remembered his father's interdiction about this serf, and felt that it would not do to carry things too far; so he let him go, mentally resolving that when he should be lord of the manor, such a face as that should not be seen within its boundaries. And Pavel, as he wended his way home, muttered to himself: "When that young lord comes to the estate, he must either let me depart, or there will be war between us!"

War between the vassal and the lord! What a history of malignant, merciless hatred on the one hand—ceaseless persecution, from which there is no escape but in death; or, on the other, a surprise in a lone place, a fierce struggle, and an unknown grave!

But Pavel was not the only one on the estate whom Casimir loved to annoy. Instigated by his mother's thoughtless remarks, he took it into his head that his father did not overlook the peasants with sufficient care, and began to inquire into the most minute details connected with them, in a way that gave rise to a saying among the serfs, that he should have been the steward's son instead of the lord's, showing such an apt disposition for his line of business. His mother, with her usual blindness, called this narrow intermeddling an evincing of an early turn for affairs, whilst his father re-proved it as often as it came under his cognizance.

The count loved his son, but he did not encourage those illusions about him which his mother so largely indulged. He saw what was true—that he was not deficient in talent, though it was rendered of little avail by mismanagement. He now put his trust in that great reformer, the world, and hoped that the lessons of life would correct the evils of a bad education.

In the shooting season, neither Casimir nor his friends spared the property of the peasants; and again Pavel was destined to undergo an interview with the young man, chance seeming to be as malicious in this respect as Casimir's will had been formerly. Applying his semi-education to the doing of everything that came in his way with more reflection and method than his companions, Pavel had turned a piece of waste-land to account, by converting it into a nursery for fruit-trees—a rare effort in Galicia, where the cultivation of fruit was long neglected, not so much owing to the climate, hard and rough though it be, as to the claims of the lord of the soil upon the produce—a system which paralyzes all industry, and destroys alike hope and energy. Pavel's care and patience had been duly rewarded, and a young orchard was now shooting forth, the first that had arisen on the Stanoiki estate.

One morning, as he was musing over the increasing vigor of his young trees, the gamekeepers, accompanied by twenty or thirty peasants, came in sight, and advanced directly towards him. The men pressed into the service of the *battue* were all of Pavel's village, and had watched, with a sort of interest, the growth of his saplings; when, therefore, they were ordered, in an authoritative manner, to cut down the plantation, they hesitated, eying Pavel as if they expected some hint from him in what manner to act. The head gamekeeper, either seeing something dangerous lurking in Pavel's dark eye, or doubting, in this case, ready compliance with his orders on the part of the boors, beat a precipitate retreat, but soon reappeared, accompanied by Casimir himself.

"Again insolent!" said the young count, approaching Pavel—"what means this? Here is a thicket we must have down, and you dare to oppose the gamekeeper in his duty!"

Pavel smiled bitterly.

"Will you answer when you are spoken to, varlet?"

"I am no varlet of yours," was the bold reply.

Pavel's friends looked at him approvingly. Not so the young count—could a look have killed, that moment had been Pavel's last. With a motion of his hand, he directed the peasants to proceed to the work of demolition, who now hastened to obey, managing, in so doing, to form an effectual screen between Pavel and his tormentor, from behind which the former retired, unobserved, from the spot; but his little plantation was mercilessly laid bare.

"It's well," he said, when they next met, to those who had been compelled to accomplish the

deed—"it's well; but he who plants another tree on this estate is not worthy to call himself a Pole. The only relaxation of the slave is the brandy bottle. Be it so; but remember this day, and never toil for those who, at best, reap where they have not sown, and destroy where they do not choose to reap."

But that summer the count himself caused much discontent on the estate. Many of the peasants who had attempted to slur over part of their dues, were reminded of them in no gentle manner. Arrears in kind were called in with severe exactitude—pecuniary arrears that had been overlooked for many terms were now rigorously claimed; and men who thought by producing musty records to prove that their tenure obliged them but to so many days' work gratis, and to supply but a limited number of teams, were made to feel the nullity of these documents, and forced to accept what terms the count or his steward chose to dictate. But the chief subject of complaint was at harvest-time. On most of the Gallician estates, at this season of the year, the peasants were entirely at their masters' disposal; and whatever attention they might have to bestow upon their own land—be the nature of the work never so pressing—the risk to their own harvest what it might—they must toil incessantly until their masters' grain was gathered in. Every year, at this period, great discontent prevailed throughout the country; and in the autumn of 1845, the peasantry began to quarrel more seriously than heretofore with the exaction of these extra days of labor. The count's serfs, before following the example set them by those of the neighboring estates, determined to make an appeal to his generosity. They deputed envoys to him, selected from the oldest men on the property; but they were received with an explosion of rage most rare with their master, and sent home scared and frightened. What could not be claimed as a right, it was now determined to establish by precedent; but the count, who had foreseen this measure, threatened, if it were persisted in, to bring a regiment from Lemberg to settle the question.

As the autumn advanced, however, the severity of these exactions suddenly relaxed. These contrary movements of heightening and lowering pressure being simultaneous throughout the several circles of Galicia, it was obvious that both depended on more than the mere caprice of the landlords. Changes, too, in the family arrangements at the chateau were not a little puzzling. There appeared to be no thought of removing to Lemberg for the winter; and, *par extraordinaire*, the countess seemed perfectly resigned to the notion of facing the snows at Stanoiki. No ennui seemed now to scare away the guests, for the mansion was constantly full; and many were the surmises of the servants, the peasants, and even the steward himself, upon the sudden influx of visitors of all kinds and ranks. So numerous, indeed, were they, that the castle being all insufficient to contain them, many flocked to the village

inn, which, poor and despicable as was its accommodation, was full to overflowing. Soon the matter began to clear up.

"You ought to come to the public house sometimes," said a neighbor to Pavel one afternoon; "queer things are going on, I promise you. There have been men there lately making a great talk about Poland being itself again, and turning away oppressors—that is, the Russians and the Germans. You, who can read and write, might help us to understand these questions, which I am sure one good half of us don't. They say that if we were again Poles, with a king of our own, we should be happier."

"Happier, and retain our lords!—how is that possible?" said Pavel.

"That's what many say—but come and listen."

"I will," answered Pavel; and that evening he went to the tap-room, which was full of a heterogeneous assembly of strange beings. There were the servants of the guests at the castle, some of the count's servants too, a wandering pedler, an organ-grinder, and a mercantile agent in a small way, from one of the Slavonic provinces. In opposite corners sat two wandering tinkers, so like in form, features, general color, and aspect, that they might have been thought, but for their costume, offshoots of the same root; but the tight hose, short cloak, and large sombrero of the one, pointed him out as clearly to be a Croat, as the matted locks and ragged habiliments, the cloak that seemed but the shred of a blanket, marked the other as a gypsy. At a table sat an Arminian, with flowing white beard and peaked bonnet; and, not far from him, two Russians, with their broad, low-crowned hats, coal-black beards, and that sly, roaming glance, cunning smile, and ready cringe, that belong to the enslaved. There, too, was the Heiduck, in full costume, who, speaking nothing but Magyar, a dead-letter to the rest, understood nothing that passed about him, and, consequently, wholly devoted himself to the corn brandy. The peasants of the estate, in their sheep-skin coats, crowded the room to suffocation. But diverse as was the outward appearance of the motley group, one general feature ran through the assembly—a certain look of wildness, which proclaimed beings belonging to a less civilized state of society than is met with further west.

"It is a shame," the pedler was saying, as Pavel entered the room, addressing himself to the peasants generally—"it's a shame that we Poles should be judged by German courts, in the German tongue. The Germans are foreigners; and it's our own fault if they be our masters much longer."

"Ay," said the organ-grinder, "and much happiness you would enjoy with no one between you and your nobles. The laws of the empire are, at least, some protection. Ask the old folk how one fared in their day, and the days of their fathers. What matters it whether the law be German or Polish, provided it protect your lives

and properties? To fall back to the Poles were thrusting your necks again into the old yoke."

"You would not lack leaders," insinuated the pedler. "On the other side the frontier, organization is complete; at Cracow, too, all is ready, and I have no doubt, if the peasantry hereabout were to rise, their nobles would put themselves at their head. Nay, I should n't wonder if they were already preparing to do so—there's a great stir this autumn in the castles."

"Why would you be Polish slaves?" interrupted the organ-grinder. "If the emperor had his own way, you would have had proper schools in every village long since; but your nobles won't hear of it. What does the emperor want of you but slight taxes, and military duty, which, at least, gives you bread, a home, and raiment? True, if the soldier fails in his duty he is punished; but when he is sick he is tended—when he is aggrieved, he is righted—when he is old and battered, he is looked after. Then the emperor is your father and friend—he never interferes with your private affairs. Believe me, he stands between you and the rod."

"A tyrant!" exclaimed the packman, with violence, "who will allow no education but in German."

"What does it signify whether it be in German or Polish, if you are not suffered to profit by it?" said the organ-grinder.

"When the Poles are restored to themselves, and are no longer slaves to the foreigner, the lords will soften the condition of their peasants," urged the Pole.

One yell of derision ran through the low chamber.

"But Austria keeps her promises, and you know it," persisted the organ-grinder. "If a struggle begin, and you stand by the emperor, you will have money, recompenses, indulgences; but if the Poles gain the day, the white and red plumes will be all for your lords, and the gray serge will still be yours. No soft down from that quarter will ever line your nest—don't let yourselves be deceived."

"If Poland were once more Poland," vociferated the Polish agent—for such the pedler evidently was—"your tenures would, most probably, be converted into freeholds, in gratitude for your exertions in bringing about so happy a result."

"That song would be worth listening to," said one of the peasants, a dense group forming around the disputants.

"He who believes that deserves the chains he wears!" cried Pavel, stepping out from among them. "Recollect yourselves, my friends. Were our horses spared last spring, in making the road to the new quarry—those horses which we bred at our own risk and cost, fed whilst they were colts, and could be of no earthly use to us, and which, the moment we could reap benefit from them, were overburthened, exposed to the worst weather, fell ill, and died on our hands? Remember, too, how our petition this autumn, about the

extra days of labor, was received by the count. Will he compound for tithe? Remember what success has crowned your efforts to obtain that concession, and then trust to his gratitude if you will. Think you that, when you have thrown down the authority now standing between him and you, he will become as meek as a lamb? Why, to believe that, a man must lose all sense of what happened but yesterday."

"What difference can it make to your lord," said the pedler, "whether you pay rent in money or in feudal services?"

"That is not for us to decide," said Pavel; "but we know the difference it would make to us. If he is willing to oblige us, nothing were more easy. It could have been done years ago. Don't you see, my friends, the folly of such expectations? If it were as he says, would the lords have been so obstinate in refusing us the privilege we are so eager to claim? No! Unless the nobles consent to our terms, accept a stipulated ground-rent in money, and leave us free to manage our cattle and our produce in our own way—unless they secure to us our liberty, we will have nothing to say to them or their plans. Slaves have no nation—no country—no religion—no hearths to defend. The slave is not a man, for the first effort of a man is to shake off slavery!"

The pedler made an attempt to recover his lost ground, but he was not heeded. Pavel's speech had found an echo in every breast; and the silent, gloomy man, hitherto overlooked, suddenly became an object of interest. It required no little boldness to speak as Pavel had spoken, in so public a place, when every word he uttered would, most probably, be reported at the castle; and that quality commands the respect of the masses, who naturally feel that men possessed of it are alone fit to be leaders. And leaders are necessary to them, to bear the blame of all that happens, to pay for failures, and become the scapegoats of the many. Pavel that evening took his place in the hearts of those whose cause he advocated.

"You peasants would certainly gain nothing by the change," put in the organ-grinder, taking advantage of the revulsion Pavel had effected in favor of his argument. "You would be led, as of yore, to fight out your lords' quarrels; and when you would be absent, struggling for a crown, battling for a question not your own, the opponents of your lords would fall upon your lands, and sack, burn, destroy, as they used to do in the good old times, when glorious Poland was ever shedding its best blood on the fields of election."

"My father would have died willingly for his lord," said an aged peasant, shaking his head reprovingly at young rebel Sclavonia rising around him.

"Your father was of the date," said Pavel, "when men were content to lick the hand that struck them! Thank God! we are not of that generation. Had we seen that fidelity better rewarded, perhaps we might have known it too. However, we have a master who has never struck, nor

wronged us in any way—the Emperor of Austria. To him we owe allegiance; and those who seek to excite us against him—say, my friends, what do they deserve?"—and he pointed, with a threatening look, to the unfortunate Polish agent.

No sooner was the hint given than the peasantry fell upon the pedler, and, tearing from him his wares, strewed them on the floor, which was soon littered with pamphlets of the most inflammatory nature, originally destined, doubtless, to the enlightenment and warming up of such persons on the different estates, as shared not the ignorance of the peasantry—apothecaries, stewards, the larger farmers, and persons belonging to the courts of justiciary, overseers of mines, and so forth.

Whilst some busied themselves in tearing the pamphlets to shreds, others proceeded to give the unfortunate man a drubbing, in which hands and feet were liberally employed; the Hungarian, Croat, and Gypsy, strange to say, leading the furious onslaught, though they did not comprehend its meaning. The Jews, in the mean while, availed themselves of the general confusion to pocket, with inconceivable rapidity, whatever they could pick up from the floor, their eyes glistening with as much greediness as though the scattered, worthless tracts, were so much pure gold, or as many diamonds. Whilst the host was endeavoring to save the unlucky packman from further injury, the Gypsy, who was in the act of belaboring him, adroitly extracted his silver watch; and the Croat, having given vent to his spleen, beat a hasty retreat, before order was restored, with a pewter tankard belonging to mine host secreted under his cloak.

The organ-grinder was then treated, with great generosity, to an extra dram of brandy, at the cost of his enthusiastic audience. Pavel might have drenched himself in the liquid, if he had been disposed to profit by generous offers; but he had remained true to Noah's precepts of sobriety, and, wishing to ponder over what he had that evening seen and heard, he left the ale-house early.

The following morning, as he was about to leave his cottage, the latch of the door was raised from without, and a stranger entered. He was fashionably dressed, but his general appearance was not above that of a menial of some good house. Both stared for some time, as if endeavoring to account for what seemed familiar in the features he gazed on; each asked himself when, where, under what circumstances, he could have seen the other. Pavel's memory served him first. Though the face had grown worn and haggard, the features were still those of the man he had once met at Noah's; and, extending his hand, he greeted him by name.

"I was not mistaken, then? We have met before," said the stranger.

"Do you remember this direction you once gave me?" said Pavel, handing him a crumpled paper.

Loeb Hertz, having looked at it, smiled, and shaking Pavel cordially by the hand, exclaimed—"Yes, here I am, as active as ever, though not

quite so young as when we last met, and with a heavier burden on my shoulders of what is called knowledge of the world: but I am on the wrong side of life, you on the right. You've grown into a proper man, more like a Calabrese than a Pole; however, I suppose the heart is in the right place, still all for the dear, torn country."

"I see what you will be at," said Pavel; "but in this miserable hut we cannot talk over such matters. Let us walk into the open air, and I will freely tell my mind."

Loeb Hertz consenting, they soon stood on the bank of the river. "Come, be frank with me," said Pavel. "What is your mission?—who sent you to me?"

"Why, for that matter, I heard at the village inn, indeed the steward himself told me, that you were a man likely to have influence with the peasantry, and might prove useful in a rising."

"They judge me so at the castle, do they?" said Pavel, with a sneer. "It would be a pity to disappoint them. And so you are for the castle?"

"Why, yes, and no. There is a grand movement in contemplation, organized by the Polish refugees in Paris, which is to act at the same moment—at least such is the hope and plan—upon all the fragments of Poland at one and the same time; thus effecting union by a violent irruption. In Cracow everything is ripe. It is more difficult to move Russian Poland, since its last severe lesson, but still we have good hope. And now the nobility of Galicia are about to pave the way a little with their peasantry, before bringing them to the field."

"It's very kind of them," said Pavel, with enforced composure; "they are not usually so anxious to consult our convenience."

"Do you mean to say, Jakubski, that you have no heart in the Polish cause?"

"Do you mean to say, Loeb Hertz, that you think it likely I should advocate it? Am I not a serf?"

"Do you think remaining faithful to Austria will shake off the fetters?—look at Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, have they not the same oppressive game-laws, private courts of judiciary, feudal tenure? A few shades more or less, it is the same all over the Austrian dominions."

"And whose fault is it?" said Pavel, warming up. "I have often heard that the emperor would willingly do away with the *robot*, if one but let him. You who have travelled much must know the truth. Come, make a clean breast of it."

"Why, I am bound to say," answered his companion, "that I have often heard this asserted. Even in Russia, it is firmly believed that the emperor would long since have abolished slavery altogether, if it were not for his nobles."

"Then, should n't we be fools," said Pavel, with a bitter laugh, "to shed our hearts' blood merely to increase the strength of our oppressors? If that be your mission, go back to those who sent

you, and tell them that there is one Pole who loves freedom better than Poland."

"After helping your lords to shake off the yokes of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, you could easily, being thousands to one, be more than a match for them, and make your own terms."

"Think you so?" said Pavel, incredulously—"I do not. But were it true," he added, passionately, "rather than they should have that one hour of triumph, I would shed every drop of my blood! It is natural that you, who move about at your pleasure, and do with your existence what you please—it is natural that you, I say, should feel none of the anger that I feel; but I—you do not know—you cannot guess what I have suffered. I speak not of the early part of my life—over that a dark shadow fell—let it pass; but throughout, I have been a butt to persecution. When I first came to this wretched place, a petition of mine was presented to the count—it contained but the simple desire to be allowed to depart. I hoped then to begin a new existence. The boon was not only refused, but every possible hardship was added to the refusal. Still I dreamed but of departure; but how could I go when all the necessary papers, power, and what not, must be got from the authorities of my parish, who know better than to legalize my absence in the teeth of their master!"

"It is a hard law," said Loeb Hertz, "that binds a man to the spot of earth on which he may happen to be born, there to rot in poverty; when, perhaps, beyond the ridge of his native mountains, or the sands of his native shore, wealth, hope, and joy, might be his. It is a pity that a law so oppressive cannot be evaded."

"I thought so, too," resumed Pavel; "but a short time after my petition was rejected, an incident occurred in our village, which showed me the futility of the attempt. A young man, determined to quit the estate, took it into his head that he would do so without leave, and one day he made off with himself. It appears he managed to procure himself a false *wanderbuch*, and got on tolerably well for a time; but at last the fraud was detected—he was severely chastised, and sent hither with a *gendarme* at his back, whose gun was ready charged, to clip his wing in case he should think of flying. Three times did he go, and three times was he brought back in the same manner, each time being punished more severely than the preceding one."

"Unnatural tyranny!" exclaimed Loeb Hertz.

"Well," continued Pavel, "here I remained, desirous of being a soldier, but the lucky number never fell to my lot. Year after year, summer and winter, have I been exposed to all the petty annoyances of that Duski! My team was always chosen for the hardest, heaviest labor. I lost horse after horse—and I loved my horses. Every blow I struck by order cut to my very soul—and yet I must keep, and rear them, to be overtoiled from sheer malice to myself. I once had a favorite dog. One day I was crossing a forest; he

was with me—he was no hunting dog—he could do no harm. I was myself unarmed—I had not even a stick in my hand. He was shot dead at my feet. And here, on this barren spot where we now stand, I had grown some fruit trees. I thought—I hoped they would escape the observation of my tormentors. See now—where are my trees!” He pointed to a few shapeless stumps. “But even the worm will turn when trod upon. I have resisted long—endured much—struggled hard with myself. I have spent sleepless nights, feverish with the hot desire of revenge! When such thoughts came too strong upon me, I entreated to be allowed to depart. I have combated my evil passions like a man; but rather than fight side by side with them, and for them, I—— However, it boots not talking,” he continued, with increased energy—“I hate them with the hate of years—with a hate that has grown with my growth—that has been the only feeling of my desolate existence—and you think I would now assist them! Let them not wish me among their ranks—let them not seek to compound with their natural foes. Pshaw, they are mad with power! they think to command the heart as they crush the will.”

“Poland,” said Loeb Hertz, losing his usual frivolity of manner, and for once looking very grave—“Poland has lost a son in you, but liberty has gained one. I, too, cherish the idea of a Polish republic—our nobles might help us to regain our country—”

“Never!” interrupted Pavel. “Let us not trust to so great a chance. If they attempt to rise, let them fight it out with Austria, and,” he added, triumphantly, “be crushed!”

“And you thus put yourself in the hands of a stranger—one whom you know to be an agent?”

“Well,” said Pavel, “go and betray me if you will—I am sick of life! But you will not betray me,” he added, with a smile—“I read through you years ago.” The men exchanged glances—they understood each other. “You must not, however,” said Loeb Hertz, “be as open with all emissaries that will come to you, as you are with me.”

“There are plenty of them about,” observed Pavel; “there was an organ-grinder at the public-house last night, who may not be what he seems—he was for Austria. A pedler, too—a consort of yours—”

“Of course,” interrupted the other, quickly, “Austria will try to keep the minds of the people steady, which it is our obvious mission to prevent—we have the clergy with us.”

“Ay, but there’s the *robot* against you,” said Pavel—“you’ll never be able to effect a rising.”

“If you understood your own interest,” persisted Loeb Hertz, “you would assist us first to get Poland back to ourselves, and then to make a republic of it.”

“I shall never swallow that bait,” said Pavel, with emphasis. “I warn you honestly that I will strain every nerve to hinder the rising in this vil-

lage, and, for that matter, on this estate. It’s a fair warning, and war between us, I suppose.”

“No,” said Loeb Hertz, after a moment’s consideration, “no! there are other and more important places to be influenced, and there is more underhand work to be done. I leave this place—I would not have to fight it out with you.”

“And have you been living all this time upon that—that sort of trade?” said Pavel.

“Yes, and well, too; and, depend upon it, my children, should they wish to embrace it, will find a very safe inheritance. So long as there are Jews that want emancipation, and Poles that want Poland, Europe will not know one hour’s repose.”

“And you may be sure,” said Pavel, “that if the nobles now-a-days do not yield their power with a good grace, harm will come of that, too.”

From that day forth, Pavel was an altered man. He no longer avoided, but, on the contrary, courted the society of his fellows. He was the chief orator in the field and in the public-house; and between him and the more resolute characters of the village sprang up a closer intimacy than had previously existed. He devoted those days which he was free to call his own to the mines, which now, like every other part of the estate, became an arena of discussion. In the mean while, emissaries and agents of every kind succeeded each other; some of the French propagandists who, like Loeb Hertz, under pretence of preaching the restoration of Poland, secretly paved the way for Austria and newer principles; some on the part of Austria, to keep alive Austrian predilections in the peasantry; others purely in the Polish interest. The clergy began to agitate in favor of the rising, and seldom a day passed without their reporting progress to the nobles, who kept up a lively intercourse with each other.

Now, this point of union existed in the count’s family; they were thoroughly patriotic, hence the reason why neither the countess nor her son quarrelled with the notion of spending the winter at Stanoiki, where plotting might be carried on more safely and conveniently than in the capital. They felt less than usual the weight of each other’s society—for one great plan occupied them all, one hope fired their imagination—they thought and dreamed of but one object—the liberation of Poland. Their self-love, too, was flattered; for the general, in consequence of his knowledge of military tactics and habit of command, no less than in consideration of the weight which his name and fortune threw into the balance, was a prize of first magnitude, and esteemed accordingly.

The rainy season set in, but it did not drive away the guests; and they endured the monotony of in-door life with a patience that did their patriotism much credit. The ladies spent their mornings working white and red flags and scarfs for the future battalion of heroes; whilst the gentlemen computed, by every rule of arithmetic, but chiefly by fancy’s amplification, the funds they could

collect, the cost of equipment and ammunition, the number of their adherents—in short, all their available resources. The younger members of the society, friends of Casimir, practised rifle-shooting and the use of the broadsword, sang patriotic songs, dreamed themselves Kosciuskos, every man of them; and not less resolved than their seniors were, yet a great deal more blind to the difficulties and perils of the enterprise. Billiards and smoking filled up what time the discussion of the all-engrossing theme left unemployed; and in the afternoon, cards for the ladies—dice, and again smoking, for the youths—occupied pretty nearly the interval till bed-time. The young people would sometimes attempt a charade among themselves; but none possessed the freedom of mind necessary to give zest to the amusement.

One day, the dinner being over, the party assembled in the large, but somewhat desolate, saloon of the castle. Near the countess were grouped several ladies, mostly like herself, past the prime of life, engaged in low, murmuring converse, that did not preclude their catching up such phrases as, being pronounced in a louder key than the rest, escaped from the circle of men that surrounded the master of the house; whilst a few of the younger dames, reclining in attitudes of Oriental ease, in deep fauteuils, were enjoying their cigarettos with creole indolence—a fashion but lately imported from Paris, and viewed with virtuous indignation by the Countess Stanoiki.

"You have had lawyers, notaries, and what not, with you this morning. I hope, my dear Sophie, you are not thinking of making your will?" said an elderly lady, whose consanguinity gave her the privilege of familiarity.

"Oh, dear, no! How could you think of such a thing, dear aunt? The general has only been signing over to me all his property. You understand," she added, in a lower voice, "if Austria gain the day, this puts confiscation out of the question."

"That 's not so sure, my dear," was the shrewd answer. "Depend upon it, that ruse will be seen through."

"What if it be? It will be difficult to defeat it."

"Some sums of money, at least, I should place abroad," said the aunt.

"And so we have."

"I wonder at your letting Casimir—whom you were always so timid about—take so prominent a share in so great a peril."

"I was chary of him for that very reason, my dear aunt; I was bringing up a hero for Poland."

"And if he fall?"

"I shall not mourn for him more than for my lost country."

"Sophie, you are a heroine, and deserve to be the mother of heroes."

"You flatter me, dear aunt. I am but a true Pole—as I feel we all feel. Your living so long among the Germans has cooled you on that sub-

ject. I verily believe you would give one of my fair cousins to a German, if you found one that suited."

"When one has seven daughters and three unprovided nieces to dispose of," replied the lady, somewhat embarrassed, "one cannot be patriotic to the degree of refusing any husband whatever."

"God prosper you! good aunt, and send you wooers in plenty," said the Countess Sophie, laughing. "But hark! the gentlemen are again discussing the *robot*. It's your husband, as usual; he is riding his favorite hobby. He, too, like you, is but half a Pole."

"Why," said the lady, timidly, "I think we have shown some boldness in coming here at all."

"If you repent it, as yet no harm is done."

"Hem!" answered the lady in a tone which seemed to imply that in her mind the matter deserved some consideration.

"I tell you," said Count Soboski—the nobleman whose wife was conversing with the Countess Sophie—"I tell you, Stanoiki, you cannot reckon on your peasantry."

"Oh, that old story of the *robot*," said Count Leninski, a gentleman of tiger-like aspect, despite his spare person and sharp features. "Soboski can never hold his peace on that subject."

"Because I view it in another light than you do."

"What would you have us to do, then?" said a powerful man, of an unhealthy white complexion, with pale eyes, thick lips, and reddish hair, on whose every lineament brutality was impressed. "Would you have us give our lands to the peasantry as a bribe for their rising!—for, after all, these lands are ours. I don't know what you mean by the peasants not liking the *robot*. As well might the English tenant say he does not like to pay rent."

"True," said the general, "it is our right; and for that reason alone I have always exacted my dues with unflinching rigor. Leniency would encourage a false notion in the serfs; and what might have been intended merely as a charitable exception, would have been converted into a precedent."

"But their very unwillingness to pay the tribute," persisted Soboski, "ought to make it painful to receive."

"As well might you say, my dear friend," retorted Stanoiki, "that an English landlord should feel reluctant to receive his rents. These are our rents. Never lose sight of the historical fact in the vagaries of modern liberalism. Our ancestors, having more land than they could possibly cultivate, parcelled it out in larger and lesser fragments, under certain obligations. Very well. The land is as much ours as it was theirs; its nominal proprietors must, of course, continue to perform the same services as those by which their ancestors held it of ours."

"Unless," said the stout man, "you start from the somewhat primitive principle that no man has

a right to more land than he can dig with his own spade, I don't see what you can bring forward against that argument."

"Simply this," said Soboski, "that, strictly, in many cases, the land has been paid by the tenant, since first his ancestor occupied it, ten times its value. In feudal times, this sort of feudal service had a show of fairness—there was something like a fair bargain in the business. Then the lord was ever ready to protect the lives and property of those who, in return for that protection, tilled his ground and felled his woods. Then, too, they had but one master. Now they are obliged to pay taxes to the state from which we are exempt, and, besides working for us, to make roads for the government. In fact, as with all other relics of feudality, the meaning has flown, whilst the custom remains; and custom without meaning has no base, and cannot endure."

"Then," said Stanoiki, "you would have us give up half, and that the better half, of our revenue? Why, that is more than the peasants themselves ask."

"I would have you allow them to purchase their own freedom from these feudal tenures, as in Prussia."

"A precious law that of Prussia!" said Leninski. "The noble must be satisfied with a capital, once paid down, equal to sixteen or twenty years of his revenue; after which time, his son, or himself, if he live, is minus that portion of his inheritance."

"You forget," one of the lawyers timidly put in, "the interest derived from this capital."

"Here, in these parts," said Soboski, "the peasants only demand to change their feudal services into an annual rent; always providing, of course, that the lease be hereditary. Well, it is but a simple thing. The English system has not prevented the nobility of that country from being rich and powerful; why should some approximation to it be the ruin of ours?"

"Because," replied Stanoiki, "one thing leads to another; and the English tenant will one day feel as much dissatisfaction in paying rent as our people do about the *robot*."

"There we differ again," said Soboski, laughing. "The English nobleman will, ultimately, lose his ground-rent, because that is the vestige of a time that has gone by, and has no more meaning. The game-laws, too, will be abolished."

Here voices became very clamorous in dissent. "Why not put the nobility down at once?" roared out Leninski.

"I am very sorry to distress you," said Soboski, laughing, "but, depend upon it, it will come to that, one day, all over Europe; like everything that dates from times gone by, it will become, first worthless, then ridiculous, and finally——"

"Now you deserve—you—you are a traitor to your country! You have no meaning!—I mean you have no opinion. You are a Jacobin!" splut-

tered the pale, fat man, in tones inarticulate with passion.

"And I tell you," said Soboski, calmly, "that you might as well think of reëstablishing chivalry, and of riding forth in link-mail, with lance and shield, as of maintaining feudal rights in our day. They must fall. It remains for you to fall with them, or to modify your position, and make it possible for the century you live in."

"You don't see, gentlemen," said the thin, fierce man, with an expressive and bitter glance at the object of momentary animosity, "that all this fine talking is merely to explain that he won't be one of us. Why not stand out like a man, and say so at once?"

"Really," said Stanoiki, "we should like to know if you are with us or against us."

"Neither," replied Soboski. "I told you so from the first. I consider the whole affair as a mere dream. If I saw any chance of restoring Poland to happiness, you would see me one of the first in your ranks; but, convinced as I am that the whole will turn out to be one of those insensate efforts that have cost our country so much blood, and brought it neither profit nor honor, you cannot expect that I should warmly advocate your cause. You are misled by the committee in France, who, in their turn, are deceived by distance. But, I ask you, what will you do against the armies of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, so well organized, with such financial resources?"

"We have every true Polish heart with us!" said a young man, with enthusiasm.

"Well—that's good, so far as hearts go," said Soboski, dryly.

"We have the whole of the clergy," said another. "There is not a Polish-born priest that will not advance with the banner in one hand, and the cross in the other."

"And they fanaticize the mob, I understand. But the peasants?"

"Well," said Casimir, impetuously, "we'll order them out, and see if they dare resist."

"That you will find your difficulty. My firm belief is, the only sufferers in all this will be yourselves. I wash my hands of it."

"And if we accomplish anything," said Leninski, "you'll come in, as such prudent men are wont to do, for your share of the booty."

"We all know at what school of politeness Count Leninski has been bred," said Soboski, drawing himself up; "he need hardly say that he scorned the Court of Vienna."

"He may be no courtier, but he is a good Pole!" said Casimir, insolently, "and that is better."

Stanoiki saw with regret the violence of his son's temper exhibit itself towards his guest, an honored friend, and a near relation of his wife; and, fearing lest the discussion should proceed to greater lengths, he hastily interfered.

"Never mind," said Soboski, good-naturedly—"never mind, my good friend. In the present fever

of their blood, I can take no offence—they 'll be cold enough, some of them, before this time next year. Believe me, Stanoiki," continued the count, drawing the general aside, "I would willingly lay my old head in the grave to save my country the blow that is about to be struck at her."

"We differ in opinion, but I am sure at heart we feel alike," said Stanoiki, pressing cordially his friend's hand; "but I advise you, under the circumstances, not to linger here longer than necessary. It requires some practice of life to endure an opinion opposed to our own."

"And to maintain calmness in discussion," said Soboski, "demands refinement and education, which, I am sorry to say, is wanting in many of our friends."

"I am afraid, my dear aunt," said the Countess Sophie, "that your husband has just experienced a dreadful downfall. He is in full flight towards us, and there 's that battering-ram, Florski, and that eel, Leninski, in pursuit. Let us receive the fugitive within our magic circle, and banish all intruders."

At that moment Soboski approached the ladies, followed by some of his opponents.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said the Countess Sophie, immediately making place for her uncle by her side, "return to your post—we 'll permit no political discussion just now; so, unless you have some fine compliments to pay us, we don't acknowledge your right to intrude. What—nothing to say?—Then make off with yourselves."

They retreated, still eying Soboski with anything but friendly looks. "Well, now that I have re-established peace," said the countess, pray tell us all about it, dear uncle, for I saw them on the point of eating you up. But you need not tell me—I see it all in your crest-fallen countenance; they won't make a present of the *robot* to the peasants. Is not that it?"

"It is all very well to joke about it at present; but, a hundred years ago, you might, my dear niece, have seen your hall red with blood for a more insignificant quarrel than we have had to-day."

"But we have become more civilized since then, I hope," said the countess.

"Nevertheless," continued Soboski, "as the barbarous custom of duelling yet survives, and as I have no wish to have any of your guests' blood on my hands, or mine on theirs, you will, I am sure, not take it amiss if my wife and I start early to-morrow."

"Certainly not," said the countess. "I am grateful to you, and appreciate your motives as they deserve."

The following day having been fixed for a hunting excursion, the young men, ready equipped for the chase, were smoking over their coffee previous to departure, when the Armenian, whom Pavel had observed at the public-house, presented himself.

"Ha!—here comes my friend and tobaccoist,"

said Casimir, "with the most exquisite tobacco, just freshly prepared for the nargillis of the sultanas. I make it a point of honor to smoke no other, because it defrauds our liege lord the emperor."

"And do you get your pipes from the same quarter—that superb amber head-piece, for instance?"

"No; this head, I am forced to admit, is direct from St. Petersburg. But come, my friendly purveyor, out with your wares—tobacco-bags, velvet tube-pieces, and what not."

The Armenian now displayed his store; every possible apparatus for smoking, curious slippers and purses, and a collection of daggers and pistols, all of which were speedily disposed of.

"There goes as bold a smuggler," said Casimir, "with that venerable head and respectable beard, as ever crossed the frontier."

"Who would suspect such an apostolic-looking personage of so many peccadillos as he has in his pocket?" said one of the young men. "Ha! I see there is more in him than he shows—he is gone in at the door leading to your father's apartment."

"There goes, too, an arch-traitor, my uncle Soboski," said Casimir. "That 's his carriage drawn up. I suppose I should go and bid him adieu. But no, I will not; let my mother say what she likes. A traitor is a traitor, if he were ten times one's relation."

"By the bye, is it true, Casimir, that you are to marry that lovely girl you sat near at dinner yesterday?"

"I suppose I must, one day," was the negligent reply.

"Well, I am surprised at your coldness. I declare I should like her exceedingly."

"She is very well in her way," said Casimir, "but I like my freedom better. I still hope we may be found too nearly allied to wed."

"You are, then, related?"

"Not that I know of; but, in rummaging up musty family documents, who knows what may be discovered?"

"You are right to delay the thing, if possible," replied his friend; "one ought not to settle too early in life. But they are all ready down there, waiting only for us, I believe."

The young men soon joined the party, which included the ladies, collected before the castle, impatient for departure, a wolf having been traced at a considerable distance across the country by the peasants; one of whose grievances was their being at all times liable to be taken from their own avocations, and be fagged to death in the *battues*. When, however, the wolf was the game in view, their discontent diminished, for that animal was looked upon by them as a common foe, in whose destruction everybody was alike interested. On this occasion, therefore, they were no laggards, and had been out since daybreak, tracking the course of the game. The dogs, the largest and most ferocious that could be got, armed with spikes

collars, to protect their throats from the deadly fang, bounded along beside the sledges which contained the ladies, each driven by one of the sportsmen, sitting astride a small seat behind them. Few things are more cheering than the sight of a long train of these sledges, diversified in form and coloring, gliding swiftly over the plains; some swan-shaped, glittering with gilding; others like a car of triumph, glowing with the most rich and warm hues, and lined with the costly furs of the country, the horses' heads decorated with red and white plumes, and jingling bells fringing their scarlet housings; and few things are more delicious than the motion, which can be compared to nothing but flying. They went by as if borne upon the wind; and the bells of the horses—the baying of the dogs—the loud calls of the drivers—the silvery laughter of the ladies—swept along the snowy plain like the forms of a dream, so instantaneously did that burst of life and splendor give way to ice-wrapt stillness. The sun shone brightly on the snow, and made it glitter like diamonds on the trees: the sharp, bracing air was exhilarating; and the ladies, enveloped in their furs, gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of the hour. Casimir drove his mother and the young girl who, according to him, was destined to be his bride. He was an impetuous driver, and his sledge, distancing the rest, was soon lost to sight.

"Have a care, Casimir," said the countess. But his younger companion, clapping her hands in ecstasy, exclaimed—"How delightful! Quicker, quicker, Casimir!"

Encouraged by these gladsome accents, Casimir increased his speed. They now entered a small plantation, where the snow lay thin, and the protruding stumps of trees gave an occasional jolt to their vehicle.

"We shall certainly be upset!" exclaimed the countess, now seriously alarmed.

Scarcely had she uttered the words, when the sledge struck violently against a prostrate tree; and Casimir was precipitated, by the shock, from his insecure seat, to some distance. The horses, feeling themselves free, now tore madly on; but they had not proceeded far before the sledge turned over, depositing the ladies in the snow that embedded the roots of the trees. A young peasant, standing near, awaiting the hunters at this spot, threw himself before the horses, and having mastered them, proceeded to the assistance of the ladies. The countess accepted the proffered succor not only without thanks, but without even casting a look on him who tendered it. The young lady, whose dress was slightly disarranged, showed some embarrassment at the presence of the stranger.

"How often am I to tell you," said the countess, "that delicacy towards such persons is downright indelicacy?"

"But he is a man," said the young girl in French.

"No, my dear," answered the countess, coolly, "he is a serf."

By this time Casimir was at their side. "The only injury I have sustained," he said, laughing,

"is a broken watch. Luckily, the sledge has suffered nothing; and you, I instantly perceived, had escaped scot-free, by the manner in which you looked after your furs and muffs. But I fear you will no more trust to my guidance."

Whilst he was thus speaking, Pavel, for it was he, scanned the ladies with a storm of mingled emotions. Such, and so fair a creature, would have been the little Constance, destined to be Leon's bride; and this was the bride report assigned to Casimir. Such the elegant vision his dreams had portrayed—such the face he loved to contemplate; and, side by side with the gentle and pleasurable emotion which youth and beauty awaken, ran, in strange discord, these bitter words:—"No, he is not a man; he is a serf." The countess was right. A serf could not be a man. If he were, he could not bear his condition—he must break his bonds. Nature must have stamped his blood with a more sluggish flow, or he could not tamely submit to such unutterable scorn. No—they did submit, and were serfs, and remained serfs. Now and then, indeed, they shed a little blood—ay, blood. Pavel paused in his reverie, and pondered on the word. It effaced and swept away all injuries. Yes, nothing was left for the serf but to revel in hatred! It was a mercy, he thought, that those who trampled upon their rights should not seek to blind them by a false kindness; for cruelty would nerve the arm and steel the heart.

The other sledges now coming up, after a short pause, the parties separated; the men, with the dogs, and the peasants, penetrating into the wood, the ladies sledging back to the castle.

"You can't think, Countess Sophie," said the bride elect, "how the countenance of the man who came to help us haunts me; it was so dark and ill-boding."

"My dear, I never look at such people."

"They sometimes look at us, though," said the young girl, thoughtfully. "I wonder with what feelings?"

"That, of course, is perfectly immaterial," said the Countess Stanoiki.

After a long and vain pursuit, just as the day began to give tokens of its rapid decline, the hunters got upon the track of a wolf, or rather wolves, for there evidently were several. No time was now to be lost, for the light was fast fading. Excited by so many hours' fruitless efforts, the hunters became clamorous. Some were for following one track, some another; the greater part declaring it to be necessary to keep together, as darkness would soon overtake them. The peasants, as animated as their masters, created much confusion, baffling all the efforts of the more experienced to establish order, by their eagerness to follow the game. At length Casimir, losing patience, struck off on a track by himself, leaving his companions to take what course they could. The track led him through a low, tangled underwood, on whose branches the hoar-frost was assuming that tint of purple gray which announces the immediate disappearance of the sun. Objects were every moment

growing more dim. He was on the point of retracing his steps, fearing lest he should be benighted in the wood, when, from behind a bush, not ten yards off, two large burning eyes glared red at him. Casimir instantly levelled his rifle, and touched the trigger. The sharp snap which followed, telling that his piece had missed fire, was accompanied by a loud, savage yell. The animal, almost in the act of springing forward, turned suddenly round, as if to repel some attack from behind; and, immediately after, endeavoring to effect a retreat, rolled over, not far from Casimir, transfixed with a short spear, such as are used by the peasants on such occasions. Bounding over the thicket, a man now closed, and grappled with him. A brief but fierce struggle ensued, of which Casimir remained the passive spectator. At one moment he saw the beast on the point of triumphing over the man. Quick as thought he sprang to the spot; but, before he reached it, the wolf lay expiring at the feet of its opponent, whose shoulder was lacerated by the animal's teeth and claws.

Casimir, secretly goaded by the superior agility and presence of mind displayed by an inferior, was transported beyond himself when he recognized in that inferior the object of his long-cherished animosity.

"How came you here? How dare you interrupt my sport? Who bid you strike that wolf? But you are the same insolent knave you ever were!"

"You would scarce have been a match for the brute," said Pavel, coolly measuring his young master with his eye, and then turning it upon the gaunt limbs of the monster at his feet.

Casimir, incensed beyond endurance at his words and manner, strode towards him with hand uplifted, as if about to give vent to his long-restrained malignity in blows. Pavel drew back.

"Stand off!" he said, firmly. "Touch me at your peril!—I will bear anything but that!"

It was a lone place. There, at least, they stood but as man to man—the athletic peasant and the slender, effeminate-looking stripling; and should a struggle ensue, the issue could not be doubtful. Casimir felt this, and became proportionably infuriated.

"Vassal!" he cried, suffocating with rage. "How dare you dog my steps? How dare you strike my game?"

At that instant, several of the huntsmen broke through the copse. The young count's eyes were withdrawn from Pavel for one moment. That moment was enough; when he turned to seize his victim, the latter was nowhere visible. An imprecation burst from Casimir's compressed lips.

"You shall not always escape me thus!" he muttered, as he moved away to meet his party. "I'll make you pay for this to-morrow!"

The young men now declared it was time to leave the woods if they did not intend to take up their quarters there for the night; and, making their way through the underwood as they best could in the doubtful light, at length reached the spot where sledges awaited them, whose torches threw a red glare on the snow, as they flitted over the plains towards the chateau.

From *Graham's Magazine*.

THE FOUNTAIN IN WINTER.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE northern winds are raw and cold,
And crust with ice the frozen mould;
The gusty branches lash the wall
With icicles that snap and fall.

There is no light on earth to-day—
The very sky is blank and gray;
Yet still the fountain's quivering shaft
Leaps upward, as when spring-time laughed.

No diamonds glitter on its brink,
No red-lipped blossoms bend to drink,
And on the blast its fluttering wing
Is spread above no kindred thing.

The drops that strike the frozen mould
Make all the garden doubly cold,
And with a chill and shivering pain
I hear the fall of sleety rain.

The music that in beamy May,
Told of an endless holiday,
With surly Winter's wailings blent,
Becomes his dreariest instrument.

The water's blithe and sparkling voice,
That all the summer said "Rejoice!"
Now pours upon the bitter air
The hollow laughter of despair.

So when the flowers of Life lie dead
Beneath a darker winter's tread,
The songs that once gave joy a soul
Bring to the heart its heaviest dole.

The fresh delight that leaped and sung
The sunny bowers of Bliss among,
But gives to Sorrow colder tears,
And laughs to mock our clouded years.

BLESSING.

And my prayer shall turn into my own bosom.—*Psalms*
XIV. 13.

WHAT ever lost by giving?
The sky pours down its rain,
Refreshing all things living,
While mists rise up again.

Go, rob the sparkling fountain;
And drain its basin dry;
The barren seeming mountain
Will fill its chalice high.

Who ever lost by loving?
Though all our heart we pour,
Still other spirits moving,
To pay our love with more.

And was there ever blessing
That did not turn and rest;
A double power possessing,
The bleaser being blessed?

Pietas Metrica.



CHAPTER XVIII.—FREDERICK AND GODFREY.

"GODFREY, will you walk with me this morning?"

Godfrey was sitting in a posture which seemed the very expression of gloom; his forehead bent upon his hands and a book resting on his knees, which, as for a full half-hour he had not turned one of the pages, might be supposed to be rather employed as a screen for idleness than as a subject of study. The face which he raised when the tones of Frederick's gentle voice fell on his ear did not, most assuredly, belie his attitude—it expressed profound, even sullen, despondency. He agreed to the proposal, however, without an instant's hesitation, and the brothers were soon on the lawn together, the one guiding the other's steps as tenderly as was his wont. They walked on in silence till they reached the shadow of a group of plane trees, beneath which the soft turf formed a natural seat, edging an abrupt fall to the stream which murmured and fretted among the pebbles below. Frederick sat down and drew Godfrey to his side.

"I want to speak to you about Ida," said he, suddenly.

Godfrey started and turned away his face, as though the sightless eyes of his brother could have detected the emotion which he was unable to repress.

"You think she is ill," he replied, hurriedly; "I have thought so myself; but I don't believe there is any cause for alarm. She is anxious about Mrs. Chester, and tired with several nights' broken rest—that is all."

Frederick smiled. "No," said he, "it was not about her health that I meant to speak to you. Come, Godfrey, can't you guess what I was thinking of?"

Godfrey became very pale, but answered, with not more than a minute's pause—

"Yes, I believe I can. Ida loves you, and she is worthy of you. Tell me, is it all settled?"

It was now Frederick's turn to betray a little emotion; the words had evidently taken him by surprise, and his deep blush showed that he was not altogether untouched by them. He rejoined, however, playfully, and flinging his arm round his brother's neck—

"You foolish fellow, I do believe you are jealous! What should such a confirmed old bachelor as I am do with a wife? Poor Ida! it is lucky that her destiny doesn't depend on your words. No, no, Godfrey, I want her for a sister, and I want you to tell me whether I shall be disappointed!"

Godfrey shrank away and buried his face in his hands; Frederick continued, still speaking half-sportively, yet with evident seriousness of meaning:—

"Do you suppose, my dear Godfrey, that I have been unconscious all this while? You don't know how expressive tones and half-tones, unlooked-for silences, and fragmentary words, are to me. Ida

and I love each other dearly already, and I long, almost childishly, to call her sister. What a coward you are! With your feelings, and with half the encouragement you have received, I would have spoken weeks ago. Why, I have detected a hundred symptoms."

Godfrey stopped him by seizing both his hands.

"Frederick! Frederick!" he cried, "it is impossible—you know it is impossible. Can you believe me for a moment to be so unnatural, so ungrateful? Frederick, you are unjust! Do you think, indeed, that I *could* have tried to win her affection? I swear to you, in the sight of Heaven, that I have never done so, directly or indirectly, by word, look, or tone. Not even in thought have I ever wished to become your rival. Your rival—am I capable of it? It is little to say *now* that your happiness—*such* happiness!—is my first and only wish; but you know it is true. That is," he added, his voice becoming strangely bitter, "if you don't think I am mocking you when I speak to you of happiness."

"But suppose," rejoined Frederick, still speaking lightly, as if aware of the violent agitation of his companion, and seeking to relieve it, "suppose my happiness has nothing to do with the matter? Of course, it is highly lover-like in you to think that nobody can know Ida without wishing to call her wife; but suppose I am cold enough, or insensible enough, or rational enough, to entertain no such wish? You may despise me as much as you like, Godfrey, but indeed it is the case."

Godfrey looked earnestly and incredulously in his brother's face; its smiling serenity might have deceived a less impassioned observer. "You will never marry," said he, abruptly.

"Is that so very terrible?" rejoined Frederick, laughing.

"Yes, yes!" continued Godfrey, with increasing gloom, "I see—I feel—I understand. Everywhere, always, it is the same. Your whole life is the sacrifice—I can do nothing; even a word of affection from me to you seems the basest hypocrisy. The work is mine, and it is irrevocable. I can well believe that evil spirits may possess a man, first urging him to crime, and then forever avenging the acts which they themselves wrought in him. Don't talk to me—it is useless. Let me bear it silently. Never let her name be mentioned between us again—from my lips it is profaneness even to utter it."

"Listen to me, my dearest brother," answered Frederick, now quite seriously, and assuming a tone of some authority; "and first let me beseech you never to speak or think lightly of your affection for me—it is the greatest injury you can do me. Your love, and my mother's, have hitherto made my life so happy—don't take away your hand—it is true, and you *must* believe it. I am not afraid of mentioning in downright words that which it costs you so dearly to think of—my blindness. In spite of it, I believe that there is scarcely a human being in the whole world whose life is so uninterruptedly, so peacefully happy, as mine. I

seldom speak of this—indeed, it is painful to describe one's own feelings—but often, very often, I have a sense, a possession, an enjoyment of beauty in my thoughts, which does, I am sure, so far exceed the actual vision, that, were my sight restored, the first emotion would be one of disappointment. Besides, I am naturally very weak and unstable in character—this privation has been to me an angel, holding me with a stern but most gentle grasp, and *compelling* me to remain in the only safe path. What has it taken from me? A power, certainly, but also a temptation, and one which I was peculiarly unfit to resist. I feel the strongest conviction that, had I possessed my eyesight, I should have grown up a mere idler, a dangler about art, a lover of trifles, a man whose existence was bound up and centred in elegancies. Now, my eyes are in my soul only, and—I say it humbly—the Divine image is ever before them. The lot to which I look forward is one so joyful that I only fear lest I should be unworthy to receive it. I must describe it to you a little in detail. You know I am a good musician—thanks to your indefatigable patience in helping me—as good in theory as in practice. There is an institution lately established, worthy of the pure first days of Christianity, where students are trained, who are hereafter to become servants of the church in foreign lands; their lives are made to be a course of saintly discipline—they are under the wisest teaching—and their daily worship is such as no man can join without so *feeling* the privilege of his membership that he must needs carry it away with him, an abiding witness to the truth of that Unity which shall hereafter be made perfect. I hope to obtain the direction of the musical part of these services. I cannot express to you how happy such a life would make me. Just fancy it, dear Godfrey—a little cottage, with its fragrant flower-garden, not far from the college gates, where my mother and I should live in pleasant retirement—then, in the early fresh morning, my walk to the chapel—the delight of actually *assisting* in the service—access to the organ at all times—the quiet cool cloister in which I may walk and meditate—the studious, prayerful men with whom I shall be associated, and among whom I may perhaps find friends, though never, *never* a friend so dear as yourself. Even I shall be helping forward the great work—even I may dedicate a not useless offering of a life to God.”

He paused, his face full of calm, pure, spiritual enthusiasm. Godfrey had bowed his head upon his brother's shoulder, and was weeping like a woman. After a minute's silence, Frederick continued.

“And now, one word more on the subject which you have forbidden, but which will, I hope, often, very often, be named between us. Don't suppose that I think so poorly of Ida as to believe that, if she could have loved me for myself, my blindness would have done aught but clasp and strengthen the link between us. But it is not so. I have neither sought nor won her love; and you have

all this while been winning it—unconsciously, I grant, but not the less effectually. My mother thinks and wishes as I do. Indeed, this is the only thing wanting to complete my happiness.”

Again a silence.

“Won't you answer me, Godfrey?” resumed Frederick, almost timidly.

“I am so unworthy——” began Godfrey in a low, troubled voice.

“Say that to Ida,” interrupted Frederick, checking him; “it is what all lovers say, though I don't suppose they think it, any more than their ladies do. Dear, dear brother! I forgot to thank you for the sacrifice which you were so ready to make to me. You would have given me your whole happiness.”

“Hush, hush!” cried Godfrey; “I would give you my life, and that would be far too little. Oh, what a wretch you make me! But, Frederick,” (wringing his hand vehemently,) “remember, you must now release me from my promise: Ida must know all.”

“Impossible!” replied Frederick. “You would not give me that pain—your word is pledged!”

“But you will release me!” said Godfrey, passionately. “What! do you think me so despicable that even the poor virtue of honesty is out of my reach! Would you force me to such meanness! No, no, Frederick! surely you love my conscience as well as myself! Self-approval I have long lost, but would you have me sink so low as self-contempt! No, no; if I must not say all, I will say nothing.”

“Well, I release you,” answered Frederick, a little sorrowfully. “Ida must be of a very harsh nature, if she does not think that a penitence so long, so deep, so disproportionate——”

“Hitherto,” exclaimed Godfrey, folding the speaker closely in his arms, “it has been a bitter, gloomy, cold, proud penitence, but it shall be so no longer. Only on my knees—only before God, can I pour out all that is in my heart. But you have conquered, and I must tell you so. Pray for me; never did I feel the need of prayer so deeply as now. And—and—ask my mother to forgive me. I have not been blameless towards her—but you know what I have felt.”

The sound of approaching steps disturbed the brothers, and they were speedily joined by Alexander, Mr. Tyrrell, and uncle John. There was an awkward look upon the faces of two of the three, as though they had come together unintentionally, and had not found the surprise a pleasant one. But the third looked perfectly contented and was keeping up the conversation at a great rate, all by himself.

“Oh, yes,” he was saying, as they came up—by the bye, dear uncle John was a thorough anti-protestant; he never said “No,” if he could help it, except to himself; his life was one vast assent to a series of imaginary propositions, to most of which he agreed without so much as a hope of ever understanding them—“Oh, yes, Ida is a

sweet creature—a darling little girl! I don't think she has a fault in the world. You need n't look so glum, master Alexander, for though she isn't very fond of you, I'm quite sure she would sooner lose her little finger than do you an unkindness."

It cannot be denied that this was an unpleasant speech for Alexander, who was intending to become Ida's husband some time in the course of the next twelve months. He assumed an artificial smile, and, addressing his cousins with an air of the utmost sweetness, said, "I think, Frederick, Mr. Tyrrell and I will leave my uncle with you; we are going for a walk."

"A walk!" cried uncle John, "the very thing for me! I can show you such a view—there's nothing like it in the three kingdoms! I know every foot of the country for miles!" and, as he spoke, he passed his arm familiarly through Alexander's, with a warm gripe, from which there was no hope of escaping.

A scarcely perceptible smile of amusement curled Mr. Tyrrell's lip as he turned away from the ill-assorted pair, and seated himself on the grass beside Frederick.

"Are not you coming with us, Tyrrell?" cried uncle John, as he dragged his reluctant nephew away.

"No, thank you. I have sprained my ankle," replied he, unhesitatingly telling a falsehood.

Alexander was fairly caught. The presence of a stranger, with whom, for some unexplained reason, it was evidently his object to stand well, prevented him from shaking off his unwelcome companion at once, though there can be but little doubt that he did so as soon as they were out of sight.

As soon as Mr. Tyrrell was left alone with the brothers, he said, "I want you to do me a favor with your cousin Ida. I have particular, very particular reasons for wishing to speak privately with her friend, Mrs. Chester, as soon as she is able to receive me. Now I understand that the fever has left her, that she sat up yesterday for two or three hours, and is to do so again to-day. Surely, I might be admitted. But Miss Lee, I suppose out of anxiety for her friend's health, evidently has the greatest possible repugnance to the idea of my seeing her, and I have been unable to induce her even to promise that she will ask Dr. Edgcombe's permission for the interview. Will you persuade her? I am so completely a stranger to her, that I can scarcely press the point with the urgency which it demands; but I do assure you that it is of the first importance that I should see this lady soon, and alone."

"We will endeavor," replied Frederick; "Ida is nervous, she is unused to illness, and perhaps over-anxious. You can see the doctor yourself this evening; and if you obtain his authority, we will reason Ida out of her terrors. Do you go to her, Godfrey. I know she is walking in the grounds," he added, anxious to give his brother an excuse for getting away, of which the latter was not slow to take advantage.

Godfrey walked slowly along, his heart burning with unwonted and overpowering thoughts. He was afraid of Hope, even to cowardice; for he knew that having once received it, parting from it would touch his life. He felt as though his whole nature were changing; but the process was too tumultuous and too bewildering to be the subject of contemplation, scarcely, even, of consciousness. It was the dawn of a new creation, but the twilight was too profound for him even to guess what the day might bring forth. This, however, he felt—that his spirit had lost its bitterness, being full of that true and only humility the outward vesture of which is perfect charity. A bitter spirit, a cold, dark view of life and man, is a disease which, though it seems to be the work of outward mishaps, losses, and disappointments, is nevertheless more the work of an evil tendency within us. It may be caught, like the plague; but it is only the predisposed subject who catches it.

He found Ida in a glade of the shrubbery; her lovely, childlike face was full of a new and almost sorrowful gravity, but she smiled when she saw him, and came eagerly to meet him. He took her hands in his; he felt that the hour was come, and that delay would be worse than failure. "Ida," said he, with that persuasive energy of voice and manner which subdues the will at once, and leaves it no time for surprise; "listen to me; I want to tell you a history; don't wonder at me, but give me all your thoughts, and listen with your whole heart."

"I will," she replied, seating herself on the roots of an overhanging sycamore, while he stood before her, still holding her hands, and looking fixedly into her face.

"There were two brothers—" he began. She looked up wonderingly, and was about to speak, but he checked her almost passionately—"Don't ask me any questions; wait, and you will understand what may seem strange. I ask it of you as a kindness, Ida."

She felt how vehemently he was in earnest, and bent her head again, the color rising in her transparent cheeks as she said softly, "Don't be angry with me; I am listening."

He went on. "There were two brothers; one was all gentleness and goodness, without a single passion to be conquered, or bad tendency to be resisted; born with all that is or ought to be the labor of a lifetime to men in general, achieved, finished, completed in him, without an effort;—the other was violent, impetuous, uncontrollable. Their mother was a gentle, feeble, tender-hearted woman; she loved both with all her strength, and never opposed or thwarted either. This boundless indulgence could not harm the elder, but the younger grew up without one attempt to curb his furious passions. He was not altogether bad; when his fits of anger were over, he would be sorry for what he had said or done, and it was no hard penance to ask a forgiveness which he knew to be his own before he begged for it. But he was utterly unrestrained—such as he was in childhood, such was

he suffered to remain ; no single effort, either from himself or from another, e'er checked in him one outburst of passion. One day—he was about sixteen—he quarrelled with this good, gentle, unoffending brother ; mad with anger, he mistook calmness for contempt, remonstrance for sarcasm, and——”

Godfrey stopped as suddenly as he had begun, and drew in his breath.

“What?” said Ida, eagerly. “Go on—what happened?”

“He struck him,” answered Godfrey, suppressing his voice to a whisper, and then forcibly resuming his former tone, and finishing his story in a hurried, almost indifferent manner—“he struck him—a furious blow—in the face, from the effects of which he never recovered. He was long ill, and when his health returned, he was blind for life!”

The pale horror in Ida's face spoke more expressively than words. She shuddered and was silent, then turned away her face, unable to endure the burning gaze that was riveted upon it. Godfrey dropped her hands. “Farewell, Ida!” said he.

“Oh! what is this?” exclaimed Ida, weeping and wringing her hands. “Oh, why do you make me so miserable? is everybody's life dark and sor-

rowful! Godfrey—you frighten me—you have been deceiving me. Do not go—speak to me, Godfrey!” Then, suddenly pausing, she put back the long, bright hair from her forehead, and ran to him, looking up into his face with an eager smile, while the tears still coursed down her cheeks. “Dear Godfrey, this was an unkind trick. I understand now; you were trying whether you could make me believe it; but I *don't* believe it—I did not, even at first—I was only bewildered and distressed because it was such a dreadful history. Are you angry? Pray forgive me—indeed, *indeed* I do not believe it of you.”

She had laid her hand upon his arm, and was detaining him almost forcibly. Gently he undid the grasp, and put her from him, while a groan of unspeakable agony broke from the depths of his heart. Not one look did he give her, not one word did he utter, but darted away, leaving her still standing there, pale, bewildered, incredulous, with her hands outstretched in the attitude in which he had left them, and her beautiful face all bathed in tears—like a child who, having sprung eagerly to the arms of one whom it had mistaken for its mother, starts back affrighted and distressed on encountering the stern, repulsive face of a stranger.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

THE RED FLAG.

RED, red be the color of liberty's wear,
Red, red be the hue of the banner we ope;
Deep red as the sinking sun's glance of despair—
Bright red as the rising sun's gleamings of hope.

No tri-colored emblem want we in our wars,
Blending falsehood with truth and the right with the wrong;
But simple and single and bold as our cause,
A ruby red banner we'll carry along.

The red is unfading; the blue paleth soon,
And the smoke of the battle will tarnish the white;
Our flag must be borne in the glare of the noon,
And be carried aloft in the storm of the night.

It must fly in the face of the dire cannonade;
It must droop over heaps of the patriot dead;
Before old fortress wall and on new barricade,
Where we fight with our might for our banner of red.

Its hue should be beautiful over the world,
Whether hung on the blue walls of Italy's sky—
On the green fields of Ireland or England unfurled,
Or flung free to the snows that in Muscovy lie.

The blood of our brothers has given its dye,
And the blood of their slayers must keep it still bright;
It shall bathe in the rose-tints that stream in the sky,
And glow in the fuse fires that gleam in the fight.

Our pale flag of truce is all reddened and wet,
And the olive-branch reeks with the people's fresh blood.

Red seals on the portals of Peace we will set,
Till they're opened forever and opened for good.

Red, red! is the sign that is hung in the heaven;
Red, red! are the hands of our tyrants in gore;
War, war! is their cry—and a war shall be given
Till the places that know them shall know them no more.

In the night of defeat that red banner shall seem
Deep red as the grief that our drooping souls wear;
When the sunshine of victory proudly shall beam,
Bright red as our joy it will play in the air.

Through the blaze of the battle where death-demons dart,
When the hot streams of blood like a lava-tide flow,
When the fury of war lights its flame in the heart,
Red as fire and as burning our banner will go.

But when wars shall be ended, and safety, returning,
Brings back to the cheek of the maiden the bloom
That was Purity's gift from the kiss of the morning,
And Freedom's aurora disperses the gloom—

When Cruelty, Bigotry, Theft, and Extortion
No longer usurp the dominion of man;
When Justice with Might gives to Labor its portion,
And Brotherhood comes to accomplish the plan—

When Plenty and Peace shall replace Dearth and Danger,
And flowers lend their hues to our jubilee's mirth,
Then our flag will forget all the fire of its anger,
And softly its rose color blush through the earth.

W. I. F.

New York, Oct. 12, 1849.

Tuesday.—Life flows away here in such unmarked tranquillitie, that one hath nothing whereof to write, or to remember what distinguished one day from another. I am sad, yet not dulle; methinks I have grown some yeares older since I came here. I can fancy elder women feeling much as I do now. I have nothing to desire, nothing to hope, that is likelie to come to pass—nothing to regret, except I begin soe far back, that my whole life hath needs, as 't were, to begin over agayn.

Mr. Agnew translates to us portions of Thuanus his historie, and y^e letters of Theodore Beza, concerning y^e French reformed church; oft prolix, yet interesting, especially with Mr. Agnew's comments and allusions to our own time. On y^e other hand, Rose reads Davila, y^e sworne apologiste of Catherine de' Medicis, whose charming Italian even I can comprehend; but alle is false and plausible. How sad, that y^e wrong partie shoulde be victorious! Soe it may befall in this land; though, indeede, I have hearde soe much bitter rayling on bothe sides, that I know not which is right. The line of demarcation is not soe distinctly drawn, methinks, as 't was in France. Yet it cannot be right to take up arms agaynst constituted authorities!—Yet, and if those same authorities abuse their trust? Nay, women cannot understand these matters, and I thank Heaven they need not. Onlie, they cannot help siding with those they love; and sometimes those they love are on opposite sides.

Mr. Agnew sayth, the secular arm shoulde never be employed in spirituall matters, and that y^e Huguenots committed a grave mistake in choosing princes and admirals for their leaders, instead of simple preachers with Bible in their hands; and he askt, "Did Luther or Peter the Hermit most manifestlie labor with the blessing of God?"

—I have noted y^e heads of Mr. Agnew's readings, after a fashion of Rose's, in order to have a shorte, comprehensive account of y^e whole; and this hath abridged my journalling. It is the more profitable to me of y^e two, changes the sad current of thought, and though an unaccustomed task, I like it well.

Saturday.—On Monday I return to Forest Hill. I am well pleased to have yet another Sheepscoote sabbath. To-day we had y^e rare event of a dinner-guest; soe full of what y^e rebels are doing, and all y^e horrors of strife, that he seemed to us quiete folks like y^e denizen of another world.

Forest Hill, August 3.—Home agayn, and mother hath gone on her long intended visit to uncle John, taking with her y^e two youngest. Father much preoccupeid, by reason of y^e supplies needed for his M^{rs}'s service; soe that, sweet Robin being away, I find mysele lonely. Harry rides with me in y^e evening, but y^e mornings I have alle to mysele; and when I have fulfilled mother's behests in y^e kitchen and still-room, I have nought but to read in our somewhat scant collection of books, the moeste part whereof are

religious. And (not on that account, but by reason I have read y^e most of them before) methinks I will write to borrow some of Rose; for change of reading hath now become a want. I am minded also, to seek out and minister unto some poore folk after her fashion. Now that I am queen of the larder, there is manie a wholesome scrap at my disposal, and there are likewise sundrie physiques in my mother's closet, which she addeth to year by year, and never wants, we are soe seldom ill.

Aug. 5.—Dear father sayd this evening, as we came in from a walk on y^e terrace, "My sweet Moll, you were ever the light of y^e house; but now, though you are more staid than of former time, I find you a better companion than ever. This last visit to Sheepscoote hath evened your spiritts."

Poor father! he knew not how I lay awake and wept last night, for one I shall never see agayn, nor how the terrace walk minded me of him. My spiritts may seem even, and I exert myself to please; but, within, all is dark shade, or, at best, gray twilight; and my spiritts are, in fact, worse here than they were at Sheepscoote, because, here, I am continually thinking of one whose name is never uttered; whereas, there, it was mentioned naturallie and tenderlie, though sadly.

I will forthe to see some of y^e poor folk.

Same night.—Resolved to make y^e circuit of the cottages, but onlie reached y^e first, wherein I found poor Nell in such grief of body and mind, that I was avised to wait with her a long time. Askt why she had not sent to us for relief; was answered she had thought of doing soe, but was feared of making too free. After a lengthened visit, which seemed to relieve her mind, and certaynlie relieved mine, I bade her farewell, and at y^e wicket met my father coming up with a playn-favored but scholarlike-looking reverend man. He sayd, "Moll, I could not think what had become of you." I answered, I hoped I had not kept him waiting for dinner—poor Nell had entertained me longer than I wisht, with y^e catalogue of her troubles. The stranger, looking attentively at me, observed that may be the poor woman had entertained an angel unawares; and added, "Doubt not, madam, we woulde rather await our dinner than that you should have curtayled your message of charity." Hitherto, my father had not named this gentleman to me; but now he sayd, "Child, this is the Reverend Doctor Jeremy Taylor, chaplain in ordinarie to his M^{ty}, and whom you know I have heard more than once preach before the king since he abode in Oxford." Thereon I made a lowly reverence, and we walked homewards together. At first, he discoursed chiefly with my father on y^e troubles of the times, and then he drew me into y^e dialogue, in the course of which I let fall a saying of Mr. Agnew's which drew from the reverend gentleman a respectfule look I felt I no way deserved. Soe then I had to explain that the saying was none of mine, and felt ashamed

he shoulde suppose me wiser than I was, especiallie as he commended my modesty. But we progressed well, and he soon had the discourse all to himself, for Squire Paice came up, and detained father, while the doctor and I walked on. I could not help reflecting how odd it was, that I, whom nature had endowed with such a very ordinarie capacitie, and scarce anie taste for letters, shoulde continuallie be throwne into the company of y^e cleverest of men—first, Mr. Milton; then Mr. Agnew; and now, this Doctor Jeremy Taylor. But like y^e other two, he is not merely clever, he is Christian and good. How much I learnt in this short interview! for short it seemed, though it must have extended over a good half hour. He sayd, “Perhaps, young lady, the time may come when you shall find safer solace in y^e exercise of the charities than of y^e affections. Safer: for, not to consider how a successfull or unsuccessful passion for a human being of like infirmities with ourselves, oft stains and darkens and shortens the current of life, even the chastened love of a mother for her child, as of Octavia who swooned at ‘Tu, Marcellus, eris’—or of wives for their husbands, as Artemisia and Laodamia, sometimes amounting to idolatry—nay, the love of friend for friend, while alle is sweet influences and animating transports, yet exceeding y^e reasonableness of that of David for Jonathan, or of our blessed Lord for St. John and the family of Lazarus, may procure far more torment than profit; even if the attachment is reciprocal, and well grounded, and equallie matcht, which often it is not. Then interpose human tempers, and chills, and heates, and slyghtes, fancied or intended, which make the vext soul readie to wish it had never existed. How small a thing is a human heart! you might grasp it in your little hand; and yet its strifes and agonies are enough to distend a skin that should cover the whole world! But, in the charities, what peace! yea, they distill sweetnesse even from y^e unthankfulle, blessing him that gives more than him that receives; while, in the main, they are laid out at better interest than our warmest affections, and bring in a far richer harvest of love and gratitude. Yet, let our affections have their fitting exercise too, staying ourselves with y^e reflection, that there is greater happiness, after alle things sayd, in loving than in being loved, save by the God of love who first loved us, and that they who dwell in love dwell in *Him*.”

Then he went on to speak of y^e manifold acts and divisions of charity; as much, methought, in y^e vein of a poet as a preacher; and he minded me much of that scene in y^e tenth book of y^e Fairie Queene, soe lately read to us by Mr. Agnew, wherein the Red Cross Knight and Una were shewn Mercy at her work.

Aug. 10.—A pack-horse from Sheepscote just reported, laden with a goodlie store of books, besides sundrie smaller tokens of Rose’s thoughtfull kinnesse. I have now methodicallie divided my time into stated hours, of prayer, exercise,

studdy, housewiferie, and acts of mercy, on how-ever humble a scale; and find mine owne peace of mind thereby increased notwithstanding y^e darknesse of public and dullnesse of private affairs.

Made out y^e meaning of “cynoure” and “Cimmerian darknesse.”

Aug. 15.—Full sad am I to learn that Mr. Milton hath published another book in advocacy of divorce. Alas, why will he chafe against y^e chain, and widen the cruel division between us! My father is outrageous on y^e matter, and speaks soe passionatelie of him, that it is worse than not speaking of him at alle, which latelie I was aised to complain of.

Aug. 30.—Dick beginneth to fancie himself in love with Audrey Paice—an attachment that will doe him noe good; his tastes already want raising, and she will onlie lower them, I feare—a comely, romping, noisy girl, that, were she but a farmer’s daughter, woulde be the life and soul of alle the Whitsun-ales, harvest-homes, and hay-makings in the country; in short, as fond of idling and merrymaking as I once was myself; only I never was soe riotous.

I beginne to see faults in Dick and Harry I never saw before. Is my taste bettering, or my temper worsenning? At alle events, we have noe cross words, for I expect them not to alter, knowing how hard it is to doe soe by myself.

I look forward with pleasure to my Sheepscote visit. Dear mother returneth to-morrow. Good Dr. Taylor hath twice taken y^e trouble to walk over from Oxford to see me, but he hath now left, and we may never meet agayn. His visitts have bene very precious to me; I think he hath some glimmering of my sad case; indeed, who knows it not! At parting he sayd, smiling, he hoped he should yet hear of my making offerings to Viriplaca on Mount Palatine; then added, gravelie, “You know where reall offerings may be made and alwaies accepted—offerings of spare half-hours and five minutes, when we shut the closet door and commune with our own hearts and are still.” Alse he sayd, “There are sacrifices to make which sometimes wring our very hearts to offer; but our gracious God accepts them neverthesse, if our feet be really in y^e right path, even though, like Chryseis, we look back, weeping.”

He sayd— But how manie things as beautifulle and true did I hear my husband say, which passed by me like y^e idle wind that I regarded not!

Sept. 8.—Harry hath just brought in y^e news of his M^{ty} success in the west. Lord Essex’s army hath bene completely surrounded by the royal troops; himself forct to escape in a boat to Plymouth, and all the arms, artillerie, baggage, &c., of Skippon’s men have fallen into y^e hands of the king. Father is soe pleased that he hath mounted the flag, and given double allowance of ale to his men.

I wearie to hear from Robin.

Sheepscote, Oct. 10.—How sweete a picture of rurall life did Sheepscote present, when I arrived here this afternoon! The water being now much out, the face of the countrie presented a new aspect; there were men threshing the walnut trees, children and women putting y^e nuts into osier baskets, a bailiff on a white horse overlooking them, and now and then galloping to another party, and splashing through the water. Then we found Mr. Agnew equallie busie with his apples, mounted half way up one of the trees, and throwing cherry pipins down into Rose's apron, and now and then making as though he would pelt her; onlie she dared him, and woulde not be frightened. Her donkey, chewing apples in y^e corner, with the cider running out of his mouth, presented a ludicrous image of enjoyment, and 't was evidently enhanct by Giles' brushing his rough coat with a birch besom, instead of minding his owne businesse of sweeping the walk. The sun, shining with mellow light on the mown grass and fresh clipt hornbeam hedges, made even y^e commonest objects distinct and cheerfulle; and y^e air was soe cleare, we coulde hear y^e village children afar off at theire play.

Rose had abundance of delicious new honey in y^e comb, and bread hot from the oven, for our earlie supper. Dick was tempted to stay too late; however, he is oft as late, now, returning from Audrey Paice, though my mother liked it not.

15th.—Rose is quite in good spiritts now, and we goe on most harmoniouslie and happilie. Alle our tastes are now in common; and I never more enjoyed this union of seclusion and society. Besides, Mr. Agnew is more than commonlie kind, and never speaks sternlie or sharplie to me now. Indeed, this morning, looking thoughtfullie at me, he sayd, "I know not, cousin, what change has come over you, but you are now alle that a wise man coulde love and approve." I sayd, It must be owing then to Dr. Jeremy Taylor, who had done me more goode, it woulde seeme, in three lessons, than he or Mr. Milton coulde imparte in thirty or three hundred. He sayd he was inclined to attribute it to a higher source than that; and yet, there was doubtlesse a great knack in teaching, and there was a good deal in liking the teacher. He had alwaies hearde y^e doctor spoken of as a good, pious, and clever man, though rather too high a prelatist. I sayd, "There were good men of alle sorts; there was Mr. Milton, who woulde pull y^e church down; there was Mr. Agnew, who woulde onlie have it mended; and there was Dr. Jeremy Taylor, who was content with it as it stooode." Then Rose askt me of y^e Puritanicall preachers. Then I showed her how they preached, and made her laugh. But Mr. Agnew woulde not laugh. But I made him laugh at last. Then he was angrie with himself and with me; only not very angrie; and sayd, I had a right to a name which he knew had beene given me, of "cleaving mischief." I knew not he knew of it, and was checked, though I laught it off.

16th.—Walking together, this morning, Rose was avised to say, "Did Mr. Milton ever tell you the adventures of y^e Italian lady?"—"Rely on it he never did," sayd Mr. Agnew. "Milton is as modest a man as ever breathed—alle men of first class genius are soe."—"What was y^e adventure?" I askt, curioslie.—"Why, I neede not tell you, Moll, that John Milton, as a youth, was extremelie handsome, even beautifull. His color came and went soe like a girl's, that we of Christ's college used to call him 'the lady,' and thereby annoy him noe little. One summer afternoone he and I and young King (Lycidas, you know) had started on a country walk, (the countrie is not pretty, round Cambridge,) when we met in with an acquaintance whom Mr. Milton affected not, soe he sayd he woulde walk on to y^e first rising ground and wait us there. On this rising ground stood a tree, beneath which our impatient young gentleman presentlie cast himself, and, having walked fast, and the weather being warm, soon falls asleep as sounde as a top. Meantime, King and I quit our friend and saunter forward pretty easilie. Anon comes up with us a caroche, with something I know not what of outlandish in its build; and within it, two ladies, one of them having the fayrest face I ever set eyes on, present companie duly excepted. The caroche having passed us, King and I mutuallie express our admiration, and thereupon, preferring turf to dust, got on the other side the hedge, which was not soe thick but that we coulde make out the caroche, and see the ladies descend from it, to walk up the hill. Having reached the tree, they paused in surprise at seeing Milton asleep beneath it; and in prettie dumb shew, which we watcht sharplie, exprest their admiration of his appearance and posture, which woulde have suited an Arcadian well enough. The younger lady, hastilie taking out a pencil and paper, wrote something which she laughinglie shewed her companion, and then put into y^e sleeper's hand. Thereupon, they got into their caroche, and drove off. King and I, dying with curiositie to know what she had writ, soon roused our friend and possest ourselves of y^e secret. The verses ran thus—

Occhi, stelle mortali,
Ministre de miei mali,
Se, chiusi, m'uccidete,
Aperti, che farete?

"Milton colored, crumpled them up, and yet put them in his pocket; then askt us what the lady was like. And herein lay the pleasantry of y^e affair; for I truly told him she had a pear-shaped face, lustrous black eyes, and a skin that shewed 'il bruno il bel non toglie;' whereas, King, in his mischief, drew a fancy portrait, much liker you, Moll, than the incognita, which hit Milton's taste soe much better, that he was believed for his payns; and then he declared that I had beene describing the duenna!—Some time after, when Milton beganne to talk of visiting Italy, we bantered him, and sayd he was going to look for y^e incognita. He stooode it well, and sayd,

'Laugh on! do you think I mind you? Not a bit.' I think he did."

Just at this turn, Mr. Agnew stumbled at something in the long grass. It proved to be an old, rustie horse-pistol. His countenance changed at once from gay to grave. "I thought we had noe such things hereabouts yet," cried he, viewing it

askance. "I suppose I mighte as well think I had found a corner of y^e land where there was noe originall sin." And soe, flung it over y^e hedge.

—First class geniuses are alwaies modest, are they!—Then I should say that young Italian lady's genius was not of y^e first class.

From Chambers' Journal.

A FEW SHORT YEARS.

A FEW short years—and then
What changes Time hath wrought!
So strange they seem, we scarce can deem
The world, our life, ourselves are aught
But one long fitful dream.

The clouds that fly
Across the sky,
Waves tossed upon the sea,
Shadows that pass
Before a glass,
Our fitting emblems be.

A few short years—and then
Where are the hopes that shone
When youth with flowers enwreathed the hours,
And earth had but one music tone
Of joy for us and ours!

The rainbow's hues,
The morning's dews,
The blossoms of a day,
The trembling sheen
On water seen
More stable are than they.

A few short years—and then
Where is the ad'mant chain
That passion wrought, and madly thought
Nor time nor change could ever strain
Till life's last strife was fought!

A rope of sand,
A goss'mer band;
The filmy threads at e'en
The spider weaves
Amongst the leaves
A firmer bond had been.

A few short years—and then
Where is Ambition's pile,
That rose so high against the sky,
O'ershadowing all around the while
With its proud boast might vie!

A shadow's shade,
A card-house made
By children for their play;
The air-blown bells
That folly swells
May vaunt a surer stay.

A few short years—and then
Where is the mighty grief
That wrung the heart with torture's art,
And made it feel that its relief
Time's hand could ne'er impart!

A stream that 's burst,
And done its worst,
Then left the heaven more clear;
A night-mare dread,
With morning fled,
These sorrows now appear.

A few short years—and then
What of our life remains,
The smiles and tears of other years,
Of passion's joys, of sorrow's pains,
Ambition's hopes and fears?

A faded dream
To-day they seem
Which memory scarce can trace—
But seals they've set
Shall Time nor yet
Eternity efface!

AGNES SMITH.

From the National Era.

RETRIBUTION: OR, THE VALE OF SHADOWS. A Tale of Passion. By Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume, which first appeared as a serial in the Era, revised and enlarged, forms No. 130 of the Library of Select Novels, published by the Harpers. The series includes the writings of Bulwer, Bremer, James, Andersen, Jerrold, and Howitt, and other distinguished writers of fiction; but it may well be doubted whether, in terseness of diction, searching analysis of character, intensity of passion, and power of description, any one of them can be regarded as superior to this production of our countrywoman. Without being liable to the charge of imitation, "Retribution" reminds us of Jane Eyre, and the later productions of that school. It has their strength and sustained intensity, while it embodies, as they can scarcely be said to do, an important moral lesson. It is well called a Tale of Passion. Painfully intense, its heat scorches as we read. Some of its scenes are overdrawn; mind and heart revolt and protest against those terrific outbursts of passion, on the part of the beautiful fiend, who drags down in her fatal embrace the proud, self-deceived statesman. There are a few feeble passages, and some extravagant ones. But, as a whole, we do not hesitate to say, that it is worthy of a place with Brockden Brown's Wieland, Arthur Mervyn, and Edgar Huntley, the only American romances with which we can properly compare it. It cannot fail to be widely read, and we doubt not its success will warrant its author in the entire devotion of her extraordinary powers to a department of literature which, under the influence of a well-principled mind, a generous heart, and healthful sympathies, may be made the medium of teaching lessons of virtue and honor, the Christian duty of self-denial, and heroic devotion to the right and the true, but which has been too often the channel through which impure fancies, stimulants to already over-excited passions, enervating the body and poisoning the soul, have been sent forth on their errands of evil.

J. G. W.

[AGAINST RASH JUDGMENTS.]

"ALAS! how unreasonable as well as unjust a thing it is for any to censure the inwards of another, when we see that even good men are not able to dive through the mystery of their own! Be assured there can be but little honesty, without thinking as well as possible of others; and there can be no safety without thinking humbly and distrustfully of ourselves."—Dean Young, vol. 1, p. 230.

From the London Times, Oct. 2.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

THE issue of the Hungarian war has been followed by consequences for which we were wholly unprepared; and which threaten to disturb, if not the peace of Europe, at least the amicable relations of the western courts of Europe with that of St. Petersburg. There seems to be no reason for doubting that the Russian ambassador at St. Petersburg has made a formal demand of the Porte for the surrender of the Hungarian revolutionists who took refuge within its territories. There seems to be just as little reason for doubting that the demand has been rejected, and that the Russian ambassador has received orders from his own court to quit Constantinople immediately. Should these reports prove to be as well founded as we believe them to be, a rupture between the Porte and the court of St. Petersburg is at hand, which will very possibly terminate in a general European war. On the course pursued by Russia on this occasion it is hardly necessary to dilate. There can be but one opinion upon it, whether it be regarded in its relation to the comity or to the equity of nations. It transgresses, it tramples on, both. It violates the established rules by which the intercourse of civilized countries has been heretofore guided. It perils the peace of Europe while it violates its laws.

We can the more easily afford to speak thus of Russian policy, because we have supported it in the recent Austrian dissensions. But the present aspect of Russia is a very different affair. She appears in a character, for which, if there be precedent, there is no justification. In the demand which she now makes upon the Turkish court, Russia asserts a right of interference which has never yet been accorded to any nation. She actually seeks to extort from Turkey a violation of that which has always been considered a law binding on all civilized communities. The very admission of foreigners into any state—whatever be their description—is a guarantee that the sovereign of that state will extend to them the rights of native subjects. This generally understood law can be neutralized or modified only by special contract. "The sovereign," says Vattel, "ought not to grant an entrance into his state for the purpose of drawing foreigners into a snare; as soon as he admits them, he engages to protect them as his own subjects, and to afford them perfect security as far as depends upon himself." (Book II., chap. 8.) If there has been any clause in a treaty either secret or avowed by which refugees are to be mutually given up by each of the contracting powers, then this general law is specially abrogated. But, in the first place, these treaties, for the most part, refer to felonious crimes, which it is the interest of all civil societies to punish, and not to political misconduct, of which a foreign state can hardly be supposed to be a judge. In the second place, they make the mutuality a condition of the contract. So that, supposing a treaty

does exist between Russia and Turkey, by which Turkey is bound to give up Russian refugees, the same treaty would compel Russia to surrender Turkish refugees to the demands of the Porte. If this be not the state of the case, and Turkey be bound to make concessions which she is not entitled to exact, then the position in which she stands to Russia is not that of an ally, but of a dependent.

This would be the case if the refugees who had crossed the Turkish frontier, and domiciled themselves on Turkish soil, were Russian subjects. But in what relation do the two powers appear to each other, when the exiles whose bodies Russia demands are aliens, whose subjection she does not pretend to claim, and whose homage she has no right to enforce? If any power has a right to make this claim, it is Austria; and Austria could do it only by virtue of treaties. The Emperor of Russia has no more right to do so than the Emperor of China—unless it be on the faith of some clause in the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, or on the faith of the weakness and helplessness which suggested and dictated that strange compact.

This is the true solution of the problem. Russia is strong and the Porte is weak. Russia exacts with the view of obtaining a servile concession or provoking an unequal conflict. The answer of the Porte has been worthy of its former greatness. The morality of Moslem shames the profligacy of Christian morals. The Hungarian refugees are beaten, vanquished men. As such, they are entitled to the pity of all nations. They are strangers, seeking the hospitality of a people with whom hospitality is an article of religious faith. As such, to abandon them would be an act of impiety as well as of inhumanity. The Porte will not surrender the exiles who have thrown themselves on her soil, even to the powerful sovereign who can bring into the field 700,000 men. Stripped of nearly all her strength—with little but the traditions of her past splendor remaining—distracted from within and menaced from without—Turkey still clings firmly to the noblest article of her faith, and holds it like a shield over the helpless and the humbled, against the autocrat of the strongest empire in the world.

And the power which does this is the ally—the ancient ally of England. True, we have not always behaved to her either with the honesty or the affection of allies. There have been untoward events in our relations which we should take an opportunity of repairing. She is the ally also of France. France, too, has a reputation to repair. The two countries have blustered and declaimed much about upholding the liberties and civilization of the world. *The time has now come when these promises should be made good and these boastings justified.* The question is, shall we, or shall we not, abandon an ancient ally and acquiesce in an arrogant dictation which insults all the states of Europe? Having decided what is the proper course to take, shall we content ourselves with peddling protests and peaceful jeremiads? On

our decision and our action hang the immediate fate of Turkey, and it may be the prospective destinies of India and of England herself.

From the Times, Oct. 3.

Her majesty's ministers, suddenly and specially convoked from their various pursuits or retirement in different parts of the kingdom, held a cabinet council yesterday, at the Foreign office, which was numerously attended. At this unwonted season of the year, the fact that a cabinet has been summoned by direction of Lord Palmerston for the despatch of serious business, is a sufficient indication of the importance attached by that minister to the late occurrences at Constantinople; for we believe that the threatening state of the relations between Russia and the Porte, and the last despatches received from Sir Stratford Canning, are the sole cause of this deliberation of the government. The promptitude with which this call on the responsible advisers of the crown has been made and obeyed, augurs well for the spirit which ought to govern their resolutions in such an emergency, and we trust that the next few hours will send forth to Constantinople the fullest assurances that, if these menacing and unjust demands of Russia are to be enforced by more menacing and injurious acts on the part of the Northern power, they will have awakened in the government, as well as in the people of England, a determination to show that such pretexts are ill chosen to cover an aggression on the sultan's independence. That independence has been placed, by repeated acts of the diplomacy of Europe, under the joint protection and recognition of all the powers; and if ever there was a moment when it could not be assailed without peculiar ignominy, it is when the Porte invokes the rights and usages of nations for the protection of defeated fugitives, intent only on escape from the scene of an unsuccessful contest. To intimidate and to degrade the sultan and his ministers into the commission of a mean action, at the command of a Russian aide-de-camp, is an outrage which might have been spared by the sovereign of one empire to that of another; and in this instance Europe will acknowledge that the principles of honor, humanity and civilization, claim her support for Turkey against pretensions dictated either by the cruelty of revenge or the designs of a still darker policy.

It is most fortunate that, at such a crisis, the British ambassador at Constantinople should be a man whose sedate character, unshaken firmness, and long experience, command the profound respect, not only of all parties in this country, but of all nations abroad. Sir Stratford Canning is not an envoy to be moved to rash or inconsiderate actions; he represents, with the greatest authority, the stable and dignified policy of this country, and if he is ever led to take a great resolution, it is by some positive interest and some great emergency. It becomes the country, therefore, to give its unreserved support to an ambassador who enjoys our unreserved confidence; and though Sir Stratford

Canning has carefully abstained from implicating the home government directly in a foreign dispute, he has given his opinion and his counsel in a manner which claims the entire sanction of his sovereign and of Britain. It is stated that the Turkish minister of foreign affairs addressed to the English and French ambassadors several momentous questions, after the receipt of the Russo-Austrian *ultimatum*. These questions were answered by a collective note, in which Sir S. Canning and General Aupick affirmed that the treaties of Kutshuk-Kaimarji, and of Passarowitch, do not justify the demands for the surrender of the Polish and Hungarian fugitives; *that the refusal of the Porte would, therefore, not amount to a breach of these treaties, or to a lawful cause of war; that the assistance of the armed forces of France and England, in the event of war, could not be promised without special instructions, but that these states would readily proffer their mediation to avert a rupture between the Porte and the two emperors.* At this stage the matter rests. Prince Radzivil immediately set out for St. Petersburg, and will be followed thither by Fuad Effendi, charged to explain to the Emperor Nicholas the scruples of the Divan, so that at the very moment the British government is called upon to decide upon the course it may hereafter have to pursue in the East, the Russian cabinet is resolving the question of peace or war.

It is impossible not to be struck by the extreme inadequacy of the cause which has given rise to this turmoil. A few enthusiastic Magyar patriots, who have outlived a struggle which has been more fatal to their country than to themselves, and who appear to have ended in plunder what began in imposture, have taken refuge under the guns of the fortress of Widden, accompanied by certain Polish soldiers of fortune, who have participated freely in every civil broil of the last eighteen months. These men have obviously no object but to effect their escape through Turkey to the West of Europe, where their delusions and their conspiracies may ferment at a vast distance from their native scenes of action. To intercept such fugitives would seem more embarrassing than useful even to their enemies, for we cannot credit Prince Radzivil's brutal threat of a wholesale execution of the band. Turkey may be bound not to harbor the mortal enemies of Russia or Austria on their respective frontiers, but all that is asked for these persons is leave to depart; in fact, their removal from the Ottoman dominions would terminate the quarrel, just as the departure of Louis Napoleon from a Swiss canton put an end some years ago to the menacing requisition of the French for his immediate expulsion.

But when we consider how paltry and unreal the cause is for which so much wrath has been put on; when we observe that, instead of having recourse to the more subtle influences of Russia, which are not unknown at Constantinople, Prince Radzivil delivered his message in the tone of a bully and the terms of a challenge, and thereby

rendered it impossible for the Porte to comply with such demands without grievous humiliation, we cannot entirely divest ourselves of the apprehension that the Russian government has taken this opportunity and these means to fasten a quarrel on the Turkish empire for its own purposes. The nature of the assistance given by Russia to Austria in the Hungarian war, has effectually paralyzed the opposition she would heretofore have encountered in that quarter. France is too much engrossed at home and in Italy to embark on a very bold and energetic course of foreign policy; and Mr. Cobden's late absurdities, added to many fruitless and feeble passages in our own foreign policy, have raised doubts abroad as to the efficacy and sincerity of Britain. These temptations to reënter upon the favorite scene of Russian aggression had long ago been pointed out; we know not even now to what extent the Emperor of Russia is disposed to follow them; but certainly the tenor of Prince Radzivil's commission, and the subsequent *ultimatum*, lead to no other conclusion than that a course of policy adverse and insulting to Turkey may be pursued to actual hostility.

If these intentions have been entertained at St. Petersburg, and if this quarrel has been sought for a more sinister purpose than even the sacrifice of a few poor refugees, *the moment is come when the vigorous and united action of England and France is the best chance of averting war.* On a less striking occasion, Lord Palmerston proposed that the combined fleets should take up their position within the Dardanelles; and the rejection of that scheme by France was held to be the source of her subsequent miscarriage in 1840. Louis Napoleon is bound in an especial manner to let no such opportunity slip again. He has lived the life of an exile under the protection of those very usages which are now violated by despotism on the track of revenge; and Switzerland did for him what Turkey is still proud enough and strong enough to do for other victims of political agitation. What, then, the mature resolutions of the court of St. Petersburg may be on the receipt of the refusal of the Porte, the resolutions of the faithful allies of the sultan will not, we hope, be less firm or less effective. *To abandon the Turkish Divan, would be to abandon our own principles, our own envoy, and the future integrity of the Ottoman empire;* but if this cause be maintained with the spirit and dignity which it requires, there is great reason to believe that the pretensions of the Emperor of Russia will subside, and an affair which has had a formidable commencement, may still be brought to a pacific termination.

From the Times, Oct. 5.

Paris, Oct. 4, P. M.

I believe I can assure you, on the best authority, that the French and English governments are decided in acting together *to the last* in the affairs of Constantinople. I noticed a day or two ago the existence of a feeling here, not exactly of mistrust, but of doubt, as to whether in the extreme

case England would coöperate with France. This feeling did not arise, at least in the eyes of rational and fair men, out of any belief of insincerity on the part of England; but it was doubted whether the English government would be supported by public opinion in England in any measures showing a determination to resist to the last the pretensions of the czar. The French government naturally hesitated at the chance of being drawn into a quarrel with Russia, being then left alone to sustain it, and acting single-handed. These fears, considering what is to be done at home, can scarcely be blamed. It is necessary to observe that the proceedings of the Peace Congress in England and in Paris, led parties here to suppose that, *on no account, and in no cause*, would the English people approve of their government having recourse to extreme measures. The unanimous opinion of the press in England, however, and particularly that portion of it which is known to give faithful expression to public opinion, has removed all hesitation on that score. It is now believed that though John Bull may have little objection to occupy his leisure hours, or to vary the monotony of commercial pursuits, by a little harmless theory, yet the old spirit of the Saxon is still alive as ever, and that it wants only some act of outrageous and manifest wrong, on the part of a powerful despot against a weak and inoffensive neighbor, to call forth the ancient energy of his character and his love of fair play. The French government seem now convinced that England will be true to herself and to France, to the last, in this quarrel of injustice; and the instructions addressed to the French minister at St. Petersburg are, I am told, not a whit less energetic than those which, I presume, have been addressed to the English ambassador. There is reason, however, to hope that the affair will terminate otherwise than in a hostile manner, and that the Emperor of Russia will be convinced not only of the injustice of his pretensions in the present instance, but that it is his interest at this moment, as much as that of any other sovereign, not to do anything that would again throw Europe into confusion or war. The decided attitude of the two governments of France and England will convince the emperor that his pretensions will not be tolerated with impunity. The divided state of parties in France renders her action more difficult; why, it is superfluous to say. But the existence of these difficulties will not, I believe, deter her in such a cause, or prevent her from joining frankly with a friendly government in resistance to injustice.

From the London Chronicle, 5 Oct.

The feelings of the French towards Russia form a curious anomaly amongst popular tendencies, and a remarkable illustration of national character. The colossal power of the czar dazzles them; their imagination is irresistibly captivated by the notion of a sovereign ruling over thirty degrees of latitude by the simple declaration of his will; and many think they see in him a chosen instrument

of vengeance against *la perfide Albion*—a coadjutor who will infallibly aid them, sooner or later, to wipe out the mortifying recollections of Waterloo. Thus, M. de Lamartine, in his "History of the Revolutions of 1848," maintains that only two modes of forming "a French system" were open either to the government of the restoration, or to his own. France might unite with Austria against Russia and England, or with Russia against England and Austria.

In the first case, France would have obtained developments in Savoy, in Switzerland, and in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, by concessions to Austria in Italy, and on the Lower Danube, and on the shores of the Adriatic. In the second case, France would have stifled Austria between herself and Russia. She could have spread freely in Italy, retaken Belgium and the frontiers of the Rhine, and gained influence in Spain. Constantinople, the Black Sea, the Dardanelles, the Adriatic, conceded to Russian ambition, would have insured her these augmentations of territory. The Russian alliance!—it is the cry of nature; it is the revolution of geography; it is the war alliance for the eventualities of the future of two great races; it is the equilibrium of peace by two great weights at the extremities of the continent, comprising the middle, and exiling England, like a satellite power, to the ocean and Asia.

It never appears to have so much as suggested itself to this apostle of liberty, equality, and fraternity, that alliances or combinations of this kind take rank, in morals, with the partition of Poland; nor, we believe, would they be repudiated for that reason by his countrymen. The spirit in which he writes is emphatically their spirit. It explains General Lamoriciere's late abortive mission to St. Petersburg, which would otherwise seem made for the express purpose of inviting the marked insult to the president and the republic which it brought down upon them. It also explains the otherwise unaccountable calmness or tameness with which the news from Turkey has been received in Paris beyond the immediate precincts of the Bourse. Where are the friends of the oppressed races of the great European family? What has become of the philanthropic democrats, who so lately rivalled Anacharsis Clootz in the extravagance and cosmopolitan character of their demonstrations? Surely, all cannot have followed the fortunes of M. Ledru Rollin! Are they reluctant to uphold the sultan, because they have assailed the president for restoring the Pope! And do the legitimists, on their side, shrink from the antithesis of contemporaneously defending both the Cross and the Crescent! Not a single interpellation has been addressed to M. de Tocqueville; nor, with rare exception, has the affair formed the prominent subject of discussion in any of the journals which are regarded as the organs of the leading parties. This looks very much as if no party—republican, legitimist, Orleanist, Bonapartist, or socialist—was particularly eager to commit itself against Russia, even in a cause appealing to the warmest sympathies of an impulsive and excitable people. At the same time, they must have been

perfectly conscious all along that they stood committed as deeply as ourselves; the French and English ambassadors having pledged their respective nations to back the Sublime Porte in every way short of an armed intervention, for which, as they said, it was of course impossible for them to engage without special instructions for the purpose.

We note this seeming indifference as a phenomenon well deserving the grave attention of Lord Palmerston. We by no means infer from that, on the present occasion, the cause of justice and humanity will be abandoned by the French government, which, it is understood, has approved the line taken by General Aupick, and intimated its readiness to coöperate with England for the protection of the Porte. We retain, however, our original opinion, that there is but little cause to apprehend an actual rupture. It is very seldom, indeed, that a declaration of war follows a deliberate conference of ambassadors, or a timely reference to courts; and the judicious course followed by the sultan, in throwing the chief responsibility of his refusal on Sir Stratford Canning and General Aupick, is his security. We must give them credit for requiring the fullest information as to facts and documents before answering the question; and it is, therefore, most important to observe that, in their opinion, "the treaties of Kutschah-Kaynardî and Passarowitch do not confer on Austria and Russia the right of demanding the extradition of the Hungarian refugees." We assume, for the sake of argument, that each emperor, in point of form, demanded only his own subjects; and we say that the utmost they can demand, jointly or severally, under the treaties, or under any recognized doctrine of international law, is, that the fugitives shall not be harbored in Turkey.

The last advices from New York state that Bem and Dembinsky were expected in the United States; and the gordian knot will probably be untied, by suffering them and their companions to leave Widin without beat of drum, and quietly embark on board some French, English, or American vessel in the Bosphorus. There is no necessity for bringing matters to extremities, nor for driving the czar to throw, Brennus-like, his sword into the scale. The sultan has done no more than duty and honor required of him in saving these unhappy men from death, or (worse than death) Siberian exile; and if (which remains to be proved) the imperial demand is only the first step in a scheme of aggression, which is to end in reducing him to the condition of a viceroy, his firm and chivalrous resistance, backed by the universal sense of justice in mankind, can hardly fail to cause the indefinite postponement, or, most probably, the eventual abandonment, of the scheme.

From the Daily News, Oct. 5.

The Emperor of Russia has evidently been misled into his outrageous and impolitic challenge to the Porte by the vile flatterers who, in his own court, and in our press, belauded his magnanimity, extolled his military prowess and skill, and gave

their fullest support and approbation to the cause of imperial tyranny against Hungarian freedom and independence. During that memorable struggle the press of London and of Paris deserted its duty, and instead of representing the sentiments and sympathies of the people, led, on the contrary, to a belief that the English and French condemned all kinds of popular resistance even on behalf of the most prescriptive freedom. And the czar was induced to suppose that in the crushing of Hungary and the immolation of its champions he was doing that which the respectable and influential classes of England and France approved. One presumption led to another. If Bem and Dembinski were but ambulating revolutionists, if Kossuth was a mere rioter and plunderer, as the *Times* to this day does not blush to call him, Russia certainly was warranted in claiming the extradition of men so branded.

The silence of the French public, the malignity of our press, the known dissensions of our own government, and the boasts of foreign diplomatists in London, (that they could get up an *émeute* at any time either in the press or in Parliament against Palmerston,) misled the czar to believe that he might bully the Porte with the most complete impunity and success. Marvellous will be his rage when he discovers his mistake; and most natural his fury against those vile partisans that backed him through every act of invasion, oppression, cruelty, and military tyranny, in order to desert him at the last moment, and expose him to a rebuff from the sultan and his constitutional allies.

The most galling circumstance to Russia is, however, not so much the escape of Kossuth, and the presence in Western Europe of a statesman well acquainted with the weakness and insecurity of eastern despotism—its mortification is to find France and England once more drawn up in one line of defence before Constantinople against Russian aggression. What blunders the czar must have made to have produced this sentiment and demonstration of resistance on the part of two powers, grown so indifferent to foreign policy and to each other!

With respect to England, we doubt if Russia could have quarrelled with the Porte for any other cause that would have enlisted English sympathies so strongly for it. Had Russia annexed the principalities, closed the Danube, renewed the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, it is to be doubted if it could have stirred either our diplomacy or our public opinion to interfere. But the outrageous demands of the Russian Envoy, inspired apparently by a mere carnivorous and sanguinary appetite, together with the spontaneous resistance of the sultan, on the principles of humanity and just pride, have so rallied England and France, both government and public opinion, to the side of Turkey, that the czar must recoil. He may indeed higgie about

the principalities, send his agents to excite disturbances in Bulgaria and in Bosnia, and sow in Turkey that same insurrectionary spirit, which he declares to be heresy north of the Danube. But war the czar will not make.

With oppressed nations writhing beneath the fangs of despotism from the Baltic to the Danube, these military tyrants durst not venture on war with Western Europe, which would be felt not only by the resuscitation of Poles and Hungarians, but by the destruction of that export trade which alone brings the Russian landed proprietors their revenues. Were the flax, the hemp, the tallow, and the corn, shut up to rot in the ports of St. Petersburg, Riga and Odessa, as they would soon be in case of war, Russia would find that imaginative wealth, which scribes are so fond of exaggerating fail her altogether. Holland would scarcely venture her annual loans. While Russian proprietors, as well as Russian serfs, would begin to ask why they were to be mulcted or sacrificed, in order to set up again the shadow of an Austrian empire, or to avenge upon brave Hungarians the imbecility and treachery of the house of Hapsburg.

We see it reported that Gen. Lamoriciere is returning to France. We should not be surprised. The conduct and the language of the czar to that envoy was known to be a capricious alternation of cajolery and menace, one day calling Louis Napoleon his friend, the next hinting that he might find it convenient to set up the Duke of Bordeaux, or some more pliant pretender. Notwithstanding the leaning of more than one French statesman to a Russian alliance, we do not see the possibility of either the French government condescending to the required meanness, or the French public resigning themselves to the required indifference. In both countries, indeed—of England and France—whether governments go too fast or too slow, the people will be found to go right at the critical and serious moment. And the present is one of these.

A LETTER from Com. Voorhees, of the United States ship *Savannah*, dated San Francisco, Aug. 31, says—"There are about two hundred and fifty vessels in harbor, many of them large ships, and mostly abandoned and going to ruin. They will all be wrecked in the course of the coming winter if they be not taken care of in time. It is a most woful pity to look upon the shameful waste and ruin of so much valuable property. The owners and underwriters of New York and the other cities of the Union ought to petition the president for a man-of-war, whose special duty it should be to take care of the abandoned vessels by taking down some of their yards and spars, and moor them safely, so as to prevent them from going on shore or dragging against each other. Such is the position of these vessels, crowded together, that, if the windward one were to take fire, the whole fleet would be burned, without the possibility of saving any of them."

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1846.

On all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portrait of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.
J. Q. ADAMS.

[The following article is rather an odd one, in several respects, for the Church of England Quarterly Review. It contains much new matter about Lady Hamilton.]

Memoirs of the Life of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B., Duke of Brontë, &c., &c. By THOMAS JOSEPH PETTIGREW, F.R.S., F.S.A., Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Göttingen, &c., &c. Two volumes. London: T. and W. Boone.

ON Michaelmas-day, in the year 1758, the wife of the rector of Burnham Thorpe was delivered of a sickly boy. At that moment Anson was in command of the channel fleet, and there were old men then in England who had seen Prince Rupert. Exactly a quarter of a century had elapsed since Admiral Byng had surrendered life. Russell, who beat Tourville at La Hogue, had been asleep in the grave for more than thirty years. Churchill, and Dilkes, the terror of Frenchmen and Spaniards in his day, had been at rest for just half a century. These were great men; but in 1758 a greater than all was born in the quiet rectory of Burnham Thorpe. That feeble baby, accepted and tolerated rather than welcomed and cherished, grew up in the possession of all the virtues of the above heroes, and with but few of their failings; he had the dashing spirit of Rupert without his imprudence; he possessed the wisdom and valor of Byng without his cold-heartedness; he was as persevering as Anson, and in no wise so foolish; as rapid as Russell, but not so rapacious; he was even more enterprising and successful than Dilkes; and, as with the gallant brother of Marlborough, his services claimed high honors long before he obtained them. This puny, fragile child, born to achieve such greatness—this almost neglected son of a Norfolk parson, and, by his mother, grandson of a Westminster prebendary—designed, as it were, by nature to be a student, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and to cultivate learned leisure in trim gardens—this feeble instrument was born with a great mission; let the splendor of its fulfilment make us forgetful of his very few errors!

Yes, when he first saw the light there were old men in England who had seen Prince Rupert beneath the beeches at Windsor. It was but the other day that Nelson's sister died. Thus is he connected with two periods when the people were at issue with sovereigns; his figure stands halfway between the time when Roundheads were assailing cavaliers and royalty, and the present period, when democracy is again howling at palace gates and the hearths of nobles. In his own days the same struggle was going on; but as now, and not in Rupert's time, the scene of the struggle was not within our boundary of home. He was the great champion of royalty, and never had crowned king

so unconquerable a champion as he. There was not a democrat abroad who did not hate his name as much as he feared it. For the French democrats his own hatred was in equal measure intense; and, if it be suggested that his contempt was not less intense for French aristocrats, we answer that he lived at a period when the vices, the selfishness, and the tyranny of the aristocracy, justified the insurrection, which annihilated one bad system to give temporary life to a worse. He did not despise the dissolute men and the more dissolute women of Naples less than he despised the French; but, in supporting the one and destroying the other, he was the great antagonist of anarchy, and the great promoter of order at home. Loyalty here flourished by the blood of his victories. The veriest would-be rebel in England was proud of the pale warrior whose feeble arm upheld a world of thrones; a defeat at Aboukir might have made him a republican. But we are hurried from Nelson's cradle to his glories and his grave. Let us sketch his wondrous career in a more orderly spirit.

She who bore the perils of his birth did not survive to be glad at his greatness. At nine Nelson was motherless—at twelve he quitted school—and some of his playfellows were yet launching their paper galleons on Norfolk ponds when Nelson had gained respect and reputation for his name. A trip of a few brief months' duration with his maternal uncle, Captain Suckling, just introduced him to naval life without affording him instruction. The latter he derived under Captain John Rathborn, a naval officer, engaged for the time in the West India trade, under whom Nelson acquired a thorough acquaintance with practical seamanship, and was ever ready to acknowledge his obligation. The writer of this paper acknowledges his pride, too, in telling his son that his mother is the granddaughter of Nelson's tutor. Horatio began his real service in the royal navy by entering the *Triumph*, rated as "captain's servant." In a year or so he became midshipman, the duties of which office he efficiently performed during four or five years on board the same vessel, and in the *Caracas*, the *Seahorse*, and the *Dolphin*. During this period he saw active service in every climate, from the North Pole to Bagdad and Bussorah. We next find him as lieutenant on board the *Worcester* and the *Lovecraft*. While on board the last-mentioned vessel he made his first prize, gallantly boarding and capturing an American privateer, from an attempt at which the first lieutenant had retired unsuccessful; and this was accomplished when he was only nineteen years of age! So fond was he of this branch of his profession, that he changed to the schooner *Lucy* with a sort of roving commission, of which the American traders soon became

tremblingly conscious. He subsequently served in the *Bristol* (the flag-ship of Sir Peter Parker) in the three degrees of lieutenantancy; and, in 1778, ere he was yet twenty, the boy was captain of the *Badger* brig, and with men eager to obey him. But his just ambition was not yet satisfied; and when in his twenty-first year he had the delight of finding himself posted, and in command of the *Hinchinbrook*, his whole course of daring and dangerous service in the Gulf of Mexico plainly manifested that he was ever keeping in view that "top of the tree" whose leafy honors first invited him from his father's rectory. The service alluded to seriously affected his own health, and cost the lives of one hundred and ninety out of his crew of two hundred men. On his return home he rested at Bath for a year. He had no long leisure to be ill. The following year saw him in the old French *Abermarle*, carrying terror along the Spanish main. In 1782 he was employed in convoy service; and, having occasionally some idle time on shore at Quebec, the young commander got into mischief—that is, he fell most imprudently into love. His friends carried him by violence on board; the sea air cured his passion; and his lucky joining with Hood's fleet, and his subsequent busy time in the West Indies, effectually kept his thoughts from any lady then on land. It was at this period that he became known to the Duke of Clarence. The royal sailor thought him the merest boy of a captain that had ever been seen, and could not but laugh at the gigantic and endless queue that hung down his back, and seemed to be pulling all the lank unpowdered hair off his head after it. But this plain-looking and youthful commander was then remarkable for being as well acquainted with all naval matters as the oldest and most experienced captain in the fleet. The piping time of peace put him for a season on half-pay. A portion of 1783, and of the year following it, was passed in France. With idleness came evil; and, having nothing better to do, Nelson fell desperately in love with the dowerless daughter of an English clergyman, who, there is some reason to believe, was little affected by the magic he could offer her of half-pay and love in a cottage. The sea again stood his friend. In 1784 the *Boreas* carried him to the Leeward Islands, where, at great risk of purse and person, he was actively engaged in supporting those Navigation Laws which our modern whigs have so ruthlessly abolished.

In this matter (says Dr. Pettigrew) he was also opposed by Major General Sir T. Shirly, the governor of the Leeward Islands, who took in dudgeon the advice of Nelson, and assured him that old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen. Upon which Nelson, with much promptitude and ingenuity, replied—"Sir, I am as old as the prime minister of England, and think myself as capable of commanding one of his majesty's ships as that minister is of governing the state."

He was engaged in putting down the illicit traffic sought to be carried on by the Americans

(whom successful rebellion had made foreigners) and the West Indies, and also in dragging into light the frauds practised by some English officials of no inconsiderable dignity in the islands. He succeeded in all he undertook, but got small thanks and no profit for any service which, in this respect, he rendered to his country. He was much on shore, too; and it is a fact that his foot no sooner touched the land than his good genius left him. He fell in love with a widow; and, what is much worse, married her. In the island of Nevis he became acquainted with Mrs. Nisbet, the widow of a surgeon who had died insane a year and a half after their marriage, leaving her with one son, Josiah, who subsequently owed so much to Nelson, and thanked him so little for it. At this time the captain of the *Boreas* was a man at whom Fame held her finger; he never drank wine save to the healths of his sovereign, the royal family, and his admiral, and these were always bumper toasts to him. He was reserved, grave, and silent; and it was only occasional flashes that gave evidence of the brilliancy within. The narrow-minded people of Nevis could not make him out; and Mrs. Nisbet was set at him, as she was expected to make something of him, because "she had been in the habit of attending to such odd sort of people." Unfortunately, she made a husband of him. She, perhaps, thought it a condescension to marry a man who was of "puny constitution—who was reduced to a skeleton—and who put his hopes of recovery in asses' milk and doctors." However this may be, she never looked upon him as a hero, nor was she worthy of being a hero's wife. She would have been exemplary as the spouse of a village apothecary; she was highly virtuous, very respectable, and exceedingly ill-tempered. The ill-assorted pair were united in 1786; they reached England in 1787, in which year Nelson was kept for months on board his ship at Sheerness, merely taking in slops and lodging pressed seamen. And then ensued the quietest six years of his life; they were passed at Burnham Thorpe, and they were got through with tolerably good success. As a quiet country couple, there was nothing to disturb their stagnant felicity. Nelson busied himself in gardening, getting birds'-nests, and fretting for employment.

It came in 1793; when, in place of capturing birds'-nests, Nelson, in the *Agamemnon*, was with the fleet at the capture of Toulon, its forts, and its navy. But other things came in 1793, too. Nelson was sent to Naples with despatches for our minister, Sir William Hamilton. He was much on shore, and mischief came of it, of course. Sir William told his wife, the too famous, too erring, and yet much sinned-against Lady Hamilton, that a little man was coming to dine with him, who was infirm and ill-looking, but who had in him the stuff of a hero, and who was undoubtedly destined to be the man for the difficulties coming. If Emma Hamilton loved a virtue, it was that of courage and ability in man; she loved heroes, and her ardent feelings were soon interested in Nelson.

From this period we must speak more generally of Nelson's great deeds that we may have fuller space to treat of matters less known, and in the revealing of which lie the chief merit and the chief recommendation of Dr. Pettigrew's excellent volumes. Lord Howe appointed him (over five senior captains) to blockade Genoa. In 1794 he was active against the French in Corsica, and his men so entered into his own spirit that, as he said himself, they minded shot no more than peas. But for him, Bastia would not have been taken, nor, perhaps, Cabri, where he received the injury to his right eye which ultimately deprived it of sight. His labor was incessant, and his health most wretched; but he was too busy to be invalided. "The plan I pursue, (said he,) is never to employ a doctor;" and, consequently, though he was ill, he kept himself from the peril of growing worse. In 1795, he had his first "brush" with the French fleet. He thus modestly calls a battle, in which he laid the *Agamemnon* between the *Ca Ira* and the *Censeur*, and forced both to yield. The former was large enough to put the *Agamemnon* in her hold. He was now fully in that vein of conquest which never left him when a French vessel was before him as an antagonist. He now dared to disobey orders when he judged that circumstances authorized him, and he was no bad judge; he had now been engaged one hundred times—he was literally the hero of a hundred fights. His ship when docked, in order to be refitted, had neither mast, yard, sail, or rigging, that did not need repair in consequence of the shot she had received; her hull had long been secured by cables sewed around her. Nelson exhibited such discretion in disobeying orders, and success so invariably followed action that resulted from judgment of his own, that at length his admirals ceased to give him any close orders at all. Sir John Jervis left him to act as he thought best; the result was that, in two years, Nelson captured fifty French vessels; and the navy itself, under Jervis and his pale captain, became perfectly invincible. Up to 1797 victory followed victory; there was abundance of honor and salt-beef; but neither prize-money nor even notice in the *Gazette*. He consoled himself by saying that he would one day have a *Gazette* of his own and all to himself. He had well-nigh deserved it for the crowning fight at St. Vincent; he was in the thickest of the struggle where the odds against us were twenty-seven to fifteen. It made Jervis an earl and Nelson a knight, and it opened a new era in naval strategy; for never from that day has British captain bent upon victory paused to count his enemy, or deferred his triumph in calculating the disparity of power.

Honors were both lavished on, and conferred by, the frail conqueror of the *San Josef* and the *San Nicholas*. Corporations flung their municipal freedoms at his feet, and gave him endless invitations to dinner. The only thing that he ever designated as *dreadful* was meeting a provincial mayor and aldermen! They voted him more swords than

he could ever hope to employ; but they were all outweighed by that which he himself presented to the corporation of Norwich—the sword that had been surrendered to him by his gallant but vanquished foe on board the *San Josef*. Norwich will be proud of her trophy when no memory remains of her crapes and bombazines or of the fair forms which wore them. The government, too, made him a rear-admiral of the blue. He was not an idle one; he went to sea in the *Theseus* surrounded by men whose hearts beat in unison with the pulsations of his own; he twice bombarded Cadiz—lost his right arm before Teneriffe—reposed a while at Bath to recruit his strength—received some pecuniary reward for the loss of it; and, after publicly thanking the Almighty for all His mercies and acknowledging the lightness of his visitations, he was again entrusted to save his country by destroying the then enemies of all mankind. With a squadron of observation he scoured the Mediterranean, and after a search unparalleled in its nature, and carrying despair to every heart but his own, he came upon the French at Aboukir, and made 1798 forever memorable in England by the well-won victory which he achieved at the Nile. If honors poured on him after the affair at St. Vincent, they descended now in an avalanche. His king made him a peer who among men was peerless. Parliament thanked him; the nation adored him. Russia endowed him with colored ribbands—the sultana stuffed his mouth with sugar-candy—public companies enrolled him among their members. "Nelson-squares," and "streets," and "terraces," arose without number; and curates were weary of christening an endless succession of Horatios. As for Naples, which country he had saved from the very jaws of the French, the people there when he landed nearly killed him with kindness and did all but devour him. The king, queen, and the entire court, kissed his very feet. He turned with something like disgust from all their homage, and his honest tongue confessed that he despised those whom it was his duty to save, and that he loathed in his very soul the entire court, if not the universal people. He designated the men as scoundrels; the women were what the author of the old ballad of "Nancy Dawson" says that well-known lady was, and they cared as little to keep it from their neighbors; and he brushed away the imprecation on his lips, launched against the Neapolitan ladies, to kiss the hand of Emma Hamilton! But there was a distinction, though we are not going to show where it lay.

From the same year to that which closed the century, 1800, his presence was all but ubiquitous in the Mediterranean, and his name was uttered with awe and reverence all over the world. Within this period he became rear-admiral of the red, and Naples made him Duke of Bronté, in return for his having saved the nation from entire destruction. Within the same period is on record that dark event connected with the name of Caracciolo, to which we will hereafter allude; let

it suffice to say here that after sweeping the Mediterranean of the enemies of England, and doing a world of good to those who were not worthy of being reckoned her friends—after executing all entrusted to him to accomplish, and rendering the name of England as a tower of strength and pride throughout the world—Nelson returned home across Europe. He did not set out without first writing a sensible letter to the Pope, whom he had restored to Rome, in better fashion than Oudinot lately followed in behalf of Pio Nino. According to the prophecy of honest old Father M'Cormick, Nelson may be said to have taken Rome with his ships—a feat of which he reminds the Pope, and remains his “very obedient servant.” That his progress from Leghorn to Hamburg was one of such triumph as the world had never seen may be readily believed; for no human being had ever deserved such ovation. When he landed at Yarmouth the earth seemed to heave to salute him. Myriads of men blessed him, wept over him, hailed him with shouts—in the warmth of their welcome they did all but pay him divine honors. And his wife—how did she spring forward in exultation and enduring love, impatient to meet the boat that bore her heroic husband! Alas! Lady Nelson was quietly awaiting his arrival at Nerot's hotel in town, and so cold and unsatisfactory was her greeting when the idol of the nation stepped into her presence that the incense of London adulation must have proved savory by comparison.

Ere he had leisure to sun his laurels he was again afloat, and in the first year of the present century he passed the wild and stormy steep of Elsinore. The battle was a Titanic struggle, and giants of the same blood grappled with each other. Equal was the valor, and if our compelled rather than willing foes had the advantage in means of assault, the better wisdom was ours, without which prowess is but a flail apt to wound the skull of him who wields it. The battle of the Baltic, so gigantically fought and so imitabably won, placed on Nelson's brow the coronet of a viscount; but he did not quit the Baltic until he had fluttered the Russian fleet at Revel, and, when he returned to give a report of his mission accomplished, England already needed him for the fulfilment of another. Napoleon was at Boulogne, and, with a French army, threatening invasion. What the feeling of the times was in the parsonages on the Sussex coast—is it not written in the letters of Peter Plimley? What Nelson's feelings were may be divined from that saying of his, that the French might come any way they pleased, but that they should *not* come by sea! England trusted him, and he kept his word as far as in him lay. If he did not destroy the Boulogne flotilla, he at least demonstrated that it could not issue from harbor without his permission nor put out to sea without being destroyed. Boulogne has, in some degree, benefited by the rough messengers which he flung into the port as visiting cards to intimate that he and his followers were outside. Some hundred weight of good English iron were projected into the town, and out of

them are the gas-pipes constructed which are now laid down in the Bassa Ville and the suburb of Capecure!

While thus giving peace to innumerable homes in England, he was ever amidst war's loudest thunder, endeavoring to found a home of peace for himself; that home was at Merton, in Surrey, where it was vouchsafed to him for a very brief season. The name of Merton is more closely connected with great men and great acts than many of our readers may be aware, and it was the fitting resting-place for a man who desired to gain breathing time between his heroic deeds. It was the birth-place of that Walter de Merton to whose liberality some of our readers may possibly be indebted for the instruction they may have received at Oxford—not that Merton College has been very famous for turning out good, at least, great scholars. According to a witty master of that college, it ought to have possessed more learning than any other in the University; for, said he, “many scholars brought much knowledge there and left it all behind them.” Their founder, however, possessed both legal learning and religious wisdom. The law boasts of him as one of the great chancellors, and the church approvingly points to him as an exemplary Bishop of Rochester. For much of his learning, and something of his wisdom, he is indebted to the accomplished Augustine canons who cultivated both in the old convent founded by Gilbert Norman in 1115, and the prior of which sat in Parliament as a mitred abbot. It was at Merton that the early French invasion under Louis the Dauphin, made with the intent of driving Henry III. from his inheritance, was compensated for, in 1217, by the treaty of peace forced upon the French prince. It was at Merton that the able De Burgh found refuge from his insatiable enemies; above all, it was here that were enacted the famous statutes of Merton. The Parliament of Henry III., which enacted those statutes, will be further ever-memorable for the unshakable firmness with which the barons—those reformers before the Reformation—withstood the insidious overtures of the ambitious prelates for the introduction of the imperial and canon laws. It was at Merton that was uttered a cry as famous, as significant, and as important in its result as the battle signal of Trafalgar. It was there that the barons shouted that famous shout—“*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari!*”

Of all these things which have conferred undying celebrity on the banks of the little river Wandle, Nelson probably knew nothing, and, if possible; cared less. But, notwithstanding this, we repeat that the locality which had been illustrated by humanity, by patriotism, by liberality, and by love of freedom, was a becoming spot whereon to spread the carpet of repose for him whose humanity was as great as his courage—whose patriotism was without a stain—whose liberality was ever extended without selfishness, and whose love of freedom made him the invincible foe of the nation that was endeavoring to enslave the world.

Had he been less liberal and more considerate for

himself than for others, he might have preserved Merton for his daughter—he would not have been compelled to sell his diamonds—and Merton itself need not have passed to those inheritors of other men's patrimony—the money-lending Israelites.

For the fearful fight at Copenhagen, in which never were greater perils of navigation overcome, nor had there ever been in sea-fight more of English blood profusely shed—for this fight and victory Nelson received a token of honor from the sultan; but his own government granted no medals to the victors. They were permitted to wear the orders sent them by foreign princes, but no such honors awaited them at the hands of those who interpreted, and, perhaps, influenced the will of King George. The people gave what the ministry denied; and when the father of Nelson calmly closed his eyes on this world, in the year 1802, almost the last sounds that fell upon his ears were sounds of praise for his noble son. Nelson's brother, the Rev. Dr. William Nelson, thought Lord Walpole cared little for his connection with the Nelson family, or he would have conferred Burnham Thorpe on the son of the late incumbent—that is to say, on himself. This reverend gentleman certainly does little credit to his profession, even taking him by his own description. When there was a report of his becoming successor to the yet living, but indisposed, Dean of Exeter, he wrote to his brother—"I wish it may be so. If you see Mr. Addington soon, you may offer my vote for the University of Cambridge for members of Parliament, and for the county of Norfolk to any candidate he may wish." "The dean (adds Dr. Pettigrew) died on the 15th of July, and Nelson applied to Mr. Addington, but Dr. Nelson was not appointed. Exeter failing, in a short time he directed his views to Durham," and he hinted his wishes in a letter to Lady Hamilton. After reminding her that he is a doctor of divinity of the University of Cambridge, and that such a dignified personage is as much superior to a mere Scottish M. D. "as an arch-angel is to an arch-fiend," this man, who had little in him of the angelic and still less of the arch-angelic, offers the lady a bribe of Norfolk beafins; and having thus impressed her with his dignity, and purchased as he thought her good will for "half-a-dozen apple-trees," thus concludes his very undignified epistle:—"I see by the papers that there is a stall vacant at Durham—I suppose worth a thousand a year—in the gift of the bishop (Barrington). I remember some years ago, when the Duke of Portland was prime minister, he secured one for Dr. Poyntz, at Durham. There is another vacant at York (if not filled up) in the gift of the archbishop; but I don't know the value—no very great sum, I believe." So very illogical a person was as unsuccessful as he deserved to be. Lord Nelson's chaplain on board the *Vanguard* at the Nile fared better, and merited so to fare. On Nelson's application, Lord Eldon thought himself bound in public duty to pass over his own personal wishes and also the strong claims which individuals had upon him to be attentive to their welfare. Nelson's chaplain at the Nile had

a prior claim; and the Rev. Mr. Comyn received his appointment accordingly to the living asked for—that of Bridgham. While treating of the clerical connections of Nelson, we cannot omit noticing another trait in the brother who so little resembled him. He thus writes to Lady Hamilton:—"The election for the university took place yesterday, (July 5, 1802:) the whole was over in five minutes; Mr. Pitt and Lord Euston are reelected. I had a bow this morning from Billy in the senate-house—so *I made up to him and said a word or two to him.*"

Soon after this, Lord Nelson was made a D. C. L. by the University of Oxford. The hero was with the Hamiltons and a party of relatives on a tour to Wales; they took Blenheim in their way. The duke was at home—he declined receiving them; but he sent them out something to eat! The descendant of Marlborough *had not been introduced* to the man as great as he, from whom alone the duke possessed the only greatness he enjoyed, and, *therefore*, he would not shake hands with him! His grace, with the spirit of a Frenchman, kept himself as secure from the defender of his country as he well could; he rolled himself up like a hedgehog and kept his prickles erect. Had it not been for Nelson, he might not then have had Blenheim wherein to nurture his absurd shyness or absurder pride. At Blenheim was the only hearth in England at which Nelson was churlishly received, and its master the only man in the kingdom who did not feel on speaking terms with the hero of the Nile. Nelson paid no fee, touched no food, and turned from the dwelling of him who owned none of his great ancestor's characteristics, save his meanness, with calm contempt.

In 1802, hostilities were again renewed, and, as a matter of course, all eyes were turned to the defender of his country. His eyesight was failing; he had actual fears of becoming blind, but all his fears were suppressed in his eagerness to be of use to his native land. It may be noticed that, in this year, Sir William Hamilton died; and the fact that Nelson's continued correspondence with the graceful widow is, from this time, no longer addressed to her as "dear friend," but "dearest Emma," plainly, perhaps too plainly, denotes the nature of the connection by which they were now bound. To judge of him by what he effected and what he endured during this year, we might assert that he never took rest nor thought for anything save the welfare of his country, and the fighting condition of his fleet; but he had leisure devoted to further the welfare of private friends and other deserving individuals, and he could turn from devising plans for crushing the French to the arrangement of a paddock. All that he immediately cared for was lest his sight should entirely leave him before he could fall upon the French, who had a design upon Naples and Egypt. After he had beaten them, he felt almost certain that his eyes would be in total eclipse; he was resigned to the prospective fate, and contemplated it with a grave but manly resignation.

In a note on a paragraph in a letter written at this time by Lord Nelson, in which he says to Lady Hamilton that she will be sorry but not surprised to hear of Lord Bristol's death, Dr. Pettigrew informs us that—

— this nobleman was fourth Earl of Bristol and was also Bishop of Derry. He died on the 8th July, 1803. To avoid any superstitious exhibition on the part of sailors, who entertain a dread of having a corpse on board, his lordship's body was packed up in a case and shipped as an antique statue. Could he have anticipated such a circumstance, it would have offered him a capital subject to have written upon.

In 1804, his harassing life in the Mediterranean received something to make it tolerable by his triumph in his case for prize-money against Lord St. Vincent. It was money fairly won after St. Vincent gave up the command; and his award was 13,000*l*. The sum rescued him from debt and from anxiety; but the enjoyment of it could not relieve him of his most anxious desire to destroy the French fleet, which wanted no inducement to leave Toulon, only that Nelson was outside waiting to receive them. His vigilance had to be doubled, but he had enough for the emergency, and to spare. Suspicions existed that Spain was about to enter into an armed coalition with France against England, and, without increase to his force, Nelson was ready to meet and confident of annihilating both. With all their advantage of superior strength, the French not only lingered in Toulon, but spread forged intelligence all over Europe that, on their making preparations for sea, Nelson had precipitately fled; but the avenger was still there; and, as now and then a French vessel would occasionally show her bowsprit outside the harbor and retire in all speed at the sight of the flaunting jack defying them from seaward, Nelson would say that, if the whole fleet did not soon come out and stand a contest, he should go in and try the effect of putting salt upon their tails!

But his own countrymen, or rather the government which did *not* represent the feelings of his countrymen, wounded him more deeply than his worst enemies. Nelson was poor, considering the rank he had to maintain, and the heavy charges, some voluntarily assumed and all honorably acquitted, on his income. The ministry knew he was poor; but, because he was not ashamed of his poverty, they kept him plunged in it. In the Mediterranean, with war declared against Spain, there was a prospect of rich prizes being made, and some substantial reward being given to him and his gallant band for their labors, their devotedness, and their blood. But between these deserving men and their right, evil influences interposed; unknown to Nelson, another admiral and a small squadron were stationed off Cadiz; their office was to capture all the commercial vessels they could; they performed the office to its uttermost letter—hurried to England with the golden argosies, and divided the proceeds so easily and bloodlessly won. When the fact became

known to Nelson it severely shook his manly heart; he continued as steadfast as ever in the fulfilment of his duty, endured reiterated disappointment at not meeting with the French and sealing his course of victory by a final triumph ere he found refuge in his home from the ingratitude of man, and at length returned to England, on leave, determined to enjoy his sweet reward at Merton, since he was denied any by an ungrateful ministry.

He arrived at Merton on the 20th of August, 1805. On the 13th of the following month, Captain Blackwood called on Nelson at five in the morning with news that the French and Spanish fleets were in the harbor of Cadiz; Nelson was up, dressed, and ready to start to "give Monsieur Villeneuve a drubbing." The two proceeded to the admiralty, the lords of which were now all eager to grant whatever Nelson asked. The latter knew he must rest satisfied with fifteen or sixteen sail of the line less than his enemies would have in array against him; but with these odds, backed by God's blessing, he only knew of a full victory as the glorious result. He made some arrangements for those who depended on his bounty—some preparations in case of the sorrowful event that *did* cloud the general triumph—and, between ten and eleven at night, took his last farewell of Merton and of her who had so long kept him in sweet bonds—gazed once on his sleeping child, breathed a prayer over her, and went forth to death—to death the most glorious that was ever accorded to mortal man whereby to make his passage from time into eternity.

On the 21st of October he went into battle, after fervent prayer to God. How, under fearful odds, he beat his enemy, is known to every school-boy. Since that day, Spain has ceased to be a naval power, and France is yet struggling to recover the position from which the hero of that day flung her down. It was a day, the issues of which were left humbly to God, but which were struggled for as though they depended on the arm of mortal man alone. The triumphant result was purchased at a costly rate—the life of England's dearest son; his mission was fulfilled; he had destroyed the last coalition made to enslave the world, and he died at the fitting moment of certain victory, leaving all dear to him on earth as a legacy to his native country. May his name live forever!

Almost the last words uttered by Nelson were the expression of a hope that his country would provide for Lady Hamilton and for his adopted daughter. Nelson's wife was alive, and the marriage had been without issue. Who, then, was this stranger that so closely occupied the last thoughts of the hero—and who the "adopted daughter?"—for such was the designation that engaged so engrossing a share of his love.

As for Lady Nelson, she was indeed alive, but she had long been dead to *him*. The pair, from the first, had been ill-matched; and what began ill begot no happy consequences. Nelson himself had warmth enough of temperament for two: his

wife had none. She was, if we may judge by what is written, unmoved at his great triumphs, without pride in his great fame, and she was the last to welcome him when he came home crowned with great deeds; she was the last woman in the world fitted to be the wife of a hero, and perfectly incapable of controlling a hero's weaknesses. When Nelson on one occasion was speaking warmly in his wife's presence of the talents and beauty of Lady Hamilton, and of the immense services she had rendered his king and country through him, the hot Creole blood fired up: she rose in a whirlwind of passion, exclaiming that she was sick at hearing the name and praises of Lady Hamilton, and that Nelson must either desist from eulogizing her or cease to live with his wife. Nelson defended his favorite with good humor; but from that hour utter estrangement ensued between himself and Lady Nelson, resulting in a separation which, once determined on, was never followed by opportunity or inclination for a reconciliation.

The remarkable individual—as remarkable for her great sufferings and great sorrows as for her great errors—who was in a certain degree the cause of breaking up the indifferent home which Nelson found in the companionship of his wife, may be said to have been the last of a race proverbial for bewitching and irresistible beauty—viz., the Lancashire witches. She was born at Preston, in 1764; her father's name was Lyon, and her parents were of menial condition. The child, named Emma, was, on the early death of her father, taken by her mother to Hawarden, in Flintshire, where her remaining parent sought to support both by industry, and where Emma grew every day in beauty and ignorance. When old enough she was sent forth to earn her own livelihood. She commenced life in the humble condition of a nursery-maid in a family at Hawarden; subsequently she was engaged in the same capacity in the family of Dr. Budd, Chatham-place, Blackfriars. The good doctor little suspected that he possessed two servants in his house destined to achieve celebrity for themselves, and thus lend something of perpetuity to his own name. The nursemaid was Emma Lyons: the housemaid was Jane Powell, who, in her after career as an actress, was a fine interpreter of Shakspeare, could give interest to the bombast of Nat. Lee, and make endurable the platitudes of Rowe—just as Rachel, in our own days, interprets Racine and endows with life the metrical dulness of Merope and Chimène. From Dr. Budd's to the family of a dealer in St. James' Market was a change from the east to the court end of the town, and it had its consequences. She attracted the attention and won the good-will of a lady of fashion, who withdrew her from servitude and elevated her to what is often more degrading and worse paid, the dignity of a companion. The education she received here was such as might be expected at the hands of a fine lady of the last century. She read all the stilted and not too delicate romances of the day—a course of reading which not only kills time, but generally destroys

the student. It at least did not improve the spelling of the now “young lady;” for, to the last, though she talked like Aspasia, she spelled as badly as Caroline of Brunswick—a light fault in a day when countesses spelt *Physician* with an *F*, and thought *G* was the first letter of *Augustus*! The house of Emma's patroness was the resort of all the great players, poets, and literati of the day. It was the “Gore House” of its time: perhaps its glories ended as ignobly. As a home and an asylum for a young girl full of beauty, and given to impulses which she knew not how to govern, it deserved not the name. The poor thing was made the Cynthia of the minute: the *Trissotins* dedicated sonnets to her: her beauty was deified; incense was daily offered to her by fools and knaves, and even by those who were neither; but yesterday she was toiling for wages, and perhaps complacently receiving the coarse compliments of liveried worshippers: to-day she was tended on by delicate hands, her smiles eagerly sought after, her presence acknowledged by a buzz of admiration, her wit celebrated by the ecstatic praises of the witty, and her intellect directed to everything save to the study of divine things. She loved the refinement which concealed the vice yet unknown to her; what was so pleasant could hardly be sinful, for it brought no remorse. The foolish virgin lacked a *man* at hand to tell her that she was neglecting her lamp; and it was only in after life, when intellect was superseded by cleverness, and reflection made her matured beauty all the more radiant, that she sorrowingly acknowledged that to her first patroness had been sacrificed the morning of her youth, and that every opportunity neglected had been fruitful in a multitude of after sorrows.

The first public sin, if we may so express it, was the consequence of the exercise of a great virtue. It was the time of the first American war. The press-gangs were in actual pursuit of their terrible calling, and by one of these a humble acquaintance had been captured, and was confined on board a tender in the Thames. She personally interceded to procure his liberty; the officer to whom the application was made was captain, afterwards admiral, Willet Payne, the companion of the Prince of Wales. This man drove a bargain, and became what is cruelly called the “protector” of the friendless Emma. The first false step made, the descent was rapid. From the disolute seaman she was won by a profligate squire, Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh; and she speedily enraptured a whole shire of country gentlemen by her bold and graceful riding, subdued them by her wit, and charmed them, they knew not wherefore, by the refinement of her manners. It is a curious trait marking such a career that, though the baronet was nearly ruined by the extravagant profusion into which he plunged for her sake, to the end of life he spoke of her and wrote to her in terms of the profoundest respect. It was a period when provincial squires were not noted for much delicacy of manner; they had not yet adopted the

advice of Lord Chesterfield, and become gentlemanlike in their vices ; but nevertheless, like the Athenians of old, they could praise a virtue which they did not practise ; not decent themselves, they could admire decency in others.

The unfortunate and fallen woman, on her separation from her ruined admirer, soon learned a deeper misery than she had endured in her native home and early privations. She was at length on the point of being turned into the street by her landlord, who had no admiration for penniless tenants, however greatly endowed with beauty, when she fell in the way of the most stupendous quack that ever gulled the most gullible of patient publics. We need hardly name the once famous Dr. Graham,* who, with his mysterious chambers, golden beds, seraphic music, and impudent medical lectures, for some time persuaded the people that he could lead them to the fountain where played the waters endowing men with eternal and vigorous youth. That he was mysterious only proved that he had a secret, and that it was well worth knowing and richly worth paying for. This quack hired the hungry and heart-broken beauty, exhibited her as the "Goddess of Health," lectured upon her as the result of his system, and made half the fashionable women of his day mad to become like her, glowing with health and splendour with beauty. This public exhibition gave her a particular fame among artists ; she became the eagerly sought after and highly purchased model of the day. In Romney's pictures more especially

she is constantly repeated, and the eternal sameness is ever varied and charming. She was, indeed, Romney's inspiration rather than model ; he had but to state what he desired or dreamed of, and the vision stood a breathing reality before him. Heroic, as Joan of Arc ; crushed by her grief, as a Magdalene ; joyous, as a Bacchante ; sublime, as Cassandra ; winning, as a Wood Nymph ; making sorrow graceful, as Calypso ; giving rapture double interpretation—first as the Pythian priestess on her tripod, and next as St. Cecilia—gentle, as Serena ; lovely, as Sensibility ; and perhaps more intellectually lovely still, as Miranda—we can hardly wonder, as we look on these characters, that Hayley, who saw the original stand for them all, rushed into rhyme to immortalize them, and perpetrated verse that was almost tolerable and very nearly worth reading.

We do not know that we may say that she was rescued from this sort of life by meeting with Mr. Charles Fulke Greville. He was not a mere squire, but a gentleman and a connoisseur ; he so loved beauty that when he beheld Romney's model he longed to possess it as he would have longed to possess a Grecian statue. In this case the matter was negotiable ; she passed from the studio to the bower. Mr. Greville discovered her mental powers as well as admired her material beauty, and he was humane enough to do—what no human being had ever yet thought of doing—educate her. It came of the latest, when the tares had choked the wheat. She progressed, indeed, rapidly in all she studied, and in music she attained a wonderful perfection ; her voice, even in speaking, was one to melt the heart ; in singing it fairly carried it off by magic. If vanity accompanied the possession of powers such as no one has since possessed—not even our now silent Nightingale—her apology is in her course of life, for much of which others were responsible. This vanity reached its culmination one night at Ranelagh, when, intoxicated by the remarks flung in her way like flowers as she passed, she electrified the entire crowd by breaking forth into song, and, by the exercise of her unequalled vocalization, flung uncontrollable ecstasy over the idle public of the place. "Mr. Greville (says Dr. Pettigrew, in his interesting 'Sketch of Lady Hamilton') had gone further than he intended, and became alarmed at her fondness for admiration, and ventured to reproach her for her indiscretion. She retired to her room, threw off the elegant attire in which she was clothed, and, presenting herself before him in a plain cottage dress, proposed to relieve him of her presence. This act, however, served only the more securely to bind him in his chains, and a reconciliation took place." It is reported that three children were the fruit of this connection ; but there is a letter from Nelson to Lady Hamilton in these very volumes, and which, if it does not prove the contrary, shows at least that Nelson knew nothing of it—a not likely circumstance if the alleged fact were one in reality. However this may be, Dr. Pettigrew adds, "In

* Graham first appeared in London in 1782. He was a graduate of Edinburgh, wrote in a bombastic style, and possessed a great fluency of elocution. He opened in Pall-Mall a mansion which he called the "Temple of Health." The front was ornamented with an enormous gilt sun, a statue of Hygeia, &c. The rooms were superbly furnished, and the decorations, mirrors, &c., gave to the whole the appearance of an enchanted palace. Single admission to his lectures on health and the birth of children cost two guineas—a sum readily given. The Goddess of Health usually delivered a supplementary lecture when the doctor concluded. When two guinea auditors were exhausted, his two gigantic porters, decked in gorgeous liveries, deluged the town with bills stating that the lectures would be delivered at one guinea each. The descending scale ultimately reached half a crown, and at last he exhibited the Temple of Health itself at one shilling per head. Its chief attraction was a "celestial bed," with rich hangings and glass legs. The quack promised such results from merely sleeping on this enchanted couch, that married persons of high rank and respectability were known to have given one hundred pounds for the accommodation. Persons more foolish still, and as highly exalted, were found who gave him one thousand pounds for a supply of his "elixir of life." He then, when dupes were not grown scarce, but required variety in the means of imposition, took to the practice and public exhibition of earth-bathing. He and his goddess stood an hour each day immersed to the chin in earth, above which their heads appeared, dressed in the extravagant fashions of the day. In this position he delivered a lecture on the salubrity of the practice at sums for single admission which commenced at a guinea and ended at a shilling. When all London had heard and seen him he made a provincial tour ; but, in spite of his elixir of life, he died at the early age of fifty-two ; and, in spite of the facility with which he gained money, he died in poverty. The famous Mrs. Maculay married his brother, and Dr. Arnold, of Leicester, the author of an able treatise on insanity, married his sister. In the profession of the most impudent quackery, Dr. Graham has never been equalled, either for impudence or the success which attended it.

the splendid misery in which she lived she hastened to call to her her mother, to whom she was through life most affectionate and attentive."

In 1789, the year of many sorrows, Mr. Greville found himself, by the French Revolution and other accidents, a nearly ruined man. His uncle, Sir William Hamilton, our minister at Naples, stepped in to relieve him of many of his embarrassments—among them of the lady to whom perhaps some of them might be traced. Dr. Pettigrew says: "It is only charitable to suppose Sir William to have been ignorant of his nephew's connection with Emma, but there have not been wanting reports that the condition of the engagement between Sir William and the lady was the payment of the nephew's debts." At this time Sir William was within a year of threescore. He was neither the Pericles of his age, nor was Emma quite the Aspasia; but when we remember the bond which bound the great statesman and refined lover of refined art to the most beautiful and most accomplished woman in Greece—when we remember that in his home intellect and skill were almost deified—that to it her presence, her powers, and even her virtues, (for all were not wanting because one was absent,) gave its chiefest charm—that without her the war against Samos would not have been a matter of history—that she inspired great commanders, and that but for her, much eloquence would have been mute, which, through her, fired Greece to deeds of noble daring—with these memories about us, we say, there is much in the persons and lives of Sir William Hamilton and his wife that reminds us of Pericles and Aspasia, even down to the very circumstance that the great lawgiver took the courtesan to wife after she had been his mistress.

Dr. Pettigrew thus describes Sir William himself:

Sir William Hamilton was a native of Scotland, born in 1730, and was minister at Naples for the long period of thirty-six years. He was a distinguished antiquary, remarkable for his taste in, and appreciation of, the fine arts. He possessed also scientific acquirements, and had some knowledge of mineralogy; he was a trustee of the British Museum, fellow of the Royal Society, and a vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries; he was also a distinguished member of the Dilettanti Club, and appears among their portraits in their meeting-room at the Thatched House Tavern. A portrait of him, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of his intimate friends, may be seen in the National Gallery. He is known as an author by his works. With the King of Naples he was a great favorite, and largely shared with him the enjoyment of the chase and other sports, to which the sovereign is well known to have been egregiously addicted.

Such was the sexagenarian philosopher. At this period the Aspasia of his affections, if we may indeed use such a word, was just five-and-twenty. She is thus limned by her biographer:

Already familiarized to the studies of the painter, and, according to Romney and his biographer, no mean judge of the arts, with Sir William she had in Italy many opportunities of enjoying her taste,

of improving herself, and also of imparting knowledge. This she is said to have practically evinced; for with a common piece of stuff she could so arrange it and clothe herself as to offer the most appropriate representations of a Jewess, a Roman matron, a Helen, Penelope, or Aspasia. No character seemed foreign to her, and the grace she was in the habit of displaying, under such representations, excited the admiration of all who were fortunate enough to have been present on such occasions. The celebrated "Shawl Dance" owes its origin to her invention; but it is admitted to have been executed by her with a grace and elegance far surpassing that with which it has ever been rendered on the stage of any of our theatres. Under the tuition and government of Sir William she improved so greatly, and obtained such complete sway over him, that he resolved upon making her his wife. They came to England, and on the 6th September, 1791, she, writing the name of Emma Harte (an assumed name under which she had long been known) he married her at the church of St. George, Hanover Square, resolving to return with her to Naples that she might there be recognized by the Neapolitan court. But prior to quitting London she was doomed to experience disappointment; for although she had, through the position of Sir William Hamilton and his high connexions, together with her own attractions and accomplishments, gained admission into a very high circle of society, she was very properly refused admission into the Court of St. James', which Sir William in vain endeavored most assiduously to effect. In the society, however, in which she now moved, she became distinguished for her great accomplishments; and the dulness of fashionable life was greatly relieved by her displays as a singer and as an actress. The admiration she excited was universal. It is said that at first, upon the return of Sir William Hamilton to Naples, there was some difficulty in the way of her introduction to the queen, not having been received at the court of her own country. That, however, was soon removed, and in a short time she maintained the most confidential intercourse with her majesty. That the Queen of Naples should have become intimately attached to Lady Hamilton, cannot be a matter of surprise when we recollect the calamities her family had sustained by the French Revolution. To seek consolation in the bosom of the wife of the English minister—the minister of that country which almost stood alone in its opposition to the principles and conduct of the French Revolution—seems natural. Friendship is often created by sympathetic associations called forth under the pressure of affliction, and is sustained by the consolations of hope derived from them. There are many letters in my possession from the Queen of Naples to the Lady Hamilton, breathing the most ardent attachment, the most unbounded friendship, and expressing eternal gratitude to her.

It was in the year 1793 that Nelson first saw this dangerous beauty. From the period of her arrival, up to this time, she appears to have been the only source of joy and admiration to the Neapolitan court. The Duke of Sussex retained to the last lively recollections of her charms, and of the effect she produced when singing with the famous Mrs. Billington. In the eventful year last named, Nelson landed at Naples with despatches from Lord Hood. Sir William, as we have said,

on returning home after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would be the greatest man that England ever produced. "I know it, (said Sir William,) from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce (said the minister) that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer in my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Nelson is stated to have been equally impressed with Sir William Hamilton's merits. "You are (he said) a man after my own heart: you do business in my own way. I am now only captain; but, if I live, I will be at the top of the tree." The impression produced upon him by Lady Hamilton, and her kindness towards the son of Nelson's wife by her first marriage, he thus simply describes in one of his letters:—"Lady Hamilton has been wonderfully kind and good to Josiah. She is a young woman of amiable manners, and who does honor to the station to which she is raised."

The early attachment entertained by the Queen of Naples for Lady Hamilton, admits of ready and natural explanation. Sir William after his marriage conducted his young bride to Naples by way of Paris, where she was received by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. This unhappy queen was sister to the Queen of Naples; and to Lady Hamilton she entrusted the last letter she ever wrote to her scarcely less unhappy relative. The wife of the British minister became at once the personal friend of the Neapolitan queen, and her influence was so great that the king himself said of her that she had de-Bourbonized them, and made them all English. It was from this period that her patriotic mission commenced—a mission which she carried out regardless of personal expense or personal peril, and for the performance of which, though so great in its results, she obtained slight acknowledgment and no recompense.

It was for no individual, but for her country solely, that she exercised her unbounded influence when at Naples. Sir John Jervis named her the "patroness of the navy;" and when he was engaged upon the reduction of Corsica, he depended upon Lady Hamilton for despatching to him all the necessaries he required from Naples; he subsequently confessed that the reduction of the island was facilitated and expedited by her aid and energy. At a time when British interests were at stake, and nearly all Europe was engaged in destroying them, she was unceasingly wakeful to maintain and strengthen them. We had about this time a most uncertain ally in Spain. It came to the knowledge of Lady Hamilton that a Spanish courier had arrived at Naples with a letter for the king; she forthwith repaired to the queen, and so exercised the power she possessed over even the powerful mind of that sovereign, that she induced her to repair to the king's cabinet and abstract the important document from the monarch's possession.

The letter was obtained; it was from the King of Spain himself, and it announced his determination to break up his old alliance, and to unite with France against England. Sir William Hamilton was sick and incapable of action; but "our general's wife was now the general;" and she further prevailed on the queen to allow her to take a copy of the document. This copy she transmitted by a secure but costly method to Lord Grenville. To effect its safe arrival cost her, out of her own private purse, not less than four hundred pounds sterling. She was hardly thanked, and was never remunerated.

But ingratitude did not render her patriotism weary or unwilling; year after year the British flag in the Mediterranean was indebted to her for triumphs which it achieved, because without her aid the English could not have profited even by opportunity. It must be remembered, too, as Dr. Pettigrew justly remarks, "that at this period, so high were French ascendancy and revolutionary principles in Naples, that it was absolutely dangerous for the British minister to go to court."

Her greatest service, though not her last, remains to be mentioned. It is of that importance that it merits being mentioned in detail, and the details are so clearly and concisely told by Dr. Pettigrew, that we cannot do better than adopt them. Never was service so greatly needed; its having been rendered saved England, changed the aspect of European politics, and gave to Lady Hamilton a branch of the showers of laurel that fell to the victors at the Nile:—

In June, 1798, about three days after the French fleet had passed by for Malta, Sir William and Lady Hamilton were awakened one morning about six o'clock by the arrival of Captain Trowbridge, with a letter from Sir Horatio Nelson, then with the fleet lying off the bay near to Capria, "requesting that the ambassador would procure him permission to enter with his fleet into Naples, or any of the Sicilian ports, to provision, water, &c., as otherwise he must run for Gibraltar, being in urgent want; and that, consequently, he would be obliged to give up all further pursuit of the French fleet, which he had missed at Egypt, on account of their having put into Malta." At this time Naples had made peace with France, and an ambassador was resident then at Naples. One of the stipulations of the treaty which had been entered into was to the effect that *no more than two English ships of war should enter into any of the Neapolitan or Sicilian ports*. However, Sir William Hamilton called up Sir John Acton, the minister, who immediately convened a council, at which the king was present. This was about half-past six. Lady Hamilton went immediately to the queen, who received her in her bed-room; she represented to her majesty that the safety of the two Sicilies now depended upon her conduct, and that should the council, as she feared that under the circumstances they must do, decide on negative or half measures, the Sicilies must be lost if Nelson were not supplied agreeably to his request, by which he would be enabled to follow the great French force which had passed in that direction only a few days before. Nothing could exceed the alarm with which the queen received this intelligence; she urged that the king was in

council and would decide with his ministers. Lady Hamilton dictated, and the queen wrote, a positive order, "directed to all governors of the two Sicilies, to receive with hospitality the British fleet to water, victual, and aid them." In every way this order, as Lady Hamilton well knew, would be more respected than that which might emanate from the king. The council did not break up until eight o'clock, and Lady Hamilton attended Captain Trowbridge and her husband to their residence. The faces of the king, of Acton, and Sir William, too plainly told the determination at which they had arrived, and that *they could not then break with France*. On the way home Lady Hamilton told Sir William and Captain Trowbridge that she had anticipated the result and provided against it; that, whilst they were in council debating on the application, she had been with the queen, and had not without effect implored her majesty to render the aid required. She then, to his great astonishment and delight, produced the order in question. Nothing could exceed the gladness this occasioned. Trowbridge declared that it would "cheer Nelson to ecstasy;" and that by this means they should be enabled to pursue and conquer the French fleet, otherwise they must have gone for Gibraltar. Sir William Hamilton wrote to Sir Horatio Nelson, communicating to him the formal decision of the council; but added, "You will receive from Emma herself what will do the business and procure all your wants." Lady Hamilton enclosed to the admiral the order, praying him "that the queen might be as little committed in the use of it as the glory and service of the country would admit of." To this Nelson replied, that he received the precious order, and that if he gained the battle it should be called hers and the queen's; for to Lady Hamilton he should owe his success, as without the order their return to Gibraltar was decided upon; but, he added, "I will now come back to you crowned with laurels or covered with cypress."

It was more especially for this service, rendered when he was in his utmost need, that Nelson, while dying, recommended Lady Hamilton to the memory and gratitude of his country. The effect of this service we need not repeat. The British ships watered and victualled at Syracuse, spread their huge wings in pursuit of their foe, and at the Nile launched their heavy thunder to his destruction. On the twentieth of September the triumphant squadron arrived at Naples, where ships, officers, and men found every want supplied and every wish anticipated. "But especially (says Dr. Pettigrew) were the broken health and wounded body of the valorous chief regarded. Nelson was taken into the British minister's house, and there personally tended by her whose sympathies had been so awakened, and by whose attentions he was after a time restored to health." Her services did not terminate here. While all at Naples were at the very high top-gallant of their joy, Lady Hamilton induced the court to break altogether with the French. The ambassador of the republic was consequently dismissed with scanty courtesy and in considerable haste. When, at a later period, a French army marched on Naples itself, and the royal family were reduced to fly to Palermo, the chief arrangements for the safety of the lives and properties of others were made or

carried out by Lady Hamilton; she privately removed from the palace the royal jewels and thirty-six barrels of gold. These were marked "Stores for Nelson," and under that device were safely shipped. Indeed, it was not till the treasure was secured that the king consented to embark. In a despatch to the admiralty Lord Nelson says—"Lady Hamilton seemed to be an angel dropped from heaven for the preservation of the royal family." To effect that preservation she was regardless of her own. On the night in which she personally assisted the king, queen, and children to escape, she attended a party given by Kelim Effendi; she withdrew from this party on foot, leaving her equipage in front of the house, hastened to the place of meeting, conducted the royal family by a subterranean passage to Nelson's boat, waiting to receive them, embarked with the fugitives, and with them went before the storm that blew them to Palermo. To accomplish this, Sir William and his wife voluntarily abandoned their entire possessions in their house at Naples—they did not convey away one single article. The whole of their private property was thus left behind, in order to prevent discovery of their proceedings in behalf of the royal family. The value of Lady Hamilton's portion thus abandoned, amounted to 9,000*l.*; not less than 30,000*l.*'s worth of property was sacrificed which belonged to Sir William. The virtue of this sacrifice was the sole reward gained by those who made it.

It was in this year (1799) that Sir Alexander Ball, who held a part of Malta, the French occupying another part, sent despatches to Nelson at Palermo for provisions, without which he would be compelled to surrender. Nelson was absent at his old occupation looking after the enemies of England. Lady Hamilton opened the despatches, purchased several entire cargoes of corn at her own risk, and forwarded them to the half-starved English in Malta. She expended 5,000*l.*, of which not one shilling was ever returned to her. All that she profited thereby was in receiving the order of St. John of Jerusalem from the Emperor Paul, Grand Master of the Knights. England owed her much and acknowledged nothing. The Queen of Naples acted with more generosity; she put into the hands of Lady Hamilton, on parting from her subsequently at Vienna, a conveyance of 1,000*l.* per annum; but the latter magnanimously destroyed the deed, remarking that "England was just, and to her faithful servants generous, and that she should feel it unbecoming to her own beloved and magnanimous sovereign to accept of meed or reward from any other hand."

But the same year is also marked by an occurrence the very mention of which seems to obscure the brightness of Nelson's name, and to fling an additional lurid hue round that of the wife of a British minister. We say *seems*; for in truth there is more of seeming than of reality in it, and yet all is not seeming and there is something real. We allude, of course, to the case of Admiral Prince Carracciolo. According to some he

was murdered by Nelson at the instigation of Lady Hamilton, who was so fiercely royalist that, if we may believe partial writers, the blood of a Jacobin was to her of marvellous sweet savor. Divested of exaggeration the story of old Carracciolo is simply this:—He was a rich, valiant, and aged seaman, and warmly attached to royalty until the triumph of republicanism endangered those who had a distaste for commonwealths. When the Neapolitan royal family fled from Naples to Sicily their hitherto faithful old servant followed them thither; when the heads of the party who had proclaimed a republic at Naples threatened to confiscate the property of absentees, Carracciolo returned to protect his own. In thinking overmuch of himself he forgot fealty to his sovereign, and in a brief period he became as hot a republican as ever he had been an eager royalist. He took up arms against his king, opposed his restoration, and fired upon his flag. After the principal body of rebels had capitulated to the force in arms to give the king his own again, he was captured in open rebellion, taken on board the *Foudroyant*, Lord Nelson's own ship, and there given up to be tried by a court-martial. Nelson, as chief of the united Sicilian and English squadrons, ordered this court-martial to be held; it was formed exclusively of Sicilian officers, but it was held on board the English admiral's ship. The trial did not exactly exhibit a specimen of Jedburgh justice, by which a man is hung first and tried afterwards, but there was a spirit manifested that was very much akin to it. The president of the court, Count Thurn, was a personal enemy, though an old shipmate, of Carracciolo. The case for the prosecution was soon gone through; the facts were clear, patent, and undeniable; but the brave and misguided old seaman made a most gallant, fearless, and almost irresistible defence. Probably the worst enemy of the crown of Naples was the king himself; he was worthless, selfish, weak, vain, and pompous. Carracciolo asserted that he had not deserted the royal cause, but that in fact the king himself had betrayed it; when there was no longer a royalty to defend that was worth the keeping, then alone had he joined the republicans. Thus far the defence was, perhaps, founded on truth. It was not less true when Carracciolo alluded to his property and the risk he ran of rendering his posterity beggars if he had not taken office under the republican flag; but this was a sort of truth that was even less valid as an apology for rebellion than the former. The court unanimously found him guilty, and sentenced him to be hung by the neck at the yard-arm of his own flag-ship. "Hereafter (said the undaunted old man with some emotion)—hereafter, when you shall be called to your great account, you will weep for this unjust sentence in tears of blood. I take shame to myself for asking for any favor from such men; but, if possible, I wish to be shot as becomes my rank, and not hung up like a felon and a dog." "It is inadmissible, (was the curt and savage reply of the court,) and

the court is hereby dissolved." What followed is ever to be deplored. Dr. Pettigrew struggles ably and manfully to defend Nelson from all blame, but he struggles unsuccessfully. The facts are these—even by Dr. Pettigrew's admission. The sentence was no sooner made known than Nelson issued an order for the immediate execution. The guilty man was to be hung from six o'clock till sunset, "when you will have his body cut down and thrown into the sea." So run the words to which the name of Nelson is affixed. Lieutenant Parkinson, at the request of the doomed man, interceded with the admiral; but to the prayer of Carracciolo, that he might die the death of a man, and not that of a dog, Nelson refused to interfere, and harshly bade the poor lieutenant to go and attend to his duty. The result was that Carracciolo was ignominiously run up to the yard-arm, not of his own flag-ship, but to that of Lord Nelson. The English admiral not only refused the mercy that he unquestionably might have granted, but he, in some sort, became the executioner; he not only insisted that the sentence of hanging should be carried into effect, but he lent a gallows for the purpose.

The sentence was just, and the unfortunate old warrior merited death; but justice would have been satisfied had the great criminal been allowed the melancholy privilege of falling as he might have done in battle. At all events, the yard-arm of a British ship ought not to have been lent for the purpose of hanging a foreigner who had betrayed his trust to a foreign king. In thus much does blame appear attributable to Nelson. That any is due to Lady Hamilton, or that Nelson was in the least degree influenced by her on this occasion, we disbelieve, simply for the reason that such an assertion is unsusceptible of proof.

But the *Foudroyant* was the scene of other disgraces. We come to the mention of them with reluctance, and will narrate them with all possible brevity. In 1800, Sir William Hamilton was superseded as British minister at Naples; he and Lady Hamilton, with the Queen of Naples, were on board Nelson's ship. Nelson himself was now a Neapolitan duke. The whole party were about to leave the Mediterranean, and, with the exception of the queen, whose destination was Vienna, to return to England by land through Germany. It was during the passage from Palermo to Malta that the intimacy took place which resulted in the birth of that little Horatia who was long thought to be the daughter of the Queen of Naples, but whom Dr. Pettigrew, under Nelson's own hand, proves to be the child of Lady Hamilton. That Nelson was the child's father no one ever doubted. The strange party—husband, wife, and friend—reached London in November, 1800. Lady Nelson was not among those who stood first to greet the arrival of the hero, or who at meeting greeted him with any warmth of feeling. She had, possibly, heard through her son, Captain Nisbet, of the too friendly terms which existed between her husband and the wife of another. His home was, in conse-

quence, an unhappy one, and he left it to proceed on an excursion with Sir William and his lady. This excursion was an ovation which reached its highest point at Fonthill. Here the celebrities in art, rather than the noble by birth, were assembled to meet the illustrious party; here Banti, the Pasta of her day, joined her voice with the ex-ambassador; and here West looked on and smiled.

In the gallery of the abbey, after the repast, the company assembled, and Lady Hamilton enchanted them with one of her remarkable personations—that of Agrippina bearing the ashes of Germanicus in a golden urn, and as presenting herself before the Roman people with the design of exciting them to revenge the death of her husband, who, after having been declared joint emperor by Tiberius, fell a victim to his envy, and is supposed to have been poisoned by his order at the head of the forces which he was leading against the rebellious Arminians * * * * Lady Hamilton displayed with truth and energy every gesture, attitude, and expression of countenance, which could be conceived in Agrippina herself, best calculated to have roused the passions of the Romans in behalf of their favorite general. The action of her head, of her hands and arms, in the various positions of the urn, in her manner of presenting it to the Romans, or of raising it up to the gods in the act of supplication, was most classically graceful. Every change of dress, principally of the head, to suit the different situations in which she successively presented herself, was performed instantaneously with the most perfect ease, and without retiring or scarcely turning aside a moment from the spectators. In the last scene of this beautiful piece of pantomime, she appeared with a young lady of the company who was to personate a daughter. Her action in this part was so perfectly just and natural, and so pathetically addressed to the spectators, as to draw tears from several of the company.

When the character of the Roman dress is remembered, it is difficult to believe that the representative of Agrippina was in the condition noticed by Dr. Pettigrew.

The final separation between Nelson and his wife took place in the January of 1801. The last scene between the latter is thus described by a yet living witness, Mr. Haslewood:—

In the winter of 1800–1, I was breakfasting with Lord and Lady Nelson at their lodgings in Arlington street, and a cheerful conversation was passing on indifferent subjects, when Lord Nelson spoke of something that had been done or said by “dear Lady Hamilton,” upon which Lady Nelson rose from her chair and exclaimed, with much vehemence—“I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton, and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me.” Lord Nelson, with perfect calmness, said—“Take care, Fanny, what you say; I love you sincerely, but I cannot forget my obligations to Lady Hamilton, or speak of her otherwise than with affection and admiration.” Without one soothing word or gesture, but muttering something about her mind being made up, Lady Nelson left the room, and, shortly after, drove from the house. They never lived together afterwards. I believe that Lord Nelson took a formal leave of her ladyship before joining the fleet under Sir Hyde Parker.

Dr. Pettigrew cites this letter of Mr. Haslewood to show that the separation was unavoidable on Lord Nelson’s part; it appears to us to have been inevitable and necessary. Perhaps the strangest part of this incident is that Nelson’s family closely attached themselves to Lady Hamilton. We must make exception, however, of the still stranger incident—namely, the birth of Lady Hamilton’s daughter at her residence in Piccadilly, the absence of all attempt to confer the honors of paternity on Sir William, and the consequent mystification. The birth took place about the last day of January, 1801. The child was conveyed to a nurse about a week or ten days afterwards, and was not the home companion of its guilty parents until 1803, after the death of Sir William Hamilton. Nelson’s daughter still lives, and is married to Captain Ward, late of the 81st regiment.

Before the death of Sir William Hamilton, Lord Nelson had made his house their common residence. At the death of the former, he, with something of an affected decency, quitted it for private lodgings. Sir William left his widow totally unprovided for. He thought, as Nelson thought, that the government would not hesitate to make her an ample provision for her services. In the mean time, waiting for an event that was never to occur, Lord Nelson purchased Merton. It is yet the object of many a sailor’s pilgrimage, and is about ten minutes’ walk from the Wimbledon station. Here he offered the deserted widow and the mother of his child a refuge—nay, more, a home. It was such to her; for there she enjoyed the homage and respect not only of every member of Nelson’s family, but also of the great and good of the exterior world. Never was woman placed in so anomalous a condition, in which the anomaly was so carefully concealed from herself and unheeded by the world.

It should have had the realities of the virtue of which it bore so well the semblance. That it had not was, perhaps, one of the causes why it endured so brief a space. It is most touching to read the letters of Nelson, cited by Dr. Pettigrew, and written to his child’s mother *at home*. The heavy responsibilities connected with Trafalgar, the anxieties coming thick and fast, the duties he had to fulfil—none of these things rendered him forgetful of his treasure. For the safety of one little life his heart beat as only a parent’s heart *can* beat; and while meditating the array of battle, in which his own life was to cloud the splendor of the victory, he found leisure to send home detailed instructions how a substantial netting should be raised in the grounds of Merton to preserve little Horatia from falling into a pond ambitiously called the *Nile*. There wanted but one thing to give holiness to Nelson’s character as a father.

To this, as to all his worldly glory, and to all the felicity that had hitherto rested upon Merton, a sudden termination was given by the fatal ball which struck him, when his glory was greatest, on the deck of the *Victory* at Trafalgar. The

last request of such a man, made in such an hour, and amid such a triumph, purchased by him with his heart's blood—the dying request of such a man ought to have been held sacred by his country. For five years Lady Hamilton struggled on at Merton; she made application to every source, but she applied in vain. The recompense justly due to her for services rendered was withheld or denied under the most shabby and futile pretences. The worst of all, perhaps, was the pretence, or the plea, of the length of time that had expired since the service itself was rendered!

In a codicil annexed to his will, and made by Nelson as he was about to enter into action at Trafalgar, the admiral, with a strong feeling that death was near him, asked two favors of his king and country, in whose defence he was about to offer up his own life—one was, protection and provision for Lady Hamilton, whose late husband was the king's foster-brother; the other, good-will for his "adopted daughter." He solemnly bequeathed both to his sovereign and his fellow-countrymen. When the will was proved, this codicil was held back by the Rev. William Nelson, although he and his family had been partaking of Lady Hamilton's hospitality for months. Indeed, during six years, she was a second mother to his children, to whom he recommended Lady Hamilton as an example, and enjoined obedience to her as an instructress. "The earl, (says Dr. Pettigrew—for the reverend gentleman was created an earl)—fearful that Lady Hamilton should be provided for in the sum Parliament was expected to grant to uphold the hero's name and family, kept the codicil in his pocket until the day 120,000*l.* was voted for that purpose. On that day he dined with Lady Hamilton in Clarges street, and, hearing at table what had been done, he brought forward the codicil, and, throwing it to Lady Hamilton, coarsely said she might now do with it as she pleased. She had it registered the next day at Doctor's Commons, where it is now to be seen."

With insufficient means to live in her old dignity at Merton, and with little knowledge of how to make the best of those means, accustomed to find others her stewards, and unused to provide for hours of necessity, she at length found herself compelled to make an assignment of the home which Nelson had established for her and their child. She removed to Richmond, and, subsequently, had lodgings in Bond street. Pursued by creditors, without her child, for whom she had no home—and for whom such protection as she could give was not that which a child most needed—she led a miserable life, which was hardly rendered more miserable by her incarceration, in 1813, in the King's Bench. She passed ten months in this captivity, and was only relieved at last by the humanity of Alderman Smith. With freedom came no measure of happiness; utterly destitute, and abandoned by those who in the days of her prosperity professed to be her slaves, she fled the country that would not aid her, and sought succor in a foreign land. She found shelter, and nothing

more, in Calais, in a miserable house, kindly lent her, however, by a Monsieur de Rheims. That it was only shelter, and nothing else, may be inferred from the following account handed to Dr. Pettigrew by the lady who enacts in it so graceful a part:—

Mrs. Hunter was in the habit of ordering meat daily at a butcher's for a little dog, and on one of these occasions was met by Monsieur de Rheims, who followed her, exclaiming, "Ah, madam!—ah, madam! I know you to be good to the English. There is a lady here who would be glad of the worst bit of meat you provide for your dog." When questioned as to who the lady was, and promising that she should not want for anything, he declined telling, saying that she was too proud to see any one, and that besides he had promised her secrecy. Mrs. Hunter begged him to provide her with everything she required, &c., as if coming from himself, and she would pay for it. This he did for some time, until she became very ill, when he pressed her to see the lady who had been so kind to her; and, upon hearing that her benefactress was not a person of title, she consented, saw her, thanked her, and blessed her.

Shortly after this her infirmities increased, and ultimately she died at Calais of water on the chest, on the 15th of January, 1815. Dr. Pettigrew gives no credence to the report of an anonymous foreign writer that she had been converted to the Romish faith, and had received the sacrament from a Romish priest as long before as during her confinement in the King's Bench. That she died, as the same anonymous author reported, in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and received its sacraments on her death-bed, can be as little confirmed. The Romish Church would have buried a convert with willing ceremony; as it was, the method of the sad solemnity was thus ordered for one who, even in death, remained, as described by Mrs. Hunter, exceedingly beautiful:—

Mrs. Hunter was anxious to have her interred according to English custom, for which, however, she was only laughed at; and poor Emma was put into a deal-box without any inscription. All that this good lady states that she was permitted to do was to make a kind of pall out of her black silk petticoat stitched on a white curtain. Not an English Protestant clergyman was to be found in all Calais or its vicinity; and, so distressed was this lady to find some one to read the burial service over her remains, that she went to an Irish half-pay officer in the Rue du Havre, whose wife was a well-informed Irish lady. He was absent at the time; but, being sent for, most kindly went and read the service over the body. Lady Hamilton—— was buried in a piece of ground in a spot just outside the town, formerly called the gardens of the Duchess of Kingston, which had been consecrated and was used as a public cemetery till 1816. The ground, which had neither wall nor fence to protect it, was some years since converted into a timber-yard, and no traces of the graves now remain. Mrs. Hunter wished to have placed a head or foot-stone, but was refused. She, therefore, placed a piece of wood in the shape, as she describes it to me, of a battlement, handle downwards, on which was inscribed "Emma Hamilton, England's friend." This was speedily re-

moved—another placed and also removed ; and the good lady at length threatened to be shot by the sentinel if she persisted in those offices of charity. A small tombstone was, however, afterwards placed there, and was existing in 1833.

To the latter assertion we may remark that no tomb-stone was existing there in the month of August of the latter year. We searched the field very narrowly for the purpose, and found but one record of the decease of an English sojourner. The grave itself was pointed out to us by a Calaisian, but its locality was only traditionary. About nine pounds' worth of effects, twelve shillings in money, a few clothes, and some duplicates of pawned plate, were all that was left by the companion and friend of queens. Little as it was, the reverend Earl Nelson hastened to Calais to claim it. He expected more, and in his cupidity wished to take the pledged trinkets without paying the necessary expenses for getting them out of pawn ; he would not even discharge the few debts incurred by her death. These were discharged by Mr. Cadogan, to whom Horatia was entrusted, (Mrs. Matcham, Nelson's sister, receiving her after Lady Hamilton's decease,) and to whom, as to Alderman Smith, the forlorn creature was indebted for much aid, ere death placed her beyond the need of requiring it.

This tale bears with it its own moral : retribution followed offence ; the commission of sin reaped its usual reward ; the wanderer from virtue was visited with terrible affliction ; and the penalty awaited not its commencement till the knell of the offender had summoned her to judgment. Thus much man knows, but with thus much he has not condescended to rest satisfied ; and the sons of the seducers have been eager to cast stones at her whom their fathers enticed to sin. In the remembrance of her faults they make no account of her services, of her suffering, or of her sorrows ; they have no idea that, if there was guilt, there might have been reconciliation, and that the dark season of her long last agony might have been passed in

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

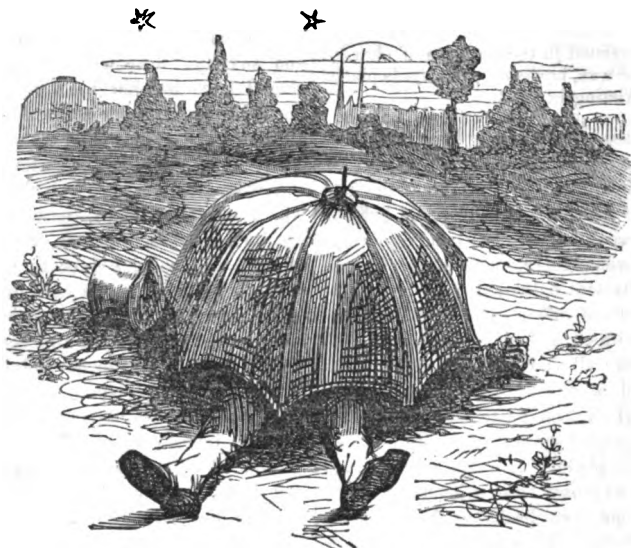
No ; man, who bore part in the offence, constituted himself the judge of this poor daughter of frailty, and she met with such mercy at his hands as man is accustomed to give.

Do not let it be supposed that we are advocates or even apologists in this case ; our only anxiety is that, in the sacrifice of one, impunity may not be gained by, perhaps, greater offenders. Let not the man who flung her beauty and her virtue into ruin be allowed to escape. Her sins were of man's making : if these are to be remembered, let his share in them form part of the example we are taught to avoid. By man she was ruined in body and perilled in soul. Throughout the course of

her life she does not appear to have met with one who acted by her in a spirit of Christian charity and anxiety. She was born with qualities that should have led her heavenward ; she was early pushed from the path thither tending ; nor amid all her royal, her noble, and, alas ! her clerical companions, was there one who persuaded her that she was erring—nay, but the contrary. The whole correspondence, now for the first time divulged in these volumes, shows the wickedness of men who could seduce to sin—their guilt in maintaining such terms with her who had fallen, as to make her feel assured that she had neither incurred sin nor merited disgrace—and their baseness in making her, in her helplessness, feel with double weight the penalty of a crime which they had, in the days of her greatness, held to be none. Let us, indeed, learn wisdom from a tale, the heroine of which does not afford the sole example that is to be avoided ; but be it also ours to remember her services rather than her sins. The latter, with those of the first seducer who made of her very charity a means to destroy her forever, may be left to Him who will render an unerring sentence, when seducer and victim are in presence together at the tribunal of truth. At all events, let not the hardest blows of humanity fall on the weakest offender. She would have been better but for man—that she was not much worse, was for no lack of energy on his part to make her so :

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us ;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it.
What's *done* we partly can compute,
But know not what's resisted.

AMONG the many serious consequences entailed upon Europe by the perfidy of the Austrian cabinet, not one of the least is that all regard for law and precedent, for the binding force of covenants, for the sanctity of oaths, will henceforth be weakened in the popular feeling. Contending parties will henceforth only appeal to considerations of abstract right or of policy, of which each party will naturally constitute itself the sole arbiter. The inevitable tendency of such breaches of royal faith is to render impossible the existence of any moderate party, and to encourage the adherence to extreme opinions. The constitutionalists, the friends of rational liberty, unless they are content to submit for the sake of momentary quiet to the rule of military despotism, or of no less paralyzing bureaucratic centralization, will be driven to make common cause with the ultra democrat and the republican theorist. Those who, with us, believe a constitutional monarchy to be the form of government best adapted for the preservation of order and for the security of true liberty in the great empires of Europe in the present phase of civilization, must reluctantly confess that the Archduchess Sophia and Prince Schwarzenberg have done more to bring royalty into disrepute than all the republicans of this or the last century.—*Examiner*, 29 Sept.



THE SHUT-UP ONE.

A LAY OF THE REGENT'S PARK.

THE night is dark and dreary,
The grass extremely damp;
My ear, it is a weary
Of yon policeman's stamp;
I'd call him, but I fear he
Would seize me for a tramp.

Alone within the railings,
And it groweth late and lone;
Vain my repeated hailings—
The porters must have gone;
I may not climb the palings,
For I am sixteen stone.

I passed the gate a quarter
Before the clock tolled seven;
And now it's ten or arter—
By jingo that's eleven!
And here I sit a martyr,
Beneath the cope of 'eaven.

While getting mild and mellow
At Dobbs' pleasant board,
I little thought my pillow
Would be the swampy sward,
With nought but an umbrella
My wretched 'ead to guard!

Cuss on the fatal liquor,
Cuss on the pleasant talk,
That sent the bottle quicker,
And good intents did baulk;
Till I felt that I talked thicker,
And resolved to take a walk.

For in general over drinking's
An 'abit I abhor,
And I felt an 'usband's shrinkings
From knocking at my door,
To tell my MISSIS JENKINS,
That I'd do so no more.

Therefore I passed the gateway,
To go across the park;
Thinking to save a great way,
And not provoke remark,
By not walking in a straight way,
Which I didn't, 'cause 't was dark.

What man, whate'er the season,
Could reasonably doubt
That all let in, by reason,
Must also be let out;
Not left to perch the trees on,
Or bivouac about?

What man of business habits,
I ask, could e'er suppose,
That the Regent's Park would nab its
Walkers at evening's close,
And passengers, like rabbits,
Within its toils enclose!

My wife will scarce be apt to
Believe me if I say
That the Park gates are clapt to,
At the same hour each day;
That their times they don't adapt to
Let people get away.

• • • • •
The dews fall chill and steady,
And damp me to the skin;
I was cold without already,
And now I'm wet within:
If the porter is in bed, he
Is where I should have been!

And MISSIS JENKINS fretteth
Beside her flaring dip:
And oft her brow she knitteth,
And pulls an injured lip,
While her wretched husband sitteth
In a dreary state of drip.

I'll write the *Times* to-morrow,
About these vile park-keepers,
'And teach them to their sorrow
That men ain't railway-sleepers,
To camp out thus or borrow
Trees to stick on like creepers.

High is the fence and frowning,
And there are spikes a-top,
With a ditch outside for drowning
Poor creatures when they drop.
No! here damp and done brown, in
The Regent's Park I'll stop!—*Punch*.

CHAPTER VI.

THE following morning, as Casimir was driving his mother and his betrothed along the bank of the river, where several peasants were at work breaking up the bridge for the winter, descriing Pavel among them, he drew up, and beckoned him to approach.

"What do you want of that dangerous-looking man?" said the young lady, in some surprise.

"You will see," said Casimir, his eyes flashing with a peculiar delight.

"Remember, Casimir, your father's commands," said the countess. "Do not, I beg, quarrel with that peasant."

"Never fear," replied Casimir. "I must teach the dog proper respect. Come here, Pavel Jakubka. Yesterday I was about to give you a lesson; you escaped it then. To-day you shall not." So saying, he raised his whip; the lash cut right across Pavel's glowing countenance, immediately raising a weal from which the blood freely spouted; and, before Pavel could recover from the shock, the sledge had borne his enemy far away.

It must not be supposed that Casimir's heart was thoroughly bad, though certainly hardened by the consciousness of much power, and by his education having been neglected. He considered Pavel as an obstinate, ill-natured fellow, whose spirit wanted the curb, and whose temper deserved chastisement; but he left him in a state bordering on frenzy.

Not many hours after this infliction, whilst yet smarting, both physically and mentally, under the sting of the insult, he received a summons from the Countess Stanoiki to repair to her presence. Enraged as he was, even against the innocent witnesses of his disgrace, he dared not disobey; accordingly, with bosom full of vengeful thoughts, he took his way to the chateau. He now crossed that threshold for the first time since he had bounded over it with joy to leap into the general's carriage, on that memorable occasion in his life which was never absent from his mind. He paused there for a moment, overcome with the notion of profaning that dwelling with such feelings as now agitated him. His knees trembled; he could with difficulty support himself as he entered that saloon where he had so often played in the unconscious glee of childhood. He stared around in bewilderment. On yon couch once sat she whose memory had never faded from his thoughts; whom he venerated more than any saint that his religion acknowledged; who was enshrined in his innermost heart. That gentle being, whom prosperity could not spoil, had in this very apartment fondled him as her son! Through that door used to slip noiselessly in, the meek Seraphinka; through the other, the knightly figure of the count—whose countenance, now averted, was then turned to him full of benevolent tenderness—would present itself. Some few additional things, not many, had found their way

into the apartment. But there was one low stool, embroidered by Vanda's own hand, of which few of the household knew the origin; but he remembered how those flowers had grown under the fingers of that hand now cold in death. As he gazed on these familiar objects, remembrances crowded thick upon him; nor did he seem even aware of the presence of the countess—so deep was his absorption.

She sat, quite alone, embedded in a *chauffeuse* near the window. This was the day generally consecrated by her to the remembrance of her brother; she was, accordingly, dressed in a black robe, and had a solemn air about her, which subdued, if it did not altogether destroy, that insolence of expression which made her a universal object of dislike to those who were not so fortunate as to be her equals. Had the countess at that hour been inspired by the genius of mildness, not only would she have obtained at once the intelligence she wished to extract from Pavel, but she might have turned away many a dark thought from his stubborn breast. But that good angel had never visited her. Many an influential member whom her husband had sought to gain over to the Polish cause, the countess, in spite of herself, had cooled; incapable as she was of conquering her pride to the degree of yielding herself up to the tide of conversation with that forgetfulness of her own claims to social distinction, with that sincere acknowledgment of the mental or moral qualifications of others, which wins golden opinions from all sorts of men. She never remembered, or, perhaps, scorned to believe—what is, nevertheless, true—that the great, when they seek to attach those whom they deem their inferiors, should be lenient and forgiving, having also something for which they need forgiveness—namely, those very advantages they are so proud of, and which excite enough of malignant feeling in the less-favored of mankind, without any gratuitous effort of their own to augment it. But the countess had a sort of feverish consciousness of superiority, which made her infinitely exaggerate to herself the value, in the eyes of others, of those advantages she really possessed. She fancied she had yielded much, where people perceived no concession; that people were flattered by advances which they, on their side, took as a matter of course. With those completely beneath her, the distance seemed so great that they never troubled her thoughts, nor occupied her attention in any way; they were as if they existed not. Like the trees and rocks in the landscape, they were part of the creation, and that was all. She had, indeed, a vague consciousness of its being a wise dispensation that they should exist—of its being quite in the order of things that there should be laborers in the hive to feed and tend the queen-bee—beyond that, her philosophy of life went not. Such a woman as Vanda would, with one look, one word, have melted the ice at Pavel's heart. Such a woman as the Countess Sophie was likely to turn it to stone. In this room, so fraught with

the past, there seemed to enter a breath of that past into the young man's soul; to touch there the easily-vibrating chord of emotion which lies hidden in every breast. One kind word would have sufficed; but of kind words or soft looks the Countess Sophie had not the gift. Her sterile nature was reflected from her eyes, as, from her reclining position, looking carelessly on the opposite wall, she said, in her habitual hauteur,

"I understand, young man, you have spread about the village a report that you have a clue to the fate of the count, my brother. Is this true?"

"It is not," said Pavel, firmly. "I never spread such a report."

"But you do know something," said the countess; "you have a clue."

Pavel remained silent.

"Come, young man," resumed the countess, her eyes wandering from the wall to the window, "no trifling. If you have any knowledge of the count's fate, tell quickly what you do know, for your own sake."

Still Pavel spoke not; nor did the countess turn her eyes towards him.

"I will force her to look at me," thought Pavel; "her eyes shall be contaminated by the consciousness of my individual existence."

After a slight pause, the countess said—"I might resort to severity, but I prefer trying mild means first. Here is money." She threw a few silver coins on the floor. "If your intelligence be worth more, you shall have it."

"I am no beggar," said Pavel, coldly; "and I know nothing."

The countess now turned full upon him, to see the man who could refuse her money. "I perceive what I have heard of your temper is true," said she. "Ring that bell."

Both parties were silent until the servant entered.

"Take this man below," she said; "and look to it that he do not leave the house until you have the count's further orders."

A short time subsequently, Casimir reëntering, the countess, in a few brief words, informed him of what had passed between herself and Pavel.

"We must have him before the justice," said the young count, "and get this obstinacy drubbed out of him; he is the most incorrigible man on the whole estate."

The general, coming in at that moment, overheard these words, and demanded an explanation.

"Again, Jakubka!" he exclaimed. "That unfortunate young man is never out of trouble!"

A domestic presented a paper to the count, whose cheek flushed, and whose brow became dark, as he cast his eyes over the few hasty lines, scrawled under the impulse of violent passion. They ran thus:—

I know my crime is, that I am not humble enough, where humility is the only road to favor. Let not that weigh against me. Let mercy inspire you! Permit me to leave the estate—nay, furnish me with the means of doing so. You owe me a protection

you have never extended to me. You have made me wretched; and, because I looked my wretchedness, I have been made a butt to persecution. That was not enough; your son *struck* me!—and I understand the countess means to have me fustigated! This I cannot, and *will not*, forgive! For your own sake, as well as mine, I entreat you to let me go. But I cannot go unassisted, to be everywhere beaten and imprisoned as a vagabond! This much, under our peculiar circumstances, I have a right to demand; and this I do now demand for the last time. I await your answer.

Had the unfortunate young man sincerely wished for the boon he asked, it is probable that he would have couched his demand in another tone—in a tone more calculated, according to the manners of his country, to make a favorable impression; but crime, which had been hovering for years around his heart, had now a firm gripe of him. He felt Satan busy within his breast, and made one last desperate effort to save the count and himself; but without any hope, and, certainly, at that moment, without any sincere desire of success.

"Wretched boy!" exclaimed the general, pacing up and down the apartment, in great agitation; "wretched boy!" The count saw nought in this letter beyond the insolence of a boor who knows he has his master's secret in his own keeping. "He dares to threaten me! However, this spirit might extend among the serfs; it must be checked in the bud. Had he been good and resigned, I might ———. But it does not matter. These are not times, with the French propaganda in our villages, to overlook such things. This letter is a serious grievance." And the general left the room.

The infliction of corporal chastisement on Pavel he did not deem sufficient; the additional punishment of close confinement seemed to him necessary, in order to bring the young man to a sense of his grave offence; and he gave orders accordingly. That the matter weighed on his mind, however, was clear, from the earnestness with which he defended his principles, some hours later, at dinner. A young Frenchman, just arrived from Paris with letters from the committee of Polish emigrants, dined that day with the family; and, after making assiduous inquiries into the state of Galicia, passed judgment with the usual French rapidity.

"You are far too feudal here," he said.

"Do you think so?" said the countess, with an ineffable sneer; since, as the Frenchman bore no title, for the Countess Sophie, he was "not born;" and his opinions had such an utter want of all value in her eyes, that she was surprised at his giving himself the trouble to emit them. Not so the general.

"We and our people," he replied, gravely, "are content with this state of things, to which centuries have inured all parties."

"Are you quite certain that they have inured your peasantry?"

"Our peasantry, sir, like most people, are happiest when submitted to wise restrictions. Come, there has been a great deal said of our barbarities hereabouts by the liberty-mongers of other

lands; they traduce us in a laughable manner. One would imagine, when listening to their representations, that, from the moment we get up to the time we go to bed, we occupy ourselves in devising plans for the annoyance of our serfs, or in ordering and witnessing corporal punishment."

"But," argued the Frenchman, "you cannot deny that corporal punishment is sometimes inflicted. I have myself seen a gypsy boy cruelly maltreated, in the presence of one of the lords, hereabouts; and, by his orders, the coachman apply his whip to the naked shoulders of a gypsy girl, who came begging on the road."

"Granted," said the count. "But you do not find yourself here in the midst of the civilization and refinement of your western capital. We are surrounded by semi-barbarians, and must treat them as such. These very gypsies you speak of, despite all the efforts made to redeem them, and though a large number have consented to settle in villages, and even profess the forms of Christianity, have, for the most part, remained as unreclaimed as ever. They know no law, human or divine. They are the Pariahs of our provinces, who, like vultures, feed on carrion. You fancy I speak figuratively, but it is literally true; they are not less disgusting in their habits than abandoned in their characters. Our only check upon their lawlessness is by inspiring them with a wholesome terror."

"But your own people—you allow them to remain in brutalizing ignorance."

"Has education," said the count, "improved people in other lands—I mean, made them happier! It has only rendered abortive the control of governments, which is necessary and wholesome. I have been in German villages that are relieved, in part, from feudal tenure, where the people are what you call educated, and belong to the state. I cannot say I found them so mild, or their morals and conduct looked after as they would have been under the eye of a residing nobleman. In one village, a man beat his wife under circumstances of aggravated cruelty. Had this occurred in one of my villages, I would have had the fellow severely punished. I witnessed, at other times, acts of cruelty to animals that pass belief; and yet the authorities took no notice whatever. I should have had the perpetrators taught humanity in a lesson they would not easily have forgotten. Believe me, a certain degree of restraint is to the advantage of the people themselves."

"True," said the Frenchman, "if you spent your time improving the morality of your people, your feudal system would be a useful institution; but when this power devolves, as it does in many cases, for years upon stewards, the masters being far away, it becomes pernicious. All these rights were given at a time when people lived wholly on their estates. I doubt not that in some instances this unrestrained power is wielded with lenity; but the system, as a system, is bad."

The count's color rose as the stranger thus unconsciously touched upon his own long absence from his estate. He answered, evasively—"One

must be born in a country, to enter fully into the spirit of its manners and institutions."

"And I hold," said the Frenchman, laughing, "that none but foreigners can judge sanely of what touches too nearly a nation's interests."

The general did not let the subject fall, but attacked it again and again with great persistence. Perhaps it was expecting too much of human disinterestedness to suppose that the nobles would have tacitly consented to the abolition of these feudal rights, especially of the *robot*, which diminishes their fortunes by at least one good half, as any one will see who takes the trouble to compute the value of an estate having no outlay for labor, teams, &c.—whose profits are equal to the highest state of cultivation, and whose tillage, if paid for, would absorb a large yearly revenue—and compare it with the value of one of equal size, entailing the necessary outlay for cattle and husbandry; and in so doing he will easily understand why the nobles of the Austrian states clung so steadfastly to this feudal prerogative.*

The right of private justice, which, until very recently, existed in the greater part of Germany, and those countries subject to its sway, and which was certainly very hard upon the peasantry—for the lord thus became accuser and judge at the same time—they were not unwilling to resign; for it was a right as onerous to the noble as to the serf. A man purchasing an estate of feudal tenure could not dispense with it. He was obliged, at his own cost, to provide subaltern officers of the law, rural police, and so forth; governments, heretofore, having been too glad to get rid of the enormous outlay which the maintenance of these servants of the state throughout so vast a country would have imposed. The right, too, of naming authorities in the villages and townlets, being a mere matter of pomp and circumstance, they would probably have given up without much opposition; but their rights of fishing and hunting were part and parcel of the German nobility, the fairest fruit of their parchments, and, if not the most profitable, certainly the highest-prized of their privileges. And these were precisely what weighed most on the lower class; for they were the only relics of more barbarous times that placed the life of the boor at the mercy of the lord. Any poacher, or man supposed to be poaching, found in the forest, might be shot by the noble or his gamekeeper. Until the memorable year 1848, perhaps not one season passed without many lives being lost in this manner; certainly there is scarcely an estate, from north to south, in which an event of this

* The several constituent assemblies of Germany, especially that of Frankfort, have abolished all these feudal rights and privileges; and it does not seem very likely, disputed as their authority may be in other respects, that it will ever be possible to reestablish them. But to enable the reader to form some notion of the difference the cancelling of these rights makes in the worth of landed property, it may suffice to instance the case of a lady known to the writer, who, on an estate of moderate size and value, had, immediately after the change effected in March, 1848, to disburse no less than £500, merely to procure the necessary cattle to continue the labor that had yet to be done.

nature has not taken place within the last ten years. This law of summary justice, joined with that which compels the peasant to assist in the battues, has caused more bitter blood between the lord and the serf, than, perhaps, any other. It is singular, that not even the rents in kind—nor the right of grazing for the lord's cattle, to whatever amount, upon their vassals' meadows—nor that of laying these same meadows under water at all times and seasons, for the purpose of damming the brooks and rivulets for fishing—not all these grievances, small and great, which the revolution of 1793 put an end to in France, and which subsisted more or less throughout Germany and its dependencies until 1848, weighed so heavily upon the peasantry as these compulsory laws of the chase.

It is in vain for the nobles to contend, as they used to do, that this and other feudal exactions were the custom of the land. It is a custom to which the boors never patiently submitted, which caused the peasants' war in 1500, and certainly will not leave Germany quiet until the last trace of feudality has ceased to exist.

Events were now drawing to a head. The Count Soboski having fled to Lemberg, in order to place himself beyond the reach of suspicion or intrigue, from thence penned a last admonitory letter to the general.

"Withdraw before it is too late," so ran the epistle, "I entreat—I conjure you, my noble friend. I see you surrounded with dangers, some of which you do not even suspect. Not but I know that fear has no power over you; but to throw away life uselessly, is unpardonable in a man like you, whose existence is, in so many ways, useful to his country. Even should your party succeed in restoring Poland to itself, it would be only to establish, in spite of yourselves, a Polish republic; not an anarchy of nobles, such as you dream of—the Poland of 1700, with its perpetual feuds, desolating elections, and unbounded aristocratic power. But, no; I do you wrong, generous Stanoiki; your noble mind contemplates but one thing—the liberation of your country. You see nothing beyond that bare fact, and therein do you err—"

The general scarce gave himself the trouble to peruse this friendly scroll, but threw it by disdainfully; the salutary advice was forgotten, and the monitor despised. Stanoiki was altogether engrossed with one idea, and he would see it in but one light. He was about to stake his all—honor—freedom—fortune—life—upon a die. All minor considerations, every other care, faded away before that one thought—to restore Poland, or perish in the attempt. This was the heroic resolve that filled his breast, which he was proud to inculcate in his son; and never was patriotism mixed with less alloy. Alas, the blindness that will not permit us to see things through any medium but our own narrow views!

The rebellion now began to assume a formidable character; it flung away the mask, and

advanced boldly to the work. The blow did not fall unexpectedly upon Austria. Still, it was not to be parried easily; and one decided advantage on the side of the Poles, and the partial ignition would spread rapidly into a general and unquenchable conflagration. But to obtain that advantage, the peasantry must be brought to join heart and hand with the nobles; a climax that seemed not easy of attainment. The clergy and Polish emissaries had moved heaven and earth to rouse the villagers; whose obstinacy or indifference presented inert, though, in most instances, immovable obstacles. But nowhere was this felt more than on the estate of Stanoiki. Insensibly, indeed, an uncomfortable feeling had crept between the inhabitants of the castle and those of the villages. The count had held up golden promises, and had recourse to persuasion, to induce the latter to embrace the cause; but in vain. They alleged their duty to the emperor—he was a kind master, they said; they could not think of turning against him. If the enterprise failed, they did not know what punishment might come upon them. Threats were as vain as promises and persuasions. Against the former they pleaded the protection afforded them by the law of the empire; and as to the promises, they shook their heads, with looks that said, as plainly as looks could say, "We know their worth." Had this passive resistance been confined to the general's estate, it would have been an omen of less significance; but the same thing occurred on all the neighboring domains, and on those of other provinces; nay, even the nobility of the different circles of Galicia were not all fired with equal zeal—all were, indeed, secretly attached to the cause, but many had not the courage openly to avow it.

Such was the state of things when Pavel, boiling with indignation at the treatment he had received, was set at liberty. He had suffered more during his confinement than the general would have permitted, had he been consulted; but he was far too much preoccupied to attend to such matters. February had set in cold and foggy. Duski had been repeatedly urged by some of the villagers to put Jakubka's cottage in a state to face the severity of the season; but, secure now of the disgrace the young man had fallen into at the castle, although the demand was in rule, he obstinately refused. Accordingly, when Pavel reentered his house, it was to find it in a far worse condition than that in which he had left it. Old Jakubka, too, profiting by his absence to sell every vendible article she possessed, and all the provisions her son had laid by for the winter, and having spent every farthing she could lay her hands upon in drink, now lay on a bed of sickness, from which it did not seem likely that she would rise again, the baneful habit having told at last on her enfeebled constitution. The count, since the receipt of Pavel's last letter, had withdrawn the pension, leaving her in a state of utter destitution; but Pavel hailed the struggles of want with a feeling approximating to pleasure, for it permitted

him to indulge still more unrestrainedly in the dark hatred that devoured him. Greatly was the old woman relieved when the announcement of this fact elicited no remark; and, clasping her hands, and crossing herself, she gave utterance to the joy she felt at sight of her son once more.

"At least," she exclaimed, "I shall not die like a dog, without kin or kith by my side, to see me off on the long journey."

"Are you sure I shall mourn you?" said the young man, sternly.

The old woman groaned aloud. "No, no!" she said, "that you will not; and yet I meant it all so well."

But loneliness has something so dreadful, especially when stretched on the bed of death, that she was grateful for seeing his gloomy face overshadowing her threshold—glad to hear his unkind voice. Besides, he was seldom alone. He had now become an important man in his village, was looked up to by the peasants, and sought after with an eagerness which showed what reliance they placed upon his talents and energy. He was their spokesman on all occasions; and his evenings were invariably devoted to the public-house. The neighbors, who had always fled old Jakubka's dirty cottage and despised self—who, like Pavel, had considered her at one time nothing better than a witch, and who had then disliked her son for his mopish habits—now flocked around her bed of an evening, to keep her company during his absence, and to sing his praise. So unstable is the current of human opinion, now running joyously in the direction whence it receded but a short time before.

One afternoon, the peasantry of Stanoiki were reunited in greater numbers than on any former occasion, in and around a large barn, belonging to one of the more opulent of the villagers. Indeed, not only all the available men of that part, but the leading tenants of the estate generally were there. Many, too, had come from a distance; delegates, it would seem, from other domains, eager to show their sympathy with the popular cause. Pavel was, as usual, the spokesman; and though what he said was but simple, it suited the comprehension of his auditors.

"The thing for us to consider," he said, "is this. We must take a decided part on one side or the other. This neutrality cannot last. We all know that we have nothing good to expect from our masters—experience of the past has sufficiently shown that; whereas the emperor has no laws but such as have conduced, more or less, to the bettering of our lot. Therefore, we resolve to remain faithful to the emperor. Do we not?"

"Why, we prove it daily," said one of the peasants.

"You do nothing against him," resumed Pavel, "and he cannot punish you. Very well. But there the matter ends, you have no profit; whereas, if you stood by him, you would merit reward, and, doubtless, obtain it. The moment our lords are rebels, they are without the pale of the law—

they cease to be our masters; for, when the emperor catches them, don't you see, what will he do!—hang them by the dozen, like berries, on the trees, and confiscate their lands! And, who'll do *robot* then? If we be true and stanch men, we'll do it no longer. The emperor, to reward our fidelity, will remove it altogether!"

"But if we side with our masters," said a peasant, "they say they'll give it up also."

"And you believe them, Zdenko?" But don't you see the thing is a stupidity on the face of it! The emperor will give it up, because he has never profited by it. It is as if Michel was giving away Joseph's house—well, he does it without caring; but it is another question if Joseph could make up his mind to part with it. We don't till the emperor's lands, nor lend him our cattle; be you sure that makes a great difference. But now, if we go on with the *robot* as usual, we are actually traitors, and shall be treated as such; because, if we serve the enemies of the emperor, we must expect to share their punishment. Just in this way, if Joseph hates Michel, and we side with Michel, Joseph will give us a good drubbing, if he can—don't you see? It's quite clear. But if we refuse the *robot*, stand out against our lords, and side with the emperor, and are his friends, he then says, 'My dear children, you shall not have the *robot* any more; provided you pay my taxes, it's all right and smooth.' Just as you say to a friend who helps you to thrash the man you have quarrelled with, 'Come to the public-house, and I'll give you a dram of brandy!' Therefore, I say, my friends, no more *robot*; for, if our lords be powerful, let us remember we are backed by one who is yet more powerful. I say again, down with the *robot*!—he is a dog who yields it! Down with our masters!—it were well for the land if the seed were lost!"

The tremendous applause which this speech elicited, proved that it had found its way to the understanding and feelings of the listeners. The stamping of feet and the clapping of hands were drowned in their loud vociferations; and the affrighted wolves scampered over the plain as they heard in the distance the yells of their foe-tribe more dreadful than their own.

That cry reached, too, the ears of Duski, who was at that moment entering the village, to collect men and horses for the following morning, for the purpose of breaking the ice on a small pond not far off, and transporting it to the castle cellars; and, judging by the uproar that there must be many gathered together, he made in the direction whence the sound proceeded, wondering in his heart what could have given rise to so exuberant an expression of joy. He had not proceeded many paces, when he encountered a party of stragglers from the barn; and, stopping, he ordered them upon that service. But, with the formal declaration that they considered the *robot* at an end, now and forever, and that they would henceforth recognize no other authority but that of their lord the emperor, who knew how to pun-

ish traitors, the peasants, one and all, refused to obey. Duski, for a moment stunned by this unexpected announcement, soon rallied, and stormed and threatened in his usual abusive and violent manner. But the serfs no longer listened with the downcast eyes and heaving breasts of men whose resentment is kept down by fear; but met his menacing looks with looks as stern; and Duski, alone, and unarmed, began to cast about him anxious glances for some means of retreat. No issue was free, however. Men, women, and children hemmed him in; and the scythes, pitchforks, and flails in the hands of the former, showed him that they were not without hostile intentions. His conscience, roused in this hour of danger, whispered how little he had done to merit their goodwill—how much he had done to excite their hatred; and, silent and abashed, he stood trembling in the midst of them, revolving in his craven mind in what manner to soften their present exasperation. Suddenly, a bright thought occurred to him; and, raising his head, with an air of animation, he said,

"Well, my friends, you ought to tell this to your lord, not to me. Shall I go and tell him? He cannot now bring troops from Lemberg, to compel you, since it is his turn to dread them."

"We don't want you. We mean to tell him ourselves!" shouted one of the men. "That bait won't take, master steward."

"To the castle! to the castle!" vociferated the peasants, catching at the idea suggested by their companion. And the movement in the crowd, consequent upon the momentary excitement, enabled Duski to turn his horse's head, and make off with himself at full speed; nor did he draw rein until he had almost cleared the space betwixt the village and the chateau. But, as he was about to turn from the bank of the river, up a small road leading to the latter, a troop of young men, with Casimir at their head, came galloping towards him, in such excitement that they evidently were not conscious of his presence till they were close upon him.

"You here, Duski?" said Casimir, drawing up the moment he saw the steward. "You should be down at the mine, or in the village, doing your best to arm the people and get them ready."

"Arm—arm the people!" faltered Duski. "Against whom?"

"Against whom! why, against the German foe, of course—against the oppressor! Pshaw! You are but an old fool, after all. We must look to this matter ourselves, gentlemen. Let us lose no time prating with this silly old man. On—on! We must get into the field, cost what it may!" And, giving the spur to his willing brute, he resumed his headlong course over the plain.

Duski remained rooted to the spot. His first intention had been to warn the general of the disordered state of the village; but, as he looked after the gallant little band, now fast receding

from view, a new current was given to his thoughts.

"Ha! I am an old fool, an owl, a silly old man! So I am, in truth, to care about you or your lady-mother. After all, matters begin to look very ugly hereabouts. At best, the emperor confiscates the estates; and then, Duski, what will become of you, in the midst of a mob that hates you? You had better, I think, make off with yourself and family as soon as may be; and as to the count, it's no concern of yours—they are no *friends* of yours, that I know of."

The countess, as usual, had contrived to wound mortally the steward's wife and daughters—having sneered at their pretensions to accomplishments, bought very dear by them at a fashionable boarding-school in a provincial town, and prized accordingly—and having cast on them those peculiar glances of which she had the secret, and which made her as many enemies as there were persons on whom they fell. Duski remembered her *man-ner*, and that of her son; and it overbalanced, in his estimation, all the real grounds for gratitude which should have warmed his heart in the interest of those whose bread he had eaten for years—through inordinate profits upon whose revenues he had been able to enjoy so many advantages. Not the spotless life of the countess—her piety, patriotism, maternal affection—nothing pleaded in favor of the proud woman; and Duski left her to her fate, retracing his way homeward with all speed, to prepare for immediate flight.

Meanwhile, the cavalcade, with Casimir at its head, pursued their way towards the village. They had nearly reached it, when, crossing a field, and coming directly towards them, they observed a large body of men, who, from the weapons they bore—for the sun played upon the broad blades of the scythes—were evidently bent on some important work. Casimir was the first to perceive them. The moment he did so, he exclaimed—

"Here they are; already on the march! We'll head them, and proceed at once to——. There is nothing like striking the iron whilst it is hot. The town is small—utterly unprepared—and, in our hands, might be turned to some advantage. In war, as in everything else, *il n'y a que le premier pas qui conte*. Seize but upon two such towns—report will make them twenty; and the rest will surrender at discretion. Now for it!—To the work; and be eloquent!"

The next instant the two bands met and halted. It was a strange contrast—that gallant little band, with their Polish caps of crimson and silver, jauntily set on their perfumed locks—their elegant forms and trim mustaches—their mettled steeds, English riding-whips in the well-gloved hand—their silver-mounted pistols, in holsters lined with crimson cloth; and that close, compact body of men, wrapped in sheep-skins, that seemed to increase the clumsy, heavy appearance of the wearers—their weapons, attributes of Ceres rather than Mars, all dreadful as they are, in such hands—their habitually listless, melancholy look, ex-

changed for one of savage brutality, which disfigured the mouth with harsh lines, and lighted the eyes with malignant fires. Involuntarily the mind of the beholder reverted to the wild animal when roused. Their hair seemed to bristle, their eyes to glare, as they shook themselves, ready for the combat.

Casimir addressed them with a short but energetic appeal to their patriotism, and their zeal for his house, which had raised the banner of Poland. His father, he said, had sent him, his only son, into the struggle. Let them follow the example of their lord ; and let the fathers bring their gray hair, and their youngest-born their fair locks, into the field for their country ! True patriot was he alone who would shed his heart's best blood on the altar of his country. Up against Austria ! Let them clip the eagle's talons that had torn them asunder, and blunt his beak, that was red with the gore of their fathers ! Their brothers in Posen had risen. In Cracow—in Warsaw—they were on the eve of breaking forth ; and Poland, like a mighty stream, divided for a time by intervening obstacles, would again reunite in one broad sheet. Let them follow him now, as they stood there—with no other arms—no more preparation ; and he would lead them on at once to victory and honor. "Come !" he concluded, "my faithful friends, follow your lord and leader."

Casimir turned his horse's head, but not a foot stirred, not even one eye responded to his impassioned address.

"Come, my men—march !" he cried, in a voice tremulous with eagerness. "Why do you stand there, like so many blocks !"

"Long life to the emperor !" shouted the vassals, with one voice, in stentorian accents. "Long life to the Austrian eagle ! It is not his talons that have scraped up our sowings, and destroyed our saplings ; not his bill that has devoured us. We know our foes from our friends. No *robot* now, or ever ! No *robot* ! No more oppression ! The emperor, and no *robot* ! Long live the emperor !"

"And Poland !" exclaimed Casimir, with impetuosity ; "ye false knaves and cowards !—your mother-country—"

"Has given us no father," said Pavel, standing forth ; "nothing but masters. We and our fathers have toiled for you centuries. We have borne your blows ; but we will not fight, be fined, imprisoned, hung, for you ! Say I not well, my men !"

Loud and prolonged acclamations succeeded these words.

"Long live the emperor ! No *robot* !—We 'll stand to that with our lives !"

"Recreants !" shouted a youth, displaying a red and white standard, which he had hitherto kept furled ; "look at this glorious banner, the colors of Poland—the colors that floated over Ostrolenko, and many a bloody field besides—the colors for which Kosciusko bled !"

But the peasants remained inflexible. "No

robot, and the emperor," was their answer to every appeal.

"Save Poland," said Casimir, "and we 'll see about satisfying your desires."

"Will you, though ?" said an aged man, placing himself before Pavel, who was again about to speak. "Who would not grant us schools ! Who let us grow up like cattle, that we might be driven like them ? We know as well as you do, and have not forgotten it in our hearts. We know what we are to expect if you again become masters of the country. I remember the day—I was young then—when we were not merely serfs—we were slaves. It was not then as now—a fixed time for labor, and a safe existence. We belonged to you at all times and hours, by day and by night. Then, we were obliged to march in your feuds, and perish without knowing why or wherefore. You not only beat us, but you hanged us. We had no sense—no thought ; we were but your tools. Who abolished all this !—the emperor. I remember how our masters railed and fumed at the time, and how they continued to hang us before they could be taught to leave it off."

"They but executed the law as it then stood," replied Casimir. "Whether judged by the tribunal of the empire or ours, what matters it to the offenders ?"

"Schools, and no *robot* !—Hurrah for the emperor, and for old Stepan ; and may he live to see the last serf, as he saw the last slave !"

"Insolent knaves !" said Casimir, stung to madness at being thus bearded by his father's peasantry before his friends. "Beasts ! follow me this instant, or some of you shall pay dearly for your disobedience !"

"None here will follow you," said Pavel, striding up to the horse's head, and laying his hand on the bridle.

At this insult every drop of blood forsook the cheek of the young nobleman. He tore a pistol from his holster, and, without even taking aim, fired. The ball grazed Pavel's hand, which let go the rein, and, slightly glancing, lodged deep in the breast of old Stepan, who instantly fell a corpse.

"Down with them !—Spare none !" shouted Pavel. "If you are men, leave not one alive ! They are traitors and rebels !"

The most prudent of the young men now turned their horses' heads in the direction of the castle, forcing Casimir along with them, in spite of his protestations. Stones flew after them ; but, being well mounted, they distanced the peasants without difficulty. They rode some distance before Casimir's coolness and reflection returned, when he was overwhelmed by the vehement reproaches of his friends. To his rashness and want of temper they attributed their signal failure, which, they said, might extend the spirit of insubordination into wider circles ; and, in order to prevent so great a calamity, it was unanimously determined that each should ride off in a different direction, to endeavor, by his presence, to preserve order. It was thought best that Casimir, against whom there was so

much ill-will, should return and inform the count of what had happened. Accordingly, with a hasty adieu, he set spurs to his horse, and, just as the light was beginning to wane, entered the courtyard of the chateau. He found his mother alone in the drawing-room, sitting in her arm-chair beside the window, looking over the bleak prospect that extended before her.

"Thank God! Casimir, you are come back at last!" she said. "I know not why, but I feel anxious."

"It is with sitting in this gloomy twilight," replied Casimir. "Where is my father?"

"Oh, you know to-day he cannot be seen."

"Ay, but I must see him though. I don't like the looks of the peasantry—they refuse to march."

"Heaven will turn their hearts," replied the countess.

The servants entered to place the lamps, having prepared everything for the announcement of dinner, no longer a regular meal at the castle, since political agitation had invaded every breast.

The sight of Stepan's lifeless body inflamed the peasants to such a pitch that, had not the party ridden off, they would have executed summary vengeance on the spot; but against their young count they were most vindictive.

"We must get him into our hands, dead or alive!" they shouted, moving forward, as if about to proceed direct to the chateau; but Pavel restrained them. They would not leave old Stepan's corpse lying like a dog in a ditch!—they would carry him home to his family! But so exasperated were the peasants, and so thoroughly roused within them was the instinctive taste for blood, inherent in all savage, untaught natures, that it was not an easy task to stay them. Pavel, always so bold, now faint-hearted! He, who ever urged them forward, retreat in the hour of trial! They could scarce credit their senses; and the words "traitor—villain—castle-spy!" were flung at him. But he opposed so calm a front to those who threatened, that the greater part cried "Shame!" and forced them to desist.

With the inconstancy of thought peculiar to mobs, of whatever kind, the suggestion of carrying old Stepan back to his village was now acted upon; and Pavel, suffering none to detain him, availed himself of the opportunity thus obtained to fly to his cottage, and, rushing in with breathless haste, approached the old woman's bed.

So absorbed was he in the one feeling of that hour, that he did not perceive the change that had come over her. Her fallen features—her glassy eyes—the earthy tints in her face—the spasmodic clutchings of her feeble hand—everything escaped him. He did not perceive that Jakubka's hour was come. He had given her his last farthing that morning, and the empty bottle by her bed-side proved how she had profited by the indulgence to shorten her fast-expiring lease of life—but Pavel heeded it not.

"I have sent away Maricia for the priest," she said, in a husky tone. "It is lucky you dropped in, Pavel; I shall at least take leave of you."

"You!—why!—wherefore!" said Pavel, almost unconsciously.

"Because I am dying," the old woman said, with a painful effort. "Don't you see how fast I am going?"

"Dying!" said Pavel. "Going fast!—No!" he exclaimed, like one awakening from a troubled dream; "no; it cannot be! I must first speak with you."

"Ha! ha! ha! as if death would wait for that. I never thought to laugh at such a time. But hand me some spirits—there are some left in that flask yonder. I know it is wrong just now, but the priest will set it all right, by and by; and you'll have masses said for my soul," she added, coaxingly, "won't you? for I have been a good mother to you all along, and ever meant it kindly, that I did. Thank you; the dram has revived me. I wanted to make a count of you, and had well nigh succeeded; but the countess ruined all. But then, when one comes to meet death face to face, how to carry a lie and a fraud with one into the grave! And then, there's confession and absolution. Where can the priest tarry so long, I wonder?"

"Yes—yes!" said Pavel, eagerly interrupting her, "this is surely the time when all scales should fall from blinded eyes; and truth—truth alone should well from the lips. Woman!—thou who art on the point of leaving this world, and hast nothing more to fear or to hope here below—thou who art already a stranger on earth—I implore thee to reveal the whole truth to me! Never mind the consequences. Neither great nor small shall have power over thee one hour hence. Speak the truth—I know it—I feel it here," striking his breast—"here, in my inmost heart. Thou art not—thou never couldst be—my mother."

"Unfeeling, ambitious boy!" murmured the old woman, "to deny me at my last hour. Holy Virgin! thou hearest him—to deny his dying mother!" Pavel covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud. "Oh, Pavel!" continued Jakubka, feebly, "once—once only—let me press your hand to my heart—to my lips. Come and lay your head but once close by mine. Let me feel your hair—place my hand on your head. I have not done so since you lay on my breast a helpless infant. It cannot make any difference now. I cannot trouble you any more. Once—only once—let me feel that I have a son."

Pavel flung himself on his knees beside the bed, and ejaculated passionately—"I will be more than a son to you if you but own the truth—the whole truth. Say but these words, 'I am not your mother!' Have you not had all my earnings, such as they were? Have I ever kept anything for myself beyond the strictest necessities? Have I ever thwarted or ill-treated you? Have I not protected you against the brutality of others?"

"Yes—yes! You have done all that—more than sons do in the general way; but I had rather you had robbed me, beat me, and called me 'mother.'"

"And you will reveal nothing, even at this awful time?"

"I take the Virgin to witness, I have nothing to reveal. But, Pavel," said the old woman, in tones every moment becoming weaker, "call me 'mother;' once—only once!"

Pavel sprang to his feet, and bending over the wizened, shrunken form, he said in a hollow whisper—

"One last question. On your salvation, what tie binds me to the count? The pension you received? In short, doubts have floated across my mind this day, nay, this very hour, even I——. But I must know the truth! On your salvation, what is the count to me?" As Pavel put the question, his eyes glared on the dying woman, his chest heaved, his hands grasped convulsively her coverlid, as though he were about to fall.

"Nothing," murmured the woman, in a feeble voice; "I take all the angels to witness—nothing but your master. Your father lies in the village cemetery beside your brothers, and where I would you laid me too. Pavel, one word more." But Pavel had turned from the bed, and was striding towards the ladder that led upwards to the loft where he usually slept.

"Pavel, the saints preserve you! Can you leave me at a time like this?"

"Silence, woman! The fiends are with me—not the saints," said Pavel, in a hoarse whisper.

The old woman fell back, speechless, on her bed, keeping her eyes fixed upon the hole through which her son had vanished. He soon reappeared. A straightened scythe was on his shoulder; in his broad belt was a long double-edged hunting knife; and an old pistol, a gift of Noah's, peeped from his bosom. As he descended the ladder, his face was disfigured by a demoniacal expression.

"Pavel!" cried the woman, roused by terror from the lethargy that was stealing on her—

"Pavel, you are not going to kill your own mother?"

"No!" said Pavel, with a sickening smile; "but, perhaps, I am about to do as hellish a deed! If I do, it's your fault, though. Ha! Here, in good time, comes the priest. I leave him with you; he will know better how to console and assist you at this moment than I."

At that instant, a middle-aged man entered the room, whose costume betrayed his calling.

"I see," said he, "you are arming in the good cause, my son. Detain him not, woman! Every Pole, whatever be his degree, owes his blood to his country. The blessing of Heaven, and of our holy mother the church, rests on the good patriot. Come here, my son; kneel, and receive my blessing—and let me bless your arms, too, that they may prove a lance and a shield to you."

"Pavel, stay with me," faintly murmured the dying woman.

"Detain him not from his mission," authorita-

tively put in the priest. Heaven inspires him! Come, my son; let me put the seal of grace on you."

"Thank you, good father," said Pavel, rather fiercely. "I am afraid you mistake altogether my mission."

"I saw the peasants assembled just now at the head of the village; and, to my inquiries, they answered they were awaiting further instructions—a banner, I suppose, from the castle."

"Ay—ay!" said Pavel, impetuously, "we seek our banner there. I have no time to lose; nor you either, good father, in shriving your penitent." So saying, he unceremoniously pushed by the priest, and left the cottage.

No sooner did he reach his companions than he exclaimed—

"Now is the time, my friends! To the castle! Bind the rebels and our task-masters! Burn their proud dwellings, and break their proud hearts! Let those who love the emperor, and hate the robot, follow me!" And placing himself at their head, by the side of Stepan's son, a well-armed, savage-looking giant, the whole party moved on in the direction of the chateau.

It was the anniversary of Vanda's death—a day which the general was in the habit of consecrating to her memory. He had that morning visited her grave, and afterwards retired to his own apartment—once hers—where he spent many hours, calling to mind her gentle virtues and devoted affection, the loss of which had left a void in his life that nothing, not even the pride he took in his son, could replace. For something there was—he could not say what, unless it were the spirit of the mother in the child—that had stood between his heart and Casimir's, from the cradle. It was nothing that could estrange a parent's affection, but something that checked the unrestrained flow of confidence. The boy had looked up to him with respect, but his mother had been his friend; and the general's life—so full of all the nameless joys of a happy home, during the lifetime of her whose death every passing day taught him to lament more bitterly—had been, since that event, inconceivably to himself, spent amid the hollow, vapid pleasures of society, from which he was averse from habit and taste, and in which his mind could find no food until politics absorbed it. Plunged as he was each year, at this epoch, in the same reflections, to-day they came home to his heart with the force of the first anniversary of his bereavement—perhaps from a consciousness that he was engaged on such courses as might soon lead him to a speedy reünion with her he loved.

He recalled Vanda in her early bloom, when he first conceived for her an attachment that for many years had been hopeless. Though they had known and loved each other from childhood, the day on which they acknowledged a new, a tenderer sentiment, seemed to him that on which they were first acquainted. He took, from a small reading-desk, her portrait, which had been painted at that epoch. Alas! the miniature had lost but little of its prie-

tine brightness ; whilst the original had long been mouldering in the grave. And that being, so beloved and so loving—that truest and tenderest of natures—had dealt him the severest blow that ever struck the heart of man. No occurrence in his existence had ever brought one portion of the rapture with which he had greeted Leon's birth. The bitter deception which followed had overshadowed his after-life, and tainted his paternal joys ; for at all times, between him and his own son, the image of that lost boy would start up uncalled, and no effort could chase it away. Casimir, in his childhood, had been sickly and cross—in his dawning manhood was ungovernable and presumptuous ; and the comparison between him and the joyous child to whom Vanda had taught the same devotion towards him that she herself entertained—wilful and high-spirited, yet ever brought under by one kind word—would ever present itself painfully. And he could not forget that he had lavished his first paternal emotions on that changeling—emotions which he could never feel again.

He knew that in Vanda's work-table there used to be a picture of Leon. He had not raised that lid since the day of her burial. He now felt a sort of awe in touching it. As he slowly drew the key from its secret recess, he paused. The figure of a dark young man, handsome, yet fierce, with an air of hopeless melancholy about him, rose up before his mind. Of that child, near whose bed he had watched in fond anxiety, whose head had rested on *her* breast—what had he made?—A serf ! With an unflinching hand, he had thrown him back into the slough whence hers had raised him. This was cruel, indeed ; and, though in his first blind passion he had not felt it, remorse had often visited him since for his harshness. " But what could I do ? " he almost involuntarily murmured aloud. " There was every proof of Vanda's having borne me a son ; there was none of that son's death. If I gave the boy an education and freedom, as I could not give him a family, might he not turn an intriguer, and, after my death, attempt to rob my son of his inheritance ?—bruit abroad a story, which, for the honor of the family, and chiefly for that of her who committed the fault, I have made every possible sacrifice to cover with an impenetrable veil ? Had he but been resigned to the lot which fate awarded him, I would have done much ; and though I might have had the weakness to avoid, I never should have forsaken him. But what did he ask of me ?—Education ! That were giving him arms against me and mine. Liberty to leave my property !—Ay, that he might spread far and wide the tale of his disinheritance ! After all, he but went to his natural home and friends. He was yet young enough ; I foolishly trusted he would lose all memory of the past, except what that old beggar-woman might chance to tell him. But my plan failed ; I know not what evil genius in the boy baffled it. And then he turns out to be thoroughly bad—indeed, how could the son of such people be otherwise ?—moody, discontented. He has dared to threaten even me, the benefactor

of his mother. There is no gratitude in his breast. How necessary, then, my prudence—how dangerous to have allowed him any power against me or mine ! Vanda, I reproach not thy memory ; but thy error has weighed heavily on me, and on that poor boy ! Perhaps it was cowardly to shun him—I should have spoken with him—counselled him ; but I could not conquer the adverse feeling."

The count strode hurriedly up and down the apartment. Again he approached the table, and, applying the key to the work-box, threw open the lid. The first thing that met his sight was a small piece of half-finished needlework, which he well remembered had been destined for himself. The old soldier's eyes were dim with tears as he looked on it. Some moments elapsed before he could bring himself to remove this article, which had been last touched, and there deposited, by the hand he should never see more. He did remove it, however ; when, side by side with the small case, which he knew to contain Leon's portrait, he perceived a letter addressed to himself, the impression of whose seal was flattened by time.

Although the general imagined that no incident connected with his beloved Vanda was forgotten by him, there was yet one to which she had alluded with her dying accents, that for the space of twenty years had never once obtruded on his thoughts. Her last words, " My letter, my letter," now rang in his ears. He made himself the bitterest reproaches for having forgotten to look for this precious document—nay, forgotten its very existence. It contained, doubtless, some expressions of a will which it would have been his greatest happiness to execute. With fear and trembling, he broke the seal. The letter had evidently been written under the dread Vanda experienced of dying during her husband's absence ; for it revealed the secret that weighed on her heart, but it contained also what her last agony had prevented her from uttering—a pathetic appeal to his generosity in favor of the unfortunate victim :—

Remember, she said, that we have loved him for years. Throw him not back upon that desolate life from which he sprang. It will be to me, in the realms above, a lasting consolation to know that your generous hand has repaired my fault towards that offending child. If his presence distresses you, send him to some distant land ; but let him have a good education, and an opening in life. Though he lose the father in you, in you let him find the benefactor ; and, believe me, you will not repent this concession to the wishes of a dying woman. Something within tells me the devotion of that boy's heart will repay you—

The letter dropped from the general's hand. He was not without some portion of the superstition peculiar to the north ; and it seemed to him as if he had forfeited the blessing which this letter had promised him—as if Vanda's displeasure, even from the blessed realms she inhabited, had lain like a spell upon him. " And yet," he muttered to himself, " what was I to do !—run the

risk of exposure! True, I might have sent him to a foreign land—bound him by benefits—bought his silence by meriting his gratitude, or fostering his hopes; but it is now too late. Had I but seen this letter sooner, or never read it! Oh—fatal habit of following the impulse of one's will, without reflecting beyond the sensation of the moment—that fear to face a disagreeable topic! I might have spoken to the boy—seen him—done something for him. Had I not dreaded to look on his portrait, to see the contents of this table, which bring before me but too vividly a happiness forever lost, I should have read this letter;” and, hastily snatching up a pencil, he wrote on the margin—

A joyless life, darkened by one sad, yet persistent remembrance—by a feeling partaking of regret and remorse—this, Vanda, has been your legacy. Better you had buried your secret in your grave! But we shall meet where both will forgive and be forgiven.

He laid the letter on the table, and remained for a time absorbed in the thoughts it awakened; then took up, and opened, the miniature. There was the Leon of his fond delusion—the fine, spirited boy, with the bold look, yet soft smile, which he once deemed of such rare promise—an eye that spoke of a high daring and keen intelligence, in which he once thought he read tokens of warm and gushing affections. What had become of the plant his hand had blighted? A semi-barbarian, dark in look, hostile in his inmost soul to all that surrounded him—without one known virtue! Again, something whispered that he was but like other peasants—more brooding, perhaps, but not so brutal. He had heard of his dauntless courage, and could not deny him a sort of rude dignity. He might, under their peculiar circumstances, have claimed money—it could not have been refused; but money Pavel never sought to obtain—but to fly the estate. Had it not been wiser to let him go? His peasants, generally, were discontented and disaffected. It could not be, of course, that they disliked their lord; that was not probable. Why should they dislike him? Could Pavel have incited them to opposition? Impossible! The influence of one man could not effect so much. The emissaries of Austria had won them over—intimidated them, and paralyzed their will—or they would, ere this, have flocked round the Polish banner.

At this point of his reflection, the general started at the confused sound of what appeared to him an approaching mass of people. After listening awhile, he became satisfied that it must be Cairmir and his companions returning to the chateau. But no! that was not the clatter of horses' feet, but of peasants' hob-nailed shoes on the hard snow. The general approached the window; but, darkness coming on, nothing was discernible. The sounds, however, seemed to die away; and, dismissing the matter from his mind, he rang for lights—then, trembling with emotion, resumed

the painful task of reading words, each of which sank into his soul in the shape of a poignant reproach to his heart or his conscience. Vanda, after imploring forgiveness for herself—the sinning and offending party—and tenderness and mercy for the unoffending and unconscious accomplice of her fraud, ventured, in a last paragraph, to resume, in a few words, a subject often discussed between them, and to which her spirit clung to the last:—

I fear, thus ran the letter, we are often involuntarily cruel and unjust, from the mere habit of overlooking the man in the serf—at least we fancy him another sort of being than ourselves. We often talk of him as though his nature were little above that of the brute. But is not the neglect of proper education the chief cause of this inferiority? The facility with which Leon has become what children of rank are at his age, has opened my eyes to this injustice. Do, for my sake, give your peasants some good schooling, such as may suit their condition of life; which may make at least men of them—reclaim them from their present state of utter darkness and moral ignorance. If you suffer them to remain like wild beasts, dread the hour when they may turn and rend you!—

The general had scarcely read these last words, when loud cries resounded through the before silent passages of the castle.

“Here they come—my faithful people!” exclaimed the count. Hastily throwing the letter and portrait on the table, he was about to rise, when the door of his apartment was flung violently open, and the countess, speechless, almost lifeless, rushed in, and clung to him. This extraordinary terror, the mingled clamor of voices, the yelling and barking of the house-dogs, and the crashing of falling objects, left the general no longer in doubt as to the real nature of the disturbance. Oaths and shrieks reached his ear that could not be mistaken—death-dealing blows, and groans that betrayed human agony, were growing every instant more distinct. Then, suddenly, the chateau was filled with fearful howls, such as the wolves raise in the lone forest. The general looked about him for his arms; they stood in a large closet, near his bedroom. His wife yet clung to him, in the very agony of despair. Whilst he was gently endeavoring to loosen her hold, an aged servant staggered into the apartment, his clothes and hair dabbled with blood, and the lividness of death overspreading his features.

“Fly! Fly for your lives!” he exclaimed. “The peasants are upon us! They have already seized the young count. One issue is yet free—the passage leading to poor Count Leon's former chamber!”

But, at that instant, the hurried, confused tramp of hob-nailed shoes resounded along the corridor; and, ere they could move a step, dark figures, with Pavel at their head, poured into the chamber. At an order from Pavel the men threw themselves on the count and his wife, and bound the former fast in his chair.

"And now, my friends, one minute's patience," said Pavel; "I have an old account to settle here. Do you know me?"

He approached the chair, and plunged his burning glance into the very eyes of the count; but the old soldier maintained his dignity.

"Rebels!" he cried, addressing the boors, and coldly overlooking Pavel, "what would you of me? Say what sum will satisfy you. Name it! Or am I to purchase the lives of my family by a renunciation of my rights?"

"Nothing can buy *that*!" shouted Stepan's son. "My own hand brains him who talks of sparing the oppressor or his brood!" And he brandished, as he spoke, his keen, flashing scythe over the head of the general.

"Wait, Stepan—wait, yet awhile!" shouted Pavel; "I *must* be heard by this proud man!" He placed himself straight before the count. "Here," said he, "look well at me, whose life you have embittered, and who now brings his thanks to you. Your son insulted me—struck me—shot at me; the heir in whom you have placed your pride and your love—who left no place in your heart for charity or justice! All I asked was, to be suffered to depart in peace—to be allowed to wander an exile and a beggar in other lands. I would have gladly toiled for my daily bread, far from this cursed place and the contumely, the hardships of a serf's life. I could not, would not live a serf! Nothing moved you—nothing touched your stony heart—not my passionate appeals, not even my passive resignation! The serf had not a place in your remembrance. My father had been one before me; why should I not be the same? But, I repeat it, your silent scorn was not enough—your son's more active insolence was not repressed; he *struck* me, I say! Stepan, hand me the young dog!"

Until that moment the countess had scarce shown signs of life; but when Casimir, tightly bound and gagged, yet unhurt, was dragged from among the peasants, a piercing cry escaped her breast; but she as immediately checked herself, and nerved her heart to endurance. Pavel approached the young count, and, after eying him for a moment, struck him on the face with his hard, horny hand. Casimir bounded with rage.

"There!" said Pavel, "one score is washed out between us; now for the next!" and, coolly raising a splendidly-mounted Turkish pistol, just seized from among Casimir's store of arms, he levelled it at the young man.

Another cry escaped the mother. The Indian at the stake shows not a more unflinching brow than the general; and, beyond that cry, which revealed the agony within, the countess, too, seemed, like her husband, turned to stone.

Pavel paused an instant, and said, "Does no one here plead for his paltry life? Then, kneel to me, Casimir Stanoi! Kneel to the serf!"

The slender form of the youth remained erect and firm as ever. Pavel extended his arm—the

report rang—Casimir's blood reddened his parents' garments!

Savage yells now filled the room; and, whilst many forced open drawers and secretaries, and seized with rapture what money and papers they found—papers which they meant to deliver over to the Austrian authorities, as their best shield against all future punishment, and which ultimately caused numerous arrests and confiscations in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and in Russian Poland, as well as in Gallicia—Pavel watched his victims; Casimir writhing in the agony of death—the countess, whom Stepan's brutal son had not spared, covered with wounds, lying upon her husband's breast—and the old general, who, though untouched, seemed dead to outward sensations, a carved effigy of despair! Pavel would permit no one to go near the count.

"He dies!"—he furiously cried, as the murderous Stepan approached—"he dies who dares so much as touch a hair of his head! The count is *mine*. I will suffer no one to come between us."

The peasants now, with one accord, declared their intention of proceeding to plunder the castle. Many of the servants were killed, and the survivors badly wounded—no resistance, therefore, was to be apprehended; and, before succor could arrive, if any one had escaped to seek it, they would be far away. Their only fear was the possible return of the little band of nobles which had dispersed that afternoon. No time was to be lost, for no one wished to go home empty-handed.

"It is our turn to gather tithes now," said they to the count, as they left him, still bound to his chair, with his murdered son and wife lying at his feet.

The peasants were gone, and he was alone—all alone in that chamber of death. The tapers threw a feeble, flickering light around, revealing but near objects, and leaving the space beyond it in gloom. Since that fatal pistol-shot, the count had shown no signs of life. Now, for the first time, he spoke; and his voice sounded hollow and unnatural in that awful stillness.

"What's that?—Who's there?" he said, endeavoring to penetrate the obscurity of the opposite corner, where two fiery eyeballs, like those of a wolf, were glaring at him.

"Leon," was the answer, in low, guttural accents.

The general suffered his head to drop on his bosom, as if hopeless of the desired relief from such a hand. But nature conquered all other feelings; even his tormentor's presence was a relief at such a moment.

"Wretch!" he exclaimed, "if you have, indeed, any remembrance of your early life—if you have a spark of human feeling left—strike this old breast—complete your work—and I will say, at the Throne of Judgment, that your last crime was one of mercy."

"You knew no pity for me," said Pavel, "nor do I know any for you. I, too, would have

thanked you for an inch of cold steel in my breast, instead of the undying misery that has eaten into my very heart, and made me what I now am."

There was no reply. Half-an-hour passed away; but neither Pavel nor the count reckoned time as it fled. The Parisian bronze clock of Leroy on the console struck eight; but its silver tone was not heard by either, though the silence of death reigned in that fearful chamber.

When the peasants, about to depart—having laden all the conveyances, of whatever kind, belonging to the castle, with their booty—returned to seek Pavel, they found him still sitting, in the same meditative attitude, in the corner. They approached the count. Nature, more merciful than man, had freed the poor struggling soul from its earthly tenement.

On hearing that his victim was no more, Pavel sprang to his feet; and, darting towards him, in his haste struck against the table, and his eye fell upon an open letter and a miniature. Some strong impulse, even at that moment of excitement, induced him to pause. He took them up, looked at them, thrust them into his bosom, and, without uttering a word, hurried from the chateau.

As the peasants went home, laden with their spoils, they passed Duski's dwelling. The unfortunate man had been delayed too long by the packing of his goods and chattels. He fell into the hands of the marauders, who hung him over his own door-post—his ingrate heart thus paying the forfeit to his cupidity. Some days later, when Stepan, and a few of the more determined of the rioters, appeared before the Austrian authorities, at the nearest town, to render an account of themselves, and deliver up the papers they had taken from the chateau of Stanoiki, they left at the lunatic asylum a miserable maniac. The maniac was Pavel.

It would be next to impossible to determine—so rapidly and wide did this insurrection spread—whether any one family fell the first victims of popular fury, their misfortunes serving as an encouragement to the tumultuous peasantry elsewhere; or whether, which seems more likely, the movement, resulting from one and the same cause, was simultaneous in many places. But, as is well known, castle after castle, and mansion after mansion, were attacked, some of whose proprietors attempted to hold out against the mob, with the desperation of men who had no hope in front, and no expedient in the rear. For where could they turn for succor? Not, certainly, to the government, against which they were conspiring, and within whose power they would scarce have ventured to trust themselves.

The Austrian government stood, then, in a critical position. On the one hand, the nobles expected signal punishment to overtake the murderers and despoilers of their friends and relations; on the other, the peasantry anticipated recompense for their fidelity, and grateful acknowledgments for having gained for the emperor so easy a victory.

If the government satisfied the lords and humanity, by pursuing the perpetrators of these crimes with the utmost rigor of the law, the Poles would, at their next rising—and no leniency could prevent it—find most willing tools in those very men upon whose ill-will their revolt at that time founded.

In this emergency, government took a middle course. Troops were sent to those parts where tumults and bloodshed continued unabated—principally the circle of Tarnow—for the double purpose of intimidating the rebel nobles, and of suppressing the but too faithful peasantry. Justice closed its eyes to their first delinquencies; but it was necessary to check in time the extension of such horrors, which would otherwise ramify all over Galicia, and become formidable even to the authorities; and thus many a devoted victim was spared.

The emperor then issued a decree which, without abolishing the *robot*, greatly diminished its hardships; reducing it, in fact, to the system that exists in Austria proper, where it is considerably softened by the habits and manners of the nobility. The much complained of supernumerary days of labor at harvest time were suppressed, and the peasants' cattle were no longer at the unlimited disposal of the lord.

There can be no doubt but the government had calculated upon a passive resistance on the part of the peasantry to the rebellious measures of their masters; but it had not foreseen, and was altogether innocent of, its tragic development. Nothing, however, can persuade the Poles to think so. In the aversion with which they are regarded by their peasants, they see nought but the fruit of Austrian intrigue. But an impartial judgment must admit that the semi-barbarism in which they have suffered their people to vegetate, is sufficient to explain the brutality of their deeds. This view of the case is more fully and ably illustrated in the following record of similar events in Poland, which is to be found in the "Annual Register" for the year 1768:—

An insurrection of the Greek peasants, which now happened, in the province of Kiova and the Ukraine, was attended with such circumstances of barbarous and inhuman cruelty, that it seemed to take off from the horror of many of those scenes which this unhappy country had already presented. These peasants, who had long groaned under the tyrannical oppression of cruel masters, were now a signal instance of the badness of that policy which would deprive any part of the community of their rights as men, and degrade them to the condition of slaves. The poor, in all countries, meet with much injury and oppression from the great and the rich; yet we find, that, where they are allowed to participate in almost any degree of the common rights of mankind, and to partake of the general gifts of nature, they will, in times of public distress, adhere to the fortune of their superiors with the most persevering fidelity, and freely spend their blood in the defence of benefits of which they partake so small a share. But in the country of which we treat, where the bulk of the people can claim no

rights, the cruel hour of weakness and distress was instantly seized upon as the happy opportunity to revenge upon their masters all the past injuries and oppressions which they had suffered from them.

The peasants, accordingly, finding that most of the arms, ammunition, and stores, and many of the best men, were drawn out of the country, assembled in great bodies, and committed the most savage cruelties; murdering, without distinction, gentlemen, ecclesiastics, Jews, Catholics, and United Greeks; and sparing neither women nor children. The *Sieur Dessert*, Governor of *Palawoca*, and his lieutenant, having fortunately got timely information of their designs from the Bishop of the United Greeks, saved their lives by flying to *Rowna*, in *Volhynia*; but the barbarous peasants massacred the bishop for his humanity. The Governor of *Simla* had so little notice of his danger, that he escaped to *Rowna* in his shirt only, and left his wife and child sacrifices to their fury. Fifty Prussian hussards, who had the misfortune to be in the country buying horses, were murdered by them, under pretence that they were Polish gentlemen in

disguise. To the Jews they bore a particular animosity, as they had been long employed by the nobility as stewards, in the management of their estates, in which office they treated these people with great cruelty and oppression; who now took a most cruel revenge, slaughtered many thousands of them, burnt their houses, destroyed their books and papers, and seemed as if they would leave no vestige that they had ever existed among them. Having called in the *Haydamacks*, or *Zaporouski Cossacks*, to their assistance, they seemed to threaten the utter destruction of the country; whole starosties, districts, towns, villages, were sacked and burned; and the devastation they made was beyond description. Count *Potocki*, *Vaivode* of *Kiow*, had no less than ten towns, and one hundred and thirty villages, destroyed in his own territories.

Indeed, one need not restrict oneself to the History of Poland, to perceive how adverse to man's nature was the feudal system. Similar atrocities have been its results in other countries, at various epochs.

From the Churchman.

ST. PETER'S TEARS.

ST. LUKE, xxii. 61 and 62

DEEP sobs of anguish shook his frame,
And woke the stillness round;
His brow was pressed in burning shame
Upon the chill, damp ground;
And wrung as if from deadliest pain,
His bitter tears fell down like rain,
While words burst forth without control
From the wild tumult of his soul.

Oh! weak in proof, but strong in pride,
How vain thy vaunted power,
Deserter from thy Master's side.
In danger's searching hour;
Thine was the boast, and thine the lie,
"Though all forsake, yet will not I."
Alas! my vows, my love forgot,
Recreant I've sworn, "I know thee not."

"I know thee not!" thou who didst still
The heaving waters of the deep,
And by thine own almighty will
Didst lull the winds to sleep;
And when to meet my Saviour God
Upon *Tiberias*' wave I trod,
Thy love upheld my sinking faith,
And gave me vict'ry over death.

How could I say "I know thee not!"
I, who have seen thy midnight tears,
And shared thy sad and homeless lot
Through wandering, toilsome years,
And viewed thy pure and spotless life
Unstained by sin, unmoved by strife;
And yet 'neath Satan's power I fell—
I, who have known and loved thee well!

Have loved thee well! oh! thou dost see
The throbbings of this tortured breast;
'Tis full, my Lord, of love to thee,
Though weak and sin-oppressed;
And by the mem'ry of that look,
Which all my soul with sorrow shook,
Oh, Lamb of God! my crime forgive,
And bid thine erring creature live.

He ceased:—the pardoned one arose,
With humbled heart and firm resolve,

And forth into the world he goes,
To seal his penitence and love;
To suffer for his Master's name,
To bear his cross, despising shame;
A record bright to future years,
How sweet the fruit of bitter tears.

MARCELLA V. G.

Brooklyn, Oct. 6.

REASONS FOR RISIBILITY.

SWEET coz! I'm happy when I can,
I'm merry while I may,
For life's at most a narrow span,
At best a winter's day.
If care could make the sunbeam wear
A brighter, warmer hue,
The evening star shine out more fair,
The blue sky look more blue,
Then I should be a graver man—
But since 't is not the way,
Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry when I may!

If sighs could make us sin the less,
Perchance I were not glad—
If mourning were the sage's dress,
My garb should then be sad:
But since the angels' wings are white,
And e'en the young saints smile—
Since virtue wears a robe of light,
And vice a brow of guile—
Since laughter is not under ban,
Nor gladness clad in gray—
Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry when I may.

I've seen a bishop dance a reel,
And a sinner fast and pray,
A knave at the top of Fortune's wheel,
And a good man cast away!
Wine I have seen your grave ones quaff,
Might set our fleet afloat;
But I never heard a hearty laugh
From out a villain's throat;
And I never knew a mirthful man
Make sad a young maid's day—
So, coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may.

From Chambers' Journal.

OPTICAL MAGIC OF OUR AGE.

ANY one who is at all familiar with the optical illusions and scenic effects which form a favorite portion of some of our public exhibitions, must be convinced that the art of producing these phenomena, with their various and mind-bewildering play of colors and change of character, has attained great perfection. But probably few persons are in the least degree acquainted with the manner in which the appearances they so much admire are produced. It will, therefore, be possibly an interesting subject to many, if we glance first at the optical phenomena themselves, and then proceed to explain the method of their production.

The magical effects which owe their origin to the magic lantern, are those which will chiefly occupy our attention; and it will be found that the position of this ingenious instrument in the popular estimation is very far below that which it deserves to occupy. In fact, all those appearances which so much perplex, surprise, or please us in exhibitions of this kind, are entirely due to various ingenious contrivances appended to, or in connection with, this instrument, although this fact is but little known generally. This instrument, as now employed, is the same in principle as it was when first invented in the middle of the seventeenth century by the universal genius, Kircher; but in common with most other optical apparatus, it has largely benefited by the advance of mechanical and mathematical science, and is now constructed in a form apparently little capable of further improvement. Essentially, it consists in its improved form of a powerful source of light, of two double convex lenses which concentrate the rays, and direct them upon the picture placed in front of them; and of two other lenses which concentrate the rays after they have passed through the picture, and direct them on the disk where the image is beheld by the spectators. There is a little contrivance of some importance which has been added by Messrs. Carpenter and Westley of London to the extremity of the brass tube holding the second pair of lenses, by which some of the extreme rays are cut off, the effect of which is to give a great degree of distinctness to the depicted image, although with some sacrifice of illuminating power. This contrivance consists simply of a brass ring, and may be adopted or removed at pleasure. From this casual description of the instrument, it will be manifest that the various delusions and singularities of effect we are about to describe are referable not so much to any alteration effected by modern science in the principal instrument, as to the accessories of the exhibition. But let us admit the reader into the mysterious apartment, where science can bid to appear more and more strange phantasms than ever obeyed the summons of enchanter's wand.

And first about the *Phantasmagoria*. In 1802 a French gentleman, a M. Philipetal, astonished crowds of people in London by an optical exhibi-

tion which he entitled the *Phantasmagoria*. It was a soul-appalling spectacle to those who had hitherto been ignorant of the wonders of light and shade! The spectatory was a room where no light but that of a dismal oil-lamp hanging in the centre was admitted. On the assembling of the audience, this lamp was drawn up into a chimney, and a pitchy gloom overspread the place. Presently the soft and mournful notes of sepulchral music were heard, and a curtain rose displaying a cavern, on the frowning walls of which were depicted the forms of skeletons and spectral figures. The music ceased; the rumbling of thunder was heard in the distance. Gradually it became louder, until at length vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied with peals apparently of the deep-toned organ of the skies, gave all the impressions of a tremendous storm. The thunder and lightning continued at their height, when suddenly a small cloud of light appeared in the air; it gradually increased in size, until at length it stood revealed a ghastly spectre, around whom the lightning gleamed in fearful reality. Its eyes moved agonizedly from side to side, or now turned up in the sunken eye-socket, the image of unutterable despair. Away, back to the dim abyss from whence it came, it was seen swiftly to retire, and finally vanished in a little cloud, the storm rolling away at the same time. Then came other phantasms, some of which rushed up with apparently amazing rapidity, approaching the spectators, and again as rapidly receding—to return clothed with flesh and blood, or in the form of some well-known public personages! After a display of a number of similar apparitions, the curtain fell, and the lamp was uncovered; the spectators departing with expressions of great astonishment at what had been seen. Such was the early introduction of the *Phantasmagoria* to the honors of a public exhibition.

This variety of optical effect, although occasionally resorted to since that time, has only recently been reintroduced at some of our public places of resort in more than its original power. In some of these exhibitions the effect on the mind is indescribable, and in a less enlightened age would be far from desirable; but all are now so well acquainted with the source of the awful and mysterious beings which appear to present themselves to the eye, that the exhibition simply creates wonder where it would formerly have excited superstition or alarm. Images of birds on the wing are introduced with great force; the bird is seen rapidly moving its pinions, apparently at a great distance, then swiftly approaching and increasing in size. Motion is also given to its eyes; and when a particularly solemn-looking bird, like the owl, is selected, the effect is, to say the least, very remarkable. Scenes are now introduced in which a movement of figures is managed with great adroitness—a fiery snake, for example, may be seen winding its undulating body across some in-caverned pool. Then appears a fairy scene, where fountains are playing, and Cupids flying

about or shooting at a target, in whose centre—to carry out the poetical idea—is a bleeding heart; or, through a narrow gorge, we catch a glimpse of a lake encamped round about by tall mountains; and behold! some Undine or water-spirit, with her attendant sprites, appears in a majestic chariot drawn by the most graceful of swans, whose long necks are elegantly bent into the waters every now and then! Again, a cloud of fire hangs in mid-air, enlarges, brightens, and rolls gradually aside, disclosing one of the mythological impersonations seated in the *quadrijuga*. A favorite concluding scene is a British oak. While the spectators are looking on, and listening to—of course—“Rule Britannia,” suddenly, in every bough, behold! a flight, a whole flight of sailor-boys waving the Union Jack; the trunk opens, and out steps the sailor prince; presently the sailors in the branches take their flight, the prince once more is received into the mighty trunk, and the scene vanishes.

Some of the minor phantasmagoric displays descend to the ludicrous. The spectacle of an industrious cobbler, who heaves long-drawn gasps for breath, and busily plies his arms, is much admired among this series; and the knowing look of the eyes is wonderfully productive of merriment. The next scene is a view by the sea-side, where a bathing woman is seen dipping a reluctant little girl into the rolling waters; smiths are seen hammering ferociously upon their anvils; shoe-blacks are giving exquisite lustre to boots; old men are breaking up stones, or bowing politely and unbonneting to draw forth the charities of cottage-door lingerers; the chameleon is well shown in all his versatility of tint; and roses, tulips, and other flowers, including cauliflower, blossom with Cupids, white and black, or other representations grotesque as unexpected. Perhaps the most extraordinary of them all is the feat of a man asleep in a bed, who swallows rats and mice by the dozen, and without awaking!

The explanation of these varied effects is very simple. The phantasmagoric displays are always shown upon a transparent screen; a broad piece of *Nainsooks* muslin wetted with water, and fixed in a convenient position, is better than any other contrivance whatever. The magic lantern, slightly modified, is the instrument employed for developing the images, and is thus managed:—it is either held in the hand or placed upon a little railway; it is then brought close up to the screen, the light being shaded by the hand; and when sufficiently near, the hand is removed, and there appears on the screen a little cloud of light without any definite image depicted in it. The lantern is then gently carried backwards, and there appears on the screen the gradually-enlarging image of some spectre, or other object, which appears rapidly to approach the spectators. On bringing the lantern back again nearly up to the screen, the spectre seems to recede, and finally vanishes in the little cloud spoken of; thus is the astonishing effect of advancing and receding im-

ages accomplished. It requires of course some little arrangements as to focus; and mechanical contrivances for effecting this have been applied to the carriage of the lantern successfully. Sending up a balloon is well exhibited by this means; the balloon, at first swelled in all its vast proportions, presently becomes smaller and smaller until it is lost to sight; and by a little swaying of the lantern from side to side, the undulating character of its motion is well represented. By using two three, or even four lanterns in the hands of several clever assistants, a surprising degree of life can be given to the scene. One manages the flying Cupid; another the moving chariot; a third the fountain; and so on. By means of *two* lanterns, Fame may be made to descend from the skies and plant a laurel-wreath on a warrior or a statesman's brow. The opening of clouds is effected by drawing gently aside two slips of glass which cover the slider containing the picture; the figure behind thus seems to step out of the clouds. Movement is communicated to the figures in various ways; sometimes in the manner already described, by a separate lantern; more frequently by a double slider, one slider being painted black, with the exception of a clear space, through which the head or some one of the limbs is shown or obscured at pleasure; thus a cook carrying in a pig's head alternately loses and regains his own by moving the slider to and fro. The rolling about of spectral eyes is effected by painting them upon a slider which moves from side to side, the eyeballs showing through the eye-sockets of the image with singular effect. A water-wheel is set in motion by a double slider, on one of which the landscape is painted, on the other the wheel; and this one is moved round by a pinion-wheel working into a cogged rim. The reeling motion of a ship is given by a slider moved up and down by a lever. A little reflection will soon show the infinite number of movements which by these simple means may be effected. A very strange effect is sometimes produced by giving the lantern a sudden shake, when the images will seem as if seized with a cold shudder.

Leaving, however, the chamber of scientific horrors and supernaturalities, let us advert briefly to the more recent and beautiful discovery, the *Dissolving Views*. Very few persons are, we believe, at all aware of the means by which the exquisite effects of these exhibitions are accomplished; yet they are surprisingly simple. A country landscape, basking in the warm glow of a July sun, lies outspread before us; the fields are golden with corn, the trees in full verdure clad, and the water tumbles, half in play half at work, upon the over-shot wheel of the mill in the foreground. A change comes o'er the spirit of the scene; the sky loses its warm and glowing tone; a cold, gray, ghastly look creeps over the picture; the air darkens; the babbling stream is stayed in icy bondage; the wheel has stopped, and icicles a foot long hang from its spokes and rim; the trees are leafless; the fields are brown and naked; the path

is covered with snow; and the flickerings of a roaring fire are seen through the cottage windows. But, marvel of marvels! the sky grows thick and lowering, and a few flakes of snow are *seen to fall*. Presently a thick shower of snow descends. The illusion is complete, and it requires some little self-recollection to form the conception that, after all, it is a mere picture we are looking upon. The snow-storm passes over, the sky and air gently resume their warmer aspect, leaves come on the trees, the snow melts away, the brook runs again, and the wheel resumes its duties, for summer has returned! This sketch presents us with the leading features of the Dissolving Views. Let us now explain how the changes are brought about.

To exhibit the Dissolving Views, two lanterns of equal size, and placed on the same platform, are necessary. In the one we will suppose the summer scene; in the other the same scene, but in its winter dress. Now, immediately in front of the brass tubes of both lanterns is a circular disk of japanned tin, in which a crescentic slit is perforated half round near the rim. This disk is made to revolve on an axis which passes between the two lanterns, and is moved by a little handle behind. The rays of light proceed through the slit on to the screen, but only allow those of one lantern to do so at one time, the tube of the other being shaded by the imperforate part of the disk. The rays of the summer scene are now pouring through this slit, while those of winter are obscured by the other part of the disk. The lanterns being properly arranged, so as to cast their images on precisely the same place on the screen, the exhibition begins. Summer is shown for a little time; then by means of the little handle the disk is very gently turned round, and thus while, from the crescent shape of the slit, the rays of one lantern are gradually cut off, those of the other are at the same time gradually allowed to fall on the screen, until the disk is turned quite round; and now the tube through which summer shone is obscured, while the colder light of winter from the other tube streams through the slit in the disk. The effect to the beholder is the gradual and imperceptible transition of the one scene into the other. If the reader will be so kind as to suppose that his two eyes represented the magic lanterns, and will close one eye first, and then gently lift the lid while he shuts down that of the other, he will obtain a perfect idea of the dissolving mechanism. The plan of the perforated disk, which, as being the most gradual, is the most perfect, is the plan observed in the instruments we have seen of Messrs. Carpenter and Westley's make; but there are other and simpler means of effecting the same object, the principle remaining in every instance the same; namely, the gradual blinding of one lantern, and unblinding of another. To produce the falling of the snow, a slider is introduced upon the previously blinded side, a cap is unscrewed off the disk, and so both tubes shed their light on the screen. The slider is painted black, with little dots scraped out to represent snow-flakes; and on

its being set in motion by a wheel, the appearance on the screen of these moving dots of light is exactly that of snow-flakes falling. We have understood that the best effect is produced by drawing a piece of perforated paper slowly upwards in the place where the sliders go. This principle of causing the light from two lanterns to fall upon the screen—the one producing the picture, the other introducing some fresh elements into its composition—is largely applicable for the development of other effects besides the falling of snow. By representing a Lapland scene with one lantern, a beautiful resemblance of the Northern Lights, or aurora, can be thrown on the sky by means of the other lantern, and, when well managed, the effect is most extraordinary. Lightning or a rainbow is thrown on the scene by the same means. The flickering fiery glow of a volcano, or a ship on fire, is managed by quickly moving the fingers, so as alternately to intercept and give passage to the rays streaming from the tube; this appearance, too, is very singular and real.

A word now about the *Chromatrope*—literally, the *color-turner*. The image on the screen produced by this instrument may be described for those who have not seen it as strongly resembling that presented to the eye by the kaleidoscope. A mixed, moving multitude of colors, vying in lustre with the precious stones, are seen whirling together, threading in and out; now, as it were, blown from a trumpet-mouth, now pouring back into the same, and in their revolutions producing a variety and perplexity of patterns which would weary even the eyes of a manufacturer to gaze upon. These results are produced by means of compound sliders, two or three in one. Two of these are movable, the third is often fixed. They are painted variously in designs of different colors, consisting generally of some combination of circles or other mathematical figures; all the portion of the glass containing no figure is painted black. The movable glasses are turned in different directions by a handle attached to the slider, and the result is the complicated play of colors and forms which is depicted on the screen. A somewhat similar but more varied effect was produced soon after the invention of the kaleidoscope by Sir D. Brewster, by adapting that beautiful instrument to the magic lantern, and was exhibited by a celebrated chemical lecturer to his class. But the present is the simplest form, and in the beauty of its images leaves little to be desired. Two lanterns are commonly employed in its exhibition, so as to avoid any stoppage of the performance. The appearance of a fountain casting up water is managed by a variety of the same contrivance as the chromatrope. The introduction of this variety of optical image is recent.

The exhibitions which have received the fantastic titles—the *Opaque Microscope* and the *Physioscope*, are very pleasing of their kind, and may be readily made intelligible to the reader. By the contrivance entitled the opaque microscope, the images of medallions, bas-reliefs, Paris-plaster casts, and other opaque objects, are thrown on the screen,

and produce a singular *raised* effect. The surface of these objects is very highly polished, and they are introduced within the body of the lantern; a strong light there falling upon them in a particular position is reflected from their surface on to a concave mirror, and thence through the lenses of the tube of the lantern on to the screen; thus the image is produced. The physioscope is apparently a modification of Sir D. Brewster's contrivance for the exhibition of what he calls the catadioptrical phantasmagoria. The visitors to the Royal Polytechnic Institution used nightly to be diverted by beholding a benevolent old gentleman's half-figure in gigantic proportions upon the screen. For their amusement this old gentleman used to drink wine, eat buns, gape and sneeze, all of course in the most life-like manner; and generally finished the exhibition by standing gradually up, and revealing a stature as tall as any of the monsters commemorated in fable or in song. This really remarkable exhibition is produced in the following manner:—In an apartment out of sight of the spectators are a large concave mirror, a powerful light, and the person whose figure is to be thrown on the screen. He is so placed that the rays of light reflected by his person are received by the mirror, and, collected by it, are reflected through a lens, and then directed on to the screen, where they appear in the form of a gigantic image. Other objects may be effectively exhibited by the same means; and some singular and startling effects are capable of being produced, such as the decapitation of a warrior, and restoring his head again, and such-like, by intercepting a part of the reflected rays from the mirror by means of a prism. In this, as indeed in all the other exhibitions, everything depends on the power of the artificial light; and the oxyhydrogen lime-light is the best for this purpose. The electric light, could it be made steady and permanent, would prove valuable. In exhibiting the human face, the glare has the disagreeable result of causing the eyes to blink, and thus in some measure interfere with the perfection of the image.

The last marvel of our modern optical magicians that we shall notice is the *Diorama*. This beautiful method of exhibiting optical effects, is, we believe, the invention of M. Daguerre and another gentleman. In the production of a life-like impression on the eye, this diorama is unequalled by any other contrivance; it is nature itself. All the accidents of the landscape—sudden gleams of sunshine, the passage of a cloud, the dim, diffusive light of early morning or approaching night, are all thrown in indescribable beauty and truthfulness upon the painting. The solemn, soul-subduing influence of some of the scenes which have been exhibited at the Regent's Park in the metropolis cannot be conveyed in words. The destruction of an Alpine village by an avalanche can never be forgotten after it has been once seen. The manner of effecting this representation is strikingly simple; the spectator is a darkened room, which revolves upon rollers; the sight-aperture, or proscenium, is of

moderate size, and through it is seen a large painting representing some scene or celebrated locality. The light is thrown upon this picture from above, through ground-glass; and arrangements exist, by means of shutters and blinds, to modulate the tone of the light cast upon the picture, so as to imitate with the nicest accuracy the natural effects of light and shadow. Some parts of the painting are transparent, permitting light from behind to be employed with great effect, where a chapel or such-like scene is to be lit up at night. By having two pictures, the spectators are insensibly carried round to behold first one, and then the other. In some large continental dioramas several pictures are employed. Few who have witnessed the changes represented in a well-managed dioramic exhibition, would believe that the whole art consisted, as we have seen, in a skilful manner of operating with light.

Before concluding this article, we may be allowed to express pleasure at the rational amusement which may be afforded by means of the simple instrumentality here variously described, in addition to the lighter diversions also spoken of. The various sciences of astronomy, natural history, meteorology, botany, anatomy, geography—are all capable of the most beautiful illustration by the same means as, when amusement is the object, will develop all the phenomena of the phantasmagoria and dissolving views. Need we repeat it? This is simply the magic lantern fitted with the appliances of modern science. Well is it for our age that the powers conferred by science on man are no longer, as formerly, prostituted to enslave the mind in the bondage of heathen ignorance and superstitions. Far from feeling terror, even a child would now laugh at what once made the stoutest heart quail in the courts of Grecian and Roman temples—the apparition of the so-called “divinity” on the wall of the building, or amid the fires of the sacrificial rites. There is every reason to believe that to ends ~~base~~ as these, as dishonoring to the Former of all things, as enslaving to the minds of the people, were the interesting phenomena of light and shade, of which we have here spoken, once, and for a protracted period, made subservient. The optical magic of our age, we may thankfully say, sets up no claim to the supernatural.

[WHY PREACHING IS INEFFECTUAL.]

Writing from Paris, (March 10, 1766,) Horace Walpole mentions a tract to laugh at sermons, written lively by the Abbé Coyer, upon a single idea. “Though I agree,” he says, “upon the inutility of the remedy he rejects, I have no better opinion of that he would substitute. Preaching has not failed from the beginning of the world till to-day, because inadequate to the disease, but because the disease is incurable. If one preached to lions and tigers, would it cure them of thirsting for blood, and sucking it when they have an opportunity? No. But when they are whelped in the tower, and both caressed and beaten, do they turn out a jot more tame when they are grown up!”—*Letters*, vol. 3, p. 159.

From the Spectator.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

AUTUMN tinges the forest, and the deepening green fades into brown. The slanting sun sinks sooner to his bed; the rains are steadier and less hopeful of a break; and the day, like that of aging man, is graver. The wind is harsher—it beats and tears the trees in their waning life, and already begins to strip them of their summer glories, strewing the ground with the cast-off rags of verdure. The dahlia holds out the parting splendors of the summer, with an intense fire of its own, as though sunlight had been sown, and blossomed in color. The corn has been robbed of its golden crown. The gay season has passed, and autumn is leading us to winter, as life wanes and the somber countenance of man foreshadows death.

Death, the handmaid of life. The leaf falls to compose the life-giving earth for future forests—the tree perishes to heap nurture round the root of the sappling; the glowing petal rots and is food for the seed of the bud; the corn is gathered to feed the race that survives many generations of corn and sees beyond its own mortality. Man witnesses these transitions with saddened senses but an informed faith, spans the dark chasm between summer and summer, and borrows for the drear season the light of future years. Other creatures die; *he* is gifted with the sad knowledge that he dies, but he is able to recognize death as the frontier between life and life. Where the lichen crept over the barren rock, the shrub has grown to forests, the corn waves, and the voice of man breaks the silence of the desert, to sing the story of the world; that long story which began before mankind awoke in its cradle, the tale in which ages are as seasons, and change is ever-increasing glory.

To the informed soul of man the fall of the leaf speaks not only of a resurrection, but teaches him how decay is but a process of regeneration; destruction is the first half of improvement. When living nature has attained perfection in one type, it will not tolerate less, but each stage is made complete, and then the creature perfected after its kind gives place to new perfection. As forests fall that more stately forests may rise, so human states fall that greater states may rise. Persia and Egypt sank into the tomb on which Greece built her temple, Rome propagated the civilization planted by Greece, and modern Europe rises on the ruins of Rome. Revolutions are but the fall of the leaf. Poland has rotted in the soil of Europe; but the emperor sitting at Warsaw can no more forbid the unborn nation, than the vulture perched upon the fallen oak trunk can forbid the oak which is growing beneath his feet.

Evil-thinking alone is ignorant in its cunning and perishable in its power. Changeful and wandering, the nations repeal the mistakes of their predecessors, but keep the tried wisdom. The thoughts of love and beauty and greatness, that have come down to us from the earliest times, still

strengthen our faith and our resolve. The despot himself becomes the instrument of unerring destiny; a Charlemagne consolidates the power of Europe; a Robespierre breaks the rule of the Bourbons; a Napoleon chains the monster anarchy. Conquest ploughs up dominions for the culture of civilization; revolutions are but the scattering of the forest.

The sap rises in the tree according to its law; the beast is directed to his appointed destiny by instinct; but among the formative forces of man is his intelligence, by which he knows the past and can so prepare for an expanding future. To him the recurring seasons speak not only of repetition but of an expanding destiny. Oak succeeds oak, palm follows palm, unaltered; if less is followed by greater, it is in an alien kind rooted upon a perished race, as fir succeeds moss and palm-tree fir; but, inspired with intelligence, man pursues a widening path of existence, so that Greek succeeds Egyptian, and to the multiplied nations of Europe a Humboldt dimly prophesies a more exalted future.

To man, therefore, the seasons coming round should speak encouragingly of work unperformed for the service of the future. They cannot tell to the oak of seed unsown, but to man they do. The beast cannot retrace the history of his kind, and describe the pitfalls in which his kin have perished; but even our advance has not been all level and consistent. We struggle against our faults with too faint a heart or too biassed a will. The fall of the leaf might remind us how many a fruit still hangs to perish upon "Tyburn tree;" every English village has its Lucrezia Borgia, "only not handsome." Justice hunts a miserable murderer across the sea, and we discover in him a man stupid with ignorance; his accomplice, a vulgar Lady Macbeth, absorbed in some ambition of dressing finely. Prison-discipline is still discussed by the learned on its first principles. Education itself has made such little way, that it is still barbarously bookish, and those who cannot lavishly spend their youthful years in a wasteful schooling are kept from knowledge; the explanation of our "free" museums is still locked up in "catalogues," the weekly opportunity of the "sermon" is still, for the most part, barren of teaching, and in thousands of ways the channels of instruction are unused. Political economy vaunts its wisdom, but has not yet taught us how to disarm plenty of its terrors for the farmer. Medical police is but beginning to guard the health of our immense towns. Our colonies are passing from us before we have learned how to use them. In many things the recurring season finds us too little altered.

But not wholly so. As this year wanes, we see a better spirit awakening in Ireland, and in it the dawn of the first true hope for that disturbed land since the mythic times of its saintly prosperity. A medical police *has* begun to combat pestilence, even that which is now with us. The same pestilence has drawn forth proof that utilitarianism with the vanities of the past has not de-

stroyed the piety. The revolution which has shaken Europe, and is still unaccomplished, has been as full of hope as fear—fuller; if republicanism has not yet learned its own art, of constructing a self-maintaining power endowed with the strength to combine effective rule and universal sanction, despotism has confessedly gone back to school; and although political science has not learned to unfold the future, it has gained the knowledge that the influences which are disengaged are working for good. The hard, sceptical doctrine of mere utilitarianism and self-interest, which, fully carried out, should have taught us to discard the folly of laboring for unknown future generations, has given place to a happier piety. The leaves are falling, but the fine ear of informed faith can hear the grass growing, can hear the melody of winds blowing over the blossoms of future summers, and in the dim distance, too far for distinct interpretation, can yet discern the voices of happier generations.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

ALBERT GALLATIN.

OUR times but little realize, as yet, the loss sustained in the passing away of this illustrious sage and statesman. With him, there faded a treasure of the most interesting reminiscence—of observation profound and accurate. He had participated in the great movements of the formation of our government, and his comments upon them were the more valuable, because he had viewed the events of the New World in the light of the strong contrasts which they furnished to him who had seen the effect of an utterly different state of society in the Old World. He had, although not born among us, become one of us; and while his language, in its graceful and interesting accentuation, indicated that the English was acquired by education—not by the habits of the forming years of life—it was so pure in its construction, so appropriate in all its phrases—classic, yet not pedantic—that they who were privileged to hear him, recognized in his colloquial oratory—for such it deserved to be termed—a winning, delightful example, and yet inimitable.

In the spring of 1848, through the kindness of the Hon. E. C. Benedict, I enjoyed—and this word applies most forcibly—an interview with Mr. Gallatin, which I cannot but remember as one of the most interesting of my life. He looked the *beau ideal* of a venerable statesman, and not merely in his personal appearance, but in all that surrounded him, there was the accompaniment, the garniture of the scholar. The room in which he sat was capacious, and all about him was graceful, tasteful, and in unison with study. There were books grouped and arranged, not as if to be seen, but as if placed by the hand of one who had them in every hour use. The ornaments of his apartment were the picture and the bust—and these of pencilling and sculpturing indicating the true artist.

And in the midst of these, the pleasant compan-

ions of an intellectual age, *he sat*—as Governor McDowell said of John Quincy Adams—"that rare and picturesque old man," one of the last—except the elder Josiah Quincy, *the last of the men* who were prominent as statesmen in the dawning hours of the republic.

He had never been in company with Franklin. When he called on him at Philadelphia, the philosopher was sharing the ills of the human race in a severe attack of the gout. But of Washington he saw much, at various times, and under circumstances the best calculated for a development of character and peculiarities. He was with the *Pater Patrial* for two days in a log hut near the Kenawha, when the general was examining the proper route for the construction of a new road. The point in question was as to the best location of the road over a high hill, and the evidence of many of the resident citizens was given as to the various heights, distances, gradations, &c. Mr. Gallatin was standing near the table, at which Washington was busy in writing down the various statements made. The evidence was so complete that, at a particular gap in the mountain, the road, if built, must be made, that Mr. G., with all the ardor of his youth and nation, interrupted the conference by exclaiming, "Why, general, there can be no doubt in respect to this—that gap is the only feasible point."

The *aides-de-camp* and other gentlemen in attendance were amazed at the temerity and abruptness of the interruption. The general raised his eyes, looked fixedly at Mr. G., made no reply, but continued writing for about eight minutes, and then turning to him, said: "You are right, Mr. Gallatin, that is the proper route." I could not forbear, when, in the subsequent part of the conversation, Mr. G. was expressing his regret at never having seen Napoleon, suggesting to him that a man who had been pronounced *right* by Washington, need not regret anything.

Mr. Gallatin cited the above incident as an illustration of his belief that Washington never acted from the impulse of the moment, but always from deliberation—from the influences of examination, or the results of counsel. He thought it the more remarkable, when taken in connection with the known fact that Washington had a temper of tremendous force, over which it was his greatest triumph to have achieved a mastery, and which must have been constantly an impetus to sudden determination.

He said Washington had not colloquial power; indeed, in the sense in which that word is usually taken, he was not a man of great talent. He could be very interesting in the private circles of home; but these instances of familiar and reminiscent converse occur but seldom. It was a theme of much congratulation to the painter Stuart, that he had caught the expression of Washington's face in such a moment, and that this constituted the charm and the fidelity of his portrait.

Mr. Gallatin said he had seen most of the great men of his age, in this land and on the European

(Correspondence of the Britannia.)

Paris, 4 Oct.

continent. Washington was the only one whose presence inspired fear. He kept everybody at a distance, and had a reserve of manner amounting almost to stiffness and awkwardness. He had not the manner which would be designated popular or fascinating. It was of the "born to command" school; very dignified, but incapable of familiarity. He kept everybody at a distance; and, indeed, Mr. G. said, that he believed Washington never loved but one man in his life, and that was Lafayette. He did not willingly bear to be opposed or contradicted.

If by any chance any of your readers should recollect an article written by myself for your columns some time since, on the Houdon statue of Washington, suggested by the examination of the copy in the Athenæum at Boston, they may recollect how completely all these opinions of Mr. G. are verified by the look and expression of that statue—of which John Marshall said, it was the most perfect resemblance that man could make of man.

Illustrious in Washington's character was his great love of justice. It was almost overstrained, so rigid was he in respect to all its phases, so over nice in all that concerned punctuality, that he (Mr. G.) declined the offer which Washington made him of the agency of his Pennsylvania lands, lest he might in some unintentional manner offend or disobey him.

His cabinet was an ill-assorted one, as Jefferson and Hamilton were such master-minds as to be at ease only when in control. Mr. G.'s judgment of Hamilton I could not but think was a little colored, by the prejudice of the days of fierce partisan conflict. He thought that he tinctured the habits of the statesman too much with those of the soldier, and had, like Washington, a dislike of contradiction.

John Adams he characterized as *the* great man of the revolution—standing up when others faltered. Lafayette he thought not equal to the positions to which he was called—an opinion, it may be recollected, precisely the reverse of that expressed by John Quincy Adams, in his Eulogy over Fayette, pronounced before both houses of Congress.

The memory of Mr. Gallatin—his power of expression—his choice of language, seemed to me like those of a man in the vigor of his days. There was just enough of the foreign accent in his pronunciation to make it agreeable; and he was, from the language not being his vernacular, careful and exact in his words. To listen to such a man—to hear history from one whose acts and opinions had contributed so largely to form it—to witness the pleasant, the delightful evening of a life so thronged with incidents befitting an elaborate scholar, an illustrious statesman; to know one who had been the friend of Washington*—these were, indeed, circumstances of this interview, which I must always regard as most valuable.

SENTINEL.

* (?).—*Living Age*.

EXTRAORDINARY interest has been created here by a theatrical scandal. The managers of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin—a playhouse on a level with the London Surrey or Victoria—had the sublime impudence to make their playwrights dress up the Pope—the real, identical Pope of our days, Pius IX., late of Rome, now in exile—and make him figure in his own name of Mastai as the hero of a melodramatic spectacle. There was the holy man making love, tipping brandy, and uttering oaths, as a soldier—the popular, belief being (mistakenly, however) that he served in the army in his youth; then we had him in episcopal robes, quoting texts of Scripture, preaching, exhorting, and giving his blessing as Bishop of Imola; then he swaggered before us as cardinal, and we heard him shouting about liberty, independence, and all other standing topics of reform meetings and radical newspapers; then he came out as Pope with tiara and gorgeous robes, and a train of cardinals, and the whole population kneeling before him; next we had the worthy man making political concessions to his people—in return for which the people sent him to the right about; then we were introduced to the excellent M. Mazzini, who talked oh! such balderdash; and to the valiant "General" Garibaldi, who, if he is at all like the lout who personated him, is an ugly, dirty, offensive, impudent wretch; and, to give a pleasant melodramatic flavor of the sayings and doings of these distinguished individuals, we had the assassination of Count Rossi literally represented, with, if I mistake not, the identical dagger which the assassin used—we had also sundry grotesque *ballets*—and as a *bouquet* the capture and occupation of Rome by the French. All good Catholics were naturally horribly scandalized at seeing the holy father dragged in such a way on the stage; and, heretic though I am, I admit that it *was* a most infamous outrage. But it gave rise to a striking demonstration of the sentiments of the lower classes of Paris with respect to the Roman expedition; seldom have I heard such long-continued and hearty acclamation as greeted Mazzini and Garibaldi, and every word uttered by them that was hostile to the French; even the assassination of Count Rossi was, from the same spirit, loudly applauded; and when the French troops were represented in possession of Rome there arose a yell of execration which almost brought the roof down. The respectable portion of the audience struggled hard to get up a counter demonstration, but their efforts were vain. Three thousand of the free and independent *blouses* persisted in hooting their own flag, yelling down their own soldiers, disowning their own military exploits, and branding their own government! Never, perhaps, was such a scene witnessed before in any theatre. But the lesson, it must be confessed, was richly merited by the government, for the infamy of that Roman affair is unexampled. Unwilling, however, to be so scouted, the government has forbidden any further representation of the piece.

From the Examiner, 29 Sept.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

THE president of the French republic, it is pretty evident, is after all worth something more than the sharp intriguers and solemn nonentities who surround him as councillors and courtiers. The letter to Colonel Ney is now clearly admitted to be his individual act and expression of opinion; for there is not one of his ministers who does not condemn its frankness, and is not ready to draw back from the necessity of imposing such large and liberal conditions on the Pope. M. Dufaure alone perhaps stickles for some shadow of Roman freedom; but all his colleagues submit to M. de Falloux, and are now entreating that lay brother of the conclave to settle the difference with the Pope for them at any price.

The fact is, that this moderate party, of which the government is composed, cannot separate from the legitimists, cannot do without them, cannot throw them into opposition. Their ill-humor, their good understanding with the republicans, would at once overthrow the president. Hence M. de Falloux must be retained, and the Pope and the priests must be conciliated. Louis Napoleon must not throw the religious banner to be caught at by the Duke of Bordeaux. The Pope knows his advantage. M. de Falloux's brother, an ecclesiastic, is in Italy, as a means of communication. To expect that Messrs. Barrot and Dufaure could bend the Pope, thus encouraged, is idle. His holiness has ceded no more, will cede no more, than is necessary to save appearances for the French cabinet, and enable it to make some lame show of defence before the Assembly.

Upon the public men of France, thus truckling and tergiversating, the letter of M. Mazzini has fallen like one of those flashes of lightning which illumine in the midst of darkness, allowing each man to read for a moment his neighbor's face. How a Frenchman should peruse such a document without wincing and blushing is difficult to conceive; and it has therefore been made ample use of. French writers so universally flatter their countrymen, that not even the "reddest" of them could have told the truth in the bold and uncompromising language of Mazzini. The facts, too, of the letter are undeniable; the logic simple; and the ministerialists have nothing to reply, save to complain that the language is not polite. Poor Mazzini, just escaped from the battle-field and from the scorching ruin of his country, could scarcely be expected to write in courtly vein. He speaks to history and to posterity, and does not mince his words; and certainly Oudinot, and Barrot, and Corcelles, appear very contemptible pigmies in the face of his gigantic oburgation.

But, after all, Mazzini does too much honor to the French when he supposes them to have acted from political principles and from hatred to freedom. The Roman expedition was undertaken with the simple notion that there was a strong party of moderate constitutionalists at Rome, consisting of men like Barrot himself, Tocqueville,

and Dufaure. The Pope was supposed to entertain a cordial opinion of the same kind. So that to land at Civita, set up this party, and enable it to recall the Pope, seemed to the more liberal statesmen of the Elysée the simplest thing imaginable.

But lo! all the facts on which the French relied completely disappeared. The moderates vanished or became immoderate. The Pope ran away, and flung himself into the arms and ideas of the Jesuits; and the French diplomatists wrote home that a middle and moderate party, in any manner reliable, no more exists in Rome than it does in Siberia or Patagonia. Were a shadow of such a party fabricated, and put up in power, it would require an army to keep it there; and this army should have a double front, one opposed to the priests and ultras, the other to the democrats. The termination of every French despatch from Rome has therefore been—Let us get out of this country as fast as possible.

What the Pope concedes is manifest from his *motu proprio*. His first promise is a Council of State, of which he does not say that even the majority shall be leaders. Then he promises a *Consulta*, a Senate to be elected by Provincial Councils, whose duty will be to *offer advice* on financial matters. The provincial councils are not to be elected directly by the municipal councils, but chosen from lists furnished by the latter. The *motu proprio* ends by the promise of an amnesty to all not expressly excluded; but as every Roman of liberalism and importance is excluded, the amnesty is but one more of the list of papal humbugs. There is little doubt, however, that with this the French government has determined to content itself! There cannot be a stronger corroboration of the truth of Mazzini's letter than such a termination of French professions and intervention.

M. MAZZINI'S LETTER.*—The letter of M. Mazzini to M. Falloux and M. de Tocqueville, (first published in the "Daily News,") fills the columns of the "Presse," the "National," and various other papers. The old hand of the "National" will be recognized in the following: "Powerful reasoning, a pitiless memory, perfect clearness, and convincing proofs, are the smallest recommendations of this solemn manifestation, which is the last cry of the Roman republic, miserably assassinated by the French republic. What principally strikes us in this document is the firm and grave tone, the deep conviction, the constant enthusiasm, the language becoming a man and a citizen, which all the art in the world cannot counterfeit. The letter of Mazzini is a sword-cut, falling straight and firm on the folds of the serpent which glides away. You have lied! These three words sum up the whole anathema; but what a terrible development they receive! How, under the inexorable pen of the Triumvir, are collected instances of disloyalty, treachery, forgetfulness, and acts of

* This is an admirable letter, too long for our columns.

oppression, to the very moment when the writer stops, not from having exhausted what he had to say, but because his patience failed him, and because he felt in himself the same disgust that he had just inspired his readers with, for all the wretched matters stripped of their 'solemn coverings, their pompous masks, their imposing mystery! Ah! we pity MM. de Tocqueville and de Falloux, now that they see themselves dragged before the supreme tribunal of public opinion, and when they have a foretaste of the just chastisement which awaits them at the tribune." While the "National" thus lauds the letter to the skies, the "Constitutionnel" denounces it for the grossness of its insults, exclaiming, "Each phrase is an insult, each expression an affront. It is, however, the style of the demagogical faction of which he is one of the leaders. Who can fail to recognize through this violence the brutality of its manners, respecting as little the laws of language as of nations!"

From the London Times, of 4th Oct.

FRENCH FOREIGN POLICY.

THE mail for Brazil and Buenos Ayres, which leaves London this day, will take out a distinct intimation that the intentions of the French government with reference to a fresh expedition into the River Plate had been overstated; that no military armament is now contemplated at Brest; and that the superior officer who succeeds Admiral Léprédour in the River Plate will sail in command of a squadron of fresh vessels merely to relieve the ships and crews which have already served their full time on that station, and are recalled. We rejoice to find that this expedition is disavowed or abandoned, not from any unworthy or misplaced jealousy of its results, but from a conviction that, as in the case of the expedition projected some years ago against Madagascar, such an enterprise would lead to no result at all, unless it were undertaken on a scale far exceeding that of the forces which the French government might be disposed to despatch to South America in the present state of Europe. We should, moreover, have deplored any decided difference between the policy to be pursued by France and by England towards Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, for any such difference would not only have increased the jealousy and animosity which have occasionally broken out between French and English interests in that quarter, but it might be regarded as a triumph for Rosas to have succeeded in dissolving the formidable combination of the two leading maritime powers against himself.

The opinions of M. Thiers on the Monte Videan question are known to be extremely decided, and extremely hostile to the pretensions of Rosas. His influence is undoubtedly continually exercised against the species of compromise which had been proposed, and it must be borne in mind that by the present constitution of the French republic it

is not so much with the executive government as with the national assembly that the ratification of treaties rests. M. Thiers possesses sufficient credit with a large portion of the conservative majority, who admire his practical talents and obey his occult influence, to induce them to reject the treaty negotiated by Admiral Léprédour and Mr. Southern in its present shape. To the other perplexities of this embarrassing question, a ministerial defeat might thus be added; and the greater probability is that the French government will resume and continue its negotiations at Buenos Ayres without giving any great activity to its naval operations. The obvious inconvenience of this course is, that it affords a pretext to Rosas for the prolongation of hostilities, and that the commercial community may still long be excluded from the advantages to be anticipated from the pacification of the River Plate and the independence of Monte Video.

Another unpleasant and inopportune circumstance has just occurred in the relations of France with another portion of the American continent, which threatens to kindle a diplomatic quarrel with the United States. One of the strangest and most perilous consequences of the revolution of February was that the duties of representing the French republic in foreign countries were suddenly thrust upon men utterly unqualified for such functions by education, station, or experience. The post of minister at Washington had been intended for M. de Circourt, a gentleman who united all these qualities in the highest degree, and who had consented, from personal friendship for M. de Lamartine, and from patriotic motives, to proceed to Berlin in the first stormy days of the provisional government. Instead, however, of rewarding M. de Circourt's great services in Germany by the legation to the United States, M. de Lamartine allowed that position to be carried by some republican intrigue in favor of a man utterly unknown to fame, but who rejoices in the significant and captivating name of William Tell Poussin. It seems, however, that M. Poussin has contrived to leave a trace in diplomatic history before he could be superseded by a more suitable representative of the French nation. He was instructed to obtain from the American government some reparation or indemnity for losses sustained by French subjects in the course of the Mexican war; but he appears to have couched his demand in terms so unusual, or unbecoming, that the American cabinet immediately answered it by sending him his passports. This correspondence has not yet reached us, and we know little of the merits of the case, or of the effect it may produce in Paris; but in New York it had occasioned a sudden and remarkable depression of the public securities, and apprehensions had been excited as to the consequences of such a blow aimed at a sister republic, which amounts to an interruption of diplomatic intercourse. The probability is that the affront seems to have consisted in form rather than in substance, and as it is impossible to impute to

France and the United States a serious intention of hostility, mutual explanations and the sacrifice of the diplomatist with the patriotic name will appease the wrath of these democracies.

But the more experience we acquire of this form of popular government, especially as applied to the foreign relations of great nations, the more apparent is it that they do not possess the art of keeping politicians out of hot water, or of guiding the course of empires by the strict laws of forbearance and the public interest. Any dispassionate and intelligent government, really master of its own resources and responsible for its decisions, would acknowledge the expediency of withdrawing in such times as these from such petty and sterile questions as those of the River Plate, and of avoiding every unnecessary rub in other parts of the globe; for the chief secret of strength, in politics as in war, lies in concentration. But the passion for display and the appeals which will be made to the vanity of the national assembly will probably prevent the adjustment of affairs in the River Plate, and possibly impart considerable acrimony to this fresh dispute with the cabinet at Washington. To such questions, extreme publicity and popular debates on pending negotiations are what a current of air is to a fire; the spark which smoulders under the ashes, and might expire by a little neglect, is fanned into a flame which may reach every part of the edifice. For these purposes, the French constitution is infinitely below that of the United States, which has retained in the senate a body acting in the spirit of a privy council, yet endowed with the authority of a branch of the legislature. That institution has saved the honor and the policy of the United States in all its foreign relations, from the ratification of Mr. Jay's treaty in 1794 down to the convention for the partition of the Oregon territory; and it may be affirmed that many of the transactions most essential to the peace and real interests of the nation would have been frustrated by the factious divisions or the unreflecting temper of more popular assemblies. In France no such institution exists, and the more delicate and arduous the foreign relations of the republic may chance to become, the more impracticable will it be to maintain the due authority of sound policy, justice, and wisdom. The executive government ceases to have power to act up to its own convictions; the most far-sighted statesman finds his horizon circumscribed by the prejudices or passions of the multitude; and the exercise of power is clogged with such restraints that its duties are lowered and its responsibilities weakened. The history of the treaty for the pacification of the River Plate will probably illustrate on a small scale this tendency of the present institutions of France; but we shall see the same difficulties recur on every occasion on which the course of the government is liable to be counteracted by personal opposition or popular clamor. Under such conditions it is more than doubtful

whether any complete and effective system of foreign policy can be founded or pursued.

[We do not believe that any free form of government would suit the French nation. That people needs an apprenticeship. But in the beginning it was evident to Americans that the single legislative body was a very dangerous and hopeless experiment. Mr. Walsh exerted himself to the utmost to lay before the constituent body, or influential members of it, the arguments in favor of a separate senate like ours. The foregoing article shows how ill the single body works in foreign affairs.—*Liv. Age.*]

From the London Times

DESTINY OF CUBA.

WHOEVER has glanced at a map of the West Indies, must have noticed an island conspicuous above the rest for its size and its position. Commanding the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, and possessing one of the noblest harbors in the world, Cuba crowns by her political importance the commercial advantages of a rich soil, a varied and teeming productiveness, and a climate which enjoys the genial warmth but escapes the fiercer heats of the tropics. The occupation of such an island must give strength and wealth to any nation. Cuba is the strength and wealth of Spain. She is the last fragment of the vast empire of "Spain and the Indies." Of all those splendid provinces which attested the genius of Columbus and the fortunes of the Escorial, Cuba alone is left, the earliest and the latest memorial of a brittle glory. When Cuba is wrenched from Spain, then will Spain be poor indeed. And, if our transatlantic reports prove true, this consummation is not distant.

There are but two powers in the world who could occupy the island with profit; but there is none which could occupy it without dishonesty. The two to whom the occupation of Cuba would be profitable are Great Britain and the United States of America. The former has a sort of equitable lien upon it for the money she has lent to Spain. The latter has not even this right to it. Both are equally able to make themselves masters of it by force. In the hands of either, perhaps, its eventual fortunes might be the same. The possession of it by Great Britain would crush slavery and the slave-trade in the western seas. In the hands of the American republic it would aggravate the causes of dissension between the abolitionists and their opponents; and by the menace of a rupture insure a compromise in favor of the slaves. But to neither can it be annexed without treachery or injustice, or the combination of both.

It is true that the President has officially and authoritatively discouraged the project of Cuban annexation. It is true that he has warned the free corps of armed adventurers, with which the eastern ports were rife, that the occupation or invasion of territory belonging to a friendly power is a violation, not only of international, but of American law. It is also true, we believe, that these dissuaves and prohibitions are not merely formal and illusory. We are inclined to believe that

General Taylor has scanned with correct eye the prospective dangers of enlarging the territory of the states beyond the legitimate boundary of the ocean, and that his apprehensions are shared by the most sagacious of the American statesmen. But this, unfortunately, gives no assurance to the world that the central government at Washington will continue to maintain a pacific tone, and repudiate the prize of conquest. The government of the United States is a weak government. It is often forced to follow where it wished to lead; to obey where it ought to command. Wherever the ministry are not the willing and avowed servants of popular passions and popular ignorance, they ultimately become their reluctant instruments. The policy of the cabinet is oftener decided by the rapid movements of a resolute faction, and the clever schemes of unprincipled adventurers, than by the counsels of statesmen and the advice of legislators. There is always in the states a large body of loose, reckless, and daring men, to whom all peaceful occupation is dull, the amusement of home politics rapid, and the wide plains of the Missouri and Michigan narrow and confined. They cast their eyes about the surrounding regions for novelty and excitement. Texas, Mexico, California, Mosquito, or Cuba—it is all the same to them. Neither land nor ocean bounds their desires or their curiosity. They are troubled with no unnecessary scruples; they have a philosophical indifference to treaties; they have a comprehensive ardor of acquisitiveness. If an opportunity offer itself for extending their travels and improving their fortunes in another land, they willingly seize it. They care little for proclamations from Washington and notifications from the White House. They have a shorter and readier way of solving state problems than is known to diplomatists and jurists. They put themselves into communication with the democratic or constitutional or some other party of a neighboring or friendly state—they send over detachments of sympathizers—they organize a conspiracy among such troops as the degenerate colonies of Spain or the unsettled republics of the New World boast of—then, when all is ripe, a fresh detachment of invaders, open and avowed, bursts across the border, unites itself to the former bands of sympathizers, corrupts, divides, or masters the native soldiery; and, taking one of the native commanders for its head, proclaims a new constitution, or, at once, annexation. The cabinet at Washington has no option but to acquiesce in this abrupt policy, or else to endure a “Young America” on its frontiers, with all the insolence and all the licentiousness of youth. Having objected, discouraged, and forbidden, as long as it could, it is obliged, at the last hour, to sanction by its authority, and solemnize by its ceremonies, the victory which it denounced, and the acquisitions which it deprecated.

Such bids fair to be the course of action in Cuba. For some time past there has been in Cuba a party friendly to America, as there used to be in the Ionian colonies parties friendly to

Sparta, and in the Dorian colonies parties friendly to Athens. It would be visionary to suggest the motives which inspire the American faction in Cuba. Whether the Cuban planters think that they would get more slaves, and thus cultivate their soil more cheaply; or that the African slave-trade would be suppressed, and that thus they would sell their slaves more dearly under the government of the States, it is idle to ask. Suffice it to say, that there does exist in the Spanish colony a party friendly to American rule; and that American patriotism is not likely to reject the advantages of such an alliance. How far the desire of such aggrandizement has spread through the republic we know not; but the history of recent invasions tells us that when the idea of conquest has once been bruited about by rumor—when it has been seconded by the public press of America—and when the politics of the obnoxious state are favorable to interference—that the period of aggression is not remote. Any or no pretext for a rupture will suffice; and the abduction of Juan Rey, together with the subsequent trial of the Spanish consul at New Orleans, supplies ample materials for discord, which American cupidity will clutch, and American diplomacy may recognize.

How far the interests of civilization would be promoted by the substitution of American for Spanish rule, is hard to determine. It would replace the despotism of a monarchy by more than the usual laxity of a republic; and it would introduce a new energy into the political and industrial conditions of Cuba. It would weaken if not destroy the influence of its present religion, and perhaps engraft no other upon it. It would, however, sooner or later, strike a fatal blow at slavery, because it would at once destroy the slave-trade with Africa. This is a good which would countervail many evils.

But no excuse can justify the contemplated annexation. Whatever might be its fruits, it would still be a foul and monstrous wrong. It would be a violation of the law and equity of nations. It would be a bold and insolent triumph of might over right. It would involve the whole American people in the same general condemnation which the spirit of repudiation drew upon individual states. It would, however, be a seasonable comment upon the very confident orations and essays of the peace propagandists, who have been kindly informing us for the last twelve months that wars and aggressions are the amusements only of kings and emperors—the loathing and abomination of the people.

From the Independent.

CANADA.

WHAT is now taking place in Canada may turn out to be the most remarkable revolution of the age. The change in the colonial and commercial system of the British empire has led the people of Canada to the discovery that they have little

to gain, and may have much to suffer, by a continuance of their political dependence on Great Britain. The people of Great Britain, on the other hand, are beginning to understand that the possession of Canada is of no advantage to them, while the expense of governing and defending it adds greatly to the burthen of their taxes. In these circumstances, the Canadians are beginning, very seriously, to agitate the question of the annexation of "their country"—for so they have learned to call it—to the United States. Persons of the most opposite political opinions heretofore, find themselves strangely united in the desire to be rid of their provincial or colonial dependence, and to be placed on a footing of complete self-government. Tory and whig, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Church-of-England-man and Dissenter, seem to be coming to an unaffected agreement on this point. Even that old antipathy of languages and of blood—the hereditary feud between the conquering race and the conquered—which at times has been ready to break forth into a war of races—British against French—seems to be overcome by a new and common passion for the transfer of their allegiance from the imperial crown of Great Britain to the government of the American Union. The proposal—which was originally made, if we mistake not, by a disappointed faction, for a temporary party purpose, without any honest expectation or desire of its being realized—has been taken up in earnest; and views and arguments have been presented which the people of Canada will never be able to forget, and which, in the end, will work out great results.

In other words, a revolution is in progress—a peaceful revolution. We need not inquire whether the end of it will certainly be the absorption of Canada into our Federal Union; we need not say whether such a result, if it come to pass, will be beneficial, either to that country or to this. Indeed, the time has not yet come for Americans to meddle with the movement. It is enough for us, at present, to observe the significant fact, that a revolution is in progress to which no parallel can be found in history—a revolution without war, without insurrection, without violence—a revolution working only by discussion, and proposing to work only by peaceful negotiation for the separation of Canada, and virtually of all the other provinces of what is called British America, from the British empire.

There is one way in which this advancing revolution may be, and perhaps will be, suddenly turned back, and the result postponed indefinitely. Let the people on this side of the St. Lawrence and the lakes attempt to aid the agitation in any way—let the American people, or any considerable party or portion of them, begin to act as if the business in hand were some of their business—let the vain-glorious spirit of universal annexation

begin to utter itself in our newspapers, and in the harangues of our political party orators—let our "western orientalism" of rhetoric begin to expatiate about the "star-spangled banner" floating in hyperborean skies, and our republic stretching from the tropic to the arctic circle—let meetings begin to be held, committees appointed, and funds raised, for promoting the annexation of Canada—above all, let there begin to be any, even the least, demonstration of that sort of "sympathy" which wrought so much mischief in 1837—let there be any appearance of that piratical, crusading propagandism which lately made such a figure at Round Island, and the revolution will be at an end. Neither the just self-respect of the Canadians, nor the imperial pride of Great Britain, will tolerate any interference in this matter on our part.

Happily, there are, as yet, no indications of a disposition, on this side of the line, to hasten the progress of events. The calmness—we had almost said the indifference—with which the people of the United States are observing the great change of opinion amongst their neighbors, and are waiting to see the result, is not the least remarkable among the phenomena of this revolution.

Taken altogether, this is a new thing under the sun. The people of one of the greatest and most British of all the British colonial provinces are deliberately discussing and planning—what! Nothing less than an entire political revolution, the separation of that province from the empire, the dissolution of their allegiance to their sovereign. They are doing this not in secret clubs, and in midnight meetings of conspirators, but openly, in the use of free speech and a free press, and of an unlimited right of consultation on public affairs. They do this, not as if they were planning treason—not with any fear of the scaffold, or even of confiscation and exile, but as safely and calmly as the inhabitants of Minnesota might discuss the question of establishing a state government. Surely there is such a thing as progress. Could such proceedings have taken place two centuries ago? Was such a method of adjusting great political changes possible to our fathers, in 1775? There is more significance in the opening and progress of this Canadian revolution, than there could be in half a dozen peace congresses. Conventions for the promotion of universal peace are well enough. Far be it from us to speak of them otherwise than with respect and gratitude. But in the peaceful discussion of so great a question as the dismemberment of the world's greatest empire—in the fact that men can plan so great a revolution, and labor to achieve it, and not seem to feel the pressure of the halter on their throats, there is more hope for the world than in the speeches of Monsieur Hugo and Mr. Cobden. Facts are greater than speeches or conventions.

From the Examiner.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

THERE is, there can be, but one opinion as to the demands of the Russian Autocrat upon the Porte, and the conduct of the sultan in refusing compliance. The czar insolently and domineeringly requires the Turkish government to give up Hungarian and Polish refugees, that he may wreak his vengeance upon them; the Mahometan prince answers that it is a duty of his religion to grant hospitality to strangers and fugitives, and that he cannot refuse them an asylum. The Russian envoy intimated that the refusal would draw down on the Porte the immediate hostility of his master; but the sultan, notwithstanding the vast disproportion of forces between the two empires, took his stand calmly on the duties of his religion and the rights of humanity, and diplomatic relations were forthwith broken off, the Russian ambassador quitting Constantinople.

A quarrel more unrighteous than this on the one hand, and more righteous on the other, has not occurred in the long history of Europe. In the days of barbarism, the czar's demand would have been accounted barbarous; in an age of advanced civilization, it is the rudest and most jarring outrage against the established customs of comity and humanity. The czar's demands for vengeance surpass even the papal amnesty in vindictiveness; but the ruthless spirit, common to many a butcher, is not the matter of marvel and alarm, but the endeavor to give effect to it by rudely trampling on the customs of Europe, which have long ceased to league state with state against political offenders; but, on the contrary, have opened asylums in foreign lands to those who have forfeited the shelter of their own by acts against their governments, not against the common laws of society, such as the blacker crimes of felony, for which extradition is usual. Knowing the great power the czar holds in his hands, it is an ugly question what can be in his head, when he thinks thus to trample at will and pleasure on established usages of Europe. Is he so infatuated as to suppose that he can kick the world as his football before him? Has his Hungarian campaign so turned his head as to make him believe himself irresistible, and that the breath of his nostrils is to be the new law of Europe? What can be his notion of the feelings of the European family, and of their resources against the example of aggression, if he can affront and dare both, as he must do, to carry his point against the Porte? The ignorance of opinion, and powers in support of opinion, which such conduct argues, would stamp the Emperor Nicholas as not less dangerous than a madman, whose conduct does not allow of calculation.

It is impossible to believe that the mere thirst for blood can have led the czar to the proceeding to which he has committed himself. He has consented to play the part of the sanguinary, that under and through it he may play another. To borrow the words of Burke, he makes his abhorred

vice a cloak for something worse. In the insolence of the proceedings with the Porte, and all the circumstances, may be traced the settled plan to pick a quarrel. The demands appear to have been so conveyed as to make submission as difficult as possible. The mouth-piece of the emperor intimated that the fate of the refugees delivered up would be death, as if to pin the Porte to the duty of humanity, forcing upon its conscience a foreknowledge of the worst for which concession would make it answerable. What the autocrat wants is clear enough. It is a quarrel by hook or by crook with Turkey, just as he has got his hand in, in Hungary; but never before was an unjust quarrel sought in so flagrantly wrongful a way. The indignation of the whole world must rise against it. That Turkey will be defended against aggression it is impossible to doubt. Common prudence as well as justice enlists France and England in support of her against the arms of Russia, if to arms the czar should dare to have recourse for the ostensible punishment of humanity, for the real perpetration of robbery. We have always deprecated war; we have been reproached with being the pusillanimous advocates of peace at any price; but great as, in our view, would be the calamity of a general war in Europe, it would be preferable to the infamy and the long train of perilous consequences which would follow the abandonment of Turkey to the gripe of Russia, in this most iniquitous quarrel.

That France and England combined would so far overmatch the power of Russia as to bring a war to a successful close, there can be no reasonable doubt. Austria would probably be the unwilling ally of Russia, but Austria would have enough to do, and more than she could do, with Hungary again in arms, and Italy again in revolt. Russia, too, would have work on her hands at home; and her nobles, already malcontent, would have their discontents bitterly aggravated by the injury their estates would suffer from the loss of the English markets for their produce. Still, though the inability of Russia to cope with such a combination as justice and European policy would form against her may be considered as certain, yet no one can pretend to assign distinct and definite bounds to war once rekindled in the present state of Europe. Ferrency do we trust to be spared the experiment. And the prevalent opinion is that the emperor will give way, or enter into some compromise, when he finds that France and England will not permit of any violence to Turkey. It may be so; but the posture in which he has placed himself, and forced the Porte, will not allow of a retreat on either side without sore shame and humiliation. The sultan is avowedly committed to resistance, not only as a point of honor, but paramountly as a religious obligation. The autocrat, on the other hand, must either act in fulfilment of his insolent threats, or virtually confess those second thoughts to be best which spring from first fears. He has, it is affirmed, estopped one solution of the difficulty, by proclaiming that he would

regard the escape of any of the refugees as constituting in itself a *casus belli*; thus, in effect, making the sultan the jailer of the objects of his wrath. Some expedient may be hit upon to arrange the dispute, for when all parties have an interest against war, adjustment can never be hopeless; but, as the matter stands, it is as difficult of accommodation as insolence and barbarism could make it. At present it is no pleasing reflection that the peace of Europe depends on the passions of one man; and that, a man who has shown so little comprehension of the feelings of the world which put the veto on injustice, and who has evinced so brutal a propensity to cruelty and oppression—his power to perpetrate which, vast as it is, is yet happily far short of his evil will.

[To the Editor of the Examiner.]

WHAT IS ENGLAND TO DO?—We have only one alternative—silence or war. Now war is a serious thing. No mere burst of indignation should ever be allowed to hurry England into war. Calmly should the claims of Turkey be weighed, rationally the cost be counted; and if that calm consideration lead to the inevitable conclusion that only by war can the known law of nations be sustained, the independence of Turkey supported, and the English power in the East be preserved from inevitable danger, then, and not until then, should war be declared. It must be well kept in mind that the Hungarian question is altogether foreign to this case. The *casus belli* is, not that Kossuth and his colleagues are threatened with death, but that certain men who have taken refuge in Turkey are peremptorily demanded by Russia. Turkey alone cannot, without almost culpable rashness, resist this demand. Turkey, supported by England and France, can. Shall we give this support? That is the question. Let us not, with Mr. Cobden, disguise the fact that Russia is strong—is the great brute-force of the world; but let us understand as well that if we do not act now, she but adds strength to strength. Let us not deny that war is a curse, but let us clearly see that a short war and victory is better than a long war and defeat;—that to scotch the boa before he can crush, is somewhat wiser than to wait until he crushes. The question still remains—what are we, the people of England, to do? Were it not well to “bide a wee,” and trust our minister? All questions of foreign politics must of necessity be entrusted more implicitly to the minister than any department of home affairs. The nation at large has not at the moment of action the same power of acquiring information that the minister possesses. Our duty is to choose our minister, steadily support him, and then judge him by the results of his acts. We have a minister in whom we can place entire confidence; let us then strengthen his hands to the utmost. The present question seems to me far too grave to be treated off in public meetings, far too momentous for mere expressions of sympathy. It demands far more solemn consideration than any mere utterance of

personal feeling; for it is a national, not an individual question, and individuals are responsible to God and their consciences, nations to God and the world. What is wanted is a great minister, unembarrassed by external agitation, uncriticized by well-meaning but half-informed zeal, but calmly and steadily supported by the quiet confidence of the English people, who trust him for his past services, but who are able to judge him for his future acts, who rationally give and rationally withhold their esteem. We have the minister, let the nation do the rest. Above all, let us not be led to neglect our duty by any dreams of perfect peace.

AN ULTRA-TORY OPINION ON THE QUESTION.
—The “Standard,” much to its honor, thus writes on the contemplated possibility of war.

Our minister at Constantinople, whose proceedings give the first warning of the impending calamity, is a man of high talents, of immovable temper, and of great experience—one who may well take his place at the head of the diplomacy of Europe. The pretext for the threatened outrage upon the Turkish empire is almost too flimsy to deserve the compliment of an exposure. Some Magyars, subjects of the Emperor of Austria before he broke faith with them, but never subjects of the Austrian empire, and some Poles, allies of these Magyars in a war against the *Austrian empire*, have taken refuge in the Turkish fortress of Widdin. The czar demands that these unhappy fugitives be delivered up to him—making no concealment of his purpose of putting them to death. Upon what grounds can such a demand be supported? The Magyars never owed any allegiance to Russia, never offered any injury to the autocrat or his subjects; on the other hand, he has been the aggressor in the war against them from first to last; and if the Poles have been entrapped into a *de facto* subjection to the Russian despot, in gross violation of the treaty of Vienna, those of the nation escaped to Widdin have committed no offence whatever against the prince who clamors for their blood, no offence which, were they *de jure* his subjects, as they are *de facto*, would, according to public law, justify him in touching a hair of their heads. It is impossible to show that the Poles, in alliance with the Magyars, whose case is perfectly pure, have committed any offence against Russia. Upon what pretence, then, can the czar call upon the Turkish government to become accessory to the murder of these unhappy men by delivering them into his hand? The truth is, that it is a quarrel with Turkey, not the blood of a few hundred fugitives, of which the Russian government is in pursuit. Europe is distracted and poor; Russia is free from disorder, and, as we have lately seen, purse-proud; and the time anxiously contemplated by Peter and Katharine—the time for realizing their scheme of annexing Turkey—appears to have arrived. Ought the free states of Europe to submit to this? Ought they to wait until the peremptory demand shall come to London or Paris to deliver up individuals obnoxious to Russian vengeance? They ought not, and we trust they will not, even though war should be the alternative. Sir Stratford Canning plainly knows how the Russian cabinet is to be encountered, and so far we are safe in his hands. Sir Stratford’s communication doubtless formed the subject of de-

liberation at the cabinet council suddenly assembled on Tuesday; and it is well to let our rulers and to let strangers know, that the persons in this country most opposed to revolutionary changes are not behind their fellow-citizens in resisting everywhere the aggressions of despotism.

From the Spectator, 6 Oct.

Russia and Turkey—the Wolf and the Lamb—these few words almost suffice to describe the spectacle which is before the world this week; for the mere pretext or occasion signifies little. Russia is threatening Turkey, and Austria is helping the Muscovite. The pretext is furnished by the refuge which the vanquished Hungarian leaders and their Polish brothers in arms sought in the Turkish territory.

At the first receipt of the news it was disbelieved, the demand was represented as being so insolently made. Prince Radzivil, the special envoy from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, was said to have demanded the surrender of the fugitives, avowing that they should be put to death, and threatening the Porte with the consequences of refusal. Although the demeanor of Russia to Turkey had traditionally been overbearing, anything so flagrantly indecorous seemed to be incompatible equally with the usages of the present day and the notorious tact of Russian diplomatists.

Circumstances, however, soon lent corroboration to the report in its substantial. Our own government is evidently moved by some urgent claim on its attention. The ministerial *Globe*, and quasi-ministerial *Times*, treat the intelligence as grave, and prepare the public mind for some “spirited” procedure; the leading journal, however, having a special eye also to splicing its new anti-absolute policy on to its recent apologies for Austria and Russia. A cabinet council was suddenly summoned by Lord Palmerston. In short, *something* was seriously the matter, and Turkey the object of solicitude.

The later reports wear every appearance of probability, and state the affair in a manner quite comprehensible. It seems that Russia had demanded the surrender of certain persons, her own subjects, namely, natives of Poland; and Austria had made a similar demand as to her subjects, Hungarians. Russia relied on the treaty of Kainarji of 1774, by which Russia and Turkey reciprocally bound themselves to surrender or expel each other's fugitive subjects; Austria, on the treaty of Passarowicz, by which she and Turkey were reciprocally bound to withhold a refuge from rebels and malecontents. The sultan and his government were unanimous in refusing; and the foreign minister addressed a string of questions to the French and English ambassadors, in effect asking whether they considered the Porte bound by the treaties to deliver the fugitives, and whether, if war should be the consequence of refusal, France and England would support the Turkish sovereign with armed succors! The reply of the French and English ambassadors, Sir Stratford Canning and General Aupick, was, substantially, that the treaties did not warrant Austria and Russia

in making the demand, and did not bind Turkey to comply; that armed succors could not be promised without special instructions to that effect from Paris and London; but that the English and French governments would offer their mediation.

How far the English cabinet has resolved to support this position, is not yet known; but it is reported that the English fleet has been ordered to sail from Malta for the Dardanelles.

THE TURKISH WAR.

Is there to be a war in Turkey, or not? That is the question of the day, and much may be said on both sides of it; the unknown event, however, is marching on without much mercy for the wishes of those who anticipate war with most dislike. If there be war, will England be bound to help Turkey; and whether bound in honor or not, *will* she do it? Those are questions still more eagerly put, not altogether in the boldest spirit. “I don't think our ministers will have the pluck!” cries the statesman of the “shopocracy,” with a sickly sneer, to hide his fears lest they should. And that statesman is precisely the object of alarm to the ministers; whom he despises for fearing himself, internally conscious as he is that there is nothing about him to be really afraid of.

One enormous impediment stands in the way of England's taking part in any war—the financial demands for such a purpose. It is a double difficulty—difficult in itself, and difficult through what opponents may make of it. However ministers may feel nationally and chivalrously bound to support Turkey, they may naturally shrink from the immediate consequence at home—war on the Danube is *more income-tax* on the Thames. And however Notting Hill and Camberwell may have “come forward” to follow up Lord Palmerston's “spirited protests,” it is to be doubted how far they would come forward with the subsidies needful to put those protests into action. It is not impossible that politicians of very dishonest or limited mind might trade on this dilemma—that, while instigating protests and denunciations, they may raise a great outcry against unpopular taxation, and strive to force “financial reform” by threatening to oust a ministry that is so audacious as to contemplate an increase of the income-tax. Such sort of intrigue, however transparent, is one by no means impossible to the smaller class of politicians with whom opportunity is right and personal success better than sacrifice for the welfare of nations.

We need not dwell on the other great and glaring impediment—the natural and cultivated repugnance to war, which must make every statesman pause in resorting to it, and resort to it only when fortified by the firm conclusion that bloodshed, and even the worse calamities of war, are not so bad as the evils entailed upon mankind by default of resistance to gigantic wrong. These considerations would make any statesman pause—would make any nation hold the advocate of war sternly to account.

But it is not to be denied that very considerable facilities would, for a time at least, attend the career of a war minister. The mere strength and power derived from singleness of purpose would place him on inexpugnable vantage-ground. Although habits of trade and the coddling of extreme civilization have seemed to deaden the innate spirit of physical contest in the English nation, the first "silver snarling" of the war-trumpet would rouse the inborn demon, and English eyes would flash as they have not done for many a year. All peoples, especially the English, affect *positive* results; and the English have been rather sickened of late by very negative or indeterminate results to their statesmanship; a war minister would have positive, distinct, palpable results enough, and to spare—critical results, highly exciting to the public interests; hopeful results; "glorious" results.

Besides those adventitious attractions, it is not to be maintained that war must necessarily be in all other respects disastrous. That it would be attended with trouble and loss is most certain; nearly as certain that the evil would be anything but unmixed. Many good movements are going on sluggishly and ineptly, which the violent revolution of a war would stir into life. Upon nations, even as upon individuals, the force of inertness, routine, and false shame, is paralyzing; it is difficult for the most powerful to take heart of grace, break off its long error, and turn over a new leaf. We shall but touch upon instances.

Commerce would be harshly jarred and unsettled, but not altogether unhappily, if after the disturbance it settled again in better channels. We see it to be in many cases in bad channels, but we cannot effect the change, which might perhaps be done at a jerk. At home, our railway habits of trade might not be the worse for some overwhelming deluge of other interests to break off for a time all but the quiet essential part. Abroad, we have got into bad ways—as with Brazil: the attempt to force our morals upon Brazilian conscience betrayed us into false diplomatic relations; our diplomacy borrowed its coercive power from commerce, and an endless series of inconsistencies has landed us in a quarrel with one of our best customers, of such a kind that we can scarcely take a step towards reconciliation without further inconsistencies. A war might cut that Gordian knot for us, oblige us to exchange refinements and entangled questions for essentials, and by forcing us into more direct courses, make us acknowledge the sweet uses of adversity. France is unfair to us; for she does not adequately reciprocate our commercial concessions—perhaps for want of a more thorough understanding, not so much of our economical arguments, as of our sincerity. France suspects us of a cold, calculating selfishness, which cares little what wrong is done so that we escape the responsibilities and the consequences. Were the two countries compelled to fight side by side for justice to Europe, a better understanding could scarcely fail to grow up, and France would learn, out of mere good fellowship, to show a better faith in consulting mutual interests.

Similar influences might befall in political affairs. At home, we have got into a very ill-conditioned state—a morbid appetite for "reforms," with never a one ripe in public opinion, but a constant pandering to the appetite by dealers in green crudities. Every part of the nation has an unhealthy longing, and no power or vigor to satisfy itself. We should be all the better for breaking this off for a season; and the urgent demands of a war-time would bring us roughly to account. Statesmen would not boggle and falter, asking for "pressure from without" to help them in buckling themselves to their duty: they would soon know what reforms stand for finished ideas in the public mind, and those would become facts accomplished without further delaying, to be got out of the way of action. Mere *a priori* "reforms," got up to satisfy a crotchet or make an agitation, would be brushed aside with other child's-play. Those larger reform measures which are still baking in the public mind, unmaturing, would be put by for a time, to be taken up with more freshness and resolve in their turn; and probably the ultimate success of such measures would not be really hindered by present postponement. Some measures of justice and common sense might be directly hastened. The luxury of sporting with colonies would be abandoned, to do them substantial justice. The mischievous squadron on the coast of Africa—that great embodied and armed nonsense, which yearly diverts a good round sum, engages our ships, and complicates our relations with friends—would be given up.

Abroad, changes not less happy might be anticipated: embarrassments arising from deference for many an old treaty would be swept away; Austria and Russia, and all their allies, would forfeit 1815: England and France would be set free to negotiate directly with Italy, Hungary, the German nations—ay, and with Poland—and so to bring the *peoples* once for all into the councils of Europe. Nay, there is no saying what a Turkish war might do for the Russian nobles—those unhappy magnates whom one occasionally meets wandering about the continent, "on leave," stung with a mortified sense of degradation to see their compeers of the west, free and independent, travelling where they list without reporting all their movements to a bureau at home.

No—a war in 1850 would not tend altogether in favor of absolutism. Perhaps, for that very reason, Russia may not go so far as to bring the generosity of France and England to the test.

From the Economist.

At present, our interference is confined to protests and remonstrances; but if they are not successful, and Russia persists in attacking Turkey, they will be followed by acts, and the whole power of England will be put forth to aid Turkey and beat back the Northern Bear. A war between Russia and Turkey on such a pretext would be followed by a war between Russia and England, and probably between

Russia and France. Austria must be involved in it on the side of Russia, by whose arrogance Europe is threatened with a far worse war than that which Russia sent its forces into Hungary to quell.

There can be no doubt whatever that the conduct of Russia, in arrogantly making such a demand, and in threatening to support it by force of arms, violates the laws of nations. She aspires, then, to make a new code of national laws, and be the sole legislator for Europe. This cannot be allowed. No one of the great powers is so weak in such a contest as Russia. She can have no efficient allies. Austria is too much involved in Italy and Hungary to be able to render her any material assistance. Italy would probably be invaded by the French, and under their auspices would again rise, most probably with much greater success than in 1848, to chase away the Austrians. Hungary, not yet pacified, and no longer cordially united with Austria, hating Russia as the instrument of her subjugation, would probably again be urged into insurrection. All the German subjects of Austria must be opposed to measures involving the possibility of such occurrences, and must be disinclined to see Russian power predominant. A war which would set loose in Austria all the elements of disorder, would be fatal to its greatness. Austria, in such a contest, can afford Russia no efficient aid.

The finances of Russia are not in a condition to enable her to enter into a war with England and France. She has, too, a little war on her hands with the Circassians, which might become a great internal war embracing the bulk of her Mahometan population, were she to engage in a contest with Turkey, England, and France. We trust, therefore, that a true sense of his own position, and the language used by our government, will be sufficient to make the Emperor of Russia sensible that he has taken a wrong step. He will, probably, listen to reason and the remonstrances of England and France. We hope there will be no war. The people of Europe want peace. For nothing did they hate political change so much as that it disturbed peace, and they will not pardon in the Emperor of Russia that which they have loudly and fiercely condemned in all the demagogues and revolutionists of the age.

Should the emperor fancy that his honor is concerned, and that he cannot retreat—should his success over the Hungarians inspire him with a notion that he can succeed in whatever he undertakes—there is but one course for England. She cannot suffer the autocrat to dictate the laws of Europe. She is pledged to uphold the Turkish empire, and she cannot allow the czar to dismember it at his pleasure. She has her Indian empire to look to, and cannot allow Turkey to be incorporated with Russia. It is seldom that so good a

cause as this justifies the employment of our armed force in foreign contests. This, too, has suddenly come on us. The armies of Russia are no doubt ready to proceed from Hungary to Turkey, and can only be stopped by a resolute action on our part. Such a case brings the arbitration theory of the universal peace party to the test. It has espoused the cause of Hungary; it would like to see the Hungarian and Polish refugees protected from the wrath of the emperor; but England, in such a case, relying on arbitration, and disarmed, would be constrained to see the rights of hospitality and the laws of nations violated. She would then be a consenting party to inflicting a great outrage on humanity, and giving the last blow to the independence of Hungary and Poland.

THE DYING BOY.

[We do not know to whom to credit the following lines.]

Oh, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With nought but the sky above my head
And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All round about my bed;
I will close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead!

Then Christ will send an Angel
To take me up to him;
He will bear me slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the Angels
That stand about the Throne,
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know that she is one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we've mourned
All the while she has been gone.

Oh! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again—
Though I know she'll ne'er return to us—
To ask her would be vain!

So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I said to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the Angel
To take me back to you—
He'll bear me slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out at play,
And have gone to sleep beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

1. Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, - - -	<i>Church of England Quarterly Review</i> , 289
2. The Modern Va-sal, concluded, - - -	<i>John Wilmer</i> , - - - 305
3. Optical Magic of our Age, - - -	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , - - - 319
4. The Fall of the Leaf, - - -	<i>Spectator</i> , - - - 323
5. Albert Gallatin, - - -	<i>Courier & Enquirer</i> , - - - 324
6. Paris Correspondence of the - - -	<i>Britannia</i> , - - - 325
7. The Roman Question, - - -	<i>Examiner</i> , - - - 326
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POETRY.—The Shut-up One, (*with an Illustration*); St. Peter's Tears; Reasons for Risibility 318.—The Dying Boy, 335.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble Comments on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4 cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1 cent.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review does in eighteen months.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12 cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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On all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec., 1848.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WILD SPORTS OF THE FALKLANDS.

SKETCHED DURING A SURVEY OF THOSE ISLANDS.

BY CAPTAIN MACKINNON, R. N.

PART I.

PLEASANT HARBOR.—The barometer fell so fast, that the surveying party did not think it prudent to leave the vessel. Every preparation was made for a heavy gale; as we knew, by experience, that the weather-glass is a faithful monitor. At noon we began to feel the breeze; and by 2, P. M., we had as hard a gale of wind, accompanied by as fierce and powerful squalls, with numerous flakes of snow, as I ever experienced. Our situation was desolate in the extreme; to leeward, a range of rocky hills covered with snow, the harbor itself (a branch of Port Fitzroy) lashed by the furious gale into one sheet of foam; and to windward, a small islet covered with tussock, the long leaves of which, bending and bowing as in despair, added to the dreariness of the prospect; while the entrance to the harbor and the head of the bay were hidden from our view by large flakes of snow driving furiously past us. To deepen the effect of this dismal picture, we were conscious of being 104° of latitude from Old England; and that, in case of need, we were several hundred miles away from the nearest assistance. In spite of all this, we were perfectly comfortable and jolly, and cared not one farthing for the gale, as we had not only full reliance on our own resources, but abundance of "creature comforts," to say nothing of the appearance of our spritsail-yard, which was not merely decorated, but positively loaded, with game of all kinds.

Towards night, as usual, the gale abated. The next morning, after divisions, it being Sunday, divine service was performed, (a ceremony omitted only on one occasion while Captain Sullivan and myself were aboard the vessel, when, during a very heavy gale of wind, we were battened down.) After the ship's company had dined, some of the crew were allowed to land for a walk; but as no fire-arms were permitted to be carried on the Sabbath, it was customary to put the men on an islet, in order to avoid any danger from the wild animals which infested the mainland. On the day in question, about twenty were landed on the little tussock isle close to which we lay; and as certain of the officers, myself among the number, wished to go, we all went together, and soon began to amuse ourselves in the best way we could. These tussock beds are very singular places; they have been undisturbed for ages, and by the perpetual decay and renewal of the flags the whole place where they grow is covered with large lumps of vege-

table matter as inflammable as tinder. The long thin leaves interlock above, and form, here and there, little cloisters from five to twenty yards long in some places. The paths thus formed are trodden perfectly smooth by the numerous penguins, whose holes branch off in every direction.

As we were looking about us, one of our party suddenly observed that he smelt smoke. Though such a remark on an uninhabited island was of a nature to excite surprise, no one seemed to heed it till, in a few minutes, thick reeky volumes began to roll over our heads, when it struck me that some of our careless vagabonds had set fire to the weather-side. Off we started for very life, though we had only about 200 yards to go. The ground was excessively difficult, as some of the lumps above described were five feet high, and the flags on the summits many feet above our heads. The cracking of the flames was plainly heard, as if close to us, and we were nearly suffocated by the dense smoke. At length, after a desperate struggle, in which several shoes and caps were lost, we gained the beach, rushed into the boat, and pushed off. We were barely in time; for the next instant the little bank over which we had scampered was a mass of bright flame. Not a moment was lost in sending a boat round to the weather-side (the leeward being impracticable, on account of heat and smoke) to look for the rest of our men, about whom we were, of course, very anxious. The thoughtless fellows were found sitting quietly on the beach smoking their pipes, and looking with vacant pleasure on their work, not dreaming that some of their shipmates might, as the Americans say, have been "used up" by it.

The next morning, anxious to see the effects of the fire, I landed early, and having examined the ashes, ascertained that a very great number of birds had been destroyed by the conflagration. The island consists of about three hundred acres, of which, I am convinced, there are not a dozen square yards without a nest of some kind of bird containing four or five eggs, or callow brood. In the portion of land wherein the fire raged, the young birds were roasted alive, besides a few seals, whose remains we found pretty well singed. The authors of this wholesale destruction said it was quite pitiable to see the larger birds, such as geese, caranchoes, &c., flying round the flames that were consuming their young, and screaming with horror. Now and then one of them would fall in, either suffocated by the smoke or scorched by the heat.

A day or two subsequently, Captain Sullivan and myself landed with our guns on an exploring excursion. After about an hour's walk round a lake, during which we jointly bagged upwards of forty teal, we saw, on turning the corner of a gully, a

huge bull half hidden among the bushes, as if fast asleep. Dropping on our knees, we crawled back some distance, for the purpose of changing our small shot for ball. Having thrown down our game and shooting-jackets, we stealthily advanced on all-fours, and crept up to a small bank within fifteen yards of the brute's great head, which lay fully exposed to us; then, resting our guns, we both fired our left barrels at a concerted signal, reserving the right. The beast did not move; and, to our mortification, we found, on a nearer approach, that we had valiantly been attacking a dead animal. It was some consolation, however, to discover that our two bullet-holes were touching each other in the centre of his brain. Knowing full well that we might reckon on a speedy detection of our exploit, and consequently, on being well laughed at, we determined to ward off the expected ridicule by turning the tables on our shipmates; accordingly, going on board with joyful countenances, we said (which was true enough) that we had shot a bull through the brain, and that he had not stirred afterwards. On hearing this, a party was formed, and saws, knives, and other butchering instruments were taken, for the purpose of cutting up the spoil, towards which, after receiving the necessary directions, they started in high glee; while we sat down to dinner, chuckling at our *ruse*, which, if it did not deceive our companions, had the desired effect in diverting the laughter from ourselves.

When we had completed the survey of Pleasant Harbor, we took the vessel some miles further up. As we advanced towards the head of the harbor, the beauties of the place opened on us. Sometimes the passage was so narrow that one might have thrown one's hat ashore on either side; and anon it spread out to a broad sheet of water. The whole scene was so desolate and dumb that, in giving the word of command, as the different windings made it necessary to shift the yards, my own voice startled me. The water-fowl, noiselessly parting on each side of our bow, as the vessel came up to them, did not appear alarmed, but stared at us with grave astonishment. At eight o'clock we came to and moored in a large sheet of water, about ten miles from the harbor's mouth.

While enjoying my cigar on deck, and deriving pleasure from the soft, serene air of evening, I perceived two bulls grazing close to the shore just ahead of the vessel. The surveyors, who were engaged below laying down their work, immediately stopped business and came up. Having only one day's beef on board, we determined to attack the bulls; and, in a few minutes, four of us were pulling for the shore with well-loaded guns. Our proceedings had got wind on the lower deck, and all hands crowded up the rigging to see the battle. We landed under the bank, in such a position as not to be seen by our prey, who were quietly grazing all the time. Stealthily, like Indians, we climbed the bank, and jumped over the brow full before them. They immediately turned tail and fled. Captain Sullivan fired at the nearest

brute as he turned, and, though at the distance of fifty yards, we could clearly hear the "thud" of the ball striking him, which it did about six inches behind the heart. This was a staggering blow, but did not prevent his running away. La Porte (our dog) was immediately alipped, caught the bull about three hundred yards inland, and flew at his flank, which caused him to face about and attack the dog. Time was thus given me to get within fifteen yards of the spot, when, lowering his head, the brute charged me. My right-hand barrel, however, damped his ardor, and he turned half round as if to fly. My second bullet went clean through his body a few inches above the heart, and, for a moment, brought him on his knees. While I drew my knife in order to hamstring him, he suddenly rallied, and appeared to collect what strength was left him for one last desperate effort—always the most dangerous. At this moment Mr. Sullivan, jun. came up and presented his gun, but the vile Brummagem snapped without going off; and we should have been in rather an awkward predicament, had not Captain Sullivan, with his remaining barrel, within five yards, laid the bull dead at his feet, the bullet passing through the centre of the brain, and coming out at the back of his head. The moment he fell, we were greeted by three loud cheers from the people at our mast-head, and, in a few minutes, had thirty stout fellows with us. After disembowelling our prey, we attached a strong line to his horns, and, with a sailor-song from thirty hoarse throats, dragged him down to the water's edge, towed him off, and hoisted him in with a runner and tackle, not liking to trust his great weight to the yard.

As the survey detained us here several days, we had a good opportunity of exploring the immediate vicinity. Not a day passed without our seeing herds of cattle grazing around. To attack these would not be so dangerous an adventure as to encounter the outlying bulls, which, in number, are disproportionate to the cows. This, no doubt, has arisen from the great slaughter for food of the latter, whose flesh is preferable to that of the males—a slaughter committed by ships of all nations some few years ago, before the Falklands were under the English flag. I generally remarked that the outlyers were covered with gashes, received, probably, in many a hard battle; and that they labored under the disadvantage of not having their horns pointed upwards, whereas the bashaws who lived in female society had remarkable advantages in that weapon of offence. This may be a wise ordination of nature, to prevent the great number of males from injuring the breed, which would certainly ensue were not some of the bulls turned out of the herd and kept at a distance by their more favored brethren.

PART II.

Having seen that everything was in order in our little vessel, I thought a good opportunity was before me to carry out one of the orders given by the Admiralty to my commanding officer—namely, to form

little gardens in any convenient spot in the Falkland Islands. I therefore determined to seek out a locality adapted to so well-intentioned a purpose.

At half-past ten in the forenoon, I manned the dingy with four boys, and pulled along the shore, frequently landing as a favorable place seemed to present itself, each of which, however, on examination, proved impracticable. At length we arrived at a little creek, about forty yards wide, running inland. Up this we went, following the windings of the stream about a mile, when they terminated in a small rivulet running from a lake situated at a short distance. Leaving the boat in charge of three of my young crew, I landed with the fourth boy, and walked to the wild and sequestered mere, which presented a sight to charm the eye of a sportsman. The extent of the water—barely two acres—was thickly dotted with birds. Two majestic swans, with ebony necks issuing from snowy bodies, floated, with an air of haughty patronage, among innumerable geese, ducks, teal, and divers; but, to my great amazement, the feathered crowd, instead of appearing the least alarmed and skurrying off, drew towards us; unlike their *civilized* brethren, they were ignorant of the treachery of man.

I sat down on the brink of the lake, wondering whether, on my return, I should be able to convince people of the truth of that which I then beheld. Except the swans, the whole assembly of fowl approached gradually until some hundreds were within twenty yards of me. A chorus then arose from them, as if with one accord they inquired my business there, and sought to know in a friendly way why I disturbed their privacy. I may here remark that the sounds they utter in a wild state are totally different from their notes when domesticated, and I should not have recognized the species by the ear alone. The entire congregation appeared to be so tame and unsuspecting, that, reluctant to make my presence shunned by dealing death among them, I contented myself (although my double-barrel, loaded with No. 6, was lying across my knees) with taking the seal-club from my boy's hand, and shying it among the birds.

This had an effect contrary to what I expected; for, instead of being alarmed, they gathered, as if with curiosity, round the missile, and pecked at it. Never was so glorious an opportunity of making an immortal shot! But again my humanity struggled with my love of sport; I could not kill the poor, confiding creatures, who placed themselves almost within my grasp. At this moment a more legitimate opportunity offered; a flock of teal flew over my head from another place. Mechanically my gun jumped to my shoulder, and before I was aware of it, both barrels had done their work; five birds fell from the discharge of the first, and four from that of the second. For a few minutes, the flutter and confusion that followed on the lake was indescribable; but quiet was soon restored, except that every now and then were heard little bursts of rapid chattering, as if excited by wonder.

Bagging my teal, I resumed my quest of a site for a garden, passing more than once the skeleton

of a wild bull or cow—rather grim landmarks in a wild solitude. One of these strongly excited my attention. It lay in a pass over a small boggy rivulet at the bottom of a deep ravine. Here the poor brute must have stuck in trying to cross; the surrounding earth was torn up, and the vegetation destroyed as if by hoofs and horns. I was inclined to suspect that this might have been done by wild cattle, in horror at the terrible death of their fellow, who must have perished of starvation; his head was stretched out as in the act of bellowing. While “moralizing this spectacle,” I quite forgot the purpose for which I landed; and was only roused from my brown study, and warned of my distance from the boat, by the sudden trumpeting of wild bulls. I felt convinced we were chased.

Hoping to get back in a direct line, we ascended the side of the ravine, and made for a hill, on the summit of which was a little rock which, luckily for us, was scalable only by bipeds. On gaining the base of this position, impregnable to quadrupeds. I climbed up, closely followed by my boy, who had hardly got a footing on the top, when we descried five huge brutes who closed in our little fortalice, and declared war by furiously tearing up the ground.

With all convenient speed I drew from my gun the charges of small shot, and loaded with ball; but alas! not expecting a fight, I had only four bullets; and considering those not quite sufficient to physic five full-grown bulls, I determined to lay them by for a last resource, and await the chapter of accidents; knowing full well that, should we not return by a certain time, a party would be sent to our assistance, who would soon deliver us by raising the siege. To beguile the time, I struck a light for my cigar, and, reclining at my ease, expected the brutes would take themselves off. But no such thing; they did not even graze, but watched the rock as a cat would watch a mouse-trap. I could not help laughing to see my little companion every now and then lift up his head, reconnoitre the enemy, and extend his fingers from his nose according to the elegant method now in vogue of “taking a sight.”

We remained thus blockaded about three hours, when suddenly came on a furious squall of snow and sleet, which completely enveloped us all in the clouds. This being too good an opportunity to be lost, we swiftly and silently evacuated our position, and ran at least a mile without stopping, after which a rough walk of an hour and a half brought us down to the boat. I resolved that, in future land excursions, I would carry more bullets.

In the afternoon of the following day I again landed, having our purser for my companion. While rounding an angle in the island, I saw, spread out fast asleep, a hair seal of about seven feet in length. Being anxious to observe the movements of one of these creatures, I halted, and quietly watched him. My friend had also seen the animal from another point of view, and, being armed with a boarding-pike, had stealthily approached him. The assailant, brandishing his weapon, had so earnest an expression of counte-

nance, and seemed inspired by so knightly a determination, (as though a new St. George was about to attack a new dragon.) that I could not refrain from bursting into a loud laugh. This roused the seal, who, slowly raising his head, gazed round about with sleepy eyes. The next moment, the purser's pike was stuck with right good will into the beast's hind-quarters, on which he scuttled into the water, followed by his persecutor, who, in his excitement, tumbled after him (repeating his digs) into the water; whence, what with my excessive laughter, and the thick kelp, I had some difficulty in extracting him. Thus ended our exploration for the day. In the thoroughly soaked condition of my friend, a speedy return to the ship was necessary.

As, about this period, we had not much experience in combating wild cattle, we deemed two persons with guns quite sufficient to attack one beast. When, however, we had gained a little more knowledge, we became cautious, and generally took with us three or four men well armed. Our first irrational valor arose from ambition of the honor of vanquishing a bull single-handed—an exploit attempted by Captain Sullivan and myself; after which, being satisfied with our experiment, we were in no hurry to repeat it.

One morning early the surveying party landed, and were soon lost in the windings of the creeks. About two hours after their departure I ascended, with my spy-glass, to our mast-head, for the purpose of getting a better view, and could see the party on a distant hill building a mark. In a short time I observed them pointing their glass very earnestly in the direction of a particular spot, much nearer the vessel; towards which, having finished the mark, and put a pole on its summit, they started at a rapid pace. I conjectured that the object of their anxiety must be a herd of cattle. Immediately arming myself with my usual weapons, I pressed into the service my dog *La Porte*, together with a brave boy of the name of Popham, who afterwards always carried my second gun, and who never once flinched from putting it into my hand at the proper moment. Knowing, from the nature of the ground, that I should stand a much better chance of getting near the animals than was possessed by the surveyors, who must cross one or two creeks, and approach their prey from an open plain, I landed, and marched in a direct line to the place denoted. After progressing about two miles, we observed, just over the crest of a hillock, a black ridge or eminence, like a bush or small rock, which suddenly started into life, developing a huge head and pair of horns. It was a bull, grazing, and a magnificent creature he appeared to be. These wild fellows are very different from their species in a tame state. I cannot more fitly describe them than by saying they have a *terrible* aspect; so much so, that some of our men, and one officer, although as brave and careless of their personal safety as any could be, were never able to get over their dread of the gorgon-like visages of these beasts, which operated so

powerfully on one or two occasions, as to prevent the individuals in question from venturing on the main land. This peculiar terror on the part of men of high courage, must, I imagine, have arisen from early impressions made in childhood, similar to the dread some persons have of being alone in a dark place.

While considering how best we might attack the brute, a herd of about forty or fifty was suddenly exposed to our view. Starting *La Porte* at them, and enjoining my brave young companion to keep close to me, we ran full speed towards the animals, the whole of which seemed panic-stricken, and scoured off. One bull took a direction across my path, at a distance of about fifty yards. I levelled my rifle at his fore shoulder, and heard (immediately after its sharp crack) the dull sound of the bullet striking him. This enraged the animal, when, turning his head at me, on he came at speed, with tail high above his back. In a moment I had changed guns, and, with my left knee on the ground, waited his approach. *La Porte* did all a dog could do to divert his course; but on me the bull had fixed his eye, and nothing could shake his purpose. I must confess I felt as if I should have been much safer anywhere else; but it was too late to think of that. The animal was within twenty yards when my first barrel opened on him. The ball entered his forehead, but not sufficiently deep to cause instantaneous death, or even to disable him for the moment. Regardless of pain, he still galloped forward, when, at ten yards, my remaining barrel pierced his left eye. Mad, and half blinded, he now swerved from me and rushed headlong on my boy, whom, without attempting to toss, he knocked down, trampled on, and passed over. Before he could turn, *La Porte* had him by the nose, and for a few seconds held him; but he soon threw the dog off, and came upon us streaming with blood. During the next two or three minutes we exerted every nerve and muscle to keep clear of his repeated, though weakened, charges, and only succeeded by *La Porte*'s powerful assistance, who, when we were nearly caught, sprang upon him like a tiger.

At length the bull appeared to stagger slightly, and the dog pinned him. Drawing my hunting-knife—which, by the bye, I could shave with—I ran up, and was in the act of hamstringing him, when once more he threw off the dog and bounded at me. While making the third bound, (and when I fancied I could feel his hot breath, he was so close,) the tendon having been severed, the remaining cartilages of the leg gave way, and, with a loud bellow, he was stretched on the earth. The next moment, my knife was sticking in his heart. After a little time we cut his throat and examined his wounds, each of which was mortal. He was of the low-quartered breed, but young. One of the surveying party, who afterwards came up, pronounced him to be only three years old.

We now collected our hats, guns, &c., which had been scattered around, and were beginning to compose ourselves, when, to our infinite discomfort,

two more bulls appeared over the rising ground, with tails up, (a sign of mischief,) and making direct for us. My first impulse was to load, and be prepared to receive our pursuers; but in the heat of the last battle I had dropped my powder-flask. Nothing therefore remained wherewith to defend ourselves but our knives, which we clutched desperately, taking up a position behind the carcass of our former antagonist. The brutes advanced furiously; flight would have been impossible; we deemed our case hopeless. At the moment when the bulls were within two hundred yards of us, we were unexpectedly cheered by a loud shout, and, with delight inappreciable by any one who has not been in a similar predicament, we saw all the surveyors hastening to our assistance, some with guns, others with boats' stretchers, and one with a very suspicious instrument, which looked marvellously like a theodolite-stand. This timely diversion had the desired effect. The bulls stopped short, and, our allies giving a shout, turned tail and fled.

We now cut up the carcass of the bull I had slain, carried the joints down to the boat, and then proceeded to prepare lunch. Four men were employed to collect "diddledee;"* one was sent with my rifle to procure a couple of geese, and another was employed in lighting a fire. In a very short time a heap of fuel was fiercely blazing, and a couple of geese lying beside it. Our cookery was not very elaborate: the man whom we deputed to officiate cut off the heads of the birds, pulled out the long wing-feathers, and rolling up the bodies in a heap of "diddledee," committed them to the flames. In about twenty minutes the geese were thoroughly roasted, and unceremoniously kicked out of the fire. Thus *dressed*, they looked exactly like two balls of cinder: this dirty appearance, however, vanished on skinning them, when they were as white as, and seemed much more delicate than, their tame brethren with all the sophisticated treatment of a scientific cook. The insides were not disturbed during the process of roasting, or rather burning, in order to prevent the juices of the flesh from being dried up. These birds, together with a few beefsteaks from the beast just killed, made (considering we were in the wilderness) a most sumptuous luncheon, salt and biscuit being always carried with us. After our repast we lighted our cigars, and being still further animated by a potent glass of grog,

Fought all our battles o'er again,
And thrice we routed all our foes, and thrice we slew the slain.

I am sure we enjoyed our entertainment in these primeval solitudes with greater zest than could have been felt in nine tenths of the sumptuous picnics at Richmond or elsewhere—always excepting the irresistible charm of ladies' eyes, of which, alas! we were destitute. After spending a reasonable time in this wild pleasure, I returned to the vessel, and the surveyors resumed their work.

* A small shrub, of so inflammable a nature that it will burn fiercely even when soaked in water. The above name is given to it by the sailors.

A few evenings after this, having surveyed the upper part of the harbor, we dropped down towards the entrance and moored abreast of a narrow tussock islet. On examining this the next day, we discovered traces of pigs; and an officer having caught sight of one wandering along the beach "at his own sweet will," (an enjoyment seldom permitted to pigs,) punished the vagabond by knocking him over in fine style at a distance of sixty yards, with no better weapon than a short ship's musket. This exploit set us all agog for pork—a delicacy which we esteemed the more, as relieving us from the *toujours bœuf*. Being thus haunted with delectable visions of griskins, spare-ribs, chines, black-puddings, sausages, &c., we planned, in our enthusiasm, an attack on the swine. To secure such a culinary luxury was an affair of serious importance, and we set about it seriously in the following manner; viz., first, a man with a boat's flag stuck on a boat-hook marched down the centre of the tussock; and though he himself was invisible in consequence of the great height of the leaves, his banner flaunted gayly above, and was plainly visible to all. Every now and then he sounded a little hunting-horn, which was responded to by hearty cheers from six men on either side, inspired by love of pigmeat, and armed with boarding-pikes, who were so spread out as to take up nearly the whole breadth of the island, thrashing and hallooing with all their might. About two hundred yards in advance stood myself, rifle in hand, backed by my boy with another gun; and on each side of me, at about eighty yards, were two of our best shots. "The deuce is in it," thought I, exultingly, "if we shan't revel in the pork now, both fresh and to pickle." It was an invigorating anticipation. On came the heaters with shouts of expected triumph. They were formed, like the Spanish Armada, in a half-moon, the horns rather in advance; but, also like that redoubtable armament, our present enterprise ended in a ludicrous failure. The pigs were so stupid (poor, wild, benighted creatures!) that they would not come to be killed and cooked. Our exquisite generalship was thrown away: we bagged only one little boar, and even that exploit was owing not to human but to canine agency. La Porte had seized the straggler firmly by the back, and held him there, squeaking terribly, till we came up and captured him alive. But though we could not achieve a success adequate to our gallant preparation and array of force, we consoled ourselves in the reflection that we had "done more—deserved it."

During our pig-hunt we were tantalized every moment by a clownish penguin, which would first pop out his head to survey us, and then stalk close by with grave and silent contempt. He evidently saw that the swine would outwit us, and participated in the triumph of the quadrupeds.

At length, a desperate rustling gave notice that something large was at hand; and immediately after, to our infinite disappointment, for we had calculated on the advent of a good fat hog, out

waddled a sea-lion. The beast's huge logger-head was hardly visible, when it formed a target for our guns, of all which the contents crashed into his skull nearly at the same moment. Down he dropped immediately, and only showed that life remained by writhing for a few minutes.

On one of our excursions ashore, the following singular circumstance occurred. I have read in medical and other works instances of a similar nature—never witnessed one before. We had breakfasted early and hastily one morning, in order to have a long day before us, and at seven o'clock landed for beef. Having walked three hours, we wounded and, after a running skirmish of two miles, killed a fine cow. This was very fatiguing work. We then rested a short time, and began to retrace our steps towards the shore, in doing which we shot a calf, thus adding considerably to our load. As I had only five persons with me, I did not take the usual precautions for keeping my party together; and, on stopping to rest, I found that a portly marine was missing. Taking the least tired of my men, I went back some distance to look for the absentee; and having paced two weary miles, was nearly giving up the search, when we observed a flock of caranchos poised nearly motionless in the air. My companions shrewdly judged that the birds were balancing themselves over our lost one; and, on going up to the place, I found his suspicions correct. The marine was lying on his face as if fast asleep, while a couple of caranchos sat watching him within two feet of his head. Thinking this was only a lazy fit, and being tired and angry, I brought the whole weight of my rifle down on a well-covered part of his frame, causing, to my surprise, only a deep groan; and we ascertained that the fat lout had lost all power of movement, and could not even lift his arm. We were, therefore, under the necessity of carrying his heavy body back to our party, who were then at least six miles from the beach. On our arrival there, we tried to recover him; but, as he did not appear to mend, we were obliged by turns to carry him the whole way—and weary work it was. We did not get in sight of the vessel till past seven o'clock in the evening. The people on board, feeling rather alarmed at our protracted absence, luckily kept a good look out, and a boat was on shore nearly as soon as we arrived on the beach.

Having seen the patient, our doctor said that nothing but food would restore him; an opinion borne out by the fact, inasmuch as the man was as well as ever after a good meal. His total prostration up to this time forcibly impressed me, as he was a young and powerfully built man. I afterwards learned that this was not a very uncommon case, when violent and long-continued exercise was combined with an empty stomach. Had the man been left all night in the wilderness, he would, in all probability, have died. As it was, we lost, through the marine's illness, our calf and the prime parts of the cow which we intended to carry on board. When first we arrived at the Falklands

I used almost to laugh at one of the orders given by Captain Sullivan, that no one belonging to the vessel should be allowed to go on shore without a companion; an order which I understand was rigidly enforced by Captain Fitzroy whilst in command of the *Beagle*, which was only once broken, and then ended fatally. I am now convinced that it is a very necessary precaution, and, if strictly acted on in all uninhabited or unknown countries, would be the means of saving many valuable lives. Two or three instances have lately occurred of persons going out to shoot in health and spirits, and being found dead the following morning. Exhaustion, and exposure to the weather, have, in most cases, produced these melancholy results; but with common prudence and a companion there is little or nothing to fear, especially if one is well armed—a practice which I earnestly recommend to all persons who are desirous to return home with a whole skin.

As I was a passable shot, and an untiring pedestrian, I was invited by Captain Sullivan to accompany him to the top of Mount Pleasant, a hill about eight miles distant from our anchorage. The morning of November 30th being beautiful and calm, we determined to set out, and accordingly started after an early breakfast, having two men with us to carry our instruments, &c. For the first half mile we amused ourselves very well with shooting snipe, &c.; but we were speedily warned by the bellowsings all round us that we should keep more on our guard, which we instantly obeyed, by loading our guns with ball and keeping close together. Thus prepared, we advanced about a mile further, when four bulls drew out of a herd, and manifested symptoms of resenting our invasion of their territory. Not liking the look of the enemy, we slunk back a short distance, and made a *détour* of nearly two miles to get clear. La Porte, however, suddenly dashed away, and for nearly twenty minutes was lost to us—much to our vexation, as he was a most puissant ally. Our pleasure, therefore, was proportionately great when we perceived him driving towards us a little calf, *bagging* most pitifully. The moment he was near enough, La Porte seized the animal's nose, and held it until we came up. Our first impulse was to let the poor thing go; but the dog, in his anxiety to secure his prey, had broken the upper jaw, and we therefore put an end to the creature's sufferings by killing it, marking the spot, that we might pick it up on our return.

After this, we marched on through the wilderness, still in battle array, and dispersed a small herd, out of which the dog captured another calf, but which, being uninjured, we let go again. At length we came to the bank of a large lake, whose wide unruffled gleam, quietly reflecting the sky, made the solitude look more solitary. Through this sheet of water we in vain attempted to wade, and were finally compelled to walk round its shore—a great addition to the fatigue of our journey, which, though in a straight line not more than eight miles, amounted, by these necessary devia-

tions, to thirteen or fourteen, and principally among long, soft, springy grass eighteen inches high.

About one o'clock at noon we reached the base of the mount, and sat down beside a streamlet winding along the bottom. After recovering a little from our fatigue, we commenced our ascent, and crossed once or twice a long line of those stones mentioned with much surprise by every traveller in this region. Some were so large that we could not have got on them without the help of a ladder. But what struck me most was, that when half-way up, we could hear, on listening intently, a stream rapidly running, and by the deadened noise, evidently some feet below the surface. Half an hour's more toil brought us to the top of the mount; but here our progress was arrested by a perpendicular wall of rock running to the height of nearly three hundred feet. After a long search, we found a practicable breach, and leaving our guns and other heavy articles behind, we scrambled up as well as we could—no easy matter, both from the nature of the rock and the incumbrance of the theodolite stand which we intended to erect so as to take a round of angles from the very summit. At length we gained the apex, but so sharp was it that we could not fix the stand, and were obliged, cross-legged, to drag ourselves over a short ridge to a better place. This was rather nervous work, for my left leg hung over the perpendicular wall as completely at right angles with the surface of the earth as if it had been built with a plumb-line.

Here we had room to fix the stand, preparatory to making the "observations." We had now a bird's-eye view of nearly the whole of the southern part of the east island from the range of Wickham Heights. The prospect was grand on account of its extent, though I could not have imagined anything so apparently barren and comfortless; the grass seemed everywhere brown and parched, and innumerable lakes of all forms and sizes gave, with their wan gleam, a melancholy effect to the view. I tried several times, without success, to count the cattle in sight; but, after repeated attempts, gave up the endeavor. The temperature was bitterly cold, although a dead calm; and large icicles were hanging in various fantastic shapes from all the overhanging points of rock.

Before leaving the vessel, we had made arrangements with Mr. Bodie (the master) that we should announce our arrival on the summit of the rock by lighting a fire, the smoke of which would direct him to let fall the topsail, and to fire a gun, exactly five minutes after (to a second.) By this sound we expected to get the distance. Collecting what material we could for ignition, and having settled ourselves in comfortable positions to watch with our Dollonds, the word was given to light the fire. In a moment a small column of smoke slowly ascended. (We afterwards heard that the effect, as seen from the vessel, was beautiful; the vapor being visible to the naked eye, and ascending like tiny thread from the very peak of the mountain

to a great height, until dissipated by the upper currents of air.) No sooner was this seen, than it was responded to by a dozen diminutive objects, descried through our glasses, climbing up the rigging like ants. A moment after, a small speck of white became visible, which announced to us the fall of the topsail. As the second-hand of Captain Sullivan's chronometer reached the five minutes, a thin puff of smoke appeared to spurt out of the vessel's side. All was now attention to catch the sound; but we were too far off.

During the time we remained up here, not a single noise disturbed the death-like silence, neither was the solitude invaded by any other living object than ourselves, excepting that a huge eagle alighted to plume himself on a pinnacle within twelve yards of the theodolite.

After descending with some trouble, we picked up our guns, &c., and commenced our return. The homeward journey was a painful one; as our two men, not being accustomed to such long walks, were knocked up, and the wild cattle, as though they knew we were fatigued, were bolder and fiercer than in the morning. One beast chased us to the edge of a morass, in which we were glad to take refuge. Finding from the nature of the ground that he could not get at us, he worked himself up into a state of madness, which was not at all allayed by a couple of ounces of lead which we sent into his body. Not wishing to be benighted, we hastened on, and having found the calf we had killed in the morning, got safely on board at seven o'clock to a capital dinner, of which the only fault was a total absence of vegetables.

A succession of heavy south-west gales, with snow and sleet, put a stop, during five days, to all out-of-door work. In the evenings we were much at a loss how to find amusement, as all the books in the ship had been read and re-read dozens of times. I hardly know how we should have diverted the *tedium vite*, had I not, before leaving England, luckily provided myself with several single-sticks and hilts from my esteemed friend Mr. H. Angelo, of whom I am proud to acknowledge myself a pupil; and whose skill in the art of offence and defence in the use of the broadsword is above that of any other professor I ever met with. Our people took great delight in this exercise; and, by imparting the knowledge I had acquired under Mr. Angelo, I so trained my men, that I flatter myself few of H. M. ships could have turned out a crew equal to the *Arrow's* ship's company in expertness with that thoroughly English weapon, the broadsword.

We were now beset by a succession of heavy gales. I only landed once, and that was abreast the vessel for an hour or two. With the assistance of the crew I managed to haul our little dingy over a small bank, and launch her again in a fresh water lake, where in a very short time we bagged upwards of sixty teal, and double the number of various other birds not mentioned in the game-list.

On Sunday, the 10th of December, the gale

had increased prodigiously. It was well for the little ship, which rode to three anchors, that the holding-ground and our ground-tackle were so good, for, with all our precautions, and though nothing was left to hold wind but the bare lower masts and hull, we were in momentary fear of going adrift. We could hardly hear the church service performed, even on the lower deck, with the hatches down, so loud was the roaring of the gale.

About sunset, as usual, the wind gradually sank to a hoarse murmur, and at midnight we had fine weather once more, the stars shining as brilliantly as if within the tropics. Such sudden alterations form one of the marked peculiarities of the Falklands.

The next morning, some time after the surveyors had departed, I was much surprised by observing a large column of smoke rising several miles to the southward. This, naturally enough, caused great excitement amongst us, as we knew our party had gone in an opposite direction. So strange an incident, in an uninhabited island, brought to my recollection Robinson Crusoe's discovery of the foot-print of a man on the desolate sea-shore. All manner of conjectures were hazarded, and truly some of them were wild enough. The next morning, as soon as I could spare them, I sent off four steady fellows, well armed; but nothing could they discover save the remains of a fire, a few singed feathers, and a very old-fashioned rusty hatchet without a handle. Imagining some shipwrecked mariners might be near, we fired a blue light as soon as it was dark, and then a sky-rocket, but without any result. Who could the adventurers have been?

Two days more were sufficient to finish the Choiseul Sound, and early on the following morning we sent both our boats sounding down towards the entrance. At two o'clock we followed them in the vessel. About twelve miles from the mouth of the sound we perceived a splendid little harbor on the northern shore, where we anchored for the night, intending to leave the next morning; but unsettled and tempestuous weather detained us several days, which, though a grievous infliction to us at the time, was pleasant in its results, as we had a most gallant and satisfactory campaign in our Wild Sports in this part of the Falklands.

From the English Review.

Essays. By R. W. EMERSON. *Nature, an Essay, Orations, &c., &c.*

THE reputation enjoyed by that "transatlantic thinker," whose name we have set forth in the heading to these remarks, suggests matter for grave reflection. When we find an essayist of this description, who seems to be "a setter forth of new gods," belauded alike by tory and radical organs, by "Blackwood" and "the Westminster," by the friends of order and disorder—when we find his works reproduced in every possible form, and at the most tempting prices, proving the wide circulation they must enjoy amongst the English public

generally—we feel that we too should not leave them disregarded, that we should bestow something more than the mere incidental notice on them, which we have hitherto found occasion to indite. We are credibly informed that these essays find many readers and admirers amongst the youth of our universities. Here is a more special "moving cause" for our examination into this theme—the "rationale" of what we may well call the Emerson mania. We shall discuss a few of the leading tenets of the Emersonian philosophy, as calmly and dispassionately as we may; and, if we give offence to the idolaters of this "transatlantic star," we can only say that truth is too serious a matter to be trifled with, and that we hold ourselves bound, in this instance, to speak out plainly. To plunge, then, "in medias res,"

'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

But men in this age, ay, and women too, grow weary of truth and reason; sober sense offends, and unity annoys them; they long for a concert of harmonious discords to wake them from their drowsy lethargy. To the mental palate, thus diseased, novelty is the chief provocative. A new cook comes, and mingles poison with his sauces. What then? The flavor is pungent, and a moral evil may often be an intellectual pleasure.

Some reflection of this nature is needed to reassure us, when we see men and women, whom we have believed sensible and amiable, hailing the glare of such a treacherous marshlight as the American paradox-master before us, as though it were the advent of a new and brilliant star. Mingled considerations oppress us in treating such a theme; on the one hand, our knowledge of the great mischief wrought in so many cases by this mighty phrasemonger would urge severest ridicule as the first of duties; on the other, there is really such an amount of showy cleverness, of external brilliancy, and, now and then, of even happy audacity, about this quasi-philosopher, that we feel we should not do him justice, nor have any chance of reducing him to his rightful level in the estimation of his rapt admirers, did we not testify our sense of those merits which, in some degree, excuse their adoration, and which cannot fail to strike the most prejudiced observer.

True it is, that when a man throws forth thoughts at random, as Emerson does, without the smallest regard to self-consistency or reality, he cannot fail, here and there, to light on a quarter, or a half truth, or perhaps even on a whole one. Let a man possessed of a competent knowledge of counterpoint sit many hours at a piano, forcing the chords into endless combinations, now and then a happy musical idea can scarcely fail to flit across the air; small praise to the strummer! The man of higher taste and nobler imagination would far rather abide under the imputation of barrenness, than afflict his own soul and senses by the production of the false, the common, and the vile. There is a certain order of wealth that is near akin to poverty.

What shall we think of his philosophy, who can

seriously tell us, "With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do?" Order is divine—disorder is a blot, an error, an absurdity. How, then, shall we esteem *his* wisdom, who boasts, "I unsettle all things. No facts are to me sacred; none are profane; I simply experiment, an endless seeker, with no past at my back?" Unconnectedly does this writer jerk forth his sayings; here is a perception, there a second, there a third; make the most of them! only ask not for sequence or completeness! And yet a myriad waves *apart* will make but one wide and desolate swamp; blend half of these in one, and a broad lake spreads forth, to mirror the azure skies, and refresh the eye with beauty.

Nevertheless, despite this vagueness and seeming boundlessness of thought, we soon learn that the philosophy of Mr. Emerson (if we may so call it) is restricted within a system's narrow limits, as well as that of his neighbors; there is no logic in his form of utterance, certainly, but by and by we begin to perceive that he is trading on a small stock of positive ideas, though he casts them into so many incongruous shapes, and is at so little pains to reconcile one with the other. We find that this essayist has a science, a morality, a *religion* of his own, and that, with all his pretensions to indefinite catholicity, he tests all things (as from the infirmity of man's nature he must needs do) by this special standard.

The one cardinal error of Emerson is to take the unit for the mass, the individual for the universal, the ego for Deity. With all his contempt for those more sensible thinkers than himself, who have assented to a revealed scheme as truth absolute, and hold all other truths in subordination to that master-principle, he yet constantly, nay, continuously, assumes that human nature and the world are what *he* sees them to be, and *can* be nothing beyond this. He confounds relative with absolute existence. He seems to fancy the stars *are not*, until *we* behold them. Because to us, and for us, individually, things only are as we receive them, he conceives that fact and truth are dependent upon *our* perceptions. He regards man as a constantly inspired "revealer of the absolute;" we use, in a degree, his own cant, to render ourselves acceptable to any of his deluded admirers, who may possibly be found amongst the readers of this article. He fancies that what he calls "the over-soul," or universal reason, is *potentially* common to all, but actually possessed only by those who are *inspired*; and these he regards as the infallible teachers of humanity.

Nevertheless, let it not be supposed that the errors of Emerson are those of Carlyle; that the former is only an imitator and disciple of the latter. Emerson, though less brilliant, and perhaps less genial, certainly endowed with less descriptive or dramatic power, is the better thinker of the twain; though here, if ever, is the place to say "*bad is the best!*" Carlyle, however, inculcates the worship of genius; Emerson denounces all adoration save that of self. Carlyle is by nature a mental

slave; and Emerson the embodiment of self-glorification. The one commands us to kneel in the dust before *force*, whether displayed for good or evil, as being in its essence divine; the other forbids us to set the most glorious actions, the most mighty works, above, or even on an equality with, our own private notions of them. Which of these creeds is more mischievous, it were difficult to say—the cant of either is disagreeable; but we should say that that of the idol-worshipper was the more odious, that of the self-idolater the more absurd. When the man, whom we know to place no faith in the bare existence of his God, echoes with rapturous and servile adulation the scriptural phrases of the Puritanic world, because emblematic to him of a real *trust* of some kind, which he is unable to share, we cannot but feel disgust; but we laugh outright at the comic self-sufficiency of that teacher who cries with a sober face and earnest voice, "If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and, in course of time, all mankind—for *my* perception of it is as much a fact as the sun."

But should we not, perhaps, go more steadily to work, and say a few words—a very few, on each of the first twelve essays in the volume before us, leaving "Nature," and "Addresses," and "Orations," for some future occasion, or rather altogether on one side! For, in truth, owing to the small number (already hinted at) of Mr. Emerson's real notions, (we will not say ideas,) the careful consideration of a single page, taken at random from his writings, would almost exhaust the theme. But let us proceed in order due.

First, then, our author discourses on "History," in which discourse his aim is to set forth his one great principle, that each man must assume *his* superiority to present, past, and future, subject these to his own nature, and receive or reject them without the slightest regard for authority, or apparently any external testimony whatever. And here let us remark, how very acceptable such teaching must have been, must still be, to weak, silly, half-formed youths, and all other inferior natures, which have too much vanity to know true, honest pride, and would gladly think their own small "self" the epitome, nay, the circle, of the universe. Mr. Emerson says it is so. Hear him! (let us pass over the blasphemy of his motto!) "There is one mind common to all individual men." How satisfactory! Nay, more: "He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate." Is *this* not sufficiently explicit! Know, then, "What Plato has thought, *he* may think; what a saint has felt *he* may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, *he* can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done; for this is the only and sovereign agent." Very intelligible, and very reasonable, no doubt; and, above all, conducive to modesty. But this is only "the starting;" our American warms with his theme: "A man," that is, each man, "is the whole encyclopedia of facts." What a pleasing

conviction! Youth behind the counter, rejoice: for thou art All, and the All is in thee. Thou hast been wont to consider thyself a learner: know that the teachers of all ages shall come and bow down themselves before thee! "The moon" is in "the turnip" at last. How intoxicating must be this draught of self-delusive nectar to the imagination of many an honest boy!

Mr. Emerson simply puts out of question the great facts, that human perceptions of the Infinite must be finite at best, and that two of the greatest, and highest, and deepest sources of our conviction are authority and reverence. Nine tenths of our material knowledge even we must take on trust: we cannot prove all things for ourselves. How, then, should we be entitled to conclude that our individual perceptions of moral and religious truth must be higher, and clearer, and more worthy than those of genius and of holiness! True it is, that to us, finally, our own sense of things must be the nearest and most important, though it follows not, as Mr. Emerson assumes, that things *are*, because we think we see them. But, then, how is this sense *formed* which is to be our ultimate guide? The stanchest stickler for private judgment cannot reasonably affirm, that this should not be modified by those external aids which are here so unceremoniously rejected, or rather seemingly forgotten. Truth, Mr. Emerson, is not dependent upon perception. The great is great, the beautiful is beautiful, whether you or we see it or not. We may exclude the glorious sunshine, by absolutely closing our eyes to its beams: but we cannot force the daylight to fade because we blind ourselves.

"Why should we make account of time, or of magnitude, or of form!—the soul knows them not!" Really! but the soul *does* know them; and if yours is ignorant, good "essayist," confined to the contemplation of your own ego, be assured that you are nothing but an isolated straw, driven to and fro by the breeze, without any fixed place in the wide world of spirits! History is, indeed, only of interest in as far as it speaks to the soul; but, if it does not speak to it, it follows not that history is barren, but more probably, that the soul is shallow, and "dead in life."

It were endless to comment on all the self-contradictions of this writer; but it is amusing to find one who refers all things back to the individual ego, assuming that the human mind could not devise the form of a cherub, nor of a scroll to abut a tower, until it had seen some cloud or snowdrift, suggestive of these forms. The combinations of the imagination are endless; they may, they will, find their counterparts in nature; but they need not be stolen from it, though little minds will always conceive them so to be.

The atheism of the writer peeps out pretty broadly, where he commends the "Prometheus Bound," as emblematic of man's natural opposition to pure *Theism*, "his self-defence against this untruth," "a discontent with the believed fact, that a God exists." Very pretty, Mr. Emerson; very pretty, indeed; and well-meaning young men

study you with reverence, and young ladies dots upon you—poor innocents! Finally, "History shall walk incarnate in every wise and just man;" in every self-trusting philosopher, in every Emerson, in fine, or Emersonian! And, when we have once ascertained this fact, why not shut up our books, and begin to live history ourselves? After all, we are we, and all is in us. There is no resisting such arguments. We cannot wonder that simple souls should be fascinated and overpowered. But we would say to all that have thus been led astray, (and would that our voice could reach them!) return to the paths of reason, and bathe your spirits in light; learn to revere! *learn to learn!* Believe us, you shall not be "*the less*" for it.

Let us move onward. The essay on "Self-Reliance" meets us next, and this is bolder still. "To believe your own thoughts, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is *Genius*." And happily this genius, we find, may be the lot of all, at least of every Emersonian; the fact is strongly urged upon them throughout these essays. "Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense!" But it will not do for us to be forever quoting these eternal strummings upon one false note. Our readers must already see that there is a unity of some kind in Mr. Emerson's multiplicities and contradictions.

But a very little more need be cited here: the precious fruits of this doctrine concerning individual infallibility must be seen to be estimated. Further on, then, we read: "No law can be sacred to me but that of my own nature: good or bad are but names, very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it." A convenient doctrine, verily! We are ready to give Mr. Emerson credit for the best possible *intentions*; but perhaps his admirers will be disposed to admit that such teaching is not *quite safe*.

We find it difficult to say, how infinitely petty this self-idolatry appears to us, as manifested in its fear of all influences from without. Let us be ourselves! Let us live for whim, if we are only *we*! Let us not be swayed by fact or truth! Let us isolate our souls at any risk; and, then, we must be original, and, being infallible, must grow divine. And are there thousands of good people who have swallowed all this? Why do not they remember, that while they love God and man aright, nothing can deprive them of their individuality! Influenced they must indeed be, whether they like it or no, by a thousand foreign causes. They cannot grow up "all alone," and *have a world to themselves!* It is very hard, certainly; but God will guide us and control us; and even our fellow-creatures will sway us and form us, and in no slight degree govern us, however stern may be our resolve of independence. "Be a non-conformist!" cries Mr. Emerson: "so can you alone be great!" Alas! we may protest on one or two special points; but, if we mean to live with our fellow-men, we *must conform* in all

important particulars, or we shall find ourselves outlaws indeed.

After a strong fling on the part of our philosophic friend at "conformity and consistency," which he deems as "ridiculous," and of which he devoutly hopes to have heard the last, we have much more repetition, and then some inflated pantheism or atheism—we prefer the plainer phrase. Much is prated respecting "Instinct" and "Intuition," on which it would be a pity to waste time and good paper. All things are to be wrought, not for the sake of, good, absolute good, but to please the "ego." We will not waste more words on this folly. Then prayers are denounced; all prayers, at least, save *action*; they are "a disease of will." Man himself is God, or at least the purest embodiment of the "over-soul." Prayer, therefore, is "meanness," nay, absurdity. "*It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness.*" That is, it supposes man and God to be two, whereas they are only one. "Sancta simplicitas!" in people, who would stare at you grievously affronted, and would even have a right to be so, if you called them no Christians, and yet who admire this blasphemous rubbish. Ah, poor Emerson! can you believe this sad twaddle! or do you not happily vindicate here that character for inconsistency of which you are so proud? Have you really never had occasion to pray for a child, or wife, or for yourself? If not, how very great, or (in strictest confidence) how very small, your soul must be! Are you really fearful, in your vanity, to acknowledge the Almighty providence above you, of which you are the unwilling servant, nay, the slave? For

Blindly the wicked work the will of Heaven!

Not that we would believe you wicked; far from it: we think a human being could scarcely write with such weak audacity who realized his own theories. You must be better than you imagine for.

The life of man is a life of grace; grace created, redeemed, sustains him. Didst thou make thyself, or thy world? Are not the evidences of infinite design around thee? Tell us not of an antiquated argument, when we utter the revelation of the human heart. Individuality is essential to every particle, to every form, in creation; a thing that is not individual is nothing. We may cheat ourselves with words, if we think fit; but a God who could

love, who did not guide, who would not keep us, if we sought him, who did not, in fine, hear prayer, were no God at all, were nothing better than a nonentity. Either nature is divine and self-created, or there is One Supreme who permeates the visible universe, but to whom that universe is but as a viewless speck in a boundless ocean of glory. And to this All-Infinite nothing can be great, nothing small; he bears, he loves the humblest child of clay. But since, in truth, the human intellect might sink in the contemplation of this amazing mystery, God has become visible in man, incarnate in the *Lord Christ Jesus*. This revelation stands on a pinnacle, which all storms and

tempests must assault in vain, lofty as the highest aspirations of the soul, yet broad and plain as truth. Unless we chose to believe our Lord and his apostles (may we dare to write the word!) *impostors*, and the whole sacred volume one comprehensive falsehood, (and how, feeling its holiness, its sublimity, knowing the glorious self-sacrifice of its originators, can we attain to this Voltairean audacity!) what must remain for us? Nothing but to love, tremble, and adore!

We will not waste words on Mr. Emerson's most monstrous hypothesis, that "the Everlasting Son" proclaimed only the Godhead of all humanity when he announced his own. He must be a narrow-minded fanatic indeed to his own vain and silly creed, who can persist in such an error as this. But Mr. Emerson's self-sufficiency never deserts him. "Men's creeds," he says, "are a disease of the intellect." He has said it! We had better let the subject rest, or this profound teacher will annihilate our simple faith.

And now the "teacher" digresses, and descends a little to anathematize "travelling." It is, he informs us, "a fool's paradise." "*I seek the Vatican;*" "*I affect to be intoxicated,*" &c., "but *I am not intoxicated.*" We can well believe it. But are we really compelled to accept your standard, friend, because "a fact perceived by you becomes of necessity one for all ages?" If so, we wish you would cultivate more pleasant perceptions, and, on mature reflection, consent to think better even of travelling.

We have some more rather clever though paradoxical talk respecting society's never advancing, but we cannot pause to examine it; it is one of those few approaches to a half truth which this writer sometimes stumbles on, perhaps against his will.

Next, he treats of "Compensation;" his reprobation of a certain clergyman and his congregation is highly comic. The doctrine complained of is, the belief of mankind that another world is needed to set right the inequalities of this. Of course, there is compensation even here; in a certain sense, and in a degree, the good may be said to be the happy, and the evil the unhappy on our earth; but there is such a thing as callous triumphant sensuality, or as virtuous woe. Good hearts do break sometimes; bad hearts do rejoice, after their kind, up to the very hour of their departure. Who has not seen instances in his own individual experience? We will not follow Mr. Emerson's "arguments" on this head. We advance to another theme. When he tells us, then, the true doctrine of *Omnipresence* is, that God reappears *with all his parts* in every moss and cobweb, we can only repeat our former query, Can the man, who gives utterance to such wholesale rubbish, place any confidence in it himself? We trow not.

In this essay there are, however, some striking ideas, some few happy images, some self-evident, indeed, and very harmless truths, which are, nevertheless, utterances of the honest human understanding. The whole is one of those "talkifi-

cations" which make us hope that the *man* is better than his "philosophy."

Next, "Spiritual Laws" come on the tapis, and are discussed in the former strain; we find less and less of novel matter or treatment to record. Self—self—self—is the eternal cry, though it finds utterance in many illustrations, some happy and some unhappy. We do not altogether dislike a bold passage towards the conclusion, and, by way of fair play, we will quote it: "Let the great soul, incarnated in some woman's form, poor, and sad, and single, in some Doll or Jane, go out to service, and sweep chambers and scour floors, and its effulgent daybeams cannot be muffled or hid; but to sweep and scour will instantly appear supreme and beautiful actions, the top and radiance of human life, and all people will get mops and brooms, until, lo, suddenly the great soul has enshrined itself in some other form, and done some other deed, and that is now the flower and head of all living nature." There is truth in this, despite the grotesque exaggeration; how it agrees with the remainder of Mr. Emerson's system rests not with us to explain. It might have been Carlyle's.

Now comes a paper on "Love," which we rather like; but after an eloquent passage about lovers, which has some poetry in it, and much else that may, perhaps, by courtesy be counted "*very clever*," and to which we are anxious, as opponents, to give all due credit, the old troublesome notions show themselves, and suggestions are made that we should only love for the sake of what we get for *self*; that "our affections are but tents of a night," &c. But we will not pause for further cavils here, however just. We quote one pleasing passage, which recalls, as we fancy, something either in Washington Irving, or in Bulwer's "Eugene Aram," that book so striking and so artistic, despite its partial immorality. "The rude village-boy teases the girls about the school-house door; but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books, to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbors, that were so close just now, have learnt to respect each other's personality." Oh! Mr. Emerson, if you would more frequently condescend to observe, and give up aspiring to *teach*! Be assured, nobody listens to your philosophic twaddle, nobody at least who has a *mind*, worthy of the name—an independent intellect, such as you admire. But let us not be too crabbed over this paper.

The essay on "Friendship" is far more objectionable—inflated in language, and misty in sentiment. We cannot exactly make out what Mr. Emerson wants, whether his friends should be friends indeed, through weal and woe, or merely sympathizers; for he states the case both ways, backwards and forwards, twice or thrice, and we

are not quite sure where he ultimately settles. There is all the difference in the world betwixt an alliance founded not only on mutual esteem, but also on mutual assurance of active and sincere regard, and a mere literary or æsthetic sympathy, which seems to be what this author aims at as his ideal of true friendship. These sympathies of taste or of imagination may be very pleasant things in their way, and are so; they are like some beautiful forest-glade which we chance to encounter on our pilgrimage, where we rest for the noon-tide hour, but whence we start again with only a momentary regret; they make no deep impression on the *heart*. Compared with the substance of true friendship, they are only shadows, however fresh and green, and "kindly." When sympathy unites men on higher themes than those commanding a mere literary interest, (such a theme, for instance, as religion,) where both feel themselves working for a great good, the benefit of their fellow-men, or the glory of God, this communion of thought and feeling approaches the nature of true friendship, and, under favorable circumstances, may easily ripen into that noble bond. But we must not allow ourselves to be longer detained by Mr. Emerson's transcendental speculations. Some part of what he says on "Prudence" seems sufficiently prudent, as far as we can make out a definite intention; and, indeed, there are various happy passages in this little essay which might repay perusal. Prudence, we may venture to remark, is little known to Mr. Emerson, though he discourses so learnedly on the theme. Were he gifted with that prudence, of which modesty seems an essential element, he would scarcely have perpetrated the majority of the essays before us, and we should therefore not have had to hold him up as a sad warning against the very error he condemns (Imprudence)—

To point *his* moral, and adorn *his* tale.

"Heroism" is, of course, another variation of the old strain, "*be thyself*," and therefore all that is wonderful and perfect!" It is chiefly remarkable for its characteristic praises of "Beaumont and Fletcher," whose flashy, noisy vanities, and pompous boastings, placed in the mouths of their constantly contemptible and wonderfully inconsistent heroes and heroines, have evidently far more attraction for Mr. Emerson's fancy than the calm, quiet greatness of Shakspeare's men and women, who rarely deal in these grandiose protestations—characters such as the calm pagan "Brutus," seduced to ill, indeed, but noble in his fall; or the cheerful Christian hero, "Henry the Fifth," so truly *great* in all things, and therefore not ashamed of kneeling to his God, and ascribing all glory to Him only.

We have some pleasant glimpses of the nature of "mob-away" in this paper, calculated to inspire us with no little gratitude that universal suffrage is not yet established among ourselves; that the monster many are not supreme, that the sober middle classes and "gallant" upper classes retain their due influence. Now follows an essay on "the

Over-soul." As may be suspected from the title, this is very *transcendental*; and having already dealt with its "philosophy," which is but another variation of the old weary strain, we shall leave it alone in its glory. It contains, we may observe, a vast amount of blasphemy, and is altogether extremely offensive.

The paper on "Circles" is more amusing, though this contains much of mischievous audacity also. What a pity is it that men will write on subjects of which they do not understand the very elements! Here, for instance, we are told that "we can never see Christianity from the catechism," as if a man who does not recognize the existence of a God had any right to teach Christians the nature of Christianity; and this announcement is followed up by a very impertinent, not to say impious, gloss on what Mr. Emerson calls "a brave text of Paul's." We shall not trouble our readers with it. What *the last facts of philosophy* are in this thinker's estimation, we may learn from the following extract, which only "caps" a long passage, couched in the self-same strain:—"The poor and the low have their way of expressing the last facts of philosophy as well as you. 'Blessed be nothing,' and 'The worse things are the better they are,' are proverbs which express the transcendentalism of common life." It is a kind of circular indifference, inferring that good things and bad all come to one end at last, which is here aimed at by our philosopher. But the part of this essay, in which the writer's inordinate, and we could almost say delightful, conceit (did it not prove so mischievous in its effects) displays itself to most advantage, is perhaps the following: "Beware when the great God lets loose a *thinker* on this planet! *Then all things are at risk!* It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or *where it will end!* There is not a piece of science, but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. *The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization!* Generalization is always an influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it." This delicious morceau we have extracted in full; indeed, we had not the heart to curtail it. We are not aware that we have ever met with a passage in which the *vis comica* is carried to a higher point of daring. The first outbreak, after the letting loose of "the thinker," is delightful! "*All things are at risk.*" Good reader, do you not tremble? The subsequent climax is tremendous:—"hopes of man," "religion of nations," "morals of mankind,"—all at the mercy of this awful "thinker," who is to extirpate them all, if he so pleases, by means of a mysterious battle-axe, "a generalization!" Here the image is irresistibly suggested of a Will o' the Wisp, dancing up and down upon his

little swamp, impressed with the firm conviction, as far as firmness can pertain to so volatile a creature, that nothing but his merciful forbearance prevents his setting moon, and stars, and universe in flames, by means of his potent tail and fiery beard. But when honest people are found to run after this inflated marshlight, and incur no little danger of sinking in the swampy ground on which it flourishes, being likely at all events to plunge up to the chin in mud and water, and sure not to escape without many a miry strain—this grotesque extravagance becomes something more than a laughing matter, and calls for severe reprehension and rebuke. By-the-by, this very Mr. Emerson was employed in America to harangue a *large body of theological students, dispersing to their pastoral cares*. What a satisfactory idea does this give us of American orthodoxy in essentials! We do not mean to suggest that all religious bodies in America were represented at the university in question—we humbly trust that the Episcopal church was not. But we digress.

The paper on "Intellect" contains little that is novel, excepting a very preposterous outburst at its conclusion in favor of the old pagan philosophers Hermes, Empedocles, Olympiodorus, Synesius, &c. How much, we venture to inquire, does Mr. Emerson really know of these men? How much has he really read of their compositions? We suspect that this is an instance in which the trite "*Omne Ignotum pro Magnifico*" may find an apt and needful application. But Mr. Emerson dwells in a world of shadows, and therefore these pagan unrealities might well call forth his ardent sympathy. Men of this author's order like everything which they do not understand; mainly, we suppose, because self-admiration is their unflinching characteristic, and they rarely, if ever, understand themselves.

The twelfth and last Essay treats of "Art," and is designed to teach us, that the date of poetry, painting, sculpture, and music has expired; nevertheless, we are to take comfort, and cultivate art still, "in eating and drinking," and further, "in the shop and mill, the assurance-office and the joint-stock company"—an appropriate American conclusion, against which it is scarcely worth our while to protest. There is something infinitely amusing in the tone of patronage to art which our "thinker" assumes. Hear him once more! He has just condescended to bestow some praises on certain pictures of Raffaele's, and now continues:—"Yet, when we have said all our *fine things* about the arts, we must end with a *frank confession*, that the arts, as we know them, are but initial." Afterwards we learn, "they are abortive births of an imperfect or vitiated instinct;" but here the philosopher soars too high for our weak senses to follow him. In sober truth, we have but another instance here of that inordinate vanity which is Mr. Emerson's most besetting literary sin. Not possessing genius himself, being unable to create a great picture, or a real poem, or an oratorio, and only gifted with the unfortunate faculty (however common)

of writing high-sounding twaddle about each and all of them, he is extremely anxious to convince the world and himself that this twaddle is quite as great or greater than the works of art in question, and that an Emerson is equal to a Shakespeare, a Raffaele, or a Beethoven. The puddle from the tanning-yard, not content with troubling the lake's purity, goes bubbling, and hissing, and steaming on, as though it were lord of all, and the lake were only there that it might be able to sail about in it and defile the azure waters. But let us waste no more words on this exhibition of absurdity.

We shall now draw these observations to a close, noted down for the benefit of some, whose eyes, under God's blessing, they may in some degree avail to open. Certainly the very dangerous nature of this man's speculations is not sufficiently realized, and parents and those in authority are not duly on the watch against them.

We have run through twelve of Mr. Emerson's Essays, and discovered more of paradox than of ruth, and perhaps more of evil than of paradox. Had we looked further, we should have found little or nothing better, though there are two or three happy descriptions of natural scenes in the Essay on Nature; for Mr. Emerson's mind travels round a vicious circle, and is almost incessantly occupied in inculcating self-idolatry. Once more, and in conclusion, we assure him and his admirers, that the universe is *not* included in that very petty section of it which is reflected on the mirror of his or their individualities. To self-conceit creation seems to have originated in *its* finite perceptions, and to have reached the goal of being when *its* approval is obtained; and nevertheless the world would have gone on very well without it, and will, no doubt, go on, when it shall have been gathered to its fathers. To the mite in the sunshine a ray of light is the universe; nevertheless there *is* a world beyond. And *his* range of thought must be contracted indeed, his perceptions infinitesimally narrow, who cannot love and reverence his fellow-men as oftentimes equal or superior to himself—who cannot recognize and adore his God.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF KING GEORGE
THE THIRD AND THE ROYAL FAMILY WITH
BISHOP HURD, FROM 1776 TO 1806.

RICHARD HURD, Bishop of Worcester, was a very considerable man in his day. The friend and follower of Warburton, he could read this passage in a letter of his master, "Of this Johnson, you and I, I believe, think much alike," and not feel ashamed of the imputation of contemning so illustrious a man as the author of the English Dictionary. But the world, "which knows not how to spare," has long ago decided which was the greater man of the two; and, accordingly, while every man is familiar with all that befel Johnson, the life of Hurd is known comparatively

to few; for which reason we subjoin a short account of him.

Richard Hurd was born on the 13th January, 1720, at Congreve, in the parish of Penkrich, Staffordshire. He was the second son of John and Hannah Hurd, who, he has himself told us, were "plain, honest, and good people—farmers, but of a turn of mind that might have honored any rank and any condition." These worthy people were solicitous to give their son the best and most liberal education, and sent him to the grammar school at Brerewood. In 1733 he was admitted of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but he did not go to reside there until a year or two afterwards. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1739, and that of Master in 1742; in which year he was elected a fellow, and ordained deacon in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; and in 1744 he was admitted into priest's orders at Cambridge.

Dr. Hurd's first literary production was, Remarks on Weston's "Inquiry into the Rejection of the Christian Miracles by the Heathens," published in 1746; and in 1748, on the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he contributed some verses to the University collection for 1749. In the same year he took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and published his "Commentary on the Ars Poetica of Horace," in which he endeavored to prove that the Roman poet has treated his subject with systematic order and the strictest method; an idea which has been strenuously combated by several eminent writers. In the preface to this Commentary, he took occasion to compliment Warburton, in a manner which won him the favor of that learned dogmatist, and procured for him a return in kind in the bishop's edition of "Pope's Works," where Hurd's Commentary is spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. This exchange of flattery gave rise to an intimacy between these persons, which continued unbroken during their lives, and is supposed to have exercised considerable influence over the opinions of Hurd, who was long considered as the first scholar in what has been termed the Warburton school. The "Commentary" was reprinted in 1757, with the addition of two dissertations, one on the drama, the other on poetical imitation, and a letter to Mr. Mason on the marks of imitation. In 1765, a fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, was published in three volumes octavo, with a third dissertation on the idea of universal poetry; and the whole was again reprinted in 1776. This work fully established the reputation of Hurd as an elegant and acute, if not always a sound and judicious, critic.

In May, 1750, he was appointed by Sherlock, Bishop of London, one of the Whitehall preachers. About this time he entered warmly into a controversy respecting the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge; which had been appealed against by some contumacious members of that university; but it is hardly necessary to relate the particulars of the contest.

In 1751 he published a Commentary on the

Epistle to Augustus; and in 1753 a new edition of both Commentaries, with a dedication to Warburton. The friendship he had formed with Warburton continued to increase by mutual good offices; and, in 1755, Hurd eagerly embraced an opportunity which offered itself of owning the warmth of his attachment. Dr. Jortin having, in his Dissertations, spoken of Warburton with less deference and submission than the exactions of an overbearing and insolent superiority could easily tolerate, Hurd wrote a bitter satire, entitled "The Delicacy of Friendship, a Seventh Dissertation, addressed to the author of the Sixth;" a production in which he was betrayed into too close an imitation of his master's style; and displayed a degree of warmth—also borrowed from Warburton—far beyond anything that the supposed offence could either call for or justify. Hurd, accordingly, took pains to suppress the pamphlet; but in 1788 it was republished in a volume, entitled "Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian."

Hurd continued to reside at Cambridge until 1756, when, on the death of Dr. Arnold, he succeeded, as senior fellow of Emmanuel College, to the rectory of Thurcaston, to which he was instituted in 1757, and where, having entered into residence, he continued to prosecute his studies, which were principally confined to subjects of elegant literature. The remarks on Hume's "Essay on the Natural History of Religion" appeared soon afterwards. But Warburton appears to have had the chief hand in the composition of this part, which we find republished by Hurd in the quarto edition of that prelate's works, and enumerated in the list of them. It appears to have occasioned some uneasiness to Hume, who, in the account of his own life, notices it with a degree of acrimony quite unusual to that impassive philosopher.

In 1759 Hurd published a volume of "Dialogues on Sincerity, Retirement, the Golden Age of Elizabeth, and the Constitution of the English Government;" and this was followed by his "Letters on Chivalry and Romance;" which, with his "Dialogue on Foreign Travel," are republished in the year 1765, with the author's name, and a preface on dialogue writing. In the preceding year he had published another of those zealous tracts in vindication of Warburton which has added little to his fame as a writer, and procured him the reputation of an illiberal and unmannerly polemic. It was entitled, "A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Leland, in which his late dissertation on the principles of human eloquence is criticized, and the Bishop of Gloucester's idea of the nature and character of an inspired language, as delivered in his lordship's doctrine of grace, is vindicated from all the objections of the learned author of the Dissertation." This, with Hurd's other controversial tracts, has been republished in the eighth volume of the authorized edition of his works, where we find prefixed to it, by way of advertisement, the following lines, written by the author not long before his death. "The controversial

tracts which make up this volume were written and published by the author at different times, as opportunity invited, or occasion required. Some sharpness of style may be objected to them, in regard to which he apologizes for himself in the words of the poet:—

— Me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juvenia
Fervor.—

—Nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quero tristia."

This is a very miserable apology, and makes the original offence the greater. The words of the poet might have suggested to him the propriety, while he had the pen in his hand, of castigating these performances. "Pleasant, but wrong," thought Hurd, in his old age, of his tracts. The plea has little penitence in it.

In 1762 the sinecure rectory of Folkton was conferred on him by Lord Chancellor Northington; in 1755 he was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn; and in August, 1767, he was collated to the archdeaconry of Gloucester by Bishop Warburton. In July, 1768, he was admitted doctor of divinity at Cambridge; the same day he was appointed to open the lecture founded by Warburton for the illustration of the prophecies; and the Twelve Discourses which he preached there were published in 1772, under the title of an Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies concerning the Christian Church, and in particular concerning the Church of Papal Rome.

In 1768, he published the select works of Abraham Cowley, with a preface and notes, in 5 vols. 8vo., an edition which has been condemned as interfering with the integrity of Cowley's works, and which certainly is not the most judicious of Hurd's undertakings. In 1775 he was, by the recommendation of Lord Mansfield, promoted to the Bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry, and consecrated early in that year; and soon after entering on the episcopal office, he delivered a charge to the clergy of the diocese, as well as a Fast sermon for "the American rebellion," which was preached before the House of Lords.

In May, 1781, Bishop Hurd received a gracious message from his Majesty George III., conveying to him an offer of the see of Worcester, with the clerkship of the closet, both of which he accepted. Nor did his majesty's kindness stop here. For on the death of Dr. Cornwallis, in 1783, he was offered the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, with many gracious expressions, and was even pressed to accept it; but he humbly begged leave to decline it, "as a charge not suited to his temper and talents, and much too heavy for him to sustain in these times," alluding, we presume, to the distractions arising from the conflict of political parties. In 1788, Hurd published a complete edition of the works of Warburton, in 7 vols. 4to.; but the life did not appear till 1795, when it came forth under the title of a discourse, by way of general preface to the 4to. edition of Bishop Warburton's works, containing some account of the life, writ-

lage, and character of the author. This work excited considerable attention, and the style is equally remarkable for its purity and elegance; but the stream of panegyric is too uniform not to subject the author to the suspicion of long-confirmed prejudices. Even the admirers of Warburton would have been content with less laborious efforts to magnify him at the expense of all his contemporaries. They conceived that age and reflection should have abated, if not wholly extinguished, the unworthy animosities of times gone by. But in this they were disappointed. Hurd was a true disciple of the great dogmatist; and hence it was with regret that they observed the worst characteristic of Warburton—his inveterate dislike, his fierce contempt, and his sneering sarcasm—still employed to perpetuate his personal antipathies, and employed, too, against such men as Secker and Lowth. If these were the feelings of those who venerated Warburton and esteemed Hurd, others, who never had much attachment for the Bishop of Gloucester or his school, found little difficulty in accumulating against his biographer charges of gross partiality and illiberal abuses.

The remainder of Hurd's life was spent in the discharge of his episcopal duties, and in studious retirement. He died on the 28th of May, 1808, being then in his eighty-ninth year. As a writer, his taste, learning, and talents have been universally acknowledged; and though, like his master, contemptuous and intolerant, he was, nevertheless, shrewd, ingenious, and original. In his private character he was in all respects amiable; nor were the relations in life in any degree embittered by the gall and wormwood which so frequently flowed from his pen; an assertion which the following letters will abundantly prove; for they show that he was regarded with the warmest affection by the royal family who addressed them to him.

The first letter requires a brief explanation. In the Gazette of June 8th, 1776, we find the following:—"St. James's. The king has been pleased to appoint his Grace George Duke of Montagu to be governor; Richard, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry to be preceptor; Lieutenant-Colonel George Hotham, sub-governor, and the Rev. William Arnold, B. D., sub-preceptor to their Royal Highnesses, George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales, and to Prince Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburg" (the Duke of York.)

Queen's House, June 2d, 1776.

MY LORD—I have persuaded the Duke of Montagu to accept of the office his brother has declined. His worth is equal to that of the good man we both this day so much regretted. I hope this will also heal a mind I am certain much hurt at being the cause of much pain to me.

I am now going to Kew to notify the change to my sons, and desire you will be here at ten this night, when I will introduce you to the Duke. The similarity of the brothers will, I trust, make this change not material even to you. GEORGE R.

To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

The next letter is from the young Duke of

York, and shows, in its kindness and good humor, that the child was "father of the man."

Kew, August 5th, 1776.

MY DEAR LORD—I hope you are now arrived safe at Eccleshall, and that you are now quite recovered of your fatigues. With this letter I send you the translation of the Speech of Virginius to the Soldiers in the Camp after the death of his Daughter. I hope you will excuse the writing of the letter and translation, as I fell down yesterday while I was playing with Mr. Arnold in the garden, and sprained and bruised my second finger on my right hand very much. We hope to finish the first book of Xenophon on Wednesday. I hope, as you love hot weather, that your climate has been like ours; last Friday, at two o'clock, our thermometer was eighty-seven. It is time for walking, so I will not detain you any longer. Therefore I am,

Your affectionate friend,

FREDERICK.

P. S.—Since I wrote this letter, I have seen Mr. Hawkins, who found that I had put out my finger, and has set it again for me. Good bye.

To the Right Reverend Father in God, Richard, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

And now follows a letter from the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George IV.) by which it appears that he had not got far into the first book of Livy. His lesson seems to have been a teaser; for Romulus does not prate away at a fine rate—if by that expression he meant a long rate—neither does he argue with the Sabine women, to whom he gives as sensible advice as possible, under the awkward circumstances of the case.

Kew, August 6th, 1776.

MY DEAR LORD—I am afraid that the enclosed translation will not prove so delicious a morsel as your lordship expected to receive. However, I have tried to give it as good a relish as possible; but the author is very difficult, and I not at all versed in translation, as your lordship knows. Euclid goes on very well, for we are in the middle of the third book; and as to Livy, I have just left Romulus prating away for marriage at a fine rate, though I think he has the best of the argument. We are in hopes of having a most glorious day at Windsor on Monday next. I have a new mare, which, without boasting, I may say is at least as good as your lordship's. We all long to see you again at Kew, and I am,

With the truest and sincerest affection, yours,
GEORGE P.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

It would seem, from the following, that Arnold, the sub-preceptor, had made great way in the regard of the king.

Windsor Castle, August 24th, 1777.

MY LORD—I cannot refrain from exercising the great comfort the human mind is capable of—the communicating pleasure to those it esteems. Mr. Arnold has gained the greatest applause from the excellence of his sermon he has just delivered, which could have been equalled by nothing but the decency and modesty of his deportment; indeed, this able, as well as valuable, man does the greatest justice to the propriety of your choice, and shows that your

dissimulant into the characters of men is as conspicuous as your other great and amiable qualities.

GEORGE R.

To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

We would now draw attention to a letter from Queen Charlotte, which, bearing in mind that she is writing in a language foreign to her, displays a very lively ability.

MY LORD—It will be difficult to decide whose conduct deserves the most to be criticized, my eldest daughter's in sending you a present of a young lady, or mine in encouraging her to do so! Suppose, then, I plead guilty! will that satisfy you? I think it will, for you remember well that last Wednesday we agreed that to acknowledge our errors was a virtue we should strive to obtain; but in order to keep up all the decorum necessary for this young lady to get admitted into an episcopal habitation: my daughter Augusta desires an old philosopher would conduct her safely, with hopes that you will take them both under your protection.

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, Friday morning, January 26th, 1781.
To the Bishop of Worcester.

On May 1, 1781, at the Episcopal Palace, at Chelsea, in the 85th year of his age, died Dr. John Thomas, Lord Bishop of Winchester, clerk of the closet to the king, and prelate of the most noble order of the garter. He succeeded the celebrated Dr. Hoadly, in the see of Winchester. We read that "the king and queen have for some years past honored his lordship with an annual visit to Farnham Castle."

Windsor, May 2d, 1781.

MY GOOD LORD—I have this instant received the account of the death of my very worthy and much esteemed friend the Bishop of Winchester. To an heart like yours it is easy to conceive that the news could not reach me without causing some emotion, though reason convinces me that for him it is a most welcome event. I therefore lose no time in acquainting you that I cannot think of any person so proper to succeed him as clerk of my closet as yourself; and, indeed, I trust that any opportunity that brings you nearer to my person cannot be displeasing to you. Relying on this, I have acquainted the lord chamberlain to notify this appointment to you, but I thought any mark of my regard would best be conveyed by myself. I trust, therefore, that this letter will reach you before any intimation from him. I have also directed Lord North to acquaint you that I propose to translate you to the See of Worcester. With all the partially natural to the county of Stafford, I should hope you will allow Hartlebury to be a better summer residence than Eccleshall, and I flatter myself that hereafter you will not object to a situation that may not require so long a journey every year as either of these places.

Believe me, at all times,

My good lord, your very sincere friend,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

The Dr. Balguy referred to by the king in the letter we are about to present, was the son of a more eminent divine, who presented him the rectory of North Stoke, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire. He afterwards obtained from Bishop Hoadly a prebend at Winchester, and some time later Archdeacon

of Salisbury, and subsequently was made Archdeacon of Winchester. He owed all his preferments to Bishop Hoadly. In 1775, he preached the sermon on the consecration of Hurd as Bishop of Lichfield. In 1781, the decay of his sight, which ended at last in total blindness, prevented his acceptance of the bishopric of Gloucester, to which the king, without solicitation, had nominated him, on the death of Warburton. He died in 1795, leaving behind him the character of "a sincere and exemplary Christian, a sound and accurate scholar, a strenuous and able defender of the Christian religion, and of the Church of England."

MY GOOD LORD—On Monday I wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury my inclination to grant Dr. Balguy a dispensation from performing the strict residence required by the statutes of the Chapter of Winchester, provided the archbishop and bishop of the diocese (whom I desired him to consult) saw no objection in this particular case to such an indulgence. On Wednesday the archbishop told me he had followed my directions, and that he and the bishop agreed in the propriety of the step, and thanked me for having first asked their opinion, which must prevent this causing any improper precedent. I have now directed Lord Shelburne to have the dispensation prepared for my signature. You may, therefore, now communicate my intentions to Dr. Balguy.

I have also acquainted the new lord steward of the right of the deputy clerk of the closet, to dine at the chaplain's table, and his servant to dine with the servants. You may therefore acquaint the deputy clerk of the closet in waiting of things being now put on the same foot as previous to the dispute with Lord Talbot.

GEORGE R.

Queen's House, May 10th, 1782.

Heyne, to whom the king alludes in the following letter, was professor of poetry and eloquence in the university of Gottingen. Having the literary industry common to his learned countrymen, he wrote several ponderous quartos, all of which are to be found in the King's Library.

We would particularly request the attention of our readers to the just sentiments expressed by the king on war, and the education of the people.

Windsor, July 23d, 1782.

MY GOOD LORD—It is with infinite satisfaction I received on Sunday your letter; by which I find that at last the German books, wrote in Latin, and collected by Professor Heyne, by my directions, for you, are arrived at Hartlebury. I shall certainly continue to authorize him to send any others that he may think, from their subjects or styles, likely to meet with approbation. I own the reputation of the university of Gottingen I have much at heart, from an idea that, if ever mankind reflect, they must allow that those who encourage religion, virtue, and literature, deserve as much solid praise as those who disturb the world, and commit all the horrors of war to gain the reputation of being heroes.

Indeed, my good lord, we live in unprincipled days, and no change can be expected but by an early attention to the education of the rising generation. Where my opinion must be of weight—I mean, in

my electoral dominions—it shall be the chief object of my care; and, should it be crowned with success, it may incline others to follow the example.

I now come to a part of your letter that gave me much concern; but should at the same time have felt hurt if you had not informed me of. I fear the relapse of poor Dr. Arnold; his conduct during the time he attended you seemed as favorable as any of us could desire. I still hope he will soon be reinstated; and I trust you will not long leave me in suspense upon a subject that greatly interests me; for I ever thought him not only ingenious, but perfectly upright, and, as such, I have a very sincere regard for him. Except the queen, no one here has the smallest suspicion of his having a fresh attack, which is an attention* I am certain he every way deserves.

I hope your visitation will be attended with as fine weather as we have enjoyed since the violent rain on Tuesday night, and the whole of Wednesday. I shall ever remain, my good lord,

Your very affectionate friend,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
at Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

The two following letters show the king in a most amiable light, both as a father and a man. Prince Octavius died on the 3d of May, 1783.

Windsor, Aug. 20th, 1782.

MY GOOD LORD—There is no probability, and, indeed, scarce a possibility, that my youngest child can survive this day. The knowing you are acquainted with the tender feelings of the queen's heart, convinces me you will be uneasy till apprized that she is calling the only solid assistant under affliction—religion—to her assistance. She feels the peculiar goodness of Divine Providence in never having before put her to so severe a trial, though she has so numerous a family, I do not deny. I also write to you, my good lord, as a balm to my mind; as I have not you present to converse with, I think it the most pleasing occupation by this means to convey to you that I place my confidence that the Almighty will never fill my cup of sorrow fuller than I can bear; and, when I reflect on the dear cause of our tribulation, I consider his change to be so greatly for his advantage, that I sometimes think it unkind to wish his recovery had been effected. And, when I take this event in another point of view, and reflect how much more miserable it would have been to have seen him lead a life of pain, and perhaps end thus at a more mature age, I also confess that the goodness of the Almighty appears strongly in what certainly gives me great concern, but might have been still more severe. G. R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

MY GOOD LORD—The humanity which is not among the least auspicious of your excellent qualities, would, I am persuaded, make you feel for the present distress in which the queen and I are involved, had you not the further incitement of a sincere attachment to us both. The little object we are deploring was known to you, and consequently his merits; therefore you will not be surprised that the blow is strong. We both call on the sole assistant to those in distress, the dictates of religion. I have proposed to the queen, and she approves of

* Sic in MS. What was the matter with Dr. Arnold, physically, mentally, or morally, I have not been able to ascertain.

it, that I should desire you to come on Saturday, and bring Mr. Fisher with you; that, on Sunday, in my chapel in the castle, we may have the comfort of hearing you preach, and of receiving from your hands the holy communion. I think this a very proper time for renewing the baptismal vow; and, though greatly grieved, I feel true submission to the decrees of Providence, and great thankfulness for having enjoyed for four years that dear infant.

GEORGE R.

Windsor, May 6th, 1783.

The letter from the queen, which we subjoin, is another evidence of the vivacity of her talent. Having given to Hurd her copy of the essay, no wonder we do not find one in the king's library. There is, however, a copy in the British Museum.

The book which accompanies this note is an Essay on the Immortality of the Soul, which I received on Saturday last. It appears to be against Mr. Hume's, Voltaire's, and Rousseau's principles, and chiefly against the first of these authors. As I am not in the least acquainted with the writings of those unhappy men, I must beg the bishop to give me his opinion upon this little tract, as the author of it will not publish his name until he knows the reception of it by some able and understanding men.

I do also send the letter of the author, who appears modest and well meaning, and more should be said about him, I believe, but the dedication being to me, I might be suspected of being guided by flattery. You know I hate bribery and corruption; but being corrupted by flattery is worse than money, as it is an open avowal of a corrupted heart, and I hope you do not suspect me of that.

I shall be glad to hear of your being well after the fatigue of yesterday.

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, March 29th, 1784.

Here is the king's estimate of three of his children—the Duke of York, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke of Cambridge:—

Windsor, July 30th, 1786.

MY GOOD LORD—Yesterday I received, by the quarterly messenger, some printed copies of the three successful prize dissertations from Gottingen, as also the speech of the pro-rector on declaring to whom the prizes are adjudged; Doctor Langford going to-morrow to Worcester, I take this favorable opportunity of sending a copy of each for you. The medal for the theological discourse is now undertaken by Mr. Birch; it will be double the weight of the other; on one side will be my profile, as on the other medal, the reverse is to be taken from the seal he cut some years past for you. As soon as the drawing is prepared, I will send it for your opinion.

My accounts from Gottingen of the little colony I have sent there, is very favorable; all three seem highly delighted and pleased with those that have the inspection of them; but what pleases me most is the satisfaction they express at the course of theology they have begun with Professor Less—Professor Heyne gives them lessons in the classics, and has an assistant for the rougher work; they learn history, geography, moral philosophy, mathematics, and experimental philosophy, so that their time is fully employed. I think Adolphus at present seems the favorite of all, which, from his lively manner, is natural, but the good sense of Augustus will in the end prove conspicuous. That Adolphus should

have gained Frederick, could not be otherwise, as in stature, features, and manner, I never saw two persons so much resemble each other: may the younger one do so in the qualities of the heart, which I have every reason to flatter myself.

On Friday I saw Major-General Budé, who told me the disagreeable giddiness you complained of the last winter is much abated; I trust it will enable you, in the autumn, to ride constantly, as that is the best of all remedies. I hope to hear from you how you approve of the small tracts I now send you.

Believe me ever, my good lord, yours most affectionately,
 GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

The next letter requires no explanation.

Windsor, Sept. 2d, 1786.

MY GOOD LORD—Yesterday I received from Birch the design for the reverse of the theological prize medal, which I now communicate to you. The only alterations I have proposed are, that the cross shall not appear so well finished, but of ruder workmanship, and the name of the university as well as the year placed at the bottom as on the other medal.

We have had some alarm in consequence of a spasmodic attack on the breast of Elizabeth, which occasioned some inflammation, but by the skill of Sir George Baker she is now perfectly recovered, and in a few days will resume riding on horseback, which has certainly this summer agreed well with her.

I am glad to find by a letter, which Mrs. Delany has had from Mr. Montagu, that you are preparing to do the same, as I am certain it will contribute to your health, which I flatter myself is improved by your proposing to attempt it this season.

Believe me ever, my good lord, yours most affectionately,
 GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
 Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

We cannot but perceive in the following letter how dear to the king's heart was national education. Would that the present government had the power, or those who exercise authority over the people, the will, to carry out the wishes of this (sometimes called) narrow-minded and bigoted monarch.

Windsor, July 29th, 1787.

MY GOOD LORD—Having learned from Dr. Langford that he sets out to-morrow for Worcester, I cannot omit so favorable an opportunity of enquiring after your health. I shall to-morrow attend the speeches at Eton, as I wish from time to time to show a regard for the education of youth, on which most essentially depends my hopes of an advantageous change in the manners of the nation. You may easily imagine that I am not a little anxious for the next week, when Frederick will return, from whom I have great reason to expect much comfort. The accounts of the three at Göttingen are very favorable; the youngest has written to me to express a wish to be publicly examined by the two curators of that university on the commemoration in September, when it will have subsisted fifty years. I have taken the hint, and have directed all three to be examined on that solemn occasion. I ever remain, my good lord,

Yours most affectionately,
 GEORGE R.

The Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle.

The seven succeeding letters call for no comment.

Windsor, the 30th Feb. 1787.

MY LORD—As I am perfectly unacquainted with the name of the college, in where young Griffith pursued his studies, and therefore less capable of applying to anybody about his character, I take the liberty of making him the bearer of this letter in order that he may answer for himself, totally relying on your goodness that in case he should, after enquiry, not be found what he ought to be, you will forget the application entirely. All I know of him is, that he bears the character of a modest and sober young man, that he behaved extremely well to his mother, who was the Duke of York's nurse, and that he is desirous of being employed in his profession whenever he can. I will now only add, my thanks for your kindness in this affair, and I rejoice to hear that you are a little better, the continuance of which nobody can more sincerely wish than your friend,
 CHARLOTTE.

To the Bishop of Worcester.

MY LORD—I never wished so much to exercise my power and commands as to-day, but I hope you will believe me, when I say, that this desire does not arise from any tyrannical inclination, but from a real regard for you. The wintery feel of this day makes me desirous of preventing your exposing yourself to-morrow morning at court, where I could only see, but not enjoy your company, which pleasure I beg to have any other day, when less inconvenient and less pernicious to your health.

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, the 17th of January, 1788.

To the Bishop of Worcester.

G. R. Slo, 3 o'clock.

MADAM—I cannot express the sense I have of your majesty's gracious command to me not to appear at court to-morrow. But for this once, I hope your majesty will pardon me, if I am not inclined to yield obedience to it. I have been so well as to take an airing this day, which occasioned me to be from home when the messenger came. I will, therefore, with your majesty's good leave, attempt to join my brethren to-morrow in the joyful office of the day; and I assure myself the occasion will give me spirits enough to go through it without inconvenience—only it is possible, madam, I may so far take the benefit of your majesty's indulgence as not to venture into the crowded drawing-room afterwards. But even this will be a liberty I shall allow myself very unwillingly.

I am, with all possible respect, madam, your majesty's most obliged and most obedient servant,
 R. W.

Windsor, June 8th, 1788.

MY GOOD LORD—Having had rather a smart bilious attack, which, by the goodness of Divine Providence, is quite removed, Sir George Baker has strongly recommended to me the going for a month to Cheltenham, as he thinks that water efficacious on such occasions, and that he thinks an absence from London will keep me free from certain fatigues that attend long audiences; I shall therefore go there on Saturday. I am certain you know the regard that both the queen and I have for you, and that it will be peculiarly agreeable to us to see you at Hartlebury. I shall certainly omit the waters some morning to undertake so charming a party; but that you may know the whole of my schemes, be-

sides getting that day a breakfast there, I mean to remind you that feeding the hungry is among the Christian duties, and that, therefore, when I shall visit the cathedral on the day of the sermon for the benefit of the children of the clergy of the three choirs—which Dr. Langford, as one of the stewards, will get advanced to Wednesday the 6th of August, (as I shall return on the 10th to Windsor)—I shall hope to have a little cold meat at your palace before I return to Cheltenham on Friday the 8th. I shall also come to the performance of the “Messiah,” and shall hope to have the same hospitable assistance; both days I shall come to the episcopal palace sufficiently early that I may from thence be in the cathedral by the time appointed for the performances in the church. The post waits for my letter, I therefore can only add that I ever remain, with true regard and, I may say, affection,

My good lord, truly your good friend,

GEORGE R.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

Cheltenham, July 25th, 1788.

MY GOOD LORD—Imagining you would like to hear how the visit to Gloucester had succeeded, I deferred writing till I returned from thence. It is impossible for more propriety to have been shown than both by the bishop and Mr. Holdfast. His speech in his own name and that of the dean and chapter and clergy of the diocese was very proper, and he seemed not to object to my having an answer. I thought it right to command the dean and chapter for the new regulation, by which a more constant attendance is required, and hoping that it would stimulate the rest of the clergy to what is so essential a part of their duty. The cathedral is truly beautiful. I am to attend Divine service there on Sunday. To-morrow is the visit to Croombe, which enables me to fix on Saturday, the 2d of August, for visiting Hartlebury Castle, where any arrangements for the 6th at Worcester may be explained. All here are well, and insisted on seeing yesterday the room Dr. Hurd used to inhabit at Gloucester; the bishop was obliged to explain Lord Mansfield’s prediction on the mitre over the chimney. Had they always been so properly bestowed, the dignity of the church would have prevented the multitude of sectaries.

Believe me ever your most affectionate friend,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle.

MY LORD—When I was last night with the king, he inquired very anxiously after you, and seemed pleased to hear of your having been at Kew to inform ourself after him. He also gave me the sermon for you of Mr. Thomas Willis, and ordered me to send it as soon as possible, and to express how much he wished to know your opinion about it. I am likewise to introduce this new acquaintance of ours to you, which I shall do by a letter through him, and I hope, nay, I am pretty sure, that you will like him, as he really is a very modest man, and by his conduct in this house gains everybody’s approbation. I am sorry to hear that your visit at Kew should have proved so painful to you as to give you the gout, but hope to hear that it is not a very severe attack.

CHARLOTTE.

MY GOOD LORD—This letter was wrote yesterday, but no opportunity found to send it; the con-

sequence of which is that the sermon is brought by its author, whom I hope you will approve of.

Kew, the 7th Feb., 1789.

MY LORD—The bearer of this is the young man in whose behalf you spoke to the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Would you be so kind, with your usual goodness, to direct him what further steps he must take to be introduced to the bishop, and also to give him good advice about his future conduct in life? In doing that you will greatly oblige

Your sincere friend,

CHARLOTTE.

Queen’s House, the 8th of April, 1789.
To the Bishop of Worcester.

From Fraser’s Magazine.

PHONETICS.

THE daughters of Pelias, we are told, thinking that it would be very nice if their old father could be made young again, without a word of apology cut him into fragments and boiled him up in a caldron, just to see what would come of it. Nothing, however, did come but a kind of horrible soup.

These young ladies were the prototypes of Messrs. Pitman and Ellis, the ingenious inventors of the “Phonetic System,” and apostles of the “Spelling Reform;” and it must be owned that the moderns do not yield to their classical originals, either in the dogmatic precision with which they lay down what the subject which they take in hand *ought* to be, or in the uncompromising spirit with which they set about making it so, or in entire disregard of the question whether the reforms they propose to effect are not inconsistent with the principles and conditions on which the object of them depends for existence. Your true enthusiastic doctrinaire disdains to consider such trifles as the laws of nature, whether organic or spiritual; human feelings, customs, and prejudices, go for nothing with him; still less does he condescend to calculate whether the advantage of his amendment will compensate for the inconvenience of change, or the returns be equal to the outlay. Pelias “ought” to be made young; the English language “ought” to be written phonetically; and therefore about it without delay.

The mysterious inscription which excited so much astonishment in the Strand about a year ago, intimating that No. 344 was the “Ofis” of the *Fonetic Nuz*, probably conveyed to most of our readers their first intimation of the existence of the Great Phonetic Movement, and of the fact that a considerable number of her majesty’s subjects indulged in the apparently harmless luxury of writing, printing, and reading English by means of a new alphabet and a new system of spelling. The school, however, had been founded some time previously—indeed the publication of a newspaper* for its especial

* As this journal is now defunct we need not say much about it. Besides being, of course, the “organ of the Spelling Reform,” it advocated “Progress” and Education, and talked “Liberal” politics. Among the many cool assumptions (by the way) of the party calling itself by that name of *Liberal* (not the least of which is the appropriation of the title) must be reckoned their pretence of being the champions of the cause of education against

use implied as much—and it has now attained a popularity and spread to an extent which, though they will astonish no one who recollects such names as Joanna Southcote, Thom, or Mormon Smith, and such things as the earthquake panic and galvanic rings, yet make it worth while to devote a few pages to a serious consideration of the matter.

There is a very numerous class of half-educated, novelty-seeking, and somewhat self-satisfied individuals, who are sure to be caught by the specious appearance of a proposal like the present, and who seize with delight an opportunity of at once exercising their ingenuity, making themselves a little conspicuous, showing their independence of character and contempt of prejudice, and adding another to the thousand proofs of their superiority to their ancestors;* this class, which the cheap press of modern times enables the promoters of any plausible scheme that admits of being called a reform to get at easily, will always furnish a certain amount of believers and followers to anybody who thinks it worth while to seek them; but undoubtedly the principal cause of the temporary success (as it must, comparatively speaking, be called) of the present agitation is to be attributed to the personal character of its originators, the energy and devotion with which they carry it on, and the great care and completeness with which their system is composed. It is evidently the work of accomplished men, thorough believers in their own invention, and as likely, perhaps, to draw water in a sieve as anybody now living. Looking at all these circumstances in connection with the natural proneness of mankind to amuse themselves about the details or application of any ingenious invention, and to take the foundations of it for granted, the amount of popularity which has been attained by Phonetics is perhaps not more than might have been expected. We must say, however, that Mr. Ellis' assertion that "100,000 copiz" of phonetic publications are now disposed of "per anum" (a statement which the reader may translate as he thinks proper) is altogether incredible, unless we are to reckon as a separate phonetic publication each copy of a number of little explanatory handbills, sold at the rate of six or more for a penny, under the title of *Penny Packets*.

But it is time that we should give the reader who is still antiquated enough to require such information, some notion of what the "Spelling Reform" really is, and on what grounds its adoption is urged. Mr. Ellis is the principal literary champion of the phonetic cause, and his *Plea for*

Phonetic Spelling is apparently the authorized exponent of his case to the exoteric world; we shall, therefore, take this work as our text-book, referring, however, occasionally to other publications of the school, which, we presume, if not actually from the hand of the same author, contain, at all events, representations of his views and arguments by which he is willing to abide.

In looking over this *Plea*, the first remark of the student (which he will find occasion to repeat about once for every page) will be, that it affords a striking illustration of the truth of the observation that rhetoric is one of those arts which come best by nature, and that its most telling tricks are used far more frequently, and far more effectively, by those who have only eagerness and self-reliance for their prompters, than by the most accomplished professors of the science of persuasion. Listen to an enthusiast endeavoring to convince the world that his own peculiar hobbyhorse is a thoroughbred Arabian. He will unconsciously exemplify twice as many of Aristotle's stock of *ῥητορικὰ* as anybody would dare to avail himself of in cold blood. How he will exalt the importance of his own grand plan! how he will misstate and omit the objections to it! how cleverly he will contrive to hook it on to some question of great and universal importance, so as to gain for his "little bark" the advantage of "pursuing the triumph" of the thundering three-decker!

Mr. Ellis really abuses these privileges of the hobbyhorseman; but we will not dwell at present on the complaints which we are entitled to make on this subject. Contenting ourselves, therefore, with protesting that the "heteric objections to phoneticism" which the author undertakes to state, and then proceeds to demolish with such complacency, are not *our* objections, or at any rate not a fair representation of them, and that the facts respecting the great irregularity of the present spelling, which he proves with such a vast array of tables and calculations, are facts which we are ready to admit without any proof at all, being particularly obvious and undeniably,* we will proceed at once to the root of the matter.

The foundation on which the phonetic system mainly rests is this dogma—that it is inconsistent

* Although we do not care to criticize minutely the tables and calculations above referred to, because whether they be accurate or not the facts which they profess to prove must, of course, be admitted, yet we must warn the reader that he cannot rely implicitly on them; Mr. Ellis is too eager to prove his case to be quite fair, and often counts the same objection two or three times over in different forms. For instance, in the tables showing how many *different* ways there are of expressing the *same* sounds in heteric spelling, we find, 1. that *ow* sometimes stands for *u*, as in *bellows*, (which Mr. Ellis treats as though it should be pronounced *bellus*, which it certainly should not be); 2. that *us* sometimes stands for simple *s*, as in *bellows*; 3. that *u* is sometimes *mute*. Thus this single redundant *u* does duty three times over. This way of counting is ingenious, but not original; it is a plagiarism from the sailor's wife, who had to account for the appearance of a little stranger only three months after her husband's return from a five years' voyage. "It's all right, Bill," she said. "You see there's been three months of days, that's three; and three months of nights, that's six; and three months you've been back, you know!"

the tories, which they always talk of as though it were an universally admitted fact. If a return could be made of the political opinions of all the founders and supporters of schools and colleges, past and present, in the British Isles, we fancy it would tell a very different tale. To be sure your whig talks about it a good deal the most.

* Among the believers in phonetics, whose adhesion cannot be accounted for by placing them in the above category, are Dr. Latham, who has written two letters in the *Athenæum* for February, 1849, and three in the *Educational Times* for May, June, and August, 1849, in support of the scheme; and the author of an article in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1849. It is not often that men of this stamp care much for any crotchets *except their own*. Phonetic writing, however, (though not this particular form of it) is an old crotchet of Dr. Latham.

and absurd that a written language should do anything but represent accurately the sounds made in speaking that language; because, as Dr. Latham concisely puts it, "alphabetic writing has only one function, namely, to *represent*." This position being admitted, it is not difficult to show that the existing orthography is very far from performing that "function;" and in order the more to overwhelm it with ridicule and infamy, it is invariably spoken of as if it were a *code* deliberately composed in its present form by a set of idiots who *intended* it to be purely phonetic, but from ignorance and stupidity made it what it is. Thus Mr. Ellis says, "even its most determined supporters allow that it was *intended* to be alphabetical." (*Plea*, p. 11.) "The present alphabet, considered as the groundwork of a system of orthography in which the phonetic principle prevails, is an *entire failure*." (p. 25.) "The heteric fancy for using o and u [in women, busy] to express our sound of i, is *very singular*." (p. 32.) "It would have *shown much more wisdom* in the person who *first chose* the spelling *island* if he had adopted the orthography *ighland*, as the word is pure Anglo-Saxon," &c. "Another learned Theban, whose mind was bent on his own Bœotia, treated us to the magnificent orthography *rhyme*," &c. (p. 93.)

Dr. Latham, in his letter mentioned above, talks in the same tone. "To *mix up* etymology, (he says,) and to *give the history* of a word as well as its sound, is no proper *function*. On the contrary, it is an *intention* which can only be fulfilled at the expense of the representation," &c. "To distinguish between similar words, and to give fixation to a language, are equally irrelevant *intentions*, founded upon the notion that there are so many ambiguities and obscurities in the spoken language as to render a *special apparatus of conventional rules* in spelling indispensable," &c.

From all this it is concluded that it is only a return to just principles and practice to discard altogether this arbitrary code, and adopt a system of spelling which shall be purely and simply a representation of sounds. For this purpose it is necessary, in the first place, to have a new alphabet; for the old one is so anomalous and unsymmetrical, presenting on the one hand *several* ways of writing down *similar* sounds, while on the other hand there are many more vocal and consonantal sounds in the language than it possesses single vowels and consonants to typify, as to be quite inadmissible into the pure and simple temple of regenerated English. A new alphabet Messrs. Pitman and Ellis, in the years 1843 to 1847, accordingly composed and perfected, having a separate type for every distinct vocal and consonantal sound, and one only; and they propose that English words should in future be written by means of this alphabet, with reference only to their sounds, "from which it will follow that the letters in a word will determine the sound of a word, and the sound of a word will determine its letters, with mechanical certainty."* This they call phonetic spelling;

the old system is branded as the heteric. Henceforth every one who knows how to pronounce a word will know how to spell it; and every one who sees how a word is spelt will know how to pronounce it. This sounds plausible and ingenious; but a little consideration will show that the whole scheme is based on an entire misapprehension of the real nature of the case. The plan is, in fact, as it has been well described, one "for the speedy and effectual abrogation of the English language"—an expression at which Mr. Ellis is not a little angry, and says, "for abrogation, read preservation," (*Plea*, p. 65;) nevertheless he himself describes it in another place as one which will "revolutionize the whole of our literature," (p. 82,) which comes to pretty nearly the same thing.

Now, to begin at the beginning, What *is* the English language? The English language, like all other languages sufficiently civilized to have a literature, is, as now existing, two-fold; there is spoken English and written English. Whether the written English originated in an attempt to represent spoken English phonetically or not, is an historical question which, whatever its importance, cannot affect the *fact* above stated.

A written word, we say, is a *fact* and a *thing*, just as much as a spoken word is a fact and a thing. The *written* English language is now, and has been since its birth, a distinct existing Entity, quite independent of, however closely allied with, the *spoken* English language; it would remain exactly what it is if all mankind were to be henceforth deaf and dumb. It is quite conceivable, nay probable, that a complete written language might have been composed, (though, of course, it would not have been *alphabetical*.) if mankind had never had the gift of speech at all. This being the case, a written language must, like every other reality, be governed by its own laws, or by none; it must grow and vary in its own way, or not at all. It has its history, its use, its meaning, just as much as the spoken one; it is not (nor ever was, from the moment it began to exist) *merely* the shadow of the other; it is something else, and something more. The fact that our language is in its origin phonetic, has, we repeat, nothing to do with the question, and affords no reason for urging that therefore we "*ought*" to write phonetically now; the proposal, in fact, involves just such a practical bull as M. Ledru Rollin made in one of his too-famous circulars, when he said that the republic having originated in a revolution, the government of France ought thenceforth to be conducted on *revolutionary* principles; i. e. that resistance to authority was to be the basis of authority.

Is it possible that a language can exist as a literary language which has no *literary* standard of correctness? We affirm that it is impossible, and that such a condition is inconsistent with the laws of its being. Certainly there never *yet* was a language both written and spoken of which the written was the slave of the spoken; if one is to be the slave of the other, we should rather propose that the positions should be reversed: for a writ-

* See Part II. of the *Penny Packets*, sold at the Photonic dépôts.

ten language is decidedly more fixed and permanent in its nature, and admits of being ascertained more distinctly, than the spoken language; indeed, we would seriously recommend this amendment to Mr. Ellis. If he must have some reform, if writing and speech must of necessity be merely the reflection of one another, let him commence an agitation for a *graphic* reform, and invite the world to *pronounce* English as it is *written*. The arrangement is in theory more reasonable than his phonetic proposal, and just as likely to succeed in practice.

As soon as a language has obtained a *literary* existence, we say it is subject to a *literary* standard of spelling, just as much as a spoken language is subject to a vocal standard of pronunciation. The principle under which it began, whether phonetic or ideographic, was a scaffolding merely from which to launch it into independent existence; and to talk as Mr. Ellis does of our present orthography being "an utter failure," because it is not strictly phonetic, is just as absurd as it would be to call such words as *rumble*, *bang*, *splash*, &c. utter failures, because, though originally imitative, they are now only conventionally significant sounds. Perhaps a reference to the case of proper names will illustrate our position better than anything else, although what we say of them is true of all words whatever. Mr. Ellis is particularly severe on such a piece of hetericism as that Mr. "Tirit" (for instance) should spell his name *Tyrrwhitt*. The only answer to this is, that *such is his name*. His spoken name is *Tirit*, his written name is *Tyrrwhitt*; his written name is no more "Tirit," than his spoken name is Jones. If there were no such thing as written English, he would have no written name; but there is a written English, and he has a written name: it is *Tyrrwhitt*; it is a fact, and there is, or should be, an end of the matter. But facts go for nothing with an enthusiast; it is, nevertheless, just this incapacity to recognize and submit to facts which makes the difference between a useless visionary and a useful reformer.*

It will be said that the above positions are mere assertions, unsupported by proof. They are, however, we believe, positions which most people who consider steadily the real nature of language will admit to be correct. It is evident that they lie at the root of the whole question, and that, unless they can be controverted, the entire superstructure of phonetics must fall to the ground. Dr. Latham sees this clearly enough, and he accordingly asserts positions directly contradictory of ours. In his first letter to the *Athenæum*, (before cited,) we find

* Mr. Punch, whose sense of the ludicrous has led him to cut some jokes on the phonetic system in general, describing it as "originally invented by Winifred Jenkins, and carried to its greatest height by Jeames, with the able assistance of Yellowplush and Pitman," yet admits that its introduction in the case of some proper names would be desirable. And yet it is more obviously (though not more truly) absurd in these cases than in any other; but a little liberal prejudice obscured his reasoning powers for a moment; the desire to have a sneer at what he chooses to connect with "aristocratic humbug" was too strong for him.—See the number for 24th February, 1849.

him saying, that the objections on the matter of theoretical propriety are referable to the following heads:—

1. The value of the present orthography in distinguishing by spelling words which, although different in meaning, are identical in sound. 2. The value of the same as indicative of the etymological origin of words. 3. The value of the same in forming a standard of language. Each of the three functions is incompatible with a true notion of the real office of an alphabet. This is to *represent* the language to which it belongs, taking it as it is, and attempting no secondary or subsidiary effects. To talk about there being a *written* language and a *spoken* language, is to talk of there being two sorts of men, real and painted; or men in the flesh and blood, and men in pictures. There is but one *reality*; the duplicate is merely a *representation*. This representation may be good or bad; i. e. an alphabet may represent a language just as a portrait may represent a face, well, indifferently, or not at all. To ensure its doing the first, it should be made to keep to the representation alone; to ensure its doing the third, it should be made to represent and do something more. And this is what is done in English.

1. Two words are alike in sound but different in sense. To express this difference we make a distinction in the spelling, although it was unnecessary in the speaking, and so conceal the likeness; just as if, in order to distinguish two Dromios from one another, we put a different color on their portraits. Whatever else may gain by this, the *representation* of the language, the proper function of an alphabet, loses. 2. Again, we spell a word like *city* with *c*, although *s* (*sity*) would have done as well. By this we get a certain fact made somewhat clearer than it would have been otherwise; namely, the fact that the English *city* is connected with the Latin *civitas*. The price we pay for this is the addition of a redundant letter. At present I am only writing in the way of illustration; i. e. to show that our present alphabet aims at objects other than the simple *representation* of a language. I therefore abstain from further remarks; my wish being to give prominence to the fact, that alphabetic writing has only one *function*; namely, to *represent*. To mix up etymology, and to give the history of a word as well as its sound, is no proper function. On the contrary, it is an intention which can only be fulfilled at the expense of the representation; just as a portrait that should attempt to give a family pedigree as well as a likeness, (family or not,) would be something other than a true portrait, and by no means an improvement on one.

We can only meet these representations by a direct denial of their correctness. We are not very partial to arguing by means of metaphors and similes, because they seldom run on all-fours; but we have no objection to adopt Dr. Latham's figure of the portrait, for it is a good one, and exactly proves what we have been saying. Granting that writing was originally a picture of speaking, what then? A picture, *when it is made*, is thenceforth an existing independent thing; there was before only one thing, the man; now there are two things, the man and the picture. Because the picture was *originally intended* to be like the man, is that a reason for *keeping* it like the man; touching it up, and altering it day after day, as the man grows

uglier or handsomer? Can a picture long exist under such conditions? Will it not inevitably be spoiled? From the moment the picture has begun to be, it and the man are distinct; from that moment each begins to change and grow old, in obedience to the laws of its own nature, and *not* in imitation of the other. If after a certain lapse of time the picture is no longer a resemblance, and it is thought necessary (for any reason) to have a resemblance, a *new* picture must be made; but we are not now considering whether such a necessity has arisen, but the truth of the position, that it is the *nature* of the picture to *keep like* the original, and that it does not "perform its functions" unless it keeps like the original. Such is not its nature, and such are not its functions; it has *no* functions to perform, unless natural life and growth can be so called. Dr. Latham should have taken rather the simile of the reflection of a man in a mirror; it would have suited his line of argument better; but it would have been entirely inapplicable to the case of language, for his own view of the present condition of English, or, if not that, a reference to any of the symbolic languages, is a sufficient proof that a written language is *capable* of existing, and does actually exist, independently of the spoken language.

Although Mr. Ellis occasionally loses sight of the real nature of his own "revolution," let us endeavor to consider steadily its true character and necessary results. There is to be *no standard* of correct writing, it is said: that a written word should be anything but a reproduction, by means of phonetic letters, of the sound made by the writer in pronouncing the same word, is denounced as a monstrous absurdity. A writer is to disregard all *literary* authority, and to do nothing but to analyze his own accents, else his spelling will not be phonetic. Now, let anybody ask himself what chance a language has of subsisting in any purity which is to be dealt with in this way? It is proposed to reduce the English language to the stage at which that of the Cannibal Islanders and other savages, whose words have been merely jotted down by missionaries and travellers, now is, viz., a mere imitation of sounds, having no existence apart from those sounds; and not only reducing it to that stage, but *keeping it there*; for although the Caffres and Bushmen, as soon as they have a literature, will assuredly (unless there be Pitmans and Ellises in their land also) have a literary language obedient to a literary standard, we, although we have, or used to have, a literature, are, it seems, not to have a literary language.

Do what you will, you will never get anything to live upon principles and by means of forces external to itself. Whether it be a plant or a constitution, a language or an old gentleman, it matters not; it must live by its own life or be lifeless. Phoneticism is in principle an attempt to make written English live, not by its own life, but by the life of spoken English; it is, therefore, in principle false and contradictory, and by necessary consequence impossible in practice. If Mr. Ellis

points to his 100,000 copies of phonetic publications, and to his list of "phonetic corresponding societies," as a proof that in practice, at least, phoneticism is *not* impossible, we answer, that these afford no proof of real life. Phoneticism is still in the hands of its authors and of those who claim, as reflected light, part of the fame of its authors as its first supporters and propagators; enthusiasm, vanity, prejudice, call it what you will, are engaged in maintaining, in what is in reality a soulless model, the appearances of vitality; but it is but a galvanic motion that can be imparted, and as soon as the master has left off applying the battery, and the pupils have got tired of their plaything, it will tumble down again, a mere inanimate lump of vowels and consonants. It will never be able to go alone.

We have hitherto endeavored to consider the principle of phonetics, as laid down and asserted by its champions, singly and in the abstract; but so impalpable and contradictory is it, that it is no easy task to fix the attention on it steadily; and often while fancying we were contemplating its nature and consequences, we have found that the phantom had altogether slipped away, leaving a very different proposition in its place, which, not being demonstrably impracticable and absurd, can stand up to be looked a little more in the face. It is probable that many members of "phonetic corresponding societies," who fancy they are worshipping the true divinity, are in reality prostrate at the feet of this intrusive idol; for it is evident from more than one passage in his writings (as we have already hinted) that even Mr. Ellis himself occasionally falls into a similar mistake.

The changeling proposition to which we refer is this; not that there should be *no* literary standard, but that there ought to be a *new* one; or, to resume Dr. Latham's metaphor, that the time is come to paint a fresh picture.

A few quotations will soon show that it is a change of *this* nature that has been present (though undetected) to Mr. Ellis' mind, while he has believed himself to be advocating the cause of phoneticism *pur et simple*; and that, provided the new standard is to be of his own making, he has contemplated such a state of things with considerable complacency. He now appears no longer as the assertor of the liberties of the people against orthographical tyranny in general, but merely as the founder of a new dynasty, which is in principle and may become in practice just as tyrannical and arbitrary as the old. For instance, at the very outset, is not his alphabet itself a piece of dictation? Why is anybody to adopt it rather than set about inventing one for himself? Why should we be

* Messrs. Pitman and Ellis' alphabet is, perhaps, as complete as it is possible that such an alphabet should be; we are far from wishing to depreciate it; on the contrary, we look on it as quite a monument of patient analysis and linguistic science; but it is decidedly inadequate to express correctly all the sounds made in English speaking; the vowels in particular, though there are sixteen of them, are obviously insufficient. For instance, we find the *o* in the verb *to produce*, and the *o* in *own*, expressed by the same type, (see the *Spelling Reformer* No. I., p. 6.)

obliged to take *letters* ready made any more than words? But letting that pass, and granting him the privilege of making our alphabet for us, at least he should stop there and leave us to spell for ourselves according to our own phonetic views. See, however, how royally he again interferes with our liberties, and prescribes for us the course we *must* freely follow:—"We instituted many experiments. We began, as was most natural, in attempting to furnish the most accurate representation we could produce of the familiar conversational style of speech. After several experiments, we decided that this *should not be adopted*, as it was too vague and unpleasant;" and after some consideration, we are told that his majesty "was led to adopt the stiff rhetorical pronunciation as the standard by which to regulate our spelling." "We have at length arrived at a system of using phonetic spelling which is *satisfactory to ourselves*, and of which we hear remarkably few complaints."

Why should anybody complain of it, unless human instinct was longing for an authority on which it could rely?

In the process of time, as our characters become more and more familiar to the eye, we expect that these complaints will become less and less, and that *our orthography will be adopted*, not on its own authority, (he adds, however, to save his principles,) but because it is found the most desirable.

So Napoleon was elected Emperor of France by universal suffrage.

In the mean time it is, of course, to be expected that many other printing-offices besides our own will be used for phonetic printing, and in these various styles of spelling will be adopted. For instance, in the American newspapers printed in phonotypes we meet with spellings which would not be tolerated in England. But by this concurrence of different orthographies we expect ultimately to arrive at a round, smooth, and pleasant system; as when stones are rolled on in the current of a river they lose their rough edges and distinctive forms.—*Plea*, p. 126.

This is, plainly, altogether an abandonment of the *phonetic* principles; instead of an assertion of the absolute liberty of the subject, we are presented with a *congress of sovereigns* making mutual compromises and trafficking away the independence of their people without consulting them.

Again, when undertaking to dispose of the following objection, which he put in the mouth of a hetericist, that "phonetic pupils, spelling as they pronounce, would spell very variously, and

uniformity of spelling would cease," Mr. Ellis gives the following curious and remarkable answer. First, he says—

We have received letters from all parts of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and America, in phonetic spelling, and find the real points of difference very small indeed [if this be so, it can only be because the authority which he claims *has been accepted*.] And it must be recollected (he continues) that this diversity will be almost confined to manuscript. Printers' readers will correct the spelling according to the most approved *standard of pronunciation*, as exhibited in *proper pronouncing dictionaries*.*

This is again simply giving up the whole position. These standards of pronunciation (so called) would obviously be *literary standards—written books*; there is, then, to be a reference to *authority* in the matter. What! refer to a mere image; copy a copy when we have the original at hand? Why should a man take his spelling from a *dictionary*? He is to spell as he *pronounces*; you have told him so; dictionaries have nothing to do with it; one of the great blessings of the phonetic system is, that everybody who knows how to pronounce a word knows how to spell it. Are these your revolutionary principles? Up with the barricades—we want a 23d of June here!

Although, strictly speaking, we are not called upon to make the defence of our present orthography against any other *given* orthography, as such a change, the mere substitution of a new code for the old, is not in terms proposed by the advocates of the spelling reform; yet, as it is the only result which Mr. Ellis, supposing he were allowed to have everything his own way, could, from the nature of things, produce; and, moreover, as it is probably the result which in reality most of his followers look to, whenever they deliberately look to any at all, we will say a few words on the subject. We may now descend from the region of definitions and abstract principles: *this* change does not involve a contradiction in terms, it is to be considered as a practical question; first, whether it is worth bringing about; and, secondly, whether it is possible to bring it about. To the consistent phoneticist we need only observe that the new code, when created, and however created, would be as *arbitrary* as the old; but to the hetericist, still faithful to his allegiance, but whose belief in the divine right of A the Great, and the Prince Royal little a, and Bouncing B the Grand Vizier, and the other potentates of the despotism (absurdly called the republic) of Letters, has been a little shaken by the insidious whispers of the revolutionary agents, we will propose one or two questions. 1. *By whom* is the code to be composed? 2. *By what authority* is it to be promulgated and enforced? 3. *How long* is it to last? Who is to say when it shall be renewed? And even if distinct and satisfactory answers could be given to these (which

It would seem that objections of this kind have been pressed upon Mr. Ellis; his answer is, that "experience has proved that it is sufficient for all the purposes claimed for it, and that it imparts a good pronunciation." (*Penny Packets*, Part V.) This is another instance, in addition to those in the text, of the *naïve* manner in which Mr. Ellis every now and then gives up his whole case; he forgets that according to his principles an alphabet cannot be *practically* sufficient unless it is *absolutely complete*; and that it is not likely that deliberately laying down a wrong pronunciation can impart a good one.

are indispensable preliminaries,) we should still decline having anything to do with introducing (or rather attempting to introduce) such a change ourselves, and advise our readers to follow our example, simply because it is from its nature impracticable. You can no more change a nation's language than you can change a nation's character or constitution, all in a lump: none of these things can be dealt with by abrogating the old by proclamation, and bringing in the new full grown and complete in all its branches; it may look very pretty, but it will want one indispensable quality—*life*. The experiment has been tried in politics more than once, but always with the same inevitable result—ridiculous failure. No change can really take place in a language, written or spoken, except in the way of growth and development according to its own conditions, and by the force of its own internal energies. Mr. Ellis perceives and expresses this truth clearly enough with respect to *spoken* English:—"We feel," he says, ("whether justly or not is another question,)* that it cannot be all pure convention; that the *stamp of nature is upon it*."—*Plea*, p. 13. Strange that he should not have felt that this is just as true of the written English! If the tree of the British tongue has grown up irregularly, so much the worse; if you wish to see it otherwise, you may do something by training its twigs into a straighter direction for the future; but you will not mend matters by cutting it down and planting the most symmetrical of Maypoles in its place. The *tendency* of its growth for the last three hundred years has been towards simplification; not very rapidly, it must be admitted, and with two or three anomalous exceptions, but on a general view certainly in that direction; and any one who thinks proper may do something towards encouraging that tendency by adopting every change which, from time to time, presents itself, or even if he will, by originating such as, from time to time, the genius of the language seems to warrant; but more than this he cannot do, the inexorable laws of the universe are against him; and if he attempts more, he will most assuredly, whatever his talents, his knowledge, and his energy, and however great the number of followers that these may temporarily gather round him, meet with the fate of all his fellows in failure, mortification, and oblivion.†

* This parenthesis is characteristic of the doctrinaire. He is not sure but what there "ought" to be a universal language; constructed on scientific principles, of course.

† At p. 115 of the *Plea*, Mr. Ellis, with singular inconsistency, admits the force of these last objections:—"No power," he admits, "is likely to effect such a change but the power of habit acting through a long space of time." "The change from the hetic to the phonetic style of printing may, and probably will, be so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible." What *can* this mean? If ever there was a change abrupt, sudden, and complete, it is the proposed change from hetic to phonetic writing. Does Mr. Ellis intend that people should begin by writing one word in a thousand phonetically, and the rest hetically; then by degrees one in 999, one in 998, and so forth? The flow of the phonetic tide over the land may be gradual, as it has been, and as its ebb will be; but the change to phonetics by any individual cannot be gradual; it must be a revolution, not a reform.

Among his answers to the objection that the confusion and uncertainty of phonetic spelling would be intolerable, Mr. Ellis makes the countercharge that the spelling of *one word in sixty* of the English language is *uncertain* under the present system, and that it is a mistake to believe in the fixity of our present hetic orthography (*Plea*, p. 27;) from which he infers that we have no right to make any objections to his scheme on similar grounds, as we should be no worse off in that respect under the new *régime* than under the old.

This, we must say, looks very like what used to be called "cavilling;" it is with difficulty that we can believe that Mr. Ellis is himself convinced by his own argument. It is an entire misrepresentation to say that the spelling of all words which may properly be spelt in more than one way, such as *chemist*, *chymist*, is *uncertain*;* the road to a place is not *uncertain* when there are two known paths equally convenient leading to it; it would be uncertain if there were *no* path, and nobody could tell how to get there except by making a long calculation and taking observations with map, sextant, and compass for himself. A man is not left in *uncertainty* when he is told he may write with propriety either *chemist* or *chymist*; but it is to leave him in woful uncertainty to tell him, There is no right way of writing the word at all—find out for yourself.

As to there being now a fixed standard of orthography, it is true that none has been directly revealed from Heaven, or fixed by an act of Parliament—but it *exists*; Mr. Ellis himself and every other educated man in the country possesses it, and that is enough.

Having thus shown that the phonetic reform in its pure state is absolutely false and self-contradictory in principle, (professing as it does to deal with a literary language in a way inconsistent with the conditions of existence of a literary language,) and that in the very modified form of a proposal for reforming our spelling it is quite impossible in practice, we need not spend much time in considering the list of *advantages* which Mr. Ellis promises from its adoption—seeing that it cannot be adopted. We will, however, for the amusement of our readers, quote a few of his sentences in further confirmation of the remark which we have already made about natural rhetoric. Since the days of the great Twalmley we seldom remember to have met with more monstrous instances of that common weakness which the Greek could describe in a word, but for which we require a sentence—*αλαζονεία*, the tendency to attach undue importance to one's own favorite subject.

John Bull, "with all thy faults," thou canst not be

* The list which Mr. Ellis quotes and adopts from Worcester's *English Dictionary* (see Appendix to the *Plea*) of words spelt in more than two ways by different authorities, is abominably unfair. Many of the words, as *cymar*, *sheik*, are not English words at all; and several varieties of spelling are given which no one would think of using. *Ribbon* and *riband* may both be lawful, but who would think of using *ribband* or *ribbin*?

accused of being a doctrinaire; it is useless in this country to urge a change or a reform merely on the ground of theoretical completeness or consistency; it must be shown that some practical good will result from it. It was not likely that some scores of millions would submit to a complete overthrow of one of their most deep-rooted practices, merely for the *beaux yeux* of Messrs. Pitman and Ellis; it was necessary to connect the proposal with some object of practical interest. Education at once suggested itself—enlightenment—propagation of useful knowledge; they have something to do with reading and writing, and make a capital cry; and so we find it proclaimed (and no doubt with the most perfect self-deceived sincerity) that the cause of spelling reform is inseparably connected with that of education, and that it is, in fact, “the sole means of making the education of the poor in this country possible!” “What the invention of printing was to the middle ages,” says Mr. Ellis, “the introduction of phonetic spelling will be to the present day. This is the great, the noble, the *holy* cause in which we are engaged.” Again: “Five million Englishmen cannot read; eight million Englishmen cannot write. Why?” Perhaps you may be simple enough to answer, “*Because they have not been taught*,” but, bless you! that is not the reason. It is “*Because it is as yet impossible to tell the sound of any English word from its spelling, or the spelling of any English word from its sound*. Till this difficulty is removed, the education of the poor is *physically impossible*!” However, we need be under no apprehensions for the future: “Phonetic spelling will remove all difficulty, by enabling any one who can speak English to read English with ease in a month!”* Again: “Hetericism renders the task of learning to read *hateful, unpleasant, and slow*. Phoneticism renders it *delightful to teacher and learner, and rapid of performance*,” (*Plea*, p. 75—6.) &c.

It cannot be necessary to answer in detail these monstrous exaggerations: but we will just observe, with respect to learning to read, that if the Ellisian code of spelling were the law and custom too of the land to-morrow, it would be, in fact, nearly as unphonetic† as the present to the *whole* of the unlettered population of Scotland and Ireland, and at least *nine tenths* of that of England, and that, therefore, this “difficulty” would not be “removed,” and “the education of the poor” would remain (according to Mr. Ellis) as “physically impossible” as it is at present; and with respect to learning to write, that under the same code people would, in point of fact, learn to spell just as they do at present—viz., empirically and by rote. There is more truth than is generally supposed in the observation of Dogberry, that “to write and read comes by nature:” it does now, and would

under the new system. There is barely one man in a hundred, even among the educated classes, who possesses that power of watching and analyzing spoken sounds which would enable him to spell accurately upon *any* phonetic principle, however well devised; and that *one* man, after he had once settled to his own satisfaction how to spell a given word, (a task at least as laborious as that of learning how to spell a word as we now do,) would ever afterwards write it not phonetically, (*i. e.* with *reference* to its sound,) but by rote and unconsciously, and the other ninety-nine would, (as we do now,) simultaneously and without conscious effort, *acquire* and *acquiesce* in the spelling which they found used by others. Is it not too absurd to find a man, who has learnt to read and write himself, and who knows that everybody above the rank of idiot, and even many idiots, can be taught to read and write too, speaking of those arts as “the most difficult of all human attainments,”* and of “the difficulty of learning the *separate meanings* of ninety thousand symbols?” (*Plea*, p. 53.) We do not learn them, they “come by nature;” reading and writing “grow with what they feed on,” and whatever the system of spelling, the actual state of things will be nearly the same—namely, he who reads or writes but little will only be able to read and write imperfectly, and he who reads and writes much will be able to do so perfectly. We do not believe, in spite of Mr. Ellis and Dr. Latham’s alleged “proofs” of the contrary, that were the phonetic system now in full force there would be any perceptible difference, fairly attributable to that cause, either in the number of persons taught to read and write, or in the proportions in which *correct* reading and writing would depend upon facility *empirically* acquired—at least, not among those *who know the language already*; to a foreigner, endeavoring to learn to speak it from books alone, it would, probably, be some assistance. And this reminds us that one of the arguments seriously advanced in favor of phonetics, and particularly enlarged upon in the article in the *Westminster Review* to which we have already referred, is that their introduction will hasten the arrival of a period when English shall be the universal language of the globe. We only hope that everybody who adopts phoneticism on this ground will at the same time begin to be economical in the use of fuel; for it has been calculated, we believe, that all the known coal-fields in the world do not contain more than enough for the consumption of two or three thousands of centuries.

There is not a house in England which ought not, on Mr. Ellis’ principles, to be pulled down and rebuilt, for there certainly is not one in which an architect could not suggest some improvements, both as to symmetry and convenience; in fact, the public—that part of the public, we mean, which is respectable enough to own messuages and tenements—has reason to be thankful that Mr.

* See the prospectus of the *Phonetic News*.

† At all events, there would be no more *certainty* than there is at present; and “if there could be a *doubt* as to the spelling of a single word when no doubt was felt as to its pronunciation, it would be a blot in the system of writing employed.” (*Plea*, p. 38.)

* A hyperbolical expression of Mr. R. Edgeworth’s seriously adopted by Mr. Ellis, who has no notion of joking on so “*holy*” a subject. See p. 57 of the *Plea*.

Ellis does not follow the profession of building with more substantial materials than words. Only fancy what an awful visitation he would be to a quiet old gentleman, whose home was not exactly square :—

"Sir, your house is not square ; it is an absurdity. Houses are intended to be square. Until your house is square, to roast a leg of mutton in it properly is physically impossible. I must pull it down immediately, and rebuild it in accordance with my own views of what is proper."

"But the inconvenience?"

"Nonsense, that is only your fancy! There will be no inconvenience; on the contrary, you will find the proceeding *rapid and delightful*."

"But then the expense?"

"Expense! there will be no expense—at least, none that you will feel. While your house is down you will not want to give so many dinners, you know."

"But how am I to know that I shall be any better off when you have made all these alterations?"

"Sir, I have proved it, demonstrated it—on paper. See, here are my plans and estimates."

"But I like my old home as it is."

"Sir, you are a bigoted, stupid obstructive; and it is plain from what you say that you hate the poor, and have no true feeling for art."

In the midst of his vast schemes for "revolutionizing English literature" and regenerating mankind, we every now and then find Mr. Ellis altogether shifting his ground, and talking of the spelling reform as merely *a device for facilitating the teaching to read*. This is quite a different question. Phonetics may be or may not be *the readiest way of teaching English*; but that is quite apart from the consideration of *what English shall be*. Both Mr. Ellis and Dr. Latham affirm that it can be *proved* that children can be taught to read and write English better by first teaching them phonetics and then heterics, than by beginning at once with the latter. If so, let them be taught so by all means; it is a practical educational question, to be solved by those who have practically to educate, and into which we do not intend to enter, except so far as to observe that we cannot attach much importance to the experimental proofs adduced, because it seems scarcely possible to try the experiment fairly. At any rate, we must decline to accept conclusions, unless drawn from a far wider field of observation than appears to have hitherto been examined. For, first, we believe that all who have been concerned in teaching agree that there is a remarkable difference in the readiness with which children acquire reading, even where in intelligence and in all other circumstances there is apparently the greatest equality; and, secondly, if there is anything which more than any other thing contributes to the rapid advance of a pupil, it is the amount of interest in that advance felt by the teacher; and we can well imagine the difference between the styles in which a phoneticist (however desirous to be fair) sets about his experimental teaching of heteric and pho-

netic reading; the one languidly, contemptuously, with a secret (though unacknowledged) wish that he may fail; the other with eager interest, and a strong desire to succeed. We shall not consider that we have any *proofs* worth attending to on this subject until the experiment has been tried, in the first place, far more extensively than it has yet been tried; and, in the second place, by teachers who look upon phonetics as a humbug, as well as by teachers who look upon heterics as an antiquated absurdity. But whatever the result of such experiments, they will not affect the point which we have been considering, nor the conclusion which we think we may say we have proved—namely, that the proposed phonetic reform is false in principle and impossible in practice.

Lastly, we beg to assure Mr. Ellis and his friends, who brand us and the like of us with the titles of obstructionists, advocates of heteric absurdities, &c., that the irregularities of English spelling afford us no particular pleasure, and are looked on by us with no particular affection. If we *write* "a spade" a spade, it is only because it is a spade; we should be glad if it were otherwise; but the fact is so, and we submit.

If we have not bandied any compliments with Mr. Ellis, it is because nobody who is in earnest does so with his adversary; and we are not in the habit of tilting at a man unless we sincerely believe that he deserves to be knocked over. We must, however, in justice to ourselves, say, that we shall have been greatly misunderstood if any of the preceding observations lead to the impression that we desire to set Mr. Ellis down either as an *ignoramus* or an impostor. A mischievous enthusiast we do hold him to be, but the praise of learning and labor no one can deny him; unluckily, they only serve to make him more mischievous. We have already suggested what is the class out of which the phonetic converts are chiefly made, but we have no desire to speak of them disrespectfully; on the contrary, many of them belong to a body which must have the sympathy and good wishes of all. Anybody who will stand for half an hour at the door of Mr. Pitman's phonetic dépôt in Queen's Head Passage, and mark the character of the people who go in to make purchases, will see that they are for the most part those intelligent, but half-educated artisans and mechanics, in whom the thirst for knowledge burns, perhaps, more fiercely than in any other ranks, whether above or below them. It is lamentable to see these men, with but little time and little money to devote to intellectual and literary pursuits, wasting that little upon a delusion which will cheat them of a year or two's toil and then leave them in the lurch, without having done them any good, or given them anything of which they can make the slightest use. It is for this cause that we have undertaken to accelerate, so far as in us lies, the decease of phonetics, which otherwise would have been suffered to live their day, and depart in the course of nature, without any molestation from us.

From the New York Tribune.

The History of the United States of America. By RICHARD HILDRETH. In three volumes. Vol. III. New York: Harper and Brothers.

WE have now the completion of Mr. Hildreth's elaborate History of the United States, from the discovery of the American continent, to the organization of the government under the federal constitution. The work is sustained with uniform ability and interest throughout the wide field of historical investigation which it undertakes to traverse. The three volumes before the public everywhere display the marks of profound original research, a critical comparison of authorities, a strenuous devotion to the subject of inquiry, a calm and temperate judgment in the balancing of evidence, and a sturdy adherence to the common-sense view of the facts and events that pass under the notice of the writer, with a rigid abstinence from all excursions into the fancy, or indulgence in theory and conjecture. The work, as now completed, forms an accurate and well-delineated map of American history. It presents every essential feature of the landscape. It omits nothing important to the justness of the representation. The whole is arranged in orderly proportions, with a constant regard to the principles of historical perspective, and finished in a style of neatness, and often of elegance, which gratifies the sense of literary art, though it makes no pretensions to the exquisite and dainty refinements of composition, which, in the hands of Washington Irving, Macaulay, and Bancroft, have been used with such delightful effect to relieve the monotony of historical narrative.

A work of this character is indispensable to the student of American history. It is an admirable introduction to the profound study of the origin and progress of our present institutions. It lays open the whole field of inquiry with singular precision and distinctness, points out the situation of all the prominent landmarks, lingers with considerable fulness of detail around the most important and attractive spots, and sets forth the relative position of the principal characters and incidents with a clearness of description that will enable the reader to inspect the ground more minutely for himself, with the confidence arising from well-digested preparatory knowledge.

We freely accord these merits to the present volumes, and would thus be understood to give them a high degree of commendation. It is a rare thing for an author to be so consistent with himself, throughout the construction of a laborious work, as Mr. Hildreth has been in the composition of this history. He is never seduced, for a moment, from the plan which he has adopted. He accomplishes whatever he undertakes. He pursues the idea which he has chosen for his guide with an austere tenacity of purpose, which, applied to the moral relations of life, would make one a very anchorite of virtue. But as an excess of goodness becomes repulsive in its severity, so the form of history adopted by Mr. Hildreth falls at

length into harshness and acerbity. We weary of the cold-blooded impartiality, which is never betrayed into emotion, even by the fate of a Warren, or the character of a Washington. We would gladly exchange the presence of a skeleton, however accurately and scientifically strung together on wires, in whose eyes there is no speculation, for an hour's communion with a living and breathing man, with the warm atmosphere of humanity about him, although he could lay no claim to an icy, bloodless, ideal perfection. The preternatural calmness of Mr. Hildreth, which at first inspires an easy confidence in his qualifications as a guide, often assumes the appearance of a Mephistophelian indifference, with no faith in human excellence and no sympathy with human passion.

This characteristic is more conspicuous in the volume before us, on account of the deep interest inspired by everything relating to the history of the period which it describes. It takes us into the very midst of the revolutionary struggle, places us by the side of its cradle, and conducts us to its glorious termination. It relates the story of the Boston town meetings, of the continental congress, of Lexington, of Bunker Hill, of Saratoga, of Monmouth, of Arnold and Andre, of Lafayette and Kosciuszko, with as much apathy as if the whole narrative was devoted to the adventures of a company of trappers, or the fortunes of a trading expedition. The closing paragraph of the history affords as good a specimen as any of the manner we have commented on. The style is clear as the most transparent crystal, and not without pretension to a certain degree of grace. But what a frigid, colorless, soulless winding up of the grand drama, in which the conduct of our fathers has commanded the admiration of the world! Yet this passage is enthusiastic, compared with many others, in which a natural glow seems essential to life.

The dying embers of the Continental Congress, barely kept alive for some months by the occasional attendance of one or two delegates, as the day approached for the new system to be organized, quietly went out without note or observation. History knows few bodies so remarkable. The Long Parliament of Charles I., the French National Assembly, are alone to be compared with it. Coming together, in the first instance, a mere collection of consulting delegates, the Continental Congress had boldly seized the reins of power, assumed the leadership of the insurgent states, issued bills of credit, raised armies, declared independence, negotiated foreign treaties, carried the nation through an eight years' war; finally, had extorted from the proud and powerful mother country an acknowledgment of the sovereign authority so daringly assumed and so indomitably maintained. But this brilliant career had been as short as it was glorious. The decline had commenced even in the midst of the war. Exhausted by such extraordinary efforts—smitten with the curse of poverty, their paper money first depreciating and then repudiated, overwhelmed with debts which they could not pay, pensioners on the bounty of France, insulted by mutineers, scouted at by the public creditors, unable to fulfil the treaties

they had made, bearded and encroached upon by the state authorities, issuing fruitless requisitions which they had no power to enforce, vainly begging for additional authority which the states refused to grant, thrown more and more into the shade by the very contrast of former power—the Continental Congress sunk fast into decrepitude and contempt. Feeble is the sentiment of political gratitude! Debts of that sort are commonly left for posterity to pay. While all eyes were turned—some with doubt and some with apprehension, but the greater part with hope and confidence—toward the ample authority vested in the new government now about to be organized, not one respectful word seems to have been uttered, not a single reverential regret to have been dropped, over the fallen greatness of the exhausted and expiring Continental Congress.

The exceptions we have made are not intended to derogate from the singular value of Mr. Hildreth's history, as a lucid and accurate portraiture of the scenes which it depicts. They only confirm, what we before remarked, that he has accomplished what he proposed to himself, and in that point of view, he may be said to have attained distinguished success. The frigid tone of the composition, we are confident, proceeds from principle, and not from inability. It was essential to the realization of Mr. Hildreth's conception of a genuine historical work. It does not arise from any deficiency of imagination or constructive power on the part of the writer. In other works he has exhibited a glow and depth of feeling, a facility of vivid, picturesque description, and a power of poetical eloquence, that give him an eminent rank in the department of graphic and pathetic composition. If he had seen fit to exercise these talents in the creation of his history, it might have proved a more generally popular work than the present, though it would not easily have surpassed it as a source of authentic reference to the curious student.

The index which accompanies this volume is very full and satisfactory. It, in fact, presents, in its regular sequence, a great number of excellent chronological tables, which give a key not only to the work, but to the subject of which it treats. We cannot say as much of the list of authorities. This is a bare catalogue of books, arranged with some reference to the order of subjects, though in apparent confusion, and presenting no clue whatever to the special evidence for the statements and opinions in the body of the work. A history loses in real utility, and, to the genuine lover of historical research, in attractiveness, by presenting no facilities for its own verification. The reader loses as much by the want of a minute indication of the original sources, as would the student of law by the absence of reference to legal decisions.

We notice rather a whimsical slip of the pen in Chap. XXXI., by which Dean Tucker, the celebrated writer of pamphlets on politics and finance during the American revolution, is confounded with Abraham Tucker, the genial and humorous, though often grotesque, author of "The Light of

Nature Pursued," who died in 1774, the date of Dean Tucker's proposal alluded to by Mr. Hildreth.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—The Cleveland *True Democrat*, in speaking of Mr. Dodge's concert in that city, gives the following history of one of the songs of the evening :

In December, 1827, Mr. Blake with his wife and infant daughter were travelling over the Green Mountains, in Vermont, in a sleigh. A snow storm came suddenly upon them; and so wild and thick did the snow fall, that soon the horse refused to stir. Mr. B., realizing his position, determined to seek aid at the first house, and, protecting his wife and child, started off. Soon the cold numbed him, and he fell, unable to move.

His wife, as is supposed, alarmed at his absence, quit the sleigh, and determined to seek him. When within thirty rods of him, she was overcome. Knowing her fate, she stripped herself of the thickest part of her clothing, and wrapped up her infant daughter, and in a cold snow-blanket, as her winding-sheet, died.

In the morning, travellers passing that way, discovered Mr. B., with his feet and hands badly frozen. "Are others near?" was the first question. He was unable to reply, but pointed with his frozen hands in the direction of his wife and child. Part of the travellers pushed on. Soon they came to the body of his wife, all lifeless and cold; and lifting up the infant from its snowy bed, were rejoiced to see it smile.

Mrs. Seba Smith put these events into stirring song, and that song Mr. Dodge sang with great effect. But imagine the state of feeling in the room when it was announced that Mr. Blake and his daughter were present! Not a dry eye was seen in the room.

We subjoin Mrs. Smith's song :

The cold wind swept the mountain's height,

And pathless was the dreary wild,

While, mid the cheerless hours of night,

A mother wandered with her child.

As through the drifted snow they pressed,

A babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,

And darker hours of night came on,

While deeper grew the drifts of snow,

Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.

"Oh God!" she cried, in accents wild,

"If I must perish, save my child."

She stripped her mantle from her breast,

And bared her bosom to the storm,

While round her child she wrapt the vest,

And smiled to think that it was warm.

With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,

And sank upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,

And saw beneath the snowy veil,

The frost of death was in her eye;

Her cheeks were cold, and hard, and pale.

He moved the robe from off the child,

The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.



From *Fraser's Magazine*.

BENZOLE.*

In February, 1848, we were speeding towards Paris by the first train which entered that city on the Havre railway line after the revolution—our anxieties far outstripping the tardy powers of steam. And we well remember how strange, and yet soothing, was the sight, on the morrow of that great overthrow—somewhere between Havre and Rouen, we could not afford to mark where—of a peasant ploughing the soil for the spring crops, and stopping his horse awhile to gaze at the train. It seemed to tell of a something abiding and steadfast amidst the crash of thrones—of that great ocean of domestic life, to whose still depths the storm reaches not, however it may rage at the surface—of that great duty of replenishing the earth and subduing it, which precedes and survives the “right” of insurrection alike and of repression—of that great promise, as true and as living now as when first breathed over the ground scarce rescued from the flood, “While the earth remaineth, *seed-time and harvest*, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.”

Feelings somewhat of this nature come again upon us, as we turn aside for a moment from the contemplation of that great revolutionary drama, to which the “days of February” served as it were but for a prologue, to a work of pure science like the one before us. France may be busily occupied with the parody of the last half-century of her history—her mock republic seemingly about to give way to a mock empire, (complete already save in name), and that in turn no doubt to a mock restoration, and that again perhaps to a mock July monarchy; South Germany may be quivering with the last shocks of the late outbreak of atheistic radicalism; in Hungary a few brave spirits may be still carrying on the struggle, now hopeless, of a noble people, not only for themselves, but for all Europe, against the swelling flood of Russian barbarism; Rome may be delivered over to the perplexed and grotesque perfidy of French intervention; Venice may have fallen, silent and unhelped; Switzerland and Turkey may be already threatened in their existence by the tide of so-called conservative reaction. We ask, with awe, where will the overthrow cease! Congresses may spout and maunder about peace, but war is smoking or smouldering on all sides. And yet the very tempest is but superficial. Grace will soon “smile forth again from ruin,” according to the expression of one of the first, though least-noticed, of sonneteers, Wilhelm von Humboldt.† A year or two more, and the corn-crops will wave again luxuriant in the plains of Hungary over the bones of Cossack and Magyar alike, thicker even than if the parent ears had never

been trampled out by the soldier's heel. The processes of Nature are not stopped—the laws through which God rules his universe preserve their resistless sway; yet Nature yields herself to those who know how, ministering, to subdue—yet she sings to those who have ears to hear her ever-murmuring voice. In the realm of Physical Science—that other agriculture—the husbandmen are still delving and ploughing, still reaping and bringing in their harvests. Professors may here and there get imprisoned or shot, but though some ripe crop of observation may thus be trampled out, it is but a temporary and partial fallow in a soil teeming with fruitful powers, which a little loving labor will cause to burst forth plenteously once more.

Here is a man—although *he* does not tell us of it—capable of watching, month after month, for, we believe, upwards of a year, the distillation of coal-tar in a retort. By thus making himself, as it were, the servant of Nature in her processes—by patiently waiting upon the successive phases of disintegration of one of the common products of our coal-fields, he becomes in turn able thoroughly to subdue the subject of his experiments, and make it fruitful of all sorts of wonderful births. First he draws from coal-tar the ordinary products of the imperfect commercial distillation of this substance—a distillation which, as he tells us in his *Researches*, is a regular branch of trade, and is usually carried on in large iron retorts capable of holding many hundred gallons. These products (after getting rid of some permanent gases and ammoniacal compounds) are three in number—naphtha, or “light oil,” which floats; “dead oil,” which sinks in water; pitch, which solidifies by cooling, and “is applied to the purposes of making asphalt, &c., or, when dissolved in a part of the fluid oily distillate, to the production of a black varnish, much used for iron-work.” Then he breaks up each product again, and shows us that it is but a bundle of other substances still more distinct and various. From the black pitch there comes a yellow powder (chrysene); a wax-like substance (paranaphthaline); an extremely hard, cellular coke, difficult of combustion, and approaching to pure carbon. From the “dead oil,” which “is used chiefly for burning into lamp-black, for coarse lamps or torches, and for the preservation of timber by impregnating it with the oil,” come other substances, including another wax-like solid (naphthaline). Of this we are told, (*Researches*, p. 4, note,) that it “may be procured in enormous quantities at many of the tar works, where it is deposited, mixed with paranaphthaline, by the oils distilled from the tar, in granular crystalline masses, called ‘salts’ by the workmen. It is there thrown away as useless, or, at best, burned for lamp-black; and yet it is honored in our chemical catalogues with a price of four or five shillings per ounce.” What a slur upon our chemical science, to have remained till now thus ignorant of the proceedings of our industrial chemist! The naphtha again brings forth an abundant progeny—solid “carbolic acid,” (or, in its impure state, creosote,) so caustic as to destroy the skin of

* t. Benzole; its Nature and Utility. By Charles Blachford Mansfield, M. A. Cantab. London: John W. Parker.

2. “Researches on Coal-tar,” by Charles Blachford Mansfield, B. A., in the *Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society of London*, vol. i., p. 244. Baillière.

† Und Amuth lacht aus dein Ruine wieder.—*Die Nympha*.

the hand if touched; poisonous oils, such as "aniline," of which a few grains are enough to kill a rabbit, (whilst its property of giving a blue color to hypochloride of lime makes it a valuable reagent,) or such as the peculiarly foul-smelling "picoline;" harmless oils, such as "cymole," "cumole," "toluole," our "benzole"—all of which, as their names import, occur elsewhere in nature; the cymole and cumole being derived from cumin seed, the toluole from tolu balsam, the benzole from benzoic acid—yet all differing in properties amongst themselves; the cumole, for instance, extinguishing flame; the benzole taking fire before the match reaches its surface. And, lo! amidst all this confusion appears the great ternary law of Nature. All these substances are either neutral, acid, or basic; the neutral abundant in quantity, many in number, ("like the workers in a bee-hive," our author tells us—a suggestive and beautiful comparison,) of innocuous properties, and, until combined with sulphur, generally of fragrant smell; the basic and the acid, few, fetid, and poisonous—the former, to use our author's luminous expression, governed by "affinity;" and affording "a symbol of family life" by their tendency "to dissolve or be dissolved in each other, without any change in their nature or the formation of a new substance;" the latter governed by a sort "of bipolar attachment," which invests them with a peculiar tendency to unite with each other and form new compounds, "intolerant of plurality," making them thus "the very type of connubial life."

Very curious is it, although it could hardly be explained without the use of plates and tables, to note the peculiar processes, the shifts and contrivances, (all of his own devising, though again he will not say so,) by which our chemist seeks to get rid of this "family relationship" of the liquid hydrocarbons of coal-tar, which *will* adhere together, both in the liquid and æriform state; the volatile benzole, at first kept liquid, notwithstanding the application of heat, by its heavier brethren toluole, &c., and when it does pass into vapor, carrying away a portion of toluole with it. And yet these shifts and contrivances are in themselves not arbitrary, but are the mere applications of some general law, through which alone nature consents to obey the will of man. First, distillation by heat is resorted to, the principle of which is that every liquid volatile without decomposition has a boiling-point as fixed as that of water; so that "nothing can be more striking than to observe all these substances, at all times and places, punctually obeying the law impressed upon them at their formation, and (as soon as the temperature and pressure on their surface reach the coördinate points which have been assigned to each of them) assiduously commencing to boil off into vapor." Then we need a reagent to get rid of impurities—sulphuric acid, for instance, which refuses to unite with benzole, whilst it combines at once with most of the other substances which are likely to be found joined to it. Lastly, cold must be employed, combined with pressure—the application of which

acts upon the benzole by making it crystallize in a beautiful snow-like mass, at the freezing-point of water; whilst its congeners remain unaffected, the law of chrySTALLIZATION at definite temperatures being as steadfast as that of volatilization. And this completes the education of our substance.

How to use it is next the question.* It is easily inflammable; will it serve as a source of artificial light? At first sight one would say not. "It is found by experiment, that the proper proportions of carbon and hydrogen for a light-fuel to be burned in the open air, are those of an equal number of equivalents of these elements." Now benzole contains twice as much carbon as hydrogen; and, accordingly, a wick soaked in it and set fire to, evolves volumes of dense smoke, indicating the excess of carbon. Some special contrivance is therefore needed; and its purpose must be, that of mixing "with the vapor of benzole some other vapor or gas containing less carbon, without increasing the actual quantity of material passing out for combustion in a given time." Alcohol will serve for this purpose, or wood-spirit, or carbonic oxide, or hydrogen itself, or, last and cheapest, atmospheric air. It is this latter mixture which constitutes Mr. Mansfield's light, the principle of which is simply the use of common air, charged with benzole vapor, as a substitute for coal-gas—benzole evaporating at a very low temperature, viz. 176° Fahrenheit. Of the brilliancy of the flame thus obtained, none who have witnessed it can entertain a doubt. But the evaporation of the oil producing cold, the quantity of vapor produced would be always diminishing, and thereby impairing the light, which finally would disappear, if some process of regulation were not adopted so as to keep the temperature of the benzole reservoir constant. This is effected by means of an ingenious apparatus termed a "thermostat," the object of which is, to direct a small jet of flame upon the evaporating vessel from the moment that its temperature begins to fall. The cost of the benzole light, as was stated in a paper by Mr. Mansfield, "On a new system of Artificial Illumination," read at the Institution of Civil Engineers, (see *The Pharmaceutical Journal* for May, 1849,) will probably not exceed four shillings per gallon of benzole, equivalent to one thousand cubic feet of coal-gas. One ounce of benzole is calculated to give "a light equal to four wax candles, of four to the pound, for one hour."

We need not dwell here upon the other uses of benzole, manifold though Mr. Mansfield shows them to be; whether as a source of heat in the blow-pipe; as a solvent of all true oils insaturable in water, and, under certain circumstances, even of the most intractable resins; as a cheap substitute for ether, which it nearly resembles in its nature and properties, and may replace as an anæsthetic. Mixed with concentrated nitric acid, it produces a new substance, called *Nitrobenzole*,

*Of the abundance of the product there is no doubt. "It may be procured to any extent," Mr. Mansfield tells us in his *Researches*, "from coal-tar, or from the light naphtha."

of a most fragrant smell, similar to that of oil of bitter almonds, though without its poisonous qualities, and which, therefore, may be most usefully employed as a perfume or flavor. The nitrobenzole thus obtained, like the benzole, which forms one of its constituents, is still neutral, has no special "attachment" or craving for acid or alkali. But the "nitrogen which we have inserted becomes a new centre of vitality, the germ of new tendencies." Mix nitrobenzole with hydrochloric acid, no mutual action takes place; add zinc filings to the mixture, and by the decomposition of the acid hydrogen is given off, which "in its so called nascent state, at the first moment of separation, has powers which, when collected and kept, it can exert but feebly or not at all." It decomposes in turn the benzole, and produces that poisonous alkaloid *aniline*, which, as we have seen, has the property of turning hypochloride of lime of a violet blue color.

This aniline, Mr. Mansfield tells us, is an "ammonia," and "may be taken as a type of the volatile organic alkaloids." And he explains to us how the term "ammonia," once restricted to the well-known compound of one atom of nitrogen to four of hydrogen, then supposed to be the only volatile basic compound, has now to become generic in order to embrace a large number of similar substances, "characterized like ammonia by containing nitrogen and hydrogen," but differing from it by their archetype containing no carbon, which all the others do. And these substances, these ammonias, though ready to form compounds with acids, are not true alkalis, like the common metallic earths, as being electro-negative instead of electro-positive. Upon aniline, we are told, that Dr. Hofmann has succeeded in building up a series of extremely complex alkaloids, by which some hope is afforded of artificially putting together those mighty elements in Nature's own pharmacy—quinine, the vegetable alkaloid of Peruvian bark; strychnine, of the nux vomica; morphine, of opium—all compounded of nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen; a result which, it seems, has been "as great an object with many modern chemists . . . as it was with a few of the old alchemists to accomplish the manufacture of gold."

Another matter remains to be told. Benzole, carboic acid, aniline, nitrobenzole, and other substances derived from benzole, are considered by our chemists, not as compounded immediately from the elements into which they are ultimately resolvable, but rather as springing up from a compound radical "phenyle," till now hypothetical; whilst ammonia itself is in like manner looked upon, not as at first, as a compound of one atom of nitrogen with four of hydrogen, but as one of two atoms of hydrogen with another compound radical, "amidogen," composed itself of one atom of nitrogen to two of hydrogen. And this view is confirmed, in either case, by the regular series of bodies which can be built up upon the hypothetical radicals. There appears, to an unlearned reader like myself, something deeply interesting in the new views

thus taken of chemical composition. The process seems one exactly analogous to that by which mere spelling rises into etymology. The child knows only how to resolve the word into the mere sound, the chemical atoms, as it were, of which it is made up. For him the word "complete," spells c, o, m, com, p, l, e, t, e, *plete*, and nothing more. But the etymologist sees in either syllable a substantive word, capable of entering into dozens of other compound forms, conceives the meaning of the whole from the combination of its parts, discerns the law of that combination; and can trace back the latter syllable, *plete*, to the hypothetical radical *pleo*, mentioned only in Festus, without being anywhere found in use, but which is clearly proved to be real by its compounds *compleo*, *impleo*, *suppleo*, *repleo*, &c., by its derivative *plenus*, and so forth. Is not this the history of our chemist's "phenyle," and "amidogen!"

We will not apologize, utterly unscientific though we may be, for these few pages on a chemical essay. Benzole itself is not more remarkable than many other substances, although it is exhibited before us with peculiar wholeness and effect in Mr. Mansfield's lecture—than which a more complete specimen of a chemical monograph could not probably be found. But we need to be reminded now and then—careless readers, and seers, and hearers that we are—how marvellous is every product of our gas-works and laboratories; how steadfast are the laws which govern the changes of every substance from any one of the three great conditions of material existence (solid, liquid, gaseous) to another; and yet how manifold, how almost human, are the attractions, the instincts, of every individual substance, which react upon those laws, and, becoming laws in turn, regulate the conditions of all combination and of all dissolution, according to a new threefold division (acid, basic, and neutral); not to speak of that, perhaps, greatest marvel of all, the law of chemical equivalents, by which the relative proportions in which different bodies replace one another in composition are so exactly regulated; so that there is not a substance in nature, simple or compound, which has not its own peculiar invariable character and individuality.

Here resides the true poetry of chemical science; a poetry, no doubt, often deeply felt by those who are least aware of its nature, and as utterly overlooked by many who affect poetical taste. There are men, for instance, who cannot understand the abstract importance assigned by chemists to experiments in composition, and the interest taken by them in new compounds, of no discoverable utility for the time being. And there are chemists and men of science in general, true poets in their way who shrug their shoulders or wax indignant over imaginary characters and their artificial woes. But any true substance, however artificially formed, is as real, as living as it were and individual, as the most ordinary products of Nature's laboratory; as the water which we drink, as the metals which we handle; just as Hamlet and Cordelia, as Don

Quixote, and Monkbarns, and Becky Sharp, are as real, as living, as individual, as if they had ever trod the earth, flesh and blood like ourselves. The chemist who draws forth aniline or benzole from the matter in a retort, is as true a poet (*finder*, the middle ages beautifully called it—*trouvère*, *troubadour*), whether on a lower or higher scale we will not pretend to decide, as the writer who draws a true ideal character from the feelings and experiences distilled, as it were, by his own brain. Each of them *finds*—or, as God has allowed us to say, *makes*—a new creature; only the one in God's material, the other in His intellectual world. And that new creature once made has its own laws of action and development, its own attractions and repulsions, which you cannot violate; else were it a mere sham and lie, the man's head upon the horse's neck. Your benzole never could quench fire like cumole, or assume the garlic smell of picoline. Could you transform your Don Quixote into that "mailed Bacchus" of a Mark Antony? or make your Hamlet dream of betraying a sister's honor to his own cowardly lust of life, like that vilest of all Shakspeare's characters, Claudio?

But, indeed, the little essay on benzole before us has peculiar claims to general attention. It appears to us the first attempt, not yet wholly successful, to *humanize* chemistry, to bring a study which seems to many one of the most arid and abstruse, the most foreign to the common sympathies of man's nature, into harmony with those sympathies, and, as it were, into the same plane with them. And this, not so much by the use of so-called "popular" language, as by bringing out the deep-set meanings with which we believe God to have planted the whole universe, the spiritual bonds and analogies by which its various realms are interwoven together, and inwoven into one sphere of everlasting truth, order, and beauty. Thus the entirely novel distinction between chemical "attachment" and "affinity," although seemingly involving a mere change in nomenclature, appears to us to cast a vivid light through the very depths of the science. And yet the attempt, we said, is not yet wholly successful; the work is very likely to be called too popular by the men of science,* too learned by the many, whilst but very few will be able to enter into that peculiar point of view which we just now adverted to, and which, once seized, shows each part of the work in its true meaning and proportion. The work is, indeed, too full of matter, and likely to repel the careless reader by the extreme philosophic precision at which it aims, and which it seeks to attain by the use of Latin vocabularies; an error, as we conceive, which our greatest scientific writers, such as Professor Owen, are too apt to fall into.

Another (as it seems to us) *æsthetic* defect in the work is, as it were, a certain want of personality, in the almost morbid and yet most lovable

abstinence from any of those details of individual experience, which tend more than anything else to invest scientific researches with a real human interest. Pierre Leroux somewhere beautifully says, (we have not the passage at command,) that with the advance of science every plant, every mineral, every chemical product, becomes, as it were, the revelation, the spiritual image of the botanist, the traveller, the experimentalist who first discovered or applied it, and unfolds a living volume of human joy and woe. Now, from the oral delivery of Mr. Mansfield's lecture on benzole, at the Royal Institution, we imagine all who were not previously aware of the lecturer's position must have gone away impressed with the absolute want of something to connect the speaker with the subject. There needed some one to say, This is the man who first disentangled the hydrocarbons of coal-tar from one another, first investigated the properties of most of them, first evolved their various uses; so long he worked, such and so many were his failures; every product that you see on the table is the result of his own labor; every still almost and apparatus by which those products were extracted or made available, even to yonder shifting pasteboard diagram of atomic changes, was first applied or invented by him. And we are not afraid to tell one so thoroughly convinced as Mr. Mansfield, that all truth is of God, that when He chooses to make us His instruments for unveiling any portion of that truth, we have no right to conceal, and, as it were, be ashamed of the part He bids us play; certain as we must be that whatever light may thus be cast upon us is His, and not our own, desirous as we should be to lie hidden and drowned in the full splendor of His glory.

And yet all should be grateful to the young chemical democrat, if we may venture the term, who, by taking up a product in daily and vulgar use, such as coal-tar, was able to evolve from it so many wonders. This is the true glory of science—to teach us the meaning, the beauty, the richness of commonest things; and if we might suggest to him a field for his future labors, we would recommend one which he has himself suggested—the chemical etymology (let the expression be forgiven us) of coal. We will lay the passage before our readers, as a sample of Mr. Mansfield's style:

It is very remarkable that, though chemists have assiduously analyzed and defined the various compounds which make up the great bulk of nearly all the material bodies within their reach, animal, vegetal, and mineral, we have been left quite in the dark as to what coal is. We know what it has been—an accumulation of vegetal organisms. We know that limestone is carbonate of lime, that woody fibre is a definite chemical compound, that muscle and sinew are made up chiefly of fibrine and gelatine, whose composition we know exactly; but we have no information as to what substances constitute the vast coal-beds with which our country has been blessed. We are aware that their mass is composed of the elements oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon; but of the compounds into

* Or, rather, by the talkers about science. "The chemistry of it is really very good!" was the remark of a worthy and eminent London professor, much astonished with the remainder.

which these elements are grouped in coal we have not even an hypothesis.

Now, although it is the ultimate analyses which are of practical utility in assigning their value as fuel to different sorts of coal, it is a knowledge of the proximate constitution of these materials which would be of interest to the chemist, which would enable him to assist the geologist in speculating on the circumstances under which vegetal fibre has been stratified into mineral masses, and which would give a double usefulness to the knowledge which we may obtain of the new substances which we procure by the decomposition of the coal itself. At present we can only look upon these latter products with an isolated interest, that which their own intrinsic worth may attach to them. The coke, the tar, the gas—the solid, liquid, and fluid products in which the coal lives again after its dissolution in the retorts—cannot be connected with the former bodies in which they existed in the coal, by any intelligible scheme of metamorphosis. All we know is, that the transmigration has occurred. The thread of consciousness, as it were, is broken; and we must rest content with what we can find out of the products we can actually see and handle, till we have attained by experiment to introvision into the retorts, or to intuition into the essence of coal.

These are surely the words of one to whom God has given eyes to see His works, and a heart to understand the meaning of them, and a mouth to speak that meaning to his fellow-men. Mr. Mansfield has yet much more to see, and much more to say.

From the London Times.

CESSATION OF CHOLERA IN LONDON.

It would be as impossible to exaggerate the sentiment of gratitude which is felt throughout the metropolis at the abatement of the pest from which we are beginning to escape, as it would be to exaggerate the misery which its further continuance would have inflicted. The plague is stayed. Death strikes with a feeble and fiftful hand where he so lately smote with so fearful a force. Terror and despondence, the satellites and companions of death, are flying before the Power which has destroyed the gaunt destroyer. The streets, which still bear the aspect of mourning and sadness, no longer witness the daily insignia of mortality. One meets, indeed, in every place, the memorials of irreparable losses, and the tokens of lasting grief. In the throng of the Exchange, in the great thoroughfares, in the crowded streets, we jostle against those who have, within a few days, lost their nearest kin. One man, a week ago the happy husband or proud father, has since followed wife and children to the grave. The prattle of infancy, and the soft accents of affection, have been suddenly hushed in a thousand homes. A havoc has been wrought in innumerable families which a long life will fail to repair. But the plague is already stayed; and, great as the calamity may have been, it is slight compared with what old traditions and modern experience taught us to expect. London has escaped with half the loss sustained in Paris, and a tithe of the destruction which ravaged Moscow, Petersburg, or Delhi.

A termination almost so un hoped for, has filled men's hearts with gratitude. They recognize, in the mercy that has arrested the hand of the destroying angel, the salvation of this country from all the moral and material ills, which have ever followed in the train of great pestilences. Had the disease remained among us for any time without abatement, experience tells us it could hardly have remained without increase. The mortality, which had risen from the usual weekly average of 900 to 3000, would not have remained many weeks as low as 3000. Had it gone on in the same ratio of increase, it is hardly too much to say that whole districts in the metropolis and its suburbs would have been laid bare and desolate. True, this would have happened among the abodes of the very poor. But would the consequences of the affliction have been restricted to these spots? Could whole families have been plunged into destitution, and whole parishes have been desolated by panic, in the outskirts of a huge city, without infecting the other and healthier elements of society? Impossible. Of the plague which has already, we trust, spent its worst malignity, the deaths which it caused were not the sole nor the most terrible result. The great historian of Greece has depicted, in indelible colors, the moral which goes hand in hand with the physical pest. We, as a nation, indeed, may not be in the same state as that refined and volatile people which erected altars to "The Unknown God." But can any one, who knows anything of our great cities, and especially of our greatest, say that, were a pest let loose with unmitigated violence on them or in it, the mere destruction of human life would measure the havoc and the calamity endured? Would the poorer masses of our population go untainted by that same utter recklessness of all save present gain and present enjoyment—the same indifference to death or life—honor or dishonor—good or evil—which poisoned the minds of the Athenians more than the plague destroyed their bodies? The historian of the great plague of London bears testimony to the frightful immorality, hardness of heart, and savage recklessness which disputed with piety, contrition, and repentance, the dominion over men's minds. In our age, the vast increase of population, the more than proportionate increase of luxury and wealth—the great contrasts of conditions and fortunes, have all raised up elements of discord, contention, and bitter strife, which were unknown in De Foe's time, but which, in a wide-spread pestilence, might now ferment into anarchy and ruin. The metropolis could not have suffered alone. It would have infected all England. We have escaped these evils. We have escaped panic. We have escaped anarchy. We have escaped national convulsion. There have, doubtless, been great suffering, privation, destitution, and despair inflicted on us. There have, likewise, been much hardness, selfishness, and cruelty elicited by it. But, still, how little have these been, compared with the probable and almost inevitable consequences of a heavier and

wider mortality! For this exemption from all the worst evils of a national pestilence, the nation is generally and profoundly thankful.

And, if this be, as we believe it to be, the case, does not an occasion so solemn deserve an expression of sentiments so profound? Should there not be some public and universal recognition of the Might which has stood between the living and the dead—of the mercy which has spared us the consummation of a dreadful chastisement? We know that there are men who refuse to acknowledge the hand of God in any great dispensation of his providence—to whom all the vicissitudes of the material world are but the casual results of fortuitous combinations, or the inevitable operations of undetected laws. Fortunately, the majority of mankind have not concurred in ousting the DEITY from all concern in the world which he has made. Most men still feel sensible that there is one OMNISCIENT and ALL-POWERFUL, who directs and determines the issues of life and death to men and nations. It is useless to talk of secondary causes. Secondary causes are but the instruments which the Deity chooses to employ. Sickness, famine, and death, are warnings by which He reminds mankind of their weakness, their helplessness, and their mortality. Every man feels this in his own family, person, and circumstances. The sickness that hurries a favorite child, or an affectionate wife, to an early grave, is a humbling but effective example of divine power and human weakness. The palsy that prostrates the strong man in the full flush of health and vigor—the distress and poverty which stun the rich man in the height of his prosperity—these are but secondary, often tertiary causes; they may often be traced, step by step, through devious but connected consequences; but each man, in his own heart, feels them to be the indications of a supreme will and the tokens of supreme power. And when these befall individuals, the prayer is put up in an earnest confidence that He who has inflicted the wound—though he may not heal it—will yet temper the infliction with a blessing.

Doubtless the cholera, like any other phenomenon, either of the corporeal or the mundane system, follows certain definite and ascertainable laws. So does typhus fever, so do hurricanes, so do waterspouts, so do thunderstorms, so do earthquakes. But the laws of which we speak are but a convenient phrase to express the will of the great Lawgiver. He who made can abate, modify, suspend, or warp them. He who can bid a plague rise in the East, may direct its sinuous course so as to baffle the observations of the most sagacious, and the deductions of the most intelligent. After all, when we have ascertained the law, we are nearly as helpless as we were before. We may foresee a certain number of cases, and mitigate a certain number; but the highest degree of knowledge which we attain is, that we know but little about them; and our utmost skill is baffled by contingencies which defy its explanation. One fact ever appears prominent above

the rest—that we are in the hands of a higher Power.

And this is a merciful dispensation. Without such, men would stagnate into a moral apathy, and, forgetting the existence of a God, would forget the duties which he has enjoined. It is by these visitations that men are reminded that they are weak. But they are also reminded that they are accountable. There never yet was a great national affliction without some previous neglect of public or private duties. The very plague which has visited us was made more violent by the omission of kindly acts and the neglect of beneficent laws. The loss of life, and the loss of money, which we are suffering, are penalties by which Almighty Wisdom punishes the delinquencies of governments and states. Had we observed the duties of charity and justice more than we have, we should have suffered less than we have. Had we been more devout, we should have been more just and more charitable.

Those who have suffered, and those who have escaped, the pestilence of this year, will need no exhortations to acts of individual devotion and thanksgiving. But the suffering assumed the form of a national suffering; the deliverance has been a national deliverance. The thanksgiving should be national also. The form and mode of it we do not undertake to prescribe. But we are confident that the people of this land will feel it their duty to utter a solemn and public expression of their thanks to Him who has heard their prayer in due season; and that, moreover, they will not forget that the mere expression of thanks, solemnized by whatever ceremonial it may be, will, in a season like this, be but a poor and unworthy homage at the throne of Infinite Justice. There is a sacrifice which should be performed. The graves of our cities have been crowded with the victims of greedy speculation, careless legislation, and frigid selfishness. They who have perished have for the most part perished in fetid alleys, noisome and pestiferous houses, vile and infectious cellars, the structures or properties which were owned by selfish covetousness, and erected by selfish indifference. Let us take warning from our past stupidity or neglect, and not mock a religious solemnity by persisting in cruelty and apathy. While we allow the houses of the poor to be without air, light, or water—while we taint the breath of the living with the exhalations of the dead, and while we squabble in the midst of a destroying pest about the rights of vestries and commissions, our fast will be but an impious hypocrisy, and our prayers a hideous mummery.

“Is it such a fast that I have chosen? A day for a man to afflict his soul? To bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen!—to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free; and that ye break every yoke?”

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MEMOIR OF MISS PARDOE.

THE lady whose portrait* forms the illustration to our present number, is one who has largely ministered to the instruction as well as the amusement of the age.

Miss Pardoe is the second daughter of Major Thomas Pardoe, of the Royal Wagon Train, an able and meritorious officer, who, after having partaken of the hardships and shared the glories of the Peninsular campaigns, concluded a brilliant military career on the field of Waterloo, and has not since been engaged in active service. It is but doing bare justice to this amiable and excellent man, to say that he was as much beloved by the men whom he commanded, as he was popular among his fellow-officers, and his honorable retirement is still cheered by the regard and respect of all who have ever known him.

Miss Pardoe gave promise, at a very early age, of those talents which have since so greatly distinguished her. Her first work, a poetical production, was dedicated to her uncle, Captain William Pardoe, of the Royal Navy, but is not much known, and though exhibiting considerable merit, will hardly bear comparison with her more mature and finished productions. The earliest of her publications which attained much notice, was her "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," a book which was extensively read and admired. Written in early youth, and amid all the brilliant scenes which she describes, there is a freshness and charm about it, which cannot fail to interest and delight the reader.

The good reception which this work met with determined the fair author to court again the public favor, and she published several novels in succession—"Lord Morcar," "Hereward," "Speculation," and "The Mardyns and Daventrys." In these it is easy to trace a gradual progress, both in power and style, and the last-named especially is a work worthy of a better fate than the generality of novels. But we are now approaching an era in the life of Miss Pardoe. In the year 1836 she accompanied her father to Constantinople, and, struck by the gorgeous scenery and interesting manners of the East, she embodied her impressions in one of the most popular works which have for many years issued from the press. "The City of the Sultan" at once raised her to the height of popularity. The vividness of the descriptions, their evident truthfulness, the ample opportunities she enjoyed of seeing the interior of Turkish life, all conspired to render her work universally known and as universally admired. This was speedily followed by "The Beauties of the Bosphorus," a work, like "The City of the Sultan," profusely and splendidly illustrated, and this again by "The Romance of the Harem."

* Very bright! Would we could copy it.—*Liv. Age.*

Miss Pardoe's powers of description and habits of observation appeared to point out to her her line of literature as peculiarly that of recording the wonders of foreign lands, and a tour which the family made through the Austrian empire, enabled her to give the world the results of her observations on Hungary in that excellent work, "The City of the Magyar," a work now more than ever deserving of public notice—less gay and glittering than "The City of the Sultan," her work on Hungary exhibits deeper research; its statistics are peculiarly accurate; and it is on all hands admitted to be one of the best books of travel ever submitted to the public.

A very short time after the publication of this work, appeared "The Hungarian Castle," a collection of Hungarian legends in three volumes, interesting on all grounds, but especially as filling up a very little known page in the legendary history of Europe.

About this time, Miss Pardoe, finding her health suffering from the too great intensity of study and labor to which she had subjected herself, retired from the great metropolis, and has since resided with her parents in a pleasant part of the county of Kent. The first emanation from her retirement was a novel entitled "The Confessions of a Pretty Woman," a production which was eagerly read, and rapidly passed into a second edition. In due course of time this was followed by another—"The Rival Beauties." These tales are more able than pleasing; they are powerful pictures of the corruptions prevalent in modern society, and bear too evident marks of being sketches from the life. We have placed "The Rival Beauties" out of its proper order, that we may conclude by a notice of those admirable historical works on which Miss Pardoe's fame will chiefly rest—her "Louis the Fourteenth," and "Francis the First."* The extremely interesting character of their times admirably suited Miss Pardoe's powers as a writer, and she has in both cases executed her task with great spirit and equal accuracy. The amount of information displayed in these volumes is really stupendous, and the depth of research necessary to produce it fully entitles Miss Pardoe to take a very high rank among the writers of history.

Her style is easy, flowing, and spirited, and her delineations of character as vivid as they are just; nor would it be easy to find any historical work in which the *utile* is so mingled with the *dulce*, as in those of Miss Pardoe.

She is now, we hear with much pleasure, engaged on "A Life of Mary de Medici," a subject extremely suited to her pen.

Looking on her portrait, we may trust that she has half her life, or more, still in the future, and may reasonably look to her for many contributions to the delight and learning of ourselves and our posterity.

* Reprinted by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

From Chambers' Journal.

MR. ROBERT SIMPSON'S COURTSHIP.

ABOUT three years have elapsed since Mr. Robert Simpson succeeded, at the demise of Mr. Isaac Simpson, ironmonger by trade, fishmonger by livery, and common councilman of the city of London by election, to the prosperous business and municipal honors established and acquired by his respectable, pains-taking parent. Some natural tears he shed; but, the exigencies of business and the duties of his corporate office—replacing, as he immediately did, his father in the representation of the important ward in which his shop was situated—not permitting a protracted indulgence in the selfish luxury of woe, he fortunately recovered his equanimity in a much less space of time than persons acquainted with the extreme tenderness of his disposition had thought possible. Mr. Robert Simpson, albeit arrived at the mature age of thirty-five, was still a bachelor; and not only unappropriated, but, as ward-rumor reported, unpromised; at perfect liberty, in fact, to bestow himself, his very desirable stock in trade, business premises, and three freehold houses in the Poultry, upon any fair lady fortunate enough to engage his affection, and able to return it. Indeed, to this circumstance, it was whispered at the time of his election, he owed his unopposed return to the municipal niche so long and worthily occupied by his departed father; Mr. Crowley, the highly respectable spectacle-maker, having suddenly withdrawn from the contest on the very day of nomination; thereto induced, hinted gossips of the city, by the fact that Miss Crowley, who chanced to meet Mr. Robert Simpson on the previous evening at the house of a mutual acquaintance, had been by him most courteously and gallantly escorted home. The matrimonial inference drawn from so slight a premise as a few minutes' walk along unromantic Cheapside, by gas, not moonlight, proved, as might be expected, an altogether erroneous one. The Fates had other views regarding the prosperous ironmonger; and as those "sisters three," like most ladies, generally contrive to have their own way, Mr. Simpson was ultimately quite otherwise disposed of; and Miss Crowley, for aught I know to the contrary, remains Miss Crowley to this day.

Not that Mr. Simpson was by any means insensible to female fascination; he was, unfortunately for his own peace of mind, somewhat too susceptible; an ardent admirer of beauty in all its hues and varieties, from the fair and delicate grace and beauty of the maidens of the pale north, to the richer glow and warmer tints of orient loveliness. The strict surveillance of his honored father, joined to a constitutional timidity he was quite unable to overcome, had, however, sufficed during that gentleman's lifetime to prevent rash impulse from eventuating in rash deed. He was also, I must mention, extremely fastidious in his notions of feminine delicacy and reserve; and his especial antipathies were red hair, or any hue approaching to red, and obliquity of vision of the slightest kind.

Such was the Mr. Robert Simpson who, about two o'clock on the afternoon of March the 1st, 1847, stepped, richly and scrupulously attired, into a Brougham, specially retained to convey him to dine at his friend, Mr. John Puckford's, modest, but comfortable establishment at Mile End, where he was by express arrangement to meet his expected, expectant bride. Before, however, relating what there befell him, it will be necessary to put the reader in possession of certain important incidents which had occurred during the three previous days.

On the evening of the preceding Tuesday, Mr. Simpson, finding himself at the east end of the town, and moreover strongly disposed for a cup of tea and a quiet gossip, resolved to "drop in" upon his new acquaintance, Mr. John Puckford, hoping to find him and his wife alone. In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment; for he had scarcely withdrawn his hand from the knocker, when he was startled—Mr. Simpson was, as I have before hinted, a singularly bashful person in the presence of the fairer and better half of creation—by the sound of female voices issuing, in exuberant merriment, from the front parlor. There was company, it was evident, and Mr. Simpson's first impulse was to fly; as the thought crossed his mind the door opened, and Mr. Puckford, who chanced to be in the passage, espying him, he was fain to make a virtue of necessity, and was speedily in the midst of the merry party whose gayety had so alarmed him. That the introduction was managed in the usual way, I have no doubt; but the names, however distinctly uttered, seem to have made no impression upon the confused brain of the bashful visitor; so that when, after the lapse of a few minutes, he began to recover his composure, he found himself in the presence of three ladies and one gentleman, of whose names, as well as persons, he was profoundly ignorant. The ladies were two of Mrs. Puckford's married sisters, and Miss Fortescue, a young lady of reduced fortunes, at present occupied as teacher in a neighboring seminary. The gentleman was Mr. Alfred Gray, a bachelor like Mr. Simpson, but nothing like so old, and scarcely so bashful. Mrs. Frazer, the eldest of the two sisters, a charming lady-like person, of, you would say, judging from appearances, about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, seemed—after some oscillation between her and Mrs. Holland, whose fuller proportions, dark hair, and brunette complexion, contrasted not unfavorably with the lighter figure, and fair hair and features of her sister—to engross Mr. Simpson's whole attention, and to arouse, after awhile, all his conversational energies, which, by the way, were by no means contemptible. Mr. Simpson's time was come: ere a couple of hours had fled, the hapless ironmonger was hurt past all surgery; had fallen desperately in love with a married lady, and the mother of three or four children! On the only single female present, Miss Fortescue, Mr. Simpson had bestowed but one glance on entering the apartment; that had been quite sufficient to

check any desire for a more intimate perusal of her features. The lady combined his two antipathies—her hair was decidedly red, and a strong cast, to use a mild term, detracted from the uncommon brilliancy of her mind-glancing eyes. She took very slight part in the conversation, and that little, so absorbed was Mr. Simpson, was by him utterly unheeded. She wore, like her friend Mrs. Frazer, a plaid dress, and the baptismal name of both was Mary.

The ladies departed early, and Mr. Simpson and Mr. Gray followed their example a few minutes afterwards.

"Mr. Gray," said the former gentleman, as he took leave of his companion at the end of the street, "what is that charming person's name? I have quite forgotten it."

"Which charming person?" inquired Mr. Alfred Gray, with a quiet smile.

This Mr. Simpson thought a very absurd question; he, however, replied—"The lady in the plaid dress; Mary, Mrs. Puckford called her."

"The lady in a plaid dress, whom Mrs. Puckford called Mary, is a Miss Fortescue: she is a teacher of music and drawing," rejoined Mr. Gray, with demure accent. It was too dark for Mr. Simpson to see his eyes.

"Thank you, sir; good night," rejoined the enamored municipal dignitary. Mr. Simpson was soon at home, and before an hour had elapsed had carefully penned, and posted with his own hands, a letter to his friend Puckford. He then retired to bed, and dreamt dreams.

"Sarah," said Mr. Puckford the next morning to his wife, after reading a letter, just delivered, with a perplexed expression of countenance—"did Mr. Simpson seem to you particularly struck with Mary Fortescue yesterday evening?"

"With Mary Fortescue! Surely not. Why do you ask?"

"Only that here is a letter from Simpson, professing violent love for her; and stating his determination, should you and I be able to assure him, which he scarcely dares venture to hope, that she is disengaged, to immediately solicit her hand in marriage."

"Gracious!—Is it possible?"

"Read the letter yourself. Her beauty, he observes, is, he is quite sure, her least recommendation. Comical, is n't it?"

"Well, it is odd; but she is, you know, a most amiable creature; and will make, I am sure, an admirable wife."

"And he, too, that so especially detests red hair, or the slightest twist in the organs of vision?"

"Mary Fortescue's hair," interrupted the wife, "can scarcely be called red: a very deep gold color, I should say!"

"Very deep indeed—remarkably so," interjected Mr. Puckford.

"And as to the slight cast in her eyes, *that* no one observes after a few days' acquaintance with her."

"I suppose we may with a safe conscience assure him that she is not engaged!"

"Of course we may. It is a wonderful match for her, and we ought to do all we can to forward it. Friday next, the 1st of March, is Alfred's birthday; suppose you ask him to dine with us on that day to meet her? We need have only the same party he met yesterday evening."

This was finally agreed upon; and accordingly, as soon as he had finished his business in the city, Mr. Puckford, previous to returning home, called on Mr. Simpson. He found him in a state of great excitement, which, however, gradually calmed down after Mr. Puckford's solemn assurance, which he gave unhesitatingly, that the charming Mary Fortescue was certainly disengaged; and, in his opinion, by no means indisposed to entertain an eligible matrimonial proposition. All this was balm to the stricken Simpson; and after several failures, he at last succeeded in inditing a formal offer of his hand and fortune to the lady of his affection; of which impassioned missive Mrs. Puckford was to be the bearer; her husband undertaking that she would exert all her eloquence and influence to secure acceptance of the proposal.

"And now, Puckford," said Mr. Simpson, "we'll have a glass of wine, and drink the future Mrs. Simpson's health. What a charming ornament," he added, with a sort of rapturous sigh, as he placed the decanters on the table—"what a charming ornament she would be to this fireplace!"

"An odd expression that!" thought Mr. Puckford, forgetting that the speaker was an ironmonger, and dealt in such articles. In fact, from the way in which Simpson had been rapturizing upon Miss Fortescue's charms, a doubt of his friend's perfect sanity had sprung up in John Puckford's mind; and he shrewdly suspected that the affair would terminate in a *de lunatico inquirendo* instead of a license.

"Do you know, Puckford," said Mr. Simpson, with a benevolent, patronizing air, after the third or fourth glass—"do you know I fancy there is a great likeness between you and Mary Fortescue?"

Mr. John Puckford, the reader must understand, was a handsome young man, with a brilliant florid complexion, perfectly-agreeing vision, and light-brown hair. No wonder, therefore, he was more startled than flattered by the comparison. The color mounted to his temples, and a conviction of Simpson's utter insanity flashed across his brain. "Mad as a March hare!" he mentally ejaculated; at the same time resolving, should the paroxysm grow dangerously violent, to knock him down with one of the decanters; both of which, as two could play at that game, he drew, as if in doubt which wine he would take, to his own side of the table. Mr. Simpson, mistaking the nature of his friend's emotion, added, "Don't suppose, Puckford, I intend any absurd flattery!"

"Not at all, Simpson; I did n't suppose anything of the sort, I assure you."

"To be sure not; nothing is more contemptible. You are a good-looking fellow—very; but

of course I could n't mean that you, a man, are to be compared to Mary Fortescue."

"I should think not!" drily responded the more and more mystified and bewildered Puckford.

"Exactly: you do not resemble each other about the eyes, either in color or expression."

"Oh!"

"No; as to hair," continued Mr. Simpson meditatively, "yours, there can be no doubt, is decidedly the lightest."

"It's coming now," thought Mr. John Puckford, grasping at the same time one of the decanters, and eying his friend intently.

Mr. Simpson, quite misinterpreting the action, added quickly, "Do, my good fellow, fill me a bumper, and we'll drink her good-looking friend's health—the lady, I mean, with the dark silky hair and brunette complexion. Do you know," continued the complacent Simpson, crossing his legs, throwing himself back easily in his chair, and hooking his thumbs to the arm-holes of his waistcoat—"do you know that, if Mary Fortescue had not been at your house yesterday evening, I might have"——

What the worthy ironmonger might, in the case supposed, have done or said, must be left to the reader's imagination, for on the instant a clerk hurriedly entered the apartment, to announce that an important customer awaited Mr. Simpson in the counting-house below. Hastily rising, Mr. Simpson shook hands with his friend, and both departed their several ways: Mr. Puckford bearing off the epistle addressed to Miss Fortescue, and musing as he went upon lover-madness, which, he fully agreed with Rosalind, deserved chains and a dark house quite as much as any other variety of the disease.

The next day Mr. Simpson received a note from Mary Fortescue, modestly and gracefully expressed, in which, with charming humility, and many expressions of gratified surprise, the offer of his hand was—on one condition, unexplained, but which rested altogether with himself—gratefully accepted.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the 1st of March, Mr. Simpson, as I have before stated, entered a Brougham, and directed the driver to make the best of his way to Mile End. It was a fine, bright and exceedingly cold day; but notwithstanding the nipping, eager air, the love-lorn ironmonger, as he approached the house which contained his charmer, was in a state of profuse perspiration and high nervous excitement. Once more he drew from his pocket the fairy note, and glanced over the modest, grateful, delicately-feminine expressions. "Dear lady," he audibly exclaimed as he finished about the five hundredth perusal of the familiar lines—"Dear lady, she will be all tears and tenderness!"

About a minute after giving utterance to this consolatory reflection, Mr. Simpson found himself in Mrs. Puckford's presence, who, congratulating him on his punctuality, and pointing to the door of the front apartment said, "There is only one

lady there, and you know *her*." Mr. Simpson's heart leaped and thumped, as if desirous of bursting through his green velvet waistcoat. He stepped desperately towards the door, and essayed to turn the brass handle; but so profusely did the bashful man's very fingers perspire, that they slipped round the knob without turning it. The second trial, with the help of his cambric handkerchief, was more successful, and the lover was in the presence of the lady.

Certainly it was she! Mrs. Frazer, the hapless Simpson's Mary Fortescue, was there in bodily reality. But the grateful humility, the "tears and tenderness," prefigured by the charming note! — Oh Alfred Gray!

The unruffled ease, the calm, reserved politeness with which Mrs. Frazer received him chilled his enthusiastic fervor wondrously. His perspiration became a cold one, and in a few moments he felt as if enveloped in coatings and leggings of Wenham-Lake ice. Recovering himself as speedily as he could from the shock of this unexpectedly-chilling reception, Mr. Simpson stammered forth something about his extreme good fortune in having obtained a favorable response from so amiable a person, *et cetera*.

"Certainly," replied the lady, "I think you are very fortunate, Mr. Simpson." And then, by way of saying something particularly civil, and to relieve the modest man's embarrassment, she added, "But few men have, like you, sufficient discrimination to discern and appreciate attractions which lie hidden from the merely superficial observer."

Poor Simpson gasped for breath! He was literally dumbfounded! Here was modest gratitude, to say nothing of "tears and tenderness," with a vengeance! Miss Fortescue, with a precarious salary of some twenty pounds per annum, exclusive of bread and butter, was, in her own opinion, conferring a tremendous obligation upon a civic dignitary worth at least twenty thousand pounds, by accepting him for a husband! That was quite clear; and although Mr. Simpson was too much in love to deny such a proposition in the abstract, still it was, he thought, scarcely consistent with maiden modesty to state it so very broadly.

Notwithstanding his amazement, Mr. Simpson, as soon as he recovered breath, continued, so well had he studied for the occasion, to get out a sentence or two about the superiority of connubial to single blessedness. This sentiment also met with ready acquiescence.

"Oh dear, yes," said Mrs. Frazer: "I would not have been an old maid for the world!"

"Well," thought the astonished admirer of feminine reserve, almost doubting the evidence of his ears, "this is certainly the frankest maiden I ever conversed with!"

A considerable pause followed. Mrs. Frazer, seated upon a sofa, played with the luxurious auburn—really auburn—tresses of her nephew Alfred.

"A handsome boy," at length remarked Mr. Simpson. "It's a pity that he has n't different colored hair!"

"A pity!" exclaimed the lady: "I think it beautiful! And," added she, looking the astonished man somewhat sternly in the face, "I should be well pleased if all *our* children had hair of the same color!"

This was a climax! Simpson leaped to his feet as if impelled by the shock of a galvanic battery. "Our children! Well, after that. But I must be dreaming," thought the fastidious ironmonger, as he wiped the perspiration from his teeming forehead; "laboring under some horrid enchantment."

Dreaming indeed, and to be swiftly and rudely awakened. The door opened, and a gentleman entered, whom Mrs. Frazer immediately introduced with—"Mr. Simpson, my husband, Mr. Frazer!"

The blow was terrific! Simpson staggered back as if he had been shot. He glared alternately at the husband and wife for a few seconds; then, pale as his shirt-collar, tottered to a chair, and sinking into it, ejaculated with white lips, "Oh!"

"What is the matter, sir? you look ill!" said Mr. Frazer.

The bewildered man made no reply. His brain was whirling. "Who, on earth, then *had* he been courting?"

A loud knock at the street door somewhat aroused him. "My sister, I daresay," exclaimed Mrs. Frazer.

Her sister! Possibly *his* Mary might be the brunette; and yet—There were but three females present on that fatal evening, besides Mrs. Puckford, that he distinctly remembered; and perhaps—Vain hope! the door opened, and the brunette and two gentlemen entered—"Mr. and Mrs. Holland, and Mr. Alfred Gray."

All illusion was now over. He, Robert Simpson, wealthy tradesman, respected fishmonger, and common councilman, was the betrothed husband of a red-haired damsel with a decided cast, with whom, moreover, he had never exchanged a sentence! His first impulse, as the certainty of his miserable fate flashed upon him, was to strangle Alfred Gray out of hand as the author of his destruction, when fortunately another *rap-tap* arrested his fell intent.

"Miss Fortescue at last!" cried Mrs. Frazer, as if announcing glad tidings.

"Oh!" ejaculated the accepted suitor, dropping nervelessly back into the seat from which he had just risen—"Oh!"

He was seized with a sort of vertigo; and what occurred, or how he behaved for a considerable interval, he never distinctly remembered. He was, however, soon seated at table by the side of his affianced bride, Mr. Puckford saying grace. This was the *actual* state of affairs; but poor Simpson's impression at the moment was, that he had been

led out to sudden execution by an enormous Jack Ketch with red hair and a frightful squint, and that his friend Puckford was the chaplain reading the funeral service. Gradually, however, his brain cleared, and he grew cooler and more collected. Upon reflection, his position did not appear so *very* desperate. As to Mrs. Frazer, all that was of course over, past praying for, and he must dismiss it from his mind as speedily as possible. The lady beside him, who he could see was almost as discomposed as himself, was, he had no doubt, a sensible person—her letter was sufficient evidence of that; and when he had explained the unfortunate mistake that had occurred, which he would by and by take a quiet opportunity of doing, would no doubt release him from an engagement he had never intended to contract. He would, moreover—Simpson was anything but a churlish or ungenerous man—bestow upon her a marriage-portion of, say, four or five hundred pounds, which would doubtless enable her to marry respectably, and thus console her for her present disappointment. Thus philosophizing and reasoning, Mr. Simpson's spirits, considering the suddenness of the shock he had endured, rallied wonderfully, and he was enabled to address a few words of course to Miss Fortescue in almost a cheerful voice and manner. The lady's answer was uttered in the gentlest, sweetest tones he had ever listened to; and Mr. Simpson was a connoisseur in voices. The conversation continued; became general; and the dinner, commenced so inauspiciously, passed off, considering all things, remarkably well. After dinner, Miss Fortescue—her friends, who greatly esteemed her, generously drawing forth her powers—appeared to great advantage. Her mind, of a superior order, had been well cultivated, and her conversation was at once refined, sparkling, and sensible. Mr. Simpson was surprised, pleased, almost charmed. Music was proposed, and she sang several songs admirably. Mr. Simpson determined to postpone his explanation—necessarily an unpleasant one—till the next day, when he would do it by letter. The party separated about nine o'clock; long before which hour it had several times glanced across the ironmonger's mind, that a dislike of any particular colored hair was, after all, a very absurd prejudice; as to the *cast*, that, he was satisfied, was so slight as scarcely to deserve the name. It had been arranged that they should all dine with the Frazers the day after the next; and as Mr. Simpson handed Mary Fortescue into the cab, in which Mrs. and Mr. Frazer were already seated, she whispered, "Oblige me by coming on Sunday half an hour before the time appointed: I have something of importance to say to you." Mr. Simpson bowed, and—how could he do less?—raised the lady's hand to his lips. The carriage drove off, and the worthy man was left in the most perplexing state of dubiety and irresolution imaginable. He began to think he had gone too far to recede with honor; and, what was very extraordinary, he felt scarcely sorry for

it! At all events, he would not act rashly; Sunday was not far off: he would defer his explanation till then.

Mr. Simpson, punctual to his engagement, found Miss Fortescue awaiting him alone. He felt on this occasion none of the violent emotions he had experienced on the previous Friday. His heart, instead of knocking and thumping like a caged wild thing, beat tranquilly in his bosom; yet it was not without a calmly-pleasurable emotion that he met the confiding, grateful smile which beamed on his entrance over the lady's features. Seating himself beside her, he, with respectful gentleness, requested her to proceed with the matter she wished to communicate. She blushing complied, and speedily beguiled him, if not of his tears, which I am not quite sure about, of something, under the circumstances, far more valuable. "Her family, not many years before in apparently affluent circumstances, had been, by reverses in trade, suddenly cast down into extreme poverty. The only surviving members of it, her mother and youngest sister, had been long principally dependent on her exertions for support. The assistance she had fortunately been able to render had hitherto sufficed them; but of course, if she married, that source of income must fail; and she never *would* marry—indeed she had never, till surprised by his gen-

erous offer, contemplated marriage—but she was even now fully resolved never to do so unless—unless"—— Mary Fortescue paused in her narrative, and her timid, inquiring glance rested anxiously upon the varying countenance of her auditor.

Mr. Simpson was not made of adamant, nor of iron, though he traded in the article; and no wonder, therefore, that the graceful manner, the modest, pleading earnestness, the gentle tones, the filial piety of his betrothed, should have vanquished, subdued him. Her features, plain as they undoubtedly were, irradiated by the lustre of a beautiful soul, kindled into absolute beauty! At all events Mr. Simpson must have thought so, or he would not have caught the joyfully-weeping maiden in his arms and exclaimed, in answer to her agitated appeal, "Unless your home may be theirs also!" Be it so: I have, thank God, enough and to spare for all."

Thus was oddly brought about, and finally determined on, one of the happiest marriages, if Mr. Simpson himself is to be believed—and he *ought* to know—that holy church has ever blessed. Should he attain, of which there is every reasonable prospect, the dignity of lord mayor, he will, I am quite sure, attribute that, as he now does all fortunate events, to his supreme good-luck in having unwittingly fallen in love with another man's wife!

HUMBOLDT'S BIRTHDAY.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT completed his eightieth year on Friday the 14th instant, and the announcement of his continued health and unabated faculties is hailed with delight in every land. Few spectacles can be more cheering to the sight than the aged philosopher, wise, happy, and venerated. Humboldt is a living triumph over impossibilities, a reconciler of the irreconcilable. After wandering about the globe, not in the hurried career of the tourist, but in the patient scrutiny of the naturalist and the geologist—after twenty years spent in literary labors, at Paris, that would have blinded stronger men, building up books upon an enormous scale—he returns to find rest in a court; and yet again from that ungenial sphere he pours forth his philosophy in language unstinted and untarnished.

Two truths often seem opposed to each other, or separately incredible, till they are brought together; it has been Humboldt's function to bring truths together, and expound their relations in time and space, and thus to rebuke many a needless conflict. From him the despot and the revolutionary, the bigot and the sceptic, may learn the complement to laws of which they see only a part, and may know that what they are fighting for, to bloodshed, is decreed, all in its good time.

The other day, one of last year's "trees of liberty" was blown down in the Place de la Bastille—a mournful omen to the soldier of liberty! Humboldt, looking across long ages, sees the laws that govern that blustering wind—he sees the Bastille swept away, the republic, the restoration, the dynasty of the bourgeoisie, and now this mis-

erable tree typifying such liberty as the French could plant in 1848 and Lamartine "immortalize;" but beyond, borne on the wings of time, whose stream cannot be turned back, is the liberty which despots cannot hinder and revolutionists cannot snatch. Sitting in the narrow circle of his king's court, Humboldt expounds the laws of the Kosmos, and proclaims the future consummation of human science in the free government of man.

If ever there was a typical man, it is he who still lives with us; whose new gifts are still awaited with expectant gratitude. The universe exists, boundless and eternal; and he has looked upon it—it has been his, mortal thing creeping upon this earth of ours, to look forth upon the universe in time and space, and to open for his kind that vast and wondrous vision, in all its beauty—not only to their knowledge, but to their affections. It has been his to show that the political fate of man rests, as to its essential progress, on the changeless laws of that universe; his to show that the wisdom of the seer and the station of the court minister may be united with the unpretending good-nature, the practical tolerant virtue, of the honest and kindly man. His own personal success illustrates his philosophy; he has succeeded in small things without forfeiting success in great; he has played his part in daily life without forgetting eternity; he has served kings, and borne consolation to the humblest and most oppressed, by proclaiming the laws that govern kings, and discovering in the order of the Kosmos the charter of mankind.—*Spectator*, 28 Sept.

From the Britannia.

RUSSIAN AND TURKISH TREATIES.

As the relations of Russia with Turkey are again likely to be brought prominently before the European eye, we give a sketch of their history for the last hundred years.

The wars between Russia and the Porte had existed from the conquest of Western Asia by the Ottoman monarchs, but generally without results; the war was an inroad, and the peace was a truce. The rise of Russia under Peter the Great made those wars more inveterate, but with effects equally transitory. It was only in the reign of Catherine II., a woman of masculine mind and more than Russian ambition, that those barbaric conflicts assumed the form of a determination to conquer, and that every war was followed by a permanent accession to the dominions of Russia.

The peace of Kuchuk-Kaimarji, in 1774, the result of a succession of victories won by the celebrated names of Romanzoff, Suwaroff, and Kameniski, gave Russia almost the entire of the Turkish fortresses to the north of the Danube, the co-protectorship of Moldavia and Wallachia, and the still more important right of protectorship over all the Greek churches in the Turkish dominions. The Crimea also was declared independent of Turkey, which was equivalent to its future possession by Russia. This peace was regarded by European statesmen as laying Turkey finally at the feet of Russia. It was, unquestionably, a severe blow. But history is full of the follies of political prophecy.

Russia suddenly seized on the Crimea in 1787, and war again began. The Turks fought stubbornly, but, through inferiority of means, lost every battle; until the war was concluded by the peace of Jassy in 1792. The Crimea was surrendered to Russia, and the Dneister was made the frontier.

At this period Selim III. was sultan. He was a man of intelligence and vigor, and, from his melancholy proofs of the superiority of European discipline, he took advantage of the interval of peace to reform the Turkish armies. He now established a new force, named the Nizam Jedid. This establishment threatened the power of the Janizaries, who rose in insurrection and threw the sultan into a dungeon.

Mustapha IV., the cousin of Selim, began his reign in 1807. Bairactar, a pasha and friend of the deposed sultan, marched at the head of an army into Constantinople to restore him. Mustapha, to render this impossible, put him to death, but was himself deposed, and Mahmoud II., his brother, placed on the throne in 1808, by the aid of Bairactar. The Nizam Jedid was now restored. But the Janizaries revolted again, stormed the seraglio, and drove Bairactar, then grand vizier, into a tower, which he defended with his characteristic bravery, until he blew himself up, rather than fall into the hands of his enemies. Mahmoud was spared, only as being the sole adult descendant

of Othman. He now once more abolished the Nizam Jedid.

In 1812 the pressure of Russian affairs by the French invasion produced a peace, by which, however, Turkey lost Bessarabia and the principal mouth of the Danube.

The Greek revolt next occupied the troops of Turkey until the struggle was closed by the ruin of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, in 1827, an act of the most obvious impolicy on the part of the existing cabinets of Europe, and especially of the whig cabinet.

The old quarrel between Russia and Turkey relative to their share of influence in Moldavia and Wallachia had been pacified by the treaty of Akerman in 1826. But war recommenced in 1828. In the following year Diebitsch crossed the Balkan and reached Adrianople, while Paskiewitch invaded Asia Minor. The imminent peril of the sultan now brought the ambassadors of England and the continental powers to his protection. But by the peace of Adrianople, in 1829, Mahmoud acknowledged the independence of Greece, and paid five millions of ducats for the expenses of the Russian army.

The insurrection in Egypt under Mehemet Ali again mutilated the dominions of the sultan, who marched an army against the pasha, but was defeated in 1831. The Egyptian troops under Ibrahim Pasha reached within 130 miles of Constantinople, when they were stopped by the Russian ambassador, who had ordered a Russian army to march for the defence of the capital. The recompense for this service was the treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi, by which the passage of the Dardanelles was in future to be closed to *all* the enemies of Russia.

In 1839 war broke out again with Mehemet Ali, who defeated the Turkish army, and drove it into the defiles of Mount Taurus. In this period of national calamity Mahmoud died, in 1840, a man of great natural ability and general good conduct, but rash in his reforms, and exposing his country to hazards, by enfeebling the attachment of his people to their old institutions before he had firmly established new.

England now interfered, and Abdel Mejid, the present sultan, was delivered from the Egyptian army by the English squadron on the coast of Syria. Tyre, Sidon, and Acre were gallantly captured; and Ibrahim Pasha was driven out of Syria with the loss, by climate, the sword, and want of provisions, of nearly 50,000 men. Syria was thus restored; but a treaty confirmed the Pasha of Egypt in his government, which was made hereditary on the condition of acknowledging the sultan's supremacy and paying an annual tribute.

The question of peace and war with Russia will naturally bring into view, and possibly into action, the political interests connected, in every European country, with the security of the great barrier against northern encroachment. Austria may, from recent obligations, remain only a spectator.

But England and France, and, by a scarcely inferior necessity, Prussia and Western Germany, must take a part in sustaining the Turkish cause as the fortress of the south and west.

But, even if Turkey rested on the Mahometan powers alone, her conquest might demand both remarkable force and remarkable good fortune on the part of her antagonist. With a warlike population of perhaps twelve millions; with the acknowledged right to call on Mahometanism throughout all Western Asia and the Mediterranean for her defence; with the armies and fleet of Egypt at her direct command; and with the general voice of Europe, in this instance, on her side, she could not be broken down in a day.

A battery at the northern end of the Bosphorus might shut up the Russian fleet in the Euxine, while a proclamation would find the whole body of those gallant and able leaders who have fought so perseveringly at the head of the Hungarian peasants crowding to take the conduct of the Turkish armies. Even Russia herself might not be beyond the reach of invasion. A million sterling sent among the Tartar tribes might shake her Asiatic supremacy; a bombardment of Cronstadt might tell her that even St. Petersburg was not safe. Poland might receive her own heroic exiles with sudden exultation; and a year of war might subvert the empire of centuries.

England deeply deprecates this scene of confusion; for peace is not merely her policy, but her principle. But necessity is the first of all laws, and the protection of Constantinople is now the first necessity of the civilized world.

From the Independent.

PUNCH.

THEY greatly misconceive of the London Punch who suppose it a mere harmless collection of jokes and *bon mots*, of funny puns and funnier caricatures. There is no review or magazine in the world that has a more definite system of thought than Punch has, or that lives and acts for a more definite purpose; whose forces all work towards an individual end more consentaneously. It presses towards this with wonderful persistence of resolution, and oftentimes with wonderful vividness and energy of language. Whatever else there may be in Punch there is no hesitation, no "reserve," no masking of batteries, no frittering away of differences, no failing of an object for want of the fearless use at the right time of a hard word. Its logic may sometimes be covered over with wit, until it is concealed; but the sharp edge lies close beneath the wreathing flowers. Its parries and thrusts may seem to the uninitiated mere scenic displays, the flashings of bloodless and unfleshed swords; but every one of them is a thrust for reform; a blow at abuses, imagined or real; a keen arrow from a full quiver, whistling into the heart of some veteran wrong. It should be distinctly understood that the choicest wits, the most pointed writers and thinkers of the reform party in England, have

made for themselves in Punch a chosen organ. In calculating the probable future of the nation, it were better to leave out the Court of Arches and the chancellor, if not the queen herself, than to leave out Punch.

The extract we give below has been cut by us at second hand from the columns of some mislaid exchange paper. Its dense and powerful words will be read with a thrill by all who read them. It has something in it of the awfulness of the thunder-cloud. It will demonstrate of itself that Punch is sometimes other than a joker. Its closing reference is to the capture of a fugitive from justice, who had murdered his friend and eluded the officers, and was supposed to be on his passage across the seas when the steam-frigate was sent to stay him.

THE BERMONDSEY HORROR.

God's lightning pursuing murder is become a true and active thing. What was a figure of speech is now a working minister. We have brought devastation into servitude; we have made a bond slave of destruction. Murder has hardly turned from its abomination—scarcely set forth upon its shuddering flight—when the avenging lightning stays the homicide. Marvellous is the poetry of our daily life! We out-act the dreams of story books. The Arabian tales are flat, crude gossip, against the written activities of our social state. Murder, with its black heart beating thick, its brain blood-gorged, reads the history of its damnation. Hundreds of miles away from its ghastly work, murder, in the stupidity of deepest guilt—for the greater the crime the greater the folly, that ever as a shadow accompanies and betrays it—murder, with forced belief in its impunity, reads its own doings chronicled and commented upon in the newspaper sheet; and—so far from the victim's grave, the retreat so cunningly assured, the hiding place so wisely chosen—murder draws freer breath, and holds itself secure!—And the while, the inexorable lightning—the electric pulse—thrills in the wires, and in a moment idiot murder stammers and grows white in the face of justice. In the marvellousness that sublimates the mind of man, our electric tales make poor work of the Arabian. Solomon's genii may sleep in their brazen kettles. They are, in truth, the veriest smoke compared with the genii of the wires. In the contemplation of this last atrocity there is matter for sad congratulation, for mournful thanksgiving. An abomination is committed, and so wonderful are the means of apprehension—so sure and so astounding in their operation—that guilt has but a few gasps of fancied freedom, and guilt is captive. Considering the certainty—the fate that travels the wires—we take hope that from the self-conviction of discovery—from the disheartening belief that there is no escape, no evasion from the consequence of crime, the miserable wretch tempted to evil will turn in his mind the many odds, and refrain upon the lowest principle—that of calculation. The murderer in mind, who would not be stayed in his guilt by the thought of after lightning, may pause, awed by the thought of lightning ready—the unerring telegraph. It was a solemn business, a stern and awful work begun, when the Fire Queen, with her black flag of smoke, stood out from Portsmouth, bound to cross the Atlantic, if need were—to stay and overhale the Victoria, freighted with

the curse of murder. There is a fine, stern lesson in this, a noble sermon preached extempore to embryo crime. Justice at the home office makes the wires speak, saying to a certain admiral—"Send a fast-sailing ship to sea, that retribution may be done to blood-shedders." There is something solemn, awful, in the warning uttered in this. It says to crime—"Though the sea encompass you, though you have balked pursuit, and justice, like a hound at fault, beats and gropes confounded—though you have begun to count the profits of blood, and how to make the most of them, how in your new country to live a life of impunity and ease—nevertheless, give up the dream; dismiss the vision, and awake to horrid truth. There, in the horizon, miles away, is a thin dark vapor, the man at the mast has seen and reported it, and with every ten minutes it becomes more distinct; and now the distant gun is heard across the water, booming command; the ship's yards swing round—she lies to; and how rapid the ceremony—how brief the time! Murder, aghast and manacled, is made again to turn its face towards the land it has outraged with the sacrifice of blood.

From the Union Magazine for November.

THE BELLS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells.
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarm bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells, [bells—
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells! [compels!
What a world of solemn thought their monody
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone.
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæans of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells;
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chamber's* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4 cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (14 cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

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Or all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the Examiner.

THE PRESIDENTS OF FRANCE AND AMERICA.

To be pacific is as good a reason for French hostility as to be weak. Italy was so inviting that no wonder was excited at French invasion or French perfidy; but there is hardly an example in history of policy so blind and erroneous. Detested as the French always were by every other people, the Italians, always deceived by them, always plundered, always trampled on and cast off, continued to look toward them as protectors. Napoleon bartered Italy for a worthless wife; his nephew gives her up for an imperial crown under a papal consecration. He conciliated both Austria and Russia by abstaining from the consolidation of freedom throughout all the states of Europe, which might have been effected by the pressure of his foot, by only one step onward. And what has he gained by this alliance with despotism? The hatred of all free nations, the contempt even of the enslaved, not only of those who were reduced to this condition under his eye and his connivance, but also of the wretches born to servitude, the very nails and rivets of the chain that now encompasses the globe.

To what a height of glory might the President of France have attained if he had sprung up with her in her ascent toward freedom, if he had seconded and directed her energies, if he had abstained but from falsehood and fraud! History neither will nor can dissemble them; the eternal city bears the eternal testimony. The words of Mazzini are not the words of an angry zealot, but are registered in the archives of every honest heart. He accuses no man without the proof of all he utters; and there was a time when such an accusation, so confirmed, would have driven the delinquent beyond the pale of honorable men's society. A bold front and swaggering gait may reduce the cowardly to silence in presence of the ferocious; not an inch further. It has been tried of late against the Americans, and with what success? A receiver of stolen goods is defended in his roguery by a French envoy. The French envoy is requested by the American government to reconsider the propriety of his protection; the American government is answered with the same insolence as the Roman was on its calm and just expostulation. The matter was submitted by the American government to the French cabinet. The French cabinet defends at once both the insolence and the fraud. Passports are delivered to the envoy; he returns to France.

Arrogance is broken into foam when it dashes on the western shores of the Atlantic. America knows equally her interests and her dignity. Averse to war, averse to the politics of Europe, she is greatly more than a match against the united powers of that continent. France owes her money; and she

will have it, although, like many a civil suit, the contest may cost her greatly more than her demands. She is not to be shuffled off, or brought to a compromise, by a minor piece of trickery; the amount of money is not in question. The question is, whether the Americans are to be treated as ignominiously and superciliously as the Italians. At the head of the United States is a brave, a temperate, a sagacious man; no falsehood of word or deed could ever be objected to him. Americans, I hope, will pardon me in comparing their president (the indignity is unintentional) with the President of France. In one we behold the grave, sedate, voracious Englishman of England's commonwealth, animated not indeed by a better spirit, but a spirit moving over vast and discordant populations with strength to direct their energies and assign their courses; the other without any first principles, any determinate line of conduct, swearing to republicanism before the people, abjuring it before the priesthood, undermining it at home, battering it down abroad, delighted at transient cheers on a railroad, deaf to the distant voice of history, following his uncle where the way is tortuous, deviating where it is straight, and stopping in the midst of it to bow with equal obsequiousness to the heads of two religions. Symbolical of such a character is the tree of liberty; a tree unsound at root, shrivelled at top, shedding its leaves on the laborers who plant it, and concealing the nakedness of its branches in the flutter of the garlands that bedizen it.

Sometimes a preference makes poor amends for a comparison; but America will pardon me thus weighing a sound president against a hollow one. Temperate and strong as she is, she will treat arrogant petulance with calm derision. The resources of France, she well knows, are inadequate to set afloat, with soldiers and stores, any fleet that could make an impression. Her soldiers would find no field of operations, until by the humanity and munificence of their captors they should be employed in levelling the road to California. Beside, the Americans would rather see them perform an easier and more voluntary duty. Not only in common with the nations of Europe, but infinitely beyond them, those on the Atlantic see with abhorrence the wrongs and cruelties committed against the bravest and longest free of any on our continent. Europe and Asia rise up simultaneously from a deathlike lethargy, which long held both against more outrageous insolence, more unprovoked ferocity. The god of Mahomet is called the *Merciful*; and his worship is not the worship of lip or knee. Because the disciple of Mahomet is merciful to the follower of Christ, a Christian potentate threatens him with a war! America will not strike down the arm of France if she defends for once the cause of humanity and honor. From no sympathy will she

ever do it, but from jealousy lest England should become more popular and more powerful in the East.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Oct. 5.

From the Examiner, 13 Oct.

RUSSIA.

AN eloquent and well-informed writer in the *Edinburgh Review* thus speculated, three months ago, on the possible triumph of Russian arms in Hungary :

If through Russian aid Austria be victorious, the last barrier is swept away from the road to Constantinople. Austria herself will, from that time forward, need the bayonets of the czar to keep down her discontented subjects, and must sink to the level of a secondary power. Its policy will be the policy of St. Petersburg ; and the dream of a Panslavic empire will not end in the suppression of the "proud Magyars," but in the reduction of Eastern Europe into a Russian province. If history has meaning in it as well as words, we are not predicting without sufficient warrant. Russian protection and Russian intervention have for a century past been equally fatal. The poor ally *non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore*. "Where is Hamath and Arphad, Sepharvaim and Ivah?" was the question of the Babylonian envoy. What, with equal pertinence, we may ask, have been the fruits of Russian aid to Turkey and Persia, to Warsaw and Finland, in Asterabad and Bessarabia, and now in Moldavia and Wallachia? To all these lands its hatred has been dangerous, but its embrace deadly. Nor is Russian policy the work of a single man, or a single generation. Four sovereigns of the house of Romanoff have consistently walked in the same track. Yet it is not the policy of Catherine, of Paul, of Alexander, or of Nicholas, but of Russia. It bides its time ; and the purpose of the fathers is accomplished by the third or fourth generation of the children. It employs, with equal readiness, fraud or force. Muscovite, Panslavism, and the Greek church, are as much its instruments as the gold of the Ural and the Cossack's lance. It proscribes at Warsaw, it bullies at Constantinople, it flatters France, and is coldly courteous to England. It has at once the versatility and fixedness which the ancients attributed to destiny—*πολλὰν ὁνομάτων μορφήν*. Its journals and proclamations boast of its paternal sway and vigilance ; while it peoples Siberia with the children of its victims, and fills their cities and homes with spies. It has a vulture's scent for the tainted portion of nations, and holds out every lure to the indolent, the venal, and the ambitious. Hardly ten years have elapsed since England encountered, in Central Asia, the intrigues of Russia. The Muscovite is now "stepping westward"—not with emissaries or protocols, but with "war in procinct," to subvert by its battalions that national independence by which Austrian arms and arts were equally discomfited. Austria, however, is at present merely a stage in the progress of Russia : the road to Constantinople is as direct by Vienna as by Bucharest.

That the overthrow of the Hungarians, and the consequent reduction of Austria to a state of utter dependence on Russia, would strengthen the czar in the traditional policy of the Russian cabinet, and enable him to carry out, with comparative

facility, long cherished designs against the independence and integrity of Turkey, is a truth we have repeatedly insisted on. No one acquainted with past history, or with the present condition of the Danubian populations, could resist this conviction. The scheme of the Austrian cabinet to consolidate a powerful empire, has been effected by means that bar the possibility of any such consolidation. Russian help has forever dislocated and disabled the Austrian empire, and the first important step has been taken to the humiliation and degradation of the Ottoman.

Kossuth has addressed a letter to Lord Palmerston from Widdin, calculated to strengthen the feeling of sympathy for the writer which we believe to exist very generally throughout England. It appears from this letter that the mission of Prince Radzivil, even though foiled in its thirst for blood, will not have been without one effect aimed at by its author, in exhibiting the weakness of the government of the sultan. The unconditional hospitality offered to the Hungarians before Radzivil's arrival was sought to be encumbered with disgraceful conditions immediately after his departure. The Turkish ministers, urged and threatened by a majority of the council under Russian influence, appear to have had no confidence in their power to protect the exiles but by inducing the latter to embrace Mahomedanism. This extraordinary proposal has accordingly been deliberately made ; and in this state, for the present, the matter remains.

The following affecting passage occurs in Kossuth's letter :

What steps it may be expedient that you should take, what we have a right to expect from the well-known generosity of England, it would be hardly fitting for me to enter on. I place my own and my companions' fate in your hands, my lord, and in the name of humanity throw myself under the protection of England. Time presses—our doom may in a few days be sealed. Allow me to make an humble personal request. I am a man, my lord, prepared to face the worst ; and I can die with a free look at heaven, as I have lived. But I am also, my lord, a husband, son, and father ; my poor true-hearted wife, my children, and my noble old mother, are wandering about Hungary. They will probably soon fall into the hands of those Austrians who delight in torturing even feeble women, and with whom the innocence of childhood is no protection against persecutions. I conjure your excellency, in the name of the Most High, to put a stop to these cruelties by your powerful mediation, and especially to accord to my wife and children an asylum on the soil of the generous English people.

It is not long since the *Times* affected to disbelieve the wanton and barbarous cruelties here pointed at ; and though, from day to day, it eagerly seizes on every apochryphal rumor that can damage the defeated patriots, it has omitted to protest against an act of fiendish barbarity recorded four days ago in its own columns, and which we believe to be without parallel in any civilized or uncivilized country. How striking is the simple

intensity of language in the letter recording this unparalleled act of shame!

Ruskby, September 18. I will narrate to you the fate of my family with calmness and composure, for my heart is become stone. In our neighborhood an army of Hungarians surrendered, 10,000 men with forty cannon. Two days later the Austrian troops entered our town. They consisted of a detachment of Lichtenstein light horse, commanded by Capt. Gräber, a native of Werschitz. It is possible that the great domestic happiness which I enjoyed may have stirred envy and gained me enemies in Ruskby, but of no other crime am I guilty. Two families, low and coarsely bred, — and —, set this captain on his horrible crime. I was torn from the arms of my husband, from the circle of my children, from the hallowed sanctuary of my home, charged with no offence, allowed no hearing, arraigned before no judge. I, a woman, wife, and mother, was in my own native town, before the people accustomed to treat me with respect, dragged into a square of soldiers, and there scourged with rods. Look, I can write this without dropping dead. But my husband killed himself. Robbed of all other weapons, he shot himself with a pocket pistol. A cry of horror filled the air. I was dragged further to Karansebes. The people rose, and would have killed those who instigated these horrors; but their lives were saved by the interference of the military. My eldest son was taken prisoner with the army of Görgey, and sent as a common soldier into Italy; and so is the measure of my grief full. Can you picture to yourself the state of my mind? You knew not my husband. I tell you that no nobler, more elevated, more adorable character, does or ever will exist. The productions of his intellect are known. He was the inventor of iron bridges. In him the world has sustained a great loss. My misfortune is boundless, and unexampled are the tortures which I have endured. My grief will be eternal. You will conceive that I can dwell on nothing but my sorrow. One only wish still keeps my body and soul together — to liberate my son. They have transported him to Gratz. If you have friends there, think of my poor boy of eighteen.

F. VON MADERSBACH.

The *Times* correspondent at first affected to doubt the authenticity of this letter, and said he could not find Ruskby marked in the map. No — but he might have found Ruskberg there, which the smallest modicum of knowledge of the country he so freely writes about would have served to identify. Ruskberg is not only to be found in common Austrian maps, (such as Artaria's,) but is even in the very small map prefixed to Mr. Paget's *Hungary*, and is observed at once to be not far distant from the Iron Gate pass, through which the high road from Karansebes, also mentioned by Madame Madersbach, conducts into Transylvania. The internal evidence of the letter is, alas! but too favorable to its truth. Ruskberg is celebrated for its iron works, which most travellers in Hungary have heard of, if they have not seen, and in connection with which the most distinguished firm of manufacturers was that of Hofmann and Madersbach. But there is nothing so easy as for "our Viennese correspondent" to dogmatize daily about the weal and woe of a nation, of which he

does not know the topography, much less the feelings and requirements.

Side by side with this damnable letter appeared the announcement that in Vienna alone, in one day, the sum of twenty-six millions had been subscribed towards the loan. We wish the Viennese joy of it, and honestly counsel the English to keep out of it. That is the sum of our philosophy in the matter, and all we think it needful to urge on the dispute still raging between Mr. Cobden and the *Times*. Before the orator of free trade published his letter, we had protested against all sympathy with any adventurous capitalist in this loan, either here or abroad, who should subsequently find his interest reduced to one half, or (by some alteration in the currency) his capital reduced to one fifth, or should be victimized by any of the pleasing varieties that have hitherto distinguished the numerous national bankruptcies of Austria. We were happy to find Mr. Cobden wisely adopting the same tone at Monday's meeting. He did good service by his happy exposure of Austrian beggary and knavery; and if any one wants to complete the picture, he has but to turn to the account which Mr. Paget gave, ten years ago, of the conduct of Austria at the close of the war against Bonaparte, when her treasures had been exhausted, her resources dried up, and her credit ruined. There was one honest course left to her, yet she preferred committing the greatest of political frauds. She reduced the value of her paper money successively from 100 to 20, and from 20 to 8! so that a person who possessed a hundred florins in 1811, found himself, in 1813, in every part of the Austrian dominions, worth exactly eight! With the same proportionate diminution, all contracts, loans, trusts, and debts were paid off; and the consequent confusion and misery may be imagined. "Had the spirit of evil," says Mr. Paget, "sought by one act to demoralize a whole people, his ingenuity could scarcely have found a more happy means of accomplishing his object than this master-stroke of policy of the Austrian financier."

Let every subscriber to the present loan be warned that he is, in all human probability, contributing to another such act of national infamy, not a little of the misery of which will fall to his own share. He has already the comfort of reflecting that, whatever may turn out in that respect, he has proclaimed himself the fast and friendly ally of the Haynaus and the Gräbers — floggers of unoffending women, gaolers of girls and children, butchers of gallant and unfortunate men.

The *Times* tells us that the czar is retracing his steps, and that there will be no war for the present. We never thought there would be. If he had resolved to persist in his arrogant and iniquitous demand, after England and (however lukewarmly) France declared against it, we should believe his intellect to have been affected by the progress of his Hungarian campaign, and that he attributes to his own superior intelligence and his "mission," that success which only by the follies and vices of despotic governments, and by intrigues

which have paralyzed his opponents in constitutional countries, he has been enabled to obtain. The time is yet to come when, in the full and impious confidence that no earthly power is capable of withstanding him, he will rush headlong to his own destruction.

No—there will be no war just now. Turkey needs no colossal assistance to turn the scale in her favor. She can do without France this time. No one knows better than the czar how necessary it is for him to limit his enterprises to those objects for which he may reasonably calculate no more than one campaign to be necessary. Austria, in her present condition, can give him no help to the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. So he will make a virtue of necessity, offer professions of magnanimous moderation, and save us from the horrors of war. He has succeeded, nevertheless, in two objects he has much at heart. He has displayed the weakness of the Turkish government, and (if it be true, as the *Times* announces, that France is “disposed, at any price, to avoid a rupture with the Northern Powers”) he has lowered the pride of Frenchmen to a possible acquiescence in the future scheme of a Protectorate designed for Eastern Europe.

From the Examiner, 13th Oct.

FRANCE AND THE ROMAN QUESTION.

THERE is no explaining the policy recommended, and the sentiments expressed, by eminent and influential French statesmen on the questions of Rome and of Italy, without coming to the conclusion that they consider it the interest of France that Italy should *not* be pacified. To establish a good, wise, and well-working constitutional government in Central Italy, would form a kind of a star for the rest of Italy to gaze at and admire; and by and by this would form a nucleus to attract the rest, and around which they might rally.

It is much to be feared that the French, not indeed the nation, which is generous and liberal, but their politicians, who are quite the contrary, do not want to see the Italians enjoying freedom and good government without French aid and protection. Italy is looked on by French statesmen as their appanage, or domain, where wealth, influence, and honor are to be won. All want to play benefactor towards it, and fight for it in order to dominate it. But of an Italy setting up for itself, the French have no idea. They abhor Mazzini quite as much as they do Radetski. Both are equally the enemies of French supremacy in Italy.

After all, the Italians would not be so angry with the French if they had the courage proportionate to their pretensions, and if, determined to dominate Italy, they would really have the courage to conquer it. But, like the dog in the manger, the French will neither take Italy itself, nor let the Italians have it themselves.

If ever there was an act unwarrantable, inglo-

rious, and mean, it was the French expedition to Rome. And yet M. Thiers likens it to the feats of Arcole and of Lodi! There needs no further proof of how completely the French Moderates are lost to sentiments of either truth or decorum, when M. Thiers could give utterance to such a flagrant, such a comical absurdity. It displays, indeed, an utter contempt for the people and for the Assembly, when any one, even M. Thiers, can dare to come forward and plead that the expedition to Rome has reaped such an immense crop of glory, that there is no need whatever of looking for any more solid advantages from it, for either French character or Roman freedom.

The nonsense of this is so complete, so entirely transparent for even the most simple not to see through, that it is impossible not to suppose it to be the aim of the French to allow the Pope to restore his old stupid despotism, by the side of similarly stupid despotisms in Naples and in Lombardy, in order to leave the foundation, or to create facilities for a future French regeneration and conquest of the country. In fact, what the short-sighted politicians of France and Austria both require, is a divided, disturbed, and oppressed Italy—an Italy which shall be available as a field of battle for the future campaigns of either diplomacy or armies.

It is greatly to be wished that the liberal French would see through this, and denounce it as clearly as the Italians must discern it. In the hearts of the latter it cannot fail to produce a horror of the French name. The liberals of the Paris Assembly, however, see nothing in such manœuvres but a love of military discipline; whilst the French ministerialists see in such denunciation nothing but a patronizing of republicanism and disorder. In fact, these two miserable French parties have so blinded each other's opinions on all subjects, that they have lost every genuine sentiment of liberty, of true pride, or even of just decorum. Oudinot compared to Napoleon, and the sapping of the Porte St. Pancrazio to Lodi!—and this by the great historian of the great revolution!

From the Examiner.

Kavanagh; a Tale. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston, 1849.

Evangeline; a Tale of Acadie. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Boston, 1848.

ONE source of the pleasure derived from the perusal of Mr. Longfellow's writings is the quiet truth of their local coloring. In the writings of some of his countrymen we detect a continuous and painful effort to be *American*. Mr. Longfellow, on the contrary, is contented to be what nature made him. And hence the impressions and modes of thought unconsciously received from the scenery and society amid which his mind has formed itself, reveal themselves with equal unconsciousness. Mr. Longfellow delineates American life with singular felicity.

This is in itself no slight recommendation of works of fiction. The Spanish character of the writings of Cervantes, the English of De Foe's, constitute not the least of their charms. Mr. Longfellow's are also imbued with higher than merely local qualities. To a quick perception of the beautiful, graceful, and tender, he unites a true imagination, a familiarity with the literature of many languages, and a soundness of judgment which corrects and applies these qualities with admirable taste. He has patiently and sedulously cultivated all his talents. He is a ripe scholar and a careful observer of nature. Like many of his countrymen he has studied with profit in the school of Germany, yet without impairing his nationality. His turn of mind is original, while yet we can trace in it the suggestive influence of the great intellects of Germany. In *Kavanagh* Mr. Longfellow observes and delineates the every day life of New England in a spirit akin to that of Jean Paul Richter. In *Evangeline* we have a purely American idyl not underserving to take its place beside the *Dorothea* of Göthe.

Kavanagh is essentially Richterish, yet with a difference. The sharpness of touch, the incessant revelations of stoical character which break through the fantastic waywardness of Richter, are not here. On the other hand, it has nothing of the conscious effort which sometimes characterizes Richter's wit; nothing of the indulgence in sheer dirt which he mingles so harshly with passages of dreaming, ethereal purity.

Perhaps the marking features of a generally educated society cannot be adequately portrayed but by that constant antithesis of poetical imagination and grotesque commonplace in which Richter and Longfellow so delight to revel. The imaginative and the practical parts of our nature, so inextricably intertwined in the men of former generations, have been disentangled in the men of the present. Every educated man (or woman) lives now-a-days alternately in two entirely dissimilar worlds. There is the monotonous, uneventful real world, in which he discharges family and social duties, and pursues an industrial calling, under the ægis of the police; and there is the ideal world of books and art, in which his higher faculties find the nutriment denied them in actual life. This temporary divorce of the real and the imaginative marks a stage in human progress; but they are severed only to be reunited when a greater advance has been made. The present stage is an unsatisfactory one, both in the comfort of the individual and the capabilities of society, as a subject for artistical treatment. Actual life, with the element of romance expelled, is dull and depressing; imagination, harshly separated from the real world, is apt to become feeble and fantastic. But since it is so, we must be content; and the poet, whom, as it has been said of the poor, "we shall have always with us," must make the most of the materials offered to him in the best way he can. In these facts we trace the origin, and find the vindication, of that class of prose fictions of which Richter's and Longfellow's are examples.

The scene of *Kavanagh* is a New England village in the process of becoming a railway town. The principal characters are the schoolmaster, with his wife and children; an old clergyman, unceremoniously cashiered by his parishioners; his successor, Kavanagh himself; the district judge and his daughter; the butcher, the mercer, the bird-fancier, and other notables of the village. Individual peculiarities are happily hit off. The old clergyman, whose delight it is to expatiate on the Zumzummims, and go at large into the bloodiest campaigns of the ancient Hebrews; and the butcher, whose office it is to supply the village with fresh provisions, and weigh all the babies, who rejoices in a fresh, rosy complexion and an exceedingly white frock every Monday morning, and who has lately married a milliner in the "Dunstable and eleven-braid" line, and made his marriage jaunt to a neighboring town to see a man hanged for murdering his wife; are placed very visibly before us. Nor less distinct is the truculent son of the latter worthy dismissed from school for playing truant, who, when his mother would frighten him into good behavior by telling him that the boys who know the dead languages will throw stones at him in the street, imperturbably replies, "he should like to see them try it." Equally vivid is our vision of Miss Sally Manchester, excellent chambermaid and bad cook, with a temper like "a pleasant saw," and her large pink bow on "the congregation side" of her Sunday bonnet. The monotonous progress of this well-regulated society is skilfully indicated, while its somewhat dull ground is pleasantly relieved by the reveries and aspirations of the educated and refined characters, and by the beauty of the physical nature which surrounds them, seen through their animated perceptions of it. Mr. Churchill, whom nature meant for a poet, but destiny made a schoolmaster, with his projected romance, which at the end as at the beginning of the book has still to be begun, is as full of fancies, edifying and delectable, as the melancholy Jacques. The more energetic will of Kavanagh imparts a more substantial character to the imaginative portion of his life.

Let us add that Mr. Longfellow, while following out pretty closely the objects of his fiction, has not confined himself to tracing the characters of men whose sober judgment teaches them instinctively to acquiesce in the present separation of man's life into two imperfect lives. In the brief glimpse afforded us of the Millerites and their camp meetings, we have a powerful picture of the fatal precipitateness with which fiery and uninstructed spirits seek to hasten that reunion of the imaginative and actual which must be left to come in the good time of Providence. We are also forcibly reminded by the beautiful picture of Alice Archer, that the throes of passion are as tumultuous and death-fraught beneath the imperturbable surface of orderly society, as when they were freely given to view in times of less self-constraint. The most terrible of tragedies, after all, is when men, aware of their impending fate, are hurried helplessly to

destruction in a ship over which they have no governance, and where there is nothing for them but to await death in resignation or despair.

The theme of *Evangeline* neither calls for nor admits the play of fancy which the contrast between the meditative and active existence of men in actual society forces upon Mr. Longfellow in *Kavanagh*. It is a tale of simple earnestness, very graceful, and amid its unexaggerated truthfulness animated by a tranquil and lofty spirit of endurance. The story is of a betrothed and her bridegroom, separated on the eve of their marriage, only to be reunited in extreme old age at the death-bed of the bridegroom. The story was suggested by the expulsion of the neutral French from the province of Acadia by the British government at the close of the war of succession. The transference of the exiles to other regions was effected with such reckless precipitance that many families were scattered, never to meet again. On this hint Mr. Longfellow's imagination has bodied forth the bride and bridegroom wasting their lives in mutual searches after each other. The story is told in unrhymed hexameters, a style of versification happily adapted to a narrative in which suspense and expectation are the predominant emotions. The opening sketch of the tranquil and happy lives of the French Acadians on the gulf of Minas is truly idyllic. The death of the stout old farmer in the arms of his bereaved daughter, on the eve of embarkation, and in the presence of the burning village, is strikingly tragic. The interest in *Evangeline*, throughout her devious, life-prolonged search, is kept up without intermission; and what is painful in the theme is relieved by beautiful sketches of the scenery of the south-western waters, and the busy lives of their inhabitants. But still more is it relieved by the atmosphere of patient resignation, and religious reliance, which pervades all places through which the tender vision of *Evangeline* passes. And the end of the much-enduring woman, as of her more tempest-tossed lover, is peace. The happy and varied imagery of the poem is throughout instinct with that higher spirit which can impart a sad pleasure even to the deepest tragedy.

One reflection we must add, upon the strong resemblances in New England life and society, to that which is found in Old England. The differences are many, but they are accidental and superficial. At bottom the men of New England are Englishmen still. In every English village (as Miss Mitford could tell) we might find counterparts to the prominent characters of Fairfield. Their daily avocations, their occasional pleasures, are in the main the same. Their morals, their weaknesses, are akin. English parishioners cannot so unceremoniously rid themselves of a dull clergyman; but with this difference, they have their ecclesiastical bickerings all the same as at Fairfield. The pleasant picnic party at "Roaring Brook" is not without as pleasant counterparts here. Both in New and Old England the divided lives of the same men, in an ideal and real world, form one of the characteristics of the age. And

if not in England, assuredly on the north of the Tweed, we could find kindred spirits to Hester Green's minister, who asked her, the day after the ball, "if she did not feel the fire of a certain place growing hot under her feet while she was dancing!"

The reader will thank us for the extracts we subjoin.

BENEDICT BELLEFONTAINE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves.
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
 Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
 Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
 But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

EXILES ON THE WATERS OF THE WEST.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
 Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as
 through chinks in a ruin.
 Dreamlike and indistinct, and strange were all
 things around them ;
 And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder
 and sadness—
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot
 be compassed.
 As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the
 prairies,
 Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking
 mimosa,
 So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings
 of evil,
 Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of
 doom has attained it.

THE SCHOOLMASTER LET LOOSE.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city
 of God, and secret passages running deep beneath
 external nature give their thoughts intercourse
 with higher intelligences, which strengthens and
 consoles them, and of which the laborers on the
 surface do not even dream !

Some such thought as this was floating vaguely
 through the brain of Mr. Churchill, as he closed
 his school-house door behind him ; and if in any
 degree he applied it to himself, it may perhaps be
 pardoned in a dreamy, poetic man like him ; for
 we judge ourselves by what we feel capable of
 doing, while others judge us by what we have
 already done. And moreover, his wife considered
 him equal to great things. To the people in the
 village he was the schoolmaster, and nothing more.
 They beheld in his form and countenance no out-
 ward sign of the divinity within. They saw him
 daily mulling and delving in the common path, like
 a beetle, and little thought that underneath that
 hard and cold exterior, lay folded delicate golden
 wings, wherewith, when the heat of day was over,
 he soared and revelled in the pleasant evening air.

To-day he was soaring and revelling before the
 sun had set ; for it was Saturday. With a feeling
 of infinite relief he left behind him the empty
 school-house, into which the hot sun of a September
 afternoon was pouring. All the bright young
 faces were gone ; all the impatient little hearts
 were gone ; all the fresh voices, shrill, but musical
 with the melody of childhood, were gone ; and the
 lately busy realm was given up to silence, and the
 dusty sunshine, and the old gray flies that buzzed
 and bumped their heads against the window-panes.
 The sound of the outer door, creaking on his heb-
 domadal hinges, was like a sentinel's challenge, to
 which the key growled responsive in the lock ; and
 the master, casting a furtive glance at the last car-
 icature of himself in red chalk on the wooden fence
 close by, entered with a light step the solemn
 avenue of pines that led to the margin of the river.

PROSE EPIGRAMS.

Morality, without religion, is only a kind of
 dead-reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a
 cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run,
 but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by
 the shock it gives their feelings—as some savage
 tribes determine the power of muskets by their
 recoil ; that being considered best which fairly
 prostrates the purchaser.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society ;
 as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth,
 is only a stone.

The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols
 may be worshipped for a while ; but at length they
 are overturned by the continual and silent progress
 of truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been
 pushed from their pedestals by the growth of
 forest-trees, whose seeds were sown by the wind in
 the ruined walls.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call
 drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the
 clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration,
 and its hands a regular motion ; and when they
 cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no
 longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock
 stands still.

IRISH TEMPERANCE HYMN.

THE following verses, under the title of "Cur-
 tain the Lamp," appeared in the last number of
 the Nation.

Curtain the lamp, and bury the bowl,
 The ban is on drinking ;
 Reason shall reign the Queen of the Soul
 When the spirits are sinking.
 Chained lies the demon that smote with blight,
 Men's morals and barrels ;
 Then hail to health, and a long good night
 To old wine and new quarrels !

Nights shall descend, and no taverns ring
 To the roar of our revels ;
 Mornings shall dawn, but none of them bring
 White lips and blue devils.
 Riot and frenzy sleep with remorse
 In the obsolete potion,
 And mind grows calm as a ship on her course
 O'er the level of ocean.

So should it be ! for man's world of romance
 Is fast disappearing,
 And shadows of changes are seen in advance,
 Whose epochs are nearing.
 And the days are at hand when the best shall re-
 quire
 All means of salvation ;
 And the souls of men shall be tried in the fire
 Of the final probation !

And the witling no longer or sneers or smiles—
 And the worldling dissembles,
 And the blank-hearted sceptic feels anxious at whiles
 And marvels and trembles ;
 And fear and defiance are blent in the jest
 Of the blind self-deceiver ;
 But hope bounds high in the joyous breast
 Of the childlike believer !

Darken the lamp, then, and shatter the bowl,
 Ye faithfullest-hearted ;
 And as your swift years travel on to the goal,
 Whither worlds have departed,
 Spend labor, life, soul, in your zeal to atone
 For the past and its errors.
 So best shall you bear to encounter alone,
 The EVENT ! and its terrors.

From Tait's Magazine.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

Author of "History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," "Margaret Ravenscroft," "Egypt and Mohammed Ali," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE DEPARTURE.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN! Will you accompany me, reader? If you do, we shall converse by the way on many subjects besides the picturesque. The journey altogether was a strange one for me, because, not having been a great traveller, I had not, and, indeed, have not yet, learned to view men and countries as commonplace because many other persons before me had beheld them. In moving about the world, it is not always what we see, but what we feel, that is productive of most delight both to ourselves and others. Nature supplies the canvas, but we must bring along with us the colors, if we would call into being an original or even a true picture—true, I mean, for all those who have the same organization and sympathies with us.

Every man has his own peculiar motives for travelling, and, therefore, of course, I had mine; though you will probably become incredulous when I endeavor to explain what they were. It was not to behold lakes, glaciers, and mountains whose heads touch heaven, that I had come into Switzerland; it was not in search of poetical or other inspiration; neither, being perfectly well, was it with any view of improving my health, or acquiring animal spirits, with which, at the time, I was literally overflowing. I had come purely out of love for the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and that I might stroll about at my ease over the scene of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. But why was the memory of Rousseau dear to me? Probably some one had breathed it into my ears before the dawn of memory, and rendered it familiar to me in that period of life when to be familiar is always to be loved. The day on which I first became acquainted with his writings I remember most distinctly. It was in the midst of summer, when July had covered all the roads, and sprinkled all the bushes in their vicinity, with dust. A cousin, who lived some five or six miles off, had just written to me, to say that he had got a copy of the "Confessions," which, if I would fetch them, he would lend to me. I started early, with one of my sisters as a companion, all the way amusing myself with imagining what manner of things those "Confessions" could be. We walked through shady lanes, over meadows strewn with wild flowers, crossing many a brook by the aid of a plank or small rustic bridge, and at length reached the house in which the treasure lay. All else connected with this circumstance has faded from my memory but the book and my sister, and the way in which I read as we returned home. I sat on stiles, I reclined on green banks, beneath the chequered shade of oaks and elms; I devoured the "Confessions." The names of

Geneva and Chamberi, and Madame de Warrens and Claude Anet, became engraven ineffaceably on my mind; and with the whole, the dust, sunshine, green meadows, shady groves, sparkling streams, and melting heat of July, were inextricably associated.

From that time to the present, Rousseau and I have been on good terms. The objections commonly made to him by others have little weight with me. Perhaps, indeed, the facts which provoke their anathemas constitute the principal reason of my preference, namely, that he was the great apostle and father of the revolution, that he wrote the "*Contrat Sociale*," and disturbed the political creed of all noble and imaginative minds throughout Europe. Let those persons who are really wise take all due credit for it. I make no pretensions of that sort. I came to Switzerland, as I have said, out of partiality for Jean Jacques Rousseau, fully expecting to find at Vevay and Clarens the representatives, in feature and figure at least, of Julie and Claire.

We used—my wife and I—to discuss these matters seriously, because it was a rule with us never to remain long in any place where the women were other than handsome, or at least tolerably pretty. This may be set down to our love for the picturesque; for, after all, there is no combination of earth, wood, and water, which can claim to be regarded as half so beautiful as a beautiful woman. Lakes are very magnificent, and so are forests and mountains; but if, with Milton, we were deprived of the power of beholding external things, it is the human face divine that we should most earnestly desire to look upon again. Neither sun, nor moon, nor day, nor night, would awaken within us regrets so poignant as the faces of dear friends now for us blotted out forever from the aspect of nature.

Ever since our passage of the Jura, I had been visited by the suspicion that we had got among an inferior race of human beings. France, heaven knows, is not remarkable for female beauty, and yet one does occasionally in that country see lovely faces and bright eyes flitting by one, especially in Normandy, and certain provinces of the south. But in Switzerland, the imagination immediately begins to flag for lack of excitement. Rocks, and snow, and forests you have, no doubt, in abundance; and, if you can be satisfied with these, you may fancy yourself in Paradise. Nothing is wanting but a finely and delicately organized humanity. It seems, however, to be a general law, that, wherever nature puts on gigantic dimensions, man is intellectually dwarfed, for mountainous regions have seldom or never given birth to great minds, or stamped a poetical character on their inhabitants. A seaport town, embosomed in low hills, and a flat wool-combing place, on a sluggish river, have produced the two greatest poets that ever lived; and if we traverse the whole earth in search of beauty, we shall find it chiefly on plains, or in modest hills and

valleys, like those of Great Britain, Italy, and Greece.

It was night when we arrived at Vevay, and, therefore, we were compelled to defer till morning our search for the Julies and the Claires. Then, however, it being market-day, on which economical habits bring out nearly the whole female population, we went forth early, in the hope of realizing Rousseau's delightful vision. But let me not dwell upon the sequel. Goitres and cretins, swollen necks and hideous idiotic faces—some from Savoy, who had crossed the lake in boats, others from the surrounding villages of the Pays de Vaud—met our eyes on all sides, with here and there a woman of passable aspect, but nothing like beauty, delicacy, or grace. We were disgusted with Vevay at once; nevertheless, in consideration of the exquisite scenery, the walks up the slopes of Mount Chardonn, the views from the chalet at the summit, the meadows along the banks of the Veveyse, the stroll to the Chateau de Blonay, the rocks of Meillerie, the Dent de Jaman, and the vast amphitheatrical sweep of grandeur from Clarens to St. Gingoulph, we prolonged our visit to a month, after which we returned to Lausanne, where the Swiss seemed more tolerable in appearance.

This place we for some time made our home, and I selected it to be the home of my family during my absence in the east. If you have been at Lausanne, you will remember, a little way out of the town, on the road to Berne, a fine house on the right hand, called Johnmont, standing in the midst of a beautiful shrubbery and gardens. There it was we lived; and there, in the evening, as I watched my children playing upon the terrace, or appearing and disappearing among the trees and plantations below, I used to enjoy the prospect of the Alps, terminating with the summit of Mont Blanc, relieved like a pale spectral cloud against the blue sky.

Poets talk freely, and without offence, of their children, wives, and mistresses; and why may not prose writers take the same liberty? Mothers at least will forgive me if I become a little more familiar and communicative than is usual in a formal *tête-à-tête* with the public. But I am fond of children, of my own especially; and having just then seven of them, all full of health and animal spirits, big and little, it will readily be believed that they formed the most pleasant part of the landscape, notwithstanding that Mont Blanc, and the other Alps of Savoy, constituted the background. What added greatly to the interest was the consciousness that I was about to leave them—perhaps forever. They were of all ages, from nine or ten years to six months; and when their mother, with the baby on her lap, formed the centre of the group, they used to circulate around her in wild and never-ending gyrations of delight. In my mind's eye, I see them now, though time and circumstances have distributed and located them far apart, from the extremities of Insular Asia to the banks of the Nile and the

Seine. But an invisible link of brotherhood binds them together still; and, doubtless, there are moments when, from the most distant parts of the world, the minds of all revert to that beautiful spot where, in days of unmingled happiness, they laughed and sported before me in the shadow, as it were, of Mont Blanc.

It is an exclamation of Byron, "O that I could wreak my thoughts upon expression!"

I have a thousand times uttered a similar wish; not that my ideas are too big for language, but that I have never yet had the courage to turn them out of the spiritual into the visible world. Many and many are the thoughts that crowd and nestle about our hearts, and exist only for ourselves. Perhaps we love them the more, because they are exclusively ours, and would seem to lose their maiden purity and beauty, if exposed in indifferent drapery to the public. I wish, however, to be somewhat frank in this place, and to reveal a little of what passed in my mind when about to quit Europe for Africa. Nothing can be further from me than the desire to impart undue importance to a journey which many had performed before, and some without encountering any very formidable obstacles or dangers. But the question was one of prudence or imprudence. All my fortunes were mysteriously bound up in my gray goose quill, which, to the seven urchins before me, stood altogether in the place of Aladdin's lamp. Heaven, for aught they knew, rained cakes and bread and butter upon them from the sky, and would continue to do so, whether I happened to be on the shores of the Lemman lake, or in the Mountains of the Moon. But my faith was not quite so boundless, and therefore my almost irrepressible buoyancy of spirit sometimes flagged a little when I reflected that the poke of an Arab spear, or Moggrebin dagger, might turn the world into a wilderness for those joyous little ones, and leave my bones bleaching among those of camels in the Libyan or Arabian Desert.

However, in the sphere of parentship there are two human providences; and, therefore, it was not without great confidence that I determined on my expedition. Most persons endowed with fancy have, probably, from childhood, nourished a longing to visit some distant spot, hallowed, if I may so express myself, by early associations of history, poetry, or romance. My imagination's land of promise, divided into two parts, lay on the banks of the Ilissus and the Nile, where great nations had flourished and faded—where great men had speculated on life and death, and toiled unceasingly to unveil the mystery of this vast universe. I by no means resembled that honest man who hoped to become possessed of Epictetus' wisdom, after his death, by purchasing his lamp. I hoped for no philosophical or religious inspiration by visiting the birthplaces of philosophy and theology. But I knew, at all events, that I could not fail to increase my experience and knowledge of mankind, by taking a view, however cursory, of Italy,

Greece, and Egypt. I was, besides, desirous of solving for myself, at least one problem, namely, whether the arts of Greece were derived originally from the Nilotic valley, which I could better do by studying the remaining monuments themselves than by trusting to the representations, seldom faithful, given of them by artists and travellers.

With these views, I determined, about the middle of September, upon quitting Lausanne, and took my place in the diligence for Milan. My wife and children came down to the Buceau to see me off; and, though I hoped my journey would prove one of pleasure, my feelings at parting were far from enviable. Strong doubts of the wisdom, or even morality, of the step I was about to take, came over me. Around me were the proofs of my multiplied responsibilities clinging to their mother or me, and shedding such tears as only children shed. My own feelings, or hers, I shall not attempt to describe. I shall only say that, overtaking the group again as they were ascending the steep street leading up from the Place St. Francois, I felt the strongest conceivable desire to leap out of the diligence, and return home with them; but while I was revolving this thought in my mind, the vehicle attained the summit of the acclivity, and rolled on, while through the window I looked at them as long as they were visible. Presently a turn in the street hid them from my sight, and away we went, rattling and jingling over the stones, the driver cracking his whip, and the conducteur laughing and chatting with the outside passengers as merrily as if we had not contemplated proceeding beyond the next village. It was eight o'clock in the evening when we quitted Lausanne. The gloom of night was congenial with the gloom of my mind, which, for a time, seemed to be completely stunned and bewildered. If there are those who can leave home without a pang, whatever amount of enjoyment they may be looking forward to, I cannot pretend to envy or congratulate them; for, being always enveloped with uncertainty, we cannot say whether or not we have looked on the old familiar faces for the last time. And how pregnant with painful meaning are those words, *the last time*! In them lies the chief sting of death, when, leaving the warm precincts of the cheerful day, it is the consciousness that it is for the last time that depresses, and all but annihilates, our souls. The clustering, loving faces round the bedside would lose nearly all their significance if we were merely going to sleep; but when that sleep is to know no waking—when, come what will, we can never with our mortal eyes behold those faces and those tears again—the pang of parting rises to indescribable agony. All separations of families have an infusion of this bitterness, because it is felt that what is meant to be temporary may prove eternal.

CHAPTER II.—MY COMPANIONS.

When you desire to be silent, you would also be glad to be solitary. The presence of com-

panions is irksome, especially when their tone and manners indicate a state of mind the very antipodes of your own. Of course it is highly unreasonable to expect sympathy from strangers, especially where they are ignorant that you require any. But we, after all, are unreasonable both in our hopes and expectations; and I remember experiencing extraordinary disgust with my neighbors in the interior of the diligence for putting common-place questions to me, in the hope of drawing me into conversation, at the moment when I felt more than a Trappist's fondness for silence. Presently, therefore, they drew their travelling-caps close over their ears, and dropped asleep, for which I was thankful. I then put my head out of the window, to gaze upon the dusky panorama around. No lake, not even that of Mœris, in the Lybian waste, is set in so rich a frame as that of Geneva—the Alps encompass it like giants, who seem at night to look down lovingly on its slumbers. They were now beginning to put on their wintry grandeur, being powdered all over with recent snows, which, in the increasing and waning light, imparted to them the strangest conceivable appearance. The smooth, level surface of the lake was thickly bedropped with the golden reflexes of the stars, which rose and sunk with that restless impulse always observed in the bosom of great waters, and reminded me of jewels heaving and trembling on the breast of beauty. A few days before my departure, the lake and its environs had exhibited a very different aspect. I had gone out with my children towards the rock of the Signal, and had reached the shelter of a little wood, when there came on suddenly one of those storms which appeared to draw forth and illuminate, as it were, all the hidden beauties of the Alps. "From crag to crag leaped the live thunder;" and, as night came on prematurely, perhaps from the dense clouds, the whole surface of Lake Leman was momentarily converted into a sheet of dazzling fire. Perhaps in the whole system of nature there is nothing so beautiful as lightning. It is in the physical world what irresistible passion is in the moral. It is nature emerging from her normal state, and putting forth her powers and energies visibly. Passion, too, which is the lightning of the mind, obliterates by its brightness all the littlenesses and weaknesses of the character, and enables us for a moment to soar far above the earth and everything earthly. Lightning, though a physical process, is something analogous. Gazing on it makes the heart swell, and sends up the imagination far above the visible, diurnal sphere. As I looked down, from my lofty position, upon the clouds, charged heavily with electricity, I now and then obtained glimpses into something like a new world. Immense caverns opened up a vista into the bowels of that vapory creation, laying open long, sinuous valleys, fantastic mountains, chasms, and precipices, glittering plains and heaving seas, all sheathed with the brilliancy of lightning. Then followed intense darkness, and then another fit of revelation, after which the eye descended to the lake, and beheld tracks of blue light spread over it like a pattern,

quivering, palpitating, and expanding towards each other till they met, and became coëxtensive with the surface of the water, converting into one sea of flame the whole distance between Switzerland and Savoy. During a lull in the storm, I reached home with the children, after which I sat up during half the night with my wife, admiring, from an open window, the most glorious of all visible, created things, for neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, have for me half the fascination possessed by lightning, when loud thunder accompanies its birth-pangs, ushering in its short existence to the world.

No contrast could be greater than that which the lake now presented. Calm and still, with something like a soft breath breathing over it, I gazed towards the rocks of Meillerie, whence St. Preux wrote one of his sweetest letters to Julie. The very rocks, in the starlight, seem still luminous with love, so completely has the genius of Rousseau amalgamated itself with nature in this neighborhood.

We halted about an hour at Vevay, which now appeared far more romantic than when we lived there, though it was probably our having lived there that imparted to it its chief interest. Everybody knows what a momentary bustle the arrival of a diligence creates in a little country inn, all the inmates of which invariably rush out in search of excitement. Everybody is full of speculation respecting the faces that appear at the window of the vehicle, and if there be any in the background dimly seen, the mystery enveloping them is, of course, greatly enhanced. A Swiss rustic inn has always something picturesque and striking about it, with its long, drooping eaves, wooden galleries, and a wilderness of projections and niches, where light and darkness sport, as it were, with each other, as torch or candle passes to and fro beneath. Several of the burghers of Vevay, with pipe in mouth and tankard in hand, came out and planted themselves on seats beside the door to gaze at, or gossip with, the wayfarers, while ostlers, grooms, and stable boys, the same queer brood all over the world, developed their organic idleness, and laughed and chatted with the girls of the establishment who, now in dim light, and at a certain distance, looked quite pretty. I may here remark, by the way, that there is a small village near the chateau de Blonay, which is at once beautiful itself, and contains the most charming women in Switzerland. This I discovered accidentally during my walks, after which it alternately divided my attentions with the castle of Chillon. Some of these fair creatures occasionally take up their residence in Vevay; and it must, doubtless, have been one of them that set the imagination of Jean Jacques in a blaze.

As the traveller to Verona is shown the tomb of Juliet, so the stranger who visits Vevay is sure to have pointed out to him the site of Julia's bosquet at Clarens—the site, I say, because the monks of the great St. Bernard, to whom the place now belongs, are said to have cut down the

trees in order to plant a vineyard on the spot. When I once, in a tone of disapproval, mentioned this fact to a gentleman in the neighborhood, he shrugged his shoulders and observed, “*Le bon vin vaut bien les associations.*” But though good wine is an agreeable thing, I should, upon the whole, prefer Julia's bosquet to the vineyard, no matter how it obtained the name, or whether the foot of Rousseau's fancy ever visited it or not. During our month's stay at Vevay, I used frequently to walk in the evening towards the chateau of Chillon, and as often as we did so we had to pass the house in which Edmund Ludlow, the great English republican, spent the latter portion of his life in exile. We all observed the spot as we passed, and the recollection of his stern and noble virtues may be said to impart a sort of sanctity to Vevay. He enjoyed breathing the air of liberty to the last, under that form of government which he preferred to all others.

We now slowly skirted the end of the lake, passed Chillon and Villeneuve, near where “the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone” plunges into the lake. Pity that so singular a spot should be a perpetual prey to malaria and ague, which extend their influences as far as Vevay, and are almost sure to assail strangers on their arrival. We now turned sharp round towards the left, passed through Aigle and Bex, after which I fell asleep and did not wake again until we arrived at St. Maurice, the gate of the Valais.

CHAPTER III.—MADAME CARLI—THE SNOW-STORM

All persons of locomotive propensities claim for themselves the privilege of describing what they eat; and it really is a very judicious practice, because it begets in the reader the firm conviction that the traveller is no “*ignis fatuus*,” but a genuine, solid creature of flesh and blood, like himself. Besides, there are always some pleasant little associations with breakfasts and dinners, especially those you eat on a journey. The cream seems more creamy; the coffee, rolls, butter, new-laid eggs, ham, tongue, and sausages, of much finer quality than the articles which commonly pass under these names—the reason, perhaps, being that your journey has put you in good humor, and given you a keener appetite. I remember, with much pleasure, my breakfast at St. Maurice. The room, high up in the hotel, overlooked the “arrowy Rhone,” from which a fresh breeze seemed to ascend, and creep in balmy and refreshing, at the opening windows. We sat, a great many of us, round a large table, and, with the true freemasonry of travellers, were acquainted with each other at once. The fact is, you make the most of your time, knowing that you have none to spare, and chat away, right and left, with man or woman that happens to be within reach. On the present occasion, there was but one lady of the party, with whom I was afterwards, by accident, nearly eloping into Italy; but of that more hereafter. For the present we only exchanged civilities, handed each other fresh eggs and bread and

butter, and conversed about what we had seen, and hoped yet to see. For her part, she had beheld nothing but Paris, and those tracts of country which lie directly between it and St. Maurice. Her husband, who sat beside her, and held her in strict surveillance, had been long in the east, where he had acquired Turkish ideas of jealousy and suspicion. Madame Carli, however, nothing daunted by his severe looks, conversed with me unceasingly, buttered my toast, poured out my coffee, and paid me all those small attentions which none but ladies can pay. I am always helpless, that they may have the pleasure of assisting me. Madame Carli was a pretty Frenchwoman, with large, dark eyes, and a profusion of raven hair. She had been well educated in the modern system, knew a good deal, and believed very little. The chief article in her creed was, that it was a man's duty to make love, and a woman's to receive it, under all circumstances, and in every place. Her husband thought the direct contrary, which was quite natural, seeing they had already been married six weeks, and that he anticipated considerable trouble from the development of his help-mate's theory. Madame appeared to take infinite interest in my proposed journey, and listened with as much pleasure at my account of what I hoped to see as if I had already seen it and been speaking from experience. Three things especially delighted her—the Temple of Karnak, the tombs of the Theban kings, and the boundless expanse of the desert; as I expatiated on which, her eyes would kindle and flash, and she would exclaim, "Ah, how I should like to be of your party!"—"Madame," I replied, "I have no party; I go alone."—"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" said she, "*comme ce sera triste.*"—"No," I replied, "I shall people the desert with my remembrances." Our breakfast companions entered with more or less vivacity into this conversation, from which we at length proceeded to discuss the topography of the diligence and our own places in it. To my extreme satisfaction, I found that Monsieur and Madame Carli were to be my companions in the interior, which was fortunate, since I had already, as it were, made their acquaintance. My leanings were all then towards France, in which I had lived till I had acquired something of a native's love for it. This principally it was, perhaps, that recommended me to my female friend. We spoke of Paris, of its pleasures and gayeties, of the fascination of its society, of its literature, of its soirées, and of that fierce political spirit which renders life there so piquante. On one point we differed. Madame was a royalist; but this circumstance, instead of acting between us as a repelling power, supplied an everlasting topic for discussion; and I have noticed that however violently a woman may be attached to the pomps and vanities of monarchy, she delights in conversing with men of the most ultra-republican opinions. We were travelling through the territories of a republic, and I pointed out to her the most ordinary advantages enjoyed under that form of government—such as the perfect power of locomotion, the absence

of passports and custom-house nuisances, the freedom from pauperism and beggary, and the universal prevalence of that sturdy feeling of independence bordering often, I confess, on rudeness, which distinguishes the Swiss from all their neighbors. These things she could comprehend, but they made no impression upon her. Her husband was in the receipt of a salary from the state, as her father, I also found, was, and therefore she was disposed to accept accomplished facts and to be repugnant to all innovation.

Presently the diligence started, and our conversation took a new direction. There was, in the interior, a native of Aosta, who meant to leave us at Martigny, for the purpose of traversing the Great St. Bernard, at the exaggerated dangers of which pass he laughed very heartily. Accidents, he admitted, did sometimes overtake travellers in that part of the Alps, but generally, he said, the pass of the St. Bernard was open and safe throughout the year, except during the continuance of snow-storms. He had himself, a few years previously, in another pass, the name of which I forget, been overtaken by one of these, in company with an English family returning from Italy, and been witness of the way in which the elements sometimes perform the office of sexton. They set out early in the morning, and arrived a little before nightfall at a part of the pass which, owing to the driving of the winds, is easily choked up. The snow had begun to fall about an hour and a half previously, and was now pouring down the ravine before the blast, blinding both horses and postilions, and bringing along with it premature night. They had hoped to reach the summit before darkness set in; but the horses furnished them were weak, and the snow, for the last hour at least, had greatly retarded their progress. How he came to be in the Englishman's carriage, he did not explain. I fancy our countryman had invited him out of sheer politeness. The party consisted of five in all—the husband and wife, the Italian, the nurse, and a little baby. How it comes to pass I know not, but it generally happens that the English, when overtaken by danger, display qualities which astonish foreigners. On the occasion in question, all the solicitude of the husband seemed to be concentrated in the wife, while all hers was in the baby. Self seemed equally absent from the minds of both. The nurse, for her part, displayed the utmost stoicism, except that, as the cold increased, and the snow-drifts beat more and more furiously against the carriage windows, she pressed the child more closely to her breast, and protected it from the influence of the air with a greater allowance of shawls. Our friend from Aosta, who understood thoroughly the perils of the position, went on talking with the husband, who, while his eye was fixed upon his wife and child, appeared calm and collected, though, from certain thundering noises above, it appeared probable that the avalanches were in motion. At every ten yards, the carriage was stopped by the accumulated snow. "Jane," said the husband at length to his wife,

"tie up your throat carefully; we may have to walk presently; and you, nurse, make the baby comfortable, and give him to me." The nurse obeyed, and the mother, looking anxiously at her child, inquired, with suppressed earnestness, "William, is there any danger?"—"Yes, a little, love, just enough to impart an air of romance to our adventure."—"Hark!" exclaimed the wife, "what's that?"—"My God," cried the nurse, "the mountain has fallen on us." Just at that instant a loud shout was heard from the men outside, followed by a suppressed struggle and a groan, and then the most complete silence. All motion was at the same time arrested in the carriage, and on applying the lamp to the windows, it was perceived that they were embedded in thick snow. "What is to be done?" exclaimed the Englishman, addressing himself to our friend from Aosta. "Can your experience suggest any means of extricating ourselves from this position? If we force our way out, do you think it possible we could reach some place of shelter?"—"No," answered he, "that is impossible. All we can do is to remain where we are; they will dig us out in the morning."—"And the drivers," observed the Englishman, a sudden thought flashing across his mind, "what is to become of them? they will die of cold."—"They are dead already," answered the Aostan; "the first stroke of the avalanche extinguished life in them—what you heard was their death-groan."—"Impossible," cried our countryman; "I must force my way out, and endeavor to drag them hither." The confined space into which they had to breathe would have rendered it necessary to let down the windows, at the risk of admitting a quantity of snow; but all egress was impracticable. They were entombed, as it were, in the avalanche, which, fortunately for them, was soft and spongy, permitting air to pass through its pores; yet the heat soon became almost insufferable, and once during the night the lady fainted. Travelling carriages in the Alps are always well supplied with provisions and restoratives, wine, brandy, &c., and as our countryman never once lost his presence of mind, everything practicable was done for wife, and nurse, and child. What their language and feelings were may possibly be imagined. All our friend from Aosta could say was, that it was very terrible, which he uttered in a tone more significant than his words. Well, morning came at last, as they knew by consulting their watches; but it brought no light with it, and for some time no sound. At length a confused rumbling was heard through the snow, which died away, and came again by fits, till at length it became evident that it was the voices of men. After a protracted interval, a gleam of daylight entered the carriage, the snow was cleared partially away, and the welcome face of a rustic was beheld peering down upon them. Their deliverance was now speedy, and they were conveyed half dead to a chalet, together with the bodies of the driver and postillions. "Such accidents," said our friend, "are rare."—

"It is to be hoped so," exclaimed Madame Carli; "and what became of the English lady?"—"Oh, the whole party escaped without injury, and next year I saw them pass again into Italy, so little had they been daunted by the perils they had escaped."

CHAPTER IV.—THE VALAIS.

I remember to have elsewhere remarked that there exists some resemblance between the valleys of the Rhone and the Nile. In both, a large and impetuous river flows through a narrow slip of cultivated land, flanked by a chain of lofty mountains on either side. But it is the resemblance which a miniature may be supposed to have to a picture of colossal dimensions. Yet the Rhone, when in full flood, is a noble river, and the Alps that frown over it are loftier, and infinitely more picturesque, than the Libyan and Arabian ranges, scorched almost to a cinder by the burning sun. I make no pretensions here to describe Switzerland. The reader will find in a thousand books the names of the towns, the heights of the mountains, and the length of the valleys. What I desire to revive are the feelings and sensations with which I passed on towards Italy, full of regrets and hopes, of sad memories and glorious anticipations. I have never seen an exposition of the philosophy of Alpine travelling, chiefly, perhaps, because the impressions made depend more upon the mind that feels them than on the objects themselves. Almost every person can repeat, with Jessica, "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," because the hushed delight produced by a concord of sweet sounds has no analogy with mirth. It is much the same with the grand harmonies of nature. A stranger visiting the Alps, for the first time, seldom experiences bursts of merriment, and there are many whom the sight of these gigantic mountains plunges into sadness and melancholy. For myself, I am generally, in such scenes, filled to overflowing with involuntary delight, inconsistent with any access of melancholy, fear or sorrow. It is true, the painful reflection sometimes presents itself, that while those majestic objects are eternal, I who observe them am a transitory being, traversing a narrow slip of sunshine between the cradle and the grave. Life, in fact, is but a luminous point, resting upon the confluence of two dark oceans—eternity past, and eternity to come—and encompassed by the immensity of unfathomable space. In this black darkness, in this dreary void, life has but one thing to cling to, the idea of God, without which we should drift away into immeasurable despair. But, like a cloud on the summer heaven, this thought soon vanishes, and my mind, returning to its habitual condition, is filled with sunshine. For this reason, travelling is a sort of mechanical happiness to me, especially amid Alps or deserts, or along the skirts of the ocean. Philosophically we know that the greatest projections on the earth's surface are almost nothing compared with its own magnitude. Yet, from the diminutiveness of our own bodies, they seem great, and

fill our minds with prodigious ideas of the force and sublimity of nature. What a chorus of glorious influences bursts upon our soul amid the Alps, with their glaciers, cataracts, caverns, forests, abysses, everlasting snows and storms, and thunders and avalanches! In beautiful weather, such as that in which I ascended the Valais, the mountains, with the bright blue sky hanging lovingly over them, remind one of a fairy scene in an opera. The grandeur perplexes you; you hurry along, and scarcely think it real, as object after object rushes past you, and is engulfed, as it were, in the memory of the past. Onward you go, beholding new mountains, new peaks, new chasms; and the all-pervading light clips them round and renders them nearly transparent. All the world over the dawn of morning is beautiful, when the earth looks like a bride arrayed in orient pearls, and the sun spreads far and wide his canopy of crimson clouds which his glory converts gradually into gold. But amid the Valaisan Alps the loveliness of morning sets language at defiance. Imagine endless spheres of snow, crowning piny mountains, and enveloped with a rosy flush by the magic of the young light. This glowing investiture, like the breast of the dove, every moment displays new colors, glancing off in fugitive coruscations which dazzle and intoxicate the senses. A luminous border hangs upon cliff and crag, and a whisper, soft as the breath of love, showers down upon you from the pine forests as you move. A feeling, half religion, half sense, fills your breast, and your eyes become humid with gratitude as you look upwards and around you. The reading of your childhood comes over you—you remember the earliest page in the history of man—"and God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good"—and good, you murmur to yourself, it is. If there be poetry in the soul, it comes out at such moments; and, by the process which I faintly and imperfectly describe, travelling sometimes mellows the character and improves our relish of life.

I was interrupted in my conversation with Madame Carli, who seemed to possess a genuine admiration for mountain scenery, by the entrance of an ecclesiastic, which brought out one of the most unamiable features in the French character. Instead of contracting, as it were, to make way for him, everybody appeared to expand to double his usual size, in order to show him he was unwelcome. My sympathy was roused in a moment; and, pressing rather unceremoniously against my female friend, I invited the stranger to take the best seat next the door. He bowed profoundly, and thanked me, after which, supposing his conversation would not be agreeable, he folded his arms, leaned back, and made up his mind to take refuge in absolute silence. I observed an impudent grin on the face of all my companions, with the exception of Madame Carli, whose feminine feelings preserved her from this indecency. To make up, as far as possible, for the inhospitality of my fellow-travellers, I immediately turned a little

round, and addressed myself to the new-comer, whom, from some peculiarity in his look and manner, I immediately suspected to be a Jesuit. He seemed pleased by my civility, and we commenced a conversation which lasted, with few interruptions, through the whole day. Even Madame Carli was forgotten, for so eloquent, so full of knowledge, so gentle, persuasive, and fascinating was my new friend, that I may say with truth I have seldom seen his equal. Wishing to ascertain whether my suspicion was well or ill founded, I expressed the most profound respect for the Society of Jesus. I said I had studied their institutions and history with peculiar interest, spoke of their missions and their labors, especially in South America and China, and repeated more than once how much pleasure it would give me to become acquainted with a member of the order. He bowed, and replied in a half-whisper, that he was himself a Jesuit, and principal at the college at Brigg, where he invited me to stay a few weeks. He would then, he said, explain to me the condition of the order throughout Europe, as well as that wonderful system of education, which, taken all together, is probably the most effective ever invented. Unfortunately, the fear of arriving too late in Egypt to ascend the Nile that winter prevented my accepting his invitation, which, I am sure, he gave with all his heart. We discussed the relative position of the two churches, the history of Protestantism, the probable fortunes of Rome, and the character of public opinion throughout Christendom. The habit of being all things to all men enters so strongly into the policy of the order, that I can lay little stress on his political professions. He appeared to sympathize with the democratic spirit of the age, and said that through convulsions and anarchy we must inevitably terminate with the adoption of the republic. One difficulty he could not overcome—the inaptitude of Catholicism with republican principles. He supposed, however, that the external forms of religion would be modified by civilization, and that which we term the Church must, in order to be useful, be organized in conformity with the ruling principle of society, whatever it may be.

A professor of rhetoric from Anjou, who gloried in the philosophy of Louis Philippe's dynasty, having listened for some time with patience to our discussions, at length broke in upon us with an attack on Christianity itself, which he conducted after the most approved tactics of Voltaire. If the Jesuit expressed any surprise, it was at our having been interrupted no sooner, for, aware of the odious influence of Philippism, he scarcely expected to find a spark of religion in any person promoted or patronized by the government. He did not choose, however, to combat the antiquated sophisms of Voltaire, and, observing that monsieur had a right to enjoy his own opinion, sat meekly listening to the objections urged against the very foundations of our faith. I was not quite so patient, but carrying the war into the enemy's quarter, accused Voltaire of ignorance, levity, and pre-

sumption; and while admitting his wit, and the grace and beauty of his style, laughed at the grossness of his blunders, both in history and philosophy. Fortunately for our tempers, the argument was interrupted by an invitation to dinner, which we all very cheerfully obeyed, disputation and sight-seeing being both great promoters of appetite.

Instead of dinner, I should rather, perhaps, have called the meal we were about to eat a second breakfast, as we took it considerably before noon. At a much earlier hour we had stopped, and descended from the diligence to gaze at one of those grand natural objects which constitute the charm of Switzerland. The fall of the Sallemche, vulgarly called the Pissevache, which disappoints at first sight, is magnificent when approached. It was rather too early in the morning, for the sunshine, which already gilded the summits of the rocks above, had not yet touched the trembling and foaming waters, or called into existence those innumerable rainbows which other travellers have seen spanning the infernal surge which precipitates itself down in prodigious masses, seeming as if it would cleave the very rocks upon which it eternally dashes. On the right hand, at the very summit of the cataract, a part of the rock forming the channel of the stream appears to project beyond the other parts of the river's bed, and round this the water curves, and foams, and looks exactly like the mane of a snow-white colossal horse, tossing and waving in the tempest. Though wet by the fine spray which fell about us like rain, we regretted leaving this extraordinary spot. The fertile portion of the canton consists of a narrow valley, flanked on both sides by lofty mountains, many of which were now blanched by a weight of virgin snow of the most dazzling whiteness. At the feet of these, often, in small semicircular sweeps, are found spots of verdure, of a very peculiar form and beauty. Imagine two towering rocky mountains, barren as death, and strikingly savage in their aspect, divided in front from each other by a bed of soft green turf, dotted with tufted trees, single or in groups, and rising from the road with a gentle slope until it touches the curtain of naked rocks which unite the two mountains behind. But I know of no expression which can paint the loveliness of one of those scenes which we passed a little before sunset on Wednesday evening. The greensward, rising gradually, as I have said, from the level of the great valley, appeared to swell into every form of beauty which an undulating surface, infinitely varied in aspect, could assume. Here were small glades, through which the delighted eye wandered into the dim distance; there thick groves of umbrageous trees; here a patch of smooth-shaven lawn; by the side of this a dusky hollow, terminating in a shelving semicircle of green turf. In short, I know of no voluptuous feature in a landscape, excepting sparkling streams, which this valley did not exhibit.

CHAPTER V.—THE JESUIT.

Let me describe my friend of the Society of Jesus. He was a man of about thirty-five, slightly

exceeding the middle height, with a serene, placid countenance, rendered so entirely by discipline, for in the depths of his dark gray eyes you could read the evidence of fiery and tempestuous passions within. There is something cruel and ferocious in a gray eye, which yet is sometimes so tempered and softened by passion, that it becomes the most fascinating in nature. Mythology attributes gray eyes to Achilles, to indicate the union of intellect with the most destructive propensities. Tiberius the worst of Roman emperors, had gray eyes, which from that day to this have obtained little favor with poets or romance writers. We hear of dark, humid, lustrous eyes, of bright or soft blue eyes; but of the gray eye no epithet is suitable but that of fierce or fiery. To talk of a soft gray eye would be a contradiction which would instinctively produce laughter, yet it has often happened that men and women with gray eyes have fascinated all around them. The reason may be this, that the imperious energy of the character suggests the necessity of exercising an antidote, and the mixture of softness and fierceness, of all-absorbing love and violent antipathies, operates like a spell. The Jesuit, of whom I have been speaking, was at least an example of this. His short and slightly curled upper lip indicated a large amount of scorn, which he sought to disguise by a winning voice and gentle manners; but from the height of his intellect he evidently looked down upon his opponents, and now and then put forth a degree of strength that startled them. His face was pale, with a few streaks of red in the cheeks, such as you sometimes see in farmers, who have been a good deal exposed to the weather. He wore a long black cassock, reaching from his neck to the feet, a common hat, and a little white band of linen about the neck. We understood each other thoroughly, and between his Catholicism and my Protestantism there was so little difference that it required the name to distinguish one from the other. We rose above sectarianism, and met on the common level of Christianity. Such a man, however, would be a dangerous proselyte-maker, for he would first show all the points in which the two beliefs agree, and then gradually attack as errors, condemned by both, the points on which they differ, in favor, of course, of his own church. As we went along, I inquired into the mental and physical condition of the Valaisans, on which he exhibited extensive information, though himself a native of Alsace. Our conversation then turned upon the summit of the Alps, where he had often wandered, and which he described admirably. The name of Pervanche, used accidentally in our conversation, led to the mention of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and that again to Madame de Warrens, and that to love. I felt not a little anxious to learn the opinion of a Jesuit on this passion, but observing that Madame Carli and the rest of our companions were listening too attentively to our conversation, he said he would speak of it another time when I did him the honor to visit his college. That visit was never paid, neither did the promised discussion ever take place; but, instead, he related to me a story which did honor to

his frankness, for it represented a Jesuit in love. What will be the opinion of the reader when he hears the anecdotes, it is, of course, beyond my power to conjecture, neither shall I at present state my own; but when I have related faithfully all the incidents of the narrative, the event will speak for itself.

It was towards the close of the day, and not many leagues from Brigg, when, observing an extraordinary appearance in the valley and mountain on our right, I inquired of the Jesuit the cause of the phenomenon. Across the small plain from the foot of the rocks to the river extended a broad, irregular chasm some fifteen or twenty feet deep. On its edge stood the ruins of several cottages, and above, in the face of the mountains, was a tremendous gap like the mouth of an immense sluice; large trees torn up by the roots, rocks of enormous size rolled down and jammed together among the ruins of the forest, appeared to indicate the passage of some resistless flood, but all was now dry; and from the nature of the ground, it was clear that no river or even brook or streamlet could ever have flowed in

that channel. The Jesuit viewed the scene with a look expressive of sorrow and painful recollections, which suggested to me the idea that he had witnessed some tragedy on that spot. "I will tell you," said he, "as we go along, the history of the destruction of this little plain, which, as you perceive, is of very recent date. I happened to be here when it took place, and was blessed with more than one opportunity of affording aid or consolation to the sufferers. Similar occurrences are not rare in the region of the Upper Alps, but probably nothing so terrible has been known in the valley within the memory of man. Look yonder among the trees. At every advance of the diligence we discover the ruins of fresh cottages; indeed, a whole hamlet once stood where you now behold only loose stones and piles of rubbish. Look at yon cross; how it nods over the chasm like the light of religion gleaming over eternity. Close to it stood the little village church, and graves of the dead. All are now buried beneath the sands of the Rhone." He then commenced his relation in these words:—

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Two spirit-voices sighed upon the air—
"Oh, love us! part us never! We are fair
Only together! Fondly would we fling
Our clasping arms about thee still, and cling
Like gentle parasites that round thy lot
Entwine their mingling blooms; then part us not!
For we are patient slaves, twin-born; our fate
Is still upon thy steps to watch and wait,
And o'er thy path to hover! Drear would be
Its course, but for the chequered tracery
Our light wings weave, as o'er thy changeful way
With shade and sunshine tremulous they play.

One flits before, yet turning to thee oft
With gay and beckoning gesture, whispers soft
Of many a goodly, many a glorious thing
She sees far onward—one, slow following,
With sad and patient smile unto her breast
Gathers the flowers thy hasty foot hath prest;

And warms them there until each flower receives
A soul—a spirit through its withered leaves,
To breathe undyingly around thy heart
A silent fragrance. Scattered far apart
Its treasures lie, until the loved, the fair,
The lost, are bound in one pale garland there!

We are thy friends, companions, through the day;
By night, though sleep forsake thee, we will stay;
Thou shalt not miss her with her dreams, for we
Will sit and tell thee many a history,
And sing thee songs of soothing." Then alone
Arose, methought, the voice of sadder tone:—

"Oh, love us! love my sister best; her strain
Was caught from heaven, and bears her there again.
Her lot, her place, are with the blessed; still
Their angel-harpings on her accents thrill;
Still towards their source *her* visions mount and
yearn:

I am of dust, and unto it return.

My looks are fixed upon the ground; they cling
With timid trust to each familiar thing;

My voice is but an echo, ling'ring on
Round some old temple whence the gods are gone.
Thou wilt not, therefore, scorn me! Listen! She,
The Bird of Heaven, hath borrowed notes from me!"

Then warbled that clear voice, "An endless sigh
My sister's song would be, but ere it die
I blend my utterance with every strain,
And whisper, 'All that hath been, comes again.'
I commune with her till her voice, her tone,
With all their sweetness, pass into my own.

She gazes on me till her features take
A smile of life and promise for my sake,
And soft and gleaming o'er my features lies,
Caught from the tearful shining of her eyes,
A rainbow-glory; we would mingle ever
Within its light. Oh, love us! part us never!"

[TRUTH AND OPINION.]

"MORE than half a century ago a journalist properly observed, that the question is not whether all truths are fit to be told, but whether all opinions are fit to be published; whether it is expedient that every individual should propagate and defend what *he looks upon* as truth. Every *real truth* is fit to be told; but every *opinion* that is engendered in the fermentation of a superficial head, with an irregular fancy, may not be fit to be told, however plausible it may be rendered by a tinsel clothing of metaphysical sophistry."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 64, p. 499.

[ENGLISH ECCENTRICITY.]

HORACE WALPOLE says, the most remarkable thing he had observed abroad was, "that there are no people so obviously mad as the English. The French, the Italians, have great follies, great faults; but then they are so national that they cease to be striking. In England tempers vary so excessively that almost every one's faults are peculiar to himself. I take this diversity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government; the first is changeable, and makes us queer, the latter permits our queernesses to operate as they please."—*Lectures*, vol. 1, p. 43.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE MODERN ORATOR.*

Messrs. Aylott and Jones have established a strong claim upon the gratitude of all to whom the cause of English literature is dear. They have come forward in a very spirited manner to save from oblivion some of the brightest flowers in the whole garland of English eloquence. In *The Modern Orator*, compiled under their auspices, we have, collected within a moderate compass, not specimens only, but the very cream of all that Chatham, Sheridan, Burke, Erskine and Fox, ever addressed to either house of Parliament. The speeches of each statesman, moreover, are prefaced by a short sketch of his life; while explanatory notes enable the reader fully to apprehend both the general drift of the several orations that come before him, and the particular points which, in the progress of his argument, the speaker has contrived either to achieve or to miss. It is impossible to overestimate the value or importance of such a publication. While it brings within the reach of thousands, knowledge, from which, without some help of the sort, they must have been entirely shut out, it supplies the more fortunate few with a manual, easily referred to, and just sufficiently extensive to recall to their recollection whatever, in this department of literature, an educated man would be loath to forget. No doubt there are fuller biographies extant of all the great men referred to here. And the intrinsic worth of these must remain to the end of time precisely what it was when each first came under the scalpel of the critic. But experience has long ago shown that biographies continue to be popular in an inverse ratio to their bulk; because you cannot forever keep alive the literary appetite that gulps down a couple of quartos, or half a dozen bulky octavos, at the outset. Look at Tomlin's *Life of Pitt*, Lord Holland's *Memoirs of Charles James Fox*, and Moore's *Life of Sheridan*. (Who that has not passed his grand climacteric ever thinks of referring to these, except for a purpose?) And even Prior's *Life of Burke*, though comparatively a recent publication, lives but in the memory of a passing generation, and will soon take its place on the top-shelves, among the books "which no gentleman's library ought to be without." Messrs. Aylott and Jones have, therefore, done good service, both to the memory of the glorious dead and to the taste and political education of the living. They have embalmed, so to speak, the rich imagery, the terse argument, the glorious declamation of the former, in a shrine which, being accessible to all, has a good chance of commanding the devotion of true worshippers to the end of time; while before the living age they bring models of imitation, which, as they may be studied without fatigue, and remembered in their just proportions,

* The Modern Orator. Being a Selection from the Speeches of the Earl of Chatham, Sheridan, Edmund Burke, Lord Erskine, and Charles James Fox, with Introductions and Explanatory Notes. In 2 vols. 8 vo. London: Aylott and Jones, Paternoster Row.

so they cannot fail of giving a bias to the tastes, and strengthening the reflective powers, of the young and the ardent of many generations.

Chatham, Sheridan, Erskine, Burke, Fox—what a galaxy of illustrious names! Whig though they be, (with the exception, at least, of Burke, and he was a whig at the outset,) it is impossible not to feel, when we come into their presence, that we are indeed standing upon holy ground. But why should our spirited publishers stop there? Has not England produced another Pitt, attaining, even in his youth, to higher eminence than his father succeeded in making at mature age? Are Canning's silver tones forgotten? Has Wilberforce quite passed from men's memories? or Huskisson, or Scott, or Murray, or Thurlice? And might not passages of surpassing power and interest be culled from the speeches of still earlier statesmen—such as Hyde, Falkland, Hampden, Cecil?

Perhaps this hint of ours may not be thrown away. The firm which has dared to put forth these two volumes, cannot fail of meeting with such encouragement as shall lead to more. And then, without doubt, the same judgment and skill which have been brought to bear upon the present selection, will find scope and room enough to disport themselves on another.

The first of the great men with whom *The Modern Orator* deals, was born in St. James' parish, Westminster, on the 15th of November, 1708. His grandfather, when governor of Madras, had purchased for 20,400*l.*, a diamond, which was long considered the largest in the world; and subsequently sold it to the Regent Orleans, on account of the King of France, for 135,000*l.* Thus enriched, he became the proprietor of a handsome estate near Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, which he bequeathed, together with a considerable portion in money, to his son Robert. Of this Robert, by Harriet Villiers, sister to the Earl of Grandison, William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, was the second son.

William Pitt was sent at an early age to Eton, where he greatly distinguished himself, and became a favorite both with the masters and his school-fellows. Among the latter, he seems to have associated chiefly with George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton; Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; and Henry Fielding. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner; but never took a degree. An attack of gout in early life induced him to quit the university, and to seek in travel through France and Italy the health which had been seriously impaired. After his return, he obtained a commission in the Blues, and in February, 1735, took his seat in the House of Commons as member from Old Sarum. He at once, and without any apparent effort, made his presence felt in the great council of the nation. A strikingly handsome figure, a dignified and graceful manner, a voice full, rich, clear, and singularly flexible, supplied all that is wanting to complete the exterior graces of an orator; and

neither the style nor the matter of his speeches disappointed the expectations which these outward signs might have stirred. Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, says of Lord Chatham, that "his lowest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound."

His great *forte*, like that of his immortal son, seems to have been "invective," the force of which was much enhanced by the lightning glance of an eye which few could bear, when turned upon them, without shrinking.

He delivered his maiden speech in Parliament on the 29th of April, 1736, when Mr. Pulteney, then paymaster of the forces, moved an address of congratulation to George II. on the marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, with the Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha. To our less courtly ears, there is a tone of too much adulation about this speech, which, however, the editors of *The Modern Orator* have, with great judgment, preserved. And as it lauded the prince on account of his many virtues, among which dutiful obedience to his royal father was not forgotten, the royal father, who hated the royal son consumedly, never forgave the insult. The young statesman was most unceremoniously deprived of his cornetcy of horse, and went, as in duty bound, into violent opposition. As a matter of course, the dutiful Prince of Wales took to his arms the man whom the king his father delighted not to honor. Mr. Pitt was appointed groom of the bedchamber to his royal highness, and forthwith took a prominent part in assailing the policy and person of Sir Robert Walpole.

The first heavy blow struck by the ex-cornet at the prime minister was delivered in March, 1739, when he fiercely attacked Walpole's convention with Spain, and contributed not a little, by the force of his eloquence, to bring it into disrepute. The cabinet carried its motion, but by a majority of only twenty-eight votes—a thing quite unprecedented in the good old times of undisguised corruption; and the chief of the cabinet felt the same hour that his power was shaken. Nor is this to be wondered at. There was a vigor in Pitt's onslaught which a better cause might have found it hard to withstand; brought against the truckling of the great whig premier, it was quite irresistible.

This convention, sir, I think from my soul, is nothing but a stipulation for national ignominy; an illusory expedient to baffle the resentment of the nation; a truce, without a suspension of hostilities, on the part of Spain; on the part of England, a suspension, as to Georgia, of the first law of nature, self-preservation and self-defence; a surrender of the rights and trade of England to the mercy of plenipotentiaries; and, in this infinitely highest and most sacred point—future security, not only inadequate, but directly repugnant to the resolutions of Parliament, and the gracious promise from the throne. The complaints of your despairing merchants, and the voice of England, have

condemned it. Be the guilt of it upon the head of the adviser; God forbid that this committee should share the guilt by approving it!

Pitt was now one of the acknowledged leaders of the opposition, and he gave the enemy no respite. On the 19th of October, 1739, war was declared against Spain; and the reluctant minister, having once drawn the sword, seemed resolute to wield it effectively. But here again Pitt stood like a rock in his way. On the 17th of January, 1741, Sir Charles Wager, first lord of the admiralty, introduced into Parliament a bill for the encouragement and increase of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning of the navy. The measure had more than one very weak side, and they were all pounced upon directly by the prince's groom of the bedchamber. Among other arrangements proposed, there was one which empowered justices of the peace, upon application under the sign manual, or by the lord high admiral, or the commissioners executing that office, to issue warrants to constables within their jurisdiction, to search either by day or by night for seamen; and for that purpose to enter, and if need were, to force open the door of any house, or other place, in which there was reason to suspect that seamen were concealed. Pitt rose, as soon as the opportunity offered, and thus noticed the arguments of the attorney and solicitor-general, (Sir Dudley Ryder and Sir John Strange,) who had preceded him:

Sir, the two honorable and learned gentlemen who spoke in favor of this clause, were pleased to show that our seamen are half slaves already, and now they modestly desire you should make them wholly so. Will this increase your number of seamen? or will it make those you have more willing to serve you? Can you expect that any man will make himself a slave if he can avoid it? Can you expect that any man will breed his child up to be a slave? Can you expect that seamen will venture their lives or their limbs for a country that has made them slaves? or can you expect that any seaman will stay in the country, if he can by any means make his escape? Sir, if you pass this law, you must, in my opinion, do with your seamen as they do with their galley-slaves in France—you must chain them to their ships, or chain them in couples when they are ashore. But suppose this should both increase the number of your seamen, and render them more willing to serve you, it will render them incapable. It is a common observation, that when a man becomes a slave, he loses half his virtue. What will it signify to have your ships all manned to their full complement? Your men will have neither the courage nor the temptation to fight; they will strike to the first enemy that attacks them, because their condition cannot be made worse by a surrender. Our seamen have always been famous for a matchless alacrity and intrepidity in time of danger; this has saved many a British ship, when other seamen would have run below deck, and left the ship to the mercy of the waves, or, perhaps, of a more cruel enemy, a pirate. For God's sake, sir, let us not, by our new projects, put our seamen in such a condition as must soon make them worse than the cowardly slaves of France and Spain.

Harassed by the ceaseless attacks of his eloquent opponent, and deserted first by one and then by another of his ancient supporters, Sir Robert Walpole accepted a peerage, and, as Earl of Orford, withdrew from the administration. Mr. Pelham, Mr. Sandys, Lord Carteret, and their friends, now took the chief management of affairs. But their policy, and in particular their system of continental alliances, differed in nothing from that of Walpole, and they became, as he had been, the objects of Pitt's vehement denunciations. He attacked their inconsistency on the 9th and 23d of March, 1742, when Lord Limerick moved for an inquiry into the proceedings of the defunct cabinet; and in December of the same year exposed, with equal bitterness and ability, the injustice and extravagance of the Hanoverian alliance. It was proposed by the minister that England should take into her pay 16,000 Hanoverian troops, in order that they might be employed in the Netherlands, in support of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary. Pitt rose immediately after Henry Fox, who had spoken in support of the arrangement, though with a qualification, and said—

Sir, if the honorable gentleman determines to abandon his present sentiments as soon as any better measures are proposed, the ministry will quickly be deprived of one of their ablest defenders; for I consider the measures hitherto pursued so weak and so pernicious, that scarcely any alteration can be proposed that will not be for the advantage of the nation.

He then went on, in a strain of fiery eloquence, to expose the sophistry of men who did not scruple to seek the support of the crown at the expense of the people's burdens; and summed up his argument in these words:—

If, therefore, our assistance to the Queen of Hungary be an act of honesty, and granted in consequence of treaties, why may it not be equally required of Hanover? If it be an act of generosity, why should this country alone be obliged to sacrifice her interests for those of others? or why should the Elector of Hanover exert his liberality at the expense of Great Britain?

It is now too apparent, sir, that this great, this powerful, this mighty nation, is considered only as a province to a despicable electorate; and that in consequence of a scheme formed long ago, and invariably pursued, these troops are hired only to drain this unhappy country of its money. That they have hitherto been of no use to Great Britain or to Austria, is evident beyond a doubt; and, therefore, it is plain that they are retained only for the purposes of Hanover.

In 1744 another change of administration took place. The Duke of Newcastle was called to the chief management of affairs, and proposed to the king that Pitt should take office as secretary at war; but George II. could not forgive Pitt's opposition to the Hanoverian interests, and positively refused to receive him. Considerable inconvenience followed, which was overcome chiefly by Pitt's disinterested entreaty to his friends not to refuse office on his account; and the Newcastle cabinet continued to hold the reins till the 10th of

February, 1746. But they had felt their own weakness from the first, and having again failed to overcome the king's disinclination to receive Pitt, they resigned. Mr. Pulteney, now created Earl of Bath, thereupon became first lord of the treasury. His effort to form a cabinet broke down, and Pitt's friends returning to their places, brought him along with them; first, as vice-treasurer for Ireland, and then on the 6th of May as paymaster to the forces, with a seat in council.

As the second son of a country gentleman, William Pitt had always been poor. Indeed, it was the *res angusta* which alone induced him to accept office in the household of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and he seized the very first opportunity that presented itself of resigning it. In 1744 the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough died, and left him a legacy of 10,000*l.*, "On account," as her will expresses it, "of his merit in the noble defence he has made in the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country." This fortune, though not great, was sufficient to place him in a position of comparative independence, and he immediately ceased to be groom of the bedchamber to the prince. The emoluments of office as paymaster of the forces proved, moreover, an acceptable addition to his income; though, to his honor be it recorded, he did not pocket a shilling beyond the bare salary allowed; and at the period concerning which we now write, this deserves to be accepted as very high praise, for there was no man then in public life, from the highest to the lowest station, but looked upon the appropriation of waifs and strays as fair plunder. Chancellors and prime ministers openly accepted presents, not from foreign courts alone, but from private persons. Till Pitt's incumbency there had never been a paymaster who omitted to appropriate to his own use the interest on public balances, or to exact a fee of one half per cent. from moneys paid in the form of subsidy to any of the continental powers. Pitt refused from the first to enrich himself by any such discreditable means. He paid the balances, as often as they accrued, into the Bank of England, and declined the fee which his predecessors used to exact as a matter of right. Pitt was arrogant, overbearing, and very difficult to manage, but he was quite as disinterested as his son; and we defy any man, in high life or in low, to exceed either of them in that respect.

In November, 1754, Pitt married Hester, daughter of Richard Grenville, Esq., of Wootton, in the county of Buckingham, and sister of Viscount Cobham, afterwards Earl Temple, and of George and James Grenville. In 1755, he received an intimation from the king that his majesty had no further occasion for his services; and, together with Legge, the chancellor of the exchequer, seceded from the cabinet. This was owing to the disapprobation expressed by these two statesmen of the subsidiary treaties with Hesse Cassel and Russia, into which the king, without consulting his council, had entered. But, though deprived of office, they did not enter violently into opposition. On the con-

trary, when a rupture with France became inevitable, Pitt seconded the proposal of Viscount Barrington, secretary at war, to increase the army, which was accordingly raised from about 20,000 to 35,000 men. In spite, however, of this indisposition unnecessarily to embarrass the councils of the government, the war was not well managed. Minoreca fell into the hands of the French. Admiral Byng was sacrificed. Oswego in America, and Calcutta in Asia, were both lost. A panic seized the Duke of Newcastle, and after vainly endeavoring to bring Pitt back again, he resigned. A new cabinet was accordingly formed, with the Duke of Devonshire at its head, and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge formed part of it—the former as secretary of state, the latter as chancellor of the exchequer.

There was still on the part of the king a rooted dislike to his servant—a feeling which was carried to a still greater extreme by the Duke of Cumberland. The latter, indeed, refused to take command of the army which was to protect Hanover unless Pitt were removed from office; and once more Pitt, with Legge, and this time with Lord Temple, were sacrificed. But the disfavor of the court was more than compensated to the two former by the respect and admiration of the people. Numerous addresses of thanks poured in upon them from all quarters; and cities and boroughs loaded them with deeds of freedom, each enclosed in a gold box. The king's faction could not make head against this stream, the weight of which was further increased by the abortive issue of the Duke of Cumberland's military operations. Another change of administration became necessary, and the Duke of Newcastle assuming the post of first lord of the treasury, Pitt became again secretary of state, and to all intents and purposes leader in the councils of the nation.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the great events which characterized the interval between 1757 and 1762. However averse he might be to war, Pitt threw himself into the contest which he found raging, with wisdom and vigor. The navies of France were swept from the face of the ocean. Canada was conquered, and numerous islands and stations in the West Indies, in Africa, and in Asia, subdued. Nor was his triumph over the prejudices of the Jacobites either less striking or less creditable to himself. He conquered Canada, and several of the West Indies, by bringing against them the stout right arms of the very clans which had followed Charles Edward to Derby, and fought at Falkirk and Culloden. It was a wise policy this which enlisted the military spirit of the Highlanders on the side of the established government, and consummated by kindness the triumph which Lord Hardwicke's terrible, but necessary, laws of proscription had begun. But Pitt, though a great and most successful minister, was intolerably overbearing in the cabinet; and showed no disposition to yield, even in manner, to royalty itself. He ruled his colleagues with a rod of iron, and lost all hold except upon their fears. Hence a cabal formed itself against him, at the

head of which stood Lord Bute; and the first opportunity was taken to force him out of the king's councils. On the 25th of October, 1760, George II. died. He was succeeded by his grandson, George III.; and Pitt's days of influence and power became numbered. Negotiations for peace had been begun on the side of France, and were proceeding as favorably as an English minister could desire, when Charles III. came to the throne of Spain, with feelings strongly prejudiced in favor of his relative, Louis XV. Pitt was not long kept in doubt respecting the formation of the "family compact," and foreseeing that its consequences would be, not peace with France, but war with Spain, and, perhaps, with Sicily likewise, he determined to anticipate the plans of both. He proposed in the cabinet that the negotiations with France should be broken off, and that England should take the initiative in the inevitable quarrel with them. To his great surprise he found himself outvoted. He tried a second appeal in the council chamber, and was again defeated; whereupon he tendered his advice in writing to the young king, and there, likewise, met with a repulse. No course now lay open to him except resignation. He went with his seals of office to St. James', where the young king received him with such marks of kindness and respect, that the heart of the proud statesman was touched. His resignation could not, of course, be withdrawn; but he accepted, in token of the gratitude of the crown, a peerage for his wife, and was not ashamed (he had no reason to be) of becoming a pensioner to the extent of 3000*l.* a year.

A retiring statesman, whose descent into private life is softened by a pension, seldom fails to incur at least temporary unpopularity. This was the case with Pitt; but the storm, though sharp for the moment, soon blew over, and he became again the idol of the people. All that he had foretold as about to happen in regard to Spain came to pass. On the 4th of January, 1762, war was declared against that power, under circumstances far less favorable to England than would have attended the measure had Pitt's suggestions been acted upon. On the whole, however, the country had no cause to complain of the results of the contest. Several of Spain's most valuable settlements, of which Cuba was one, fell into the hands of the English, and the tide of success was flowing without a check, when negotiations for peace were entered into. Pitt heard of these, and left his bed, to which he had been confined for several days, to protest against them. Unable to stand, he was permitted to address the house from the bench on which he sat, but he fairly broke down ere he could reach the pith of his argument. His speech produced a great sensation, though it could not arrest the progress of events. Cuba, the most important conquest which England had ever made, was restored to Spain in exchange for Florida; an arrangement of which, down to the present day, England has good reason to regret the improvidence.

It was about this time, or rather in the early part of the following year, that Sir William Pynsent, a Somerset baronet of ancient family, died and bequeathed to William Pitt the estate of Burton Pynsent, with a rental of 3000*l.* a year. The baronet had no personal acquaintance with the legatee—it is doubtful whether he had ever seen him; but he was a great admirer of Pitt's public character, and seems to have had no near relatives. So considerable an accession to means not previously abundant proved very acceptable to the recipient; but it did not abate one jot of the mental activity of the man. A martyr to gout, he still played a conspicuous part in Parliament, though he steadily refused to become again a member of the cabinet which had so unceremoniously thrown him overboard.

From 1761 to 1766 Pitt remained excluded from the king's councils. He was, therefore, no party to the ill-judged Stamp-Act, which had well nigh precipitated, by a year or two, the rupture with the North American colonies; indeed, he opposed it when first brought forward vigorously, and contributed largely, by the eloquence and power of his denunciation, in effecting its repeal. The following extract from his speech on the latter occasion well deserves to be remembered:—

A great deal has been said without doors of the power, of the strength, of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valor of your troops; I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground—on the Stamp Act—when so many here will think it a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it.

In such a cause, even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace? To sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourselves now the whole house of Bourbon is united against you? While France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave-trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their property stipulated by treaty; while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain, and its gallant conqueror barely traduced into a mean plunderer—a gentleman whose noble and generous spirit would do honor to the proudest grandee of the country. The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper. The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness which you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for America that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behavior to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies, that I cannot help repeating them,—

Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind.

Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the house what is really my opinion. It is, that the Stamp Act be *repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately*. That the reason for the repeal be assigned, because it was founded on an erroneous principle. At the same time, let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatsoever. We may bind their *trade*, confine their *manufactures*, and exercise every *power* whatsoever, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent.

It was during this interval, likewise, that the famous disputes between the House of Commons and John Wilkes occurred. Pitt was no admirer of Wilkes; but he still less admired the unconstitutional and impolitic proceedings of those who, in their abhorrence of a demagogue and a libeller, forgot what was due to the privileges of Parliament, and the undoubted rights of the constituencies. He spoke against the sentence of expulsion, which was, however, as is well known, carried into effect.

The king was by this time heartily tired of the bondage in which the great whig families seemed determined to keep him. His first attempt to emancipate himself, by placing Lord Bute at the head of the administration, had failed. He now endeavored, with the assistance of Lord Rockingham, to shake them off; but Lord Rockingham possessed small influence in Parliament, and was quite as much a member of the clique at heart as many who followed more openly in the wake of the house of Russell. Nothing now remained, therefore, except to call upon Pitt to form an administration. He did so, “and produced,” says Burke, “such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white—patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was, indeed, a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on.” Nor would the state of his own health permit the framer of the cabinet to watch, as it was right that he should, over its proceedings. The business of the House of Commons was too much for him, and he passed into the Lords as Earl of Chatham. Had he consulted his own fame more, and what he believed to be the best interests of the crown less, he would have retired from the cabinet as soon as the truth was forced upon him that physical strength enough to guide its deliberations was wanting. He failed to do this; and cannot, therefore, escape his share of responsibility for measures which resulted in the catastrophe which he had on former occasions contributed to postpone.

In the year 1767, Charles Townsend introduced into the House of Commons a bill for taxing America, by levying duties on certain articles which the Americans were not permitted to import, except from Great Britain. We need

not so much as refer to the consequences of this measure; but it is due to Lord Chatham not to place out of record, that, as the scheme was none of his, he hastened, in 1768, to mark his disapproval of it by withdrawing from the government. It is just, also, to bear in mind, that almost from the date of his return to power till his resignation he labored under the pressure of a malady, which though not, perhaps, such as deserves to be described as an aberration of intellect, entirely unfitted him from taking part in public affairs. The portion of blame which attaches to him, as compared with that justly attributable to his colleagues, is very small. But if he erred in suffering himself to be made an involuntary party to the beginning of the strife, he more than made amends by the unwearied zeal which marked his efforts to heal the breach. In 1770, his health being somewhat reëstablished, he returned to public life; and as a peer of Parliament advocated measures of conciliation, which were unhappily rejected. At last, as is well known, the government, which had repeatedly declined to entertain fair and honorable propositions from the enemy, gave up all for lost, and resolved to have peace on any terms. This was quite as much at variance with Lord Chatham's sense of right as the original ground of the war. He resolved, therefore, to oppose the motion; and rose from a sick bed, to which he had been long confined in the country, that he might carry his design into force. He proceeded to London, and sat in the lord chancellor's room till informed that the business of the debate was about to begin. Let the editor of the work which we are here reviewing, tell the rest:—

He was then led into the House of Peers by two friends. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, and covered up to the knees in flannel. Within his large wig, little more of his countenance was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye, which retained all its native fire. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. The Lords stood up, and made a lane for him to pass to his seat, whilst, with a gracefulness of deportment for which he was so eminently distinguished, he bowed to them as he proceeded. Having taken his seat on the bench of the earls, he listened to the speech of the Duke of Richmond with the most profound attention.

After Lord Weymouth had spoken against the address, Lord Chatham rose from his seat slowly and with difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported by his two friends. Taking one hand from his crutch, he raised it, and, casting his eyes towards heaven, said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this house!"

The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the house was most affecting; if any one had

dropped a handkerchief the noise would have been heard. At first Lord Chatham spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and became as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period, both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. He gave the whole history of the American war; of all the measures to which he had objected; and all the evil consequences which he had foretold; adding at the end of each period, "And so it proved."

In one part of his speech he ridiculed the apprehension of an invasion, and then recalled the remembrance of former invasions—"A Spanish invasion, a French invasion, a Dutch invasion, many noble lords must have read of in history; and some lords (looking keenly at one who sat near him) may remember a Scotch invasion."

"My lords," continued he, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy! Pressed down as I am by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the royal offspring of the house of Brunswick, the heirs of the Princess Sophia, of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man that will dare to advise such a measure? My lords, his majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions? Shall this great kingdom, that has survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, and the Norman conquest; that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? Surely, my lords, this nation is no longer what it was! Shall a people that, seventeen years ago, was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, Take all we have, only give us peace? It is impossible!

"I wage war with no man, or set of men. I wish for none of their employments; nor would I coöperate with men who still persist in unretracted error; or who, instead of acting on a firm decisive line of conduct, halt between two opinions, where there is no middle path. In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former cannot be preserved with honor, why is not the latter commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom; but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. My lords, any state is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort; and if we must fall, let us fall like men!"

When his lordship sat down, Earl Temple said to him, "You forgot to mention what we talked of, shall I get up?" Lord Chatham replied, "No, no; I will do it by and bye."

The Duke of Richmond then replied; and it is said that, in the course of his speech, Lord Chatham gave frequent indications of emotion and displeasure. When his grace had concluded, Lord Chatham, anxious to answer him, made several attempts to stand, but his strength failed him, and, pressing his hand to his heart, he fell backwards in convulsions. The house was immediately

thrown into a state of the greatest agitation, and an adjournment was at once moved and carried. Lord Chatham was first taken to the house of Mr. Sargent, in Downing street; and when he had in some measure recovered, he was removed to his own residence at Hayes; where, after lingering for a few days, he expired on the 11th of May, in the seventieth year of his age. On the evening of his death, the House of Commons, on the motion of Colonel Barré, voted him a funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey at the public expense. A few days afterwards, an annuity of 4000*l.* was settled upon the heirs of the Earl of Chatham, to whom the title should descend; and a public grant of 20,000*l.* was made for the payment of his debts.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to pursue this interesting subject further. *The Modern Orator* is, however, a work which can well afford to stand or fall upon its own merits; and we heartily recommend it to the careful study of all who either delight in observing the forms and shapes which genius of the highest order once took in others, or are themselves desirous of catching a ray from the fires which still continue to burn, even amid the ashes of the mighty dead.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GESTA ROMANORUM.

It is a strange old quilt of diverse patches, Sombre and gay, to suit the tastes of all.—*Old Play.*

DEAR, quaint Charles Lamb, in his *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*, lips out this drollery:

I can read anything which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of books which are no books—*biblia a-biblia*—I reckon court calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught-boards bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without;" the histories of Flavius Josephus, (that learned Jew,) and Paley's *Moral Philosophy*. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched up on shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book; then, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering population essay! To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith!

We can keenly sympathize in the disappointment that "Elia" so whimsically describes, having "many a time and oft" put forth our hand to grasp what we fondly deemed would prove a cluster of delicious thoughts, and found, to our chagrin, that its grapes had been gathered from a vine of Sodom. It was, therefore, with no small delight that, on taking down the book that gives its title to the present article, from a very dusty shelf in our library, some months ago, we discov-

ered we had lighted on a treat—a choice collection of tales, possessing an intrinsic interest of subject, and a still greater extrinsic interest, arising from the circumstance of their having furnished warp for the woof of many a bard of fame.

Being of a benevolent disposition, we wish to enable others to taste of that which has afforded pleasure to ourselves; and so, for the benefit and delectation of those of our readers who may not have met with the *Gesta*, we shall proceed to give a brief history of the work, and then invite their attention to a few specimens of its contents, interspersed with extracts and remarks that will tend to show the influence it has had on English poetical literature.

For infants, "the strong wine of truth" must be mingled with "the honeyed waters" of amusing story; and when man's mind is childish, through imbecility or want of education, it too must have instruction conveyed to it in the concrete rather than the abstract, being unable, or unwilling, to admit a principle, unless that principle be clad in an example. The monks of the middle ages were aware of this fact, and, therefore, in their preaching, endeavored to fix the attention of their benighted hearers by striking narratives; striving afterwards, by the somewhat strained "applications" they tacked on to them, to awaken their sluggish, slumbering consciences. The *Gesta Romanorum** is an assortment of such tales, carelessly copied from oriental, classical, and German writers, and generally stated to be the composition of Petrus Berchorius, who was prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloi, in Paris, in 1362. Pisistratus, however, might as justly be called the author of the *Iliad*; for all that Berchorius did was to string together "stirring stories," that, long before his time, had been told by orators in cope and cowl, to make their congregations change their weary gaping into wonderment. An imitation of the work, slightly differing in contents from the original, and qualified with a dash of nationalism to suit the taste of its probable readers, (just as now-a-days French *Vaudevilles* are adapted to Adelphi audiences,) was produced in England by a monk, at a very early period; and to this version Shakespeare appears to be indebted for the plots of several of his plays.

So much by way of introduction. Now for our specimens, selected both from the continental and the insular edition.^b

NO. I. A SAUCY THIEF.

A fair face was the emperor Leo's chief delight. To enjoy it to the full, he caused three images to be made in the form of women, dedicated a temple to their service, and ordered all his subjects to worship them. The first stretched forth its hand, as though in the act of benediction, having on one

* We would observe, *en passant*, that the recorded "Gests" are by no means exclusively those of the Romans.

^b In fitting these with an English dress, we have derived considerable assistance from the Rev. Charles Swan's elegant translation of the *Gesta*. The notes appended to it have also been laid under contribution.

of its fingers a golden ring, which bore as its motto, "My finger is munificent." The second had a golden beard, and on its brow was written, "I have a beard; if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one." The third was clad in a golden cloak, whilst on its breast gleamed forth, in shining characters, "I care for nobody." These three images were made of stone. When they had been placed upon their pedestals, the emperor decreed that if any one should take away ring, beard, or cloak, he should be doomed to some most ignominious death. It happened, notwithstanding, that a low scoundrel entering the temple, and perceiving the ring upon the finger of the first image, immediately drew it off. He then went to the second, and took away the golden beard; and, to finish up his work, robbed the third image of its golden cloak. The theft was soon discovered, and the culprit dragged before the emperor. When charged with the crime, he replied with great coolness, "My lord, suffer me to speak. When I entered the temple, the first image, held out its finger towards me, as though it would tempt me to take the ring; and when I read the motto, 'My finger is munificent,' I thought it would be very rude to refuse the obliging offer, and, consequently, took it. When I approached the second image, and saw its golden beard, I reasoned thus with myself, 'The maker of this statue never had such an appendage to his chin, for I have often seen him; and, without question, the creature should be inferior to its creator; ergo, I ought to take the beard.' Any scruple as to the propriety of appropriating it that might still trouble me, was removed when I perceived, in characters most clearly legible, 'I have a beard; if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one.' I am beardless, as your majesty may see, and, therefore, took away the proffered beard for two good reasons; firstly, that the image might look more like its maker; and, secondly, that I might cover up my own bare chin. I carried off the golden cloak, partly from a feeling of benevolence, because I thought that a mantle of metal would in summer be burdensome to the statue, and in winter but a poor protection from the cold; and partly from a feeling of indignation at its haughty boast, 'I care for nobody.'"

"My good sir," retorted the emperor, "the present trial is one of law, and not of logic. You are a robber, and so you must be hanged!" And he was.

Instead of the prosy moralization* that follows this story in the *Gesta*, we will give Gower's happy rendering of it:

Ere Rom-e came to the créance^b
Of Christ-es faith, it fell perchance
Cæsar, which then was emperour,
Him list-e for to do honour
Unto the temple Apollinis;
And made an image upon this,
The which was cleped^c Apolló,
Was none so rich in Rom-e tho.^d

* We shall make it our rule to omit the "applications."
^b Belief. ^c Called. ^d Then.

Of plate of gold, a beard he had,
The which his breast all over spradde.*
Of gold also, withouten fail,
His mantle was of large entayle.^b
Be-set with perrey^c all about,
Forth right he stretched his finger out,
Upon the which he had a ring—
To see it, was a rich-e thing,
A fine carbuncle for the nones,^d
Most precious of all stones.
And fell that time in Rom-e thus,
There was a clerk, one Lucius,
A courtier, a famous man;
Of every wit,^e somewhat he can,
Out-take^f that him lacketh rule,
His own estate to guide and rule;
How so it stood of his speaking,
He was not wise in his doing;
But every riot-e at last.
Must need-es fall, and may not last.
After the need of his desert,
So fell this clerk-e in povérte,
And wist not how for to risé,
He cast his wit-es here and there,
He looketh nigh, he looketh far,
Fell on a tim-e that he come
Into the temple, and heed nome^g
Where that the god Apollo stood;
He saw the riches, and the good;^h
And thought he wold-e by some way
The treasure pick and steal away.
And thereupon so slyly wrought,
That his purpóse about he brought.
And went away unaperceived;
Thus hath the man his god deceived—
His ring, his mantle, and his beard,
As he which nothing was afeard,
All privily with him he bare;
And when the wardens were aware
Of that their god despoiled was,
They thought it was a wondrous case,
How that a man for any weal
Durst in so holy plac-e steal,
And nam-e-ly, so great a thing!
This tale cam-e unto the king,
And was through spoken over-all.
But for to know in special,
What manner man hath done the deed,
They soughten help upon the need,
And maden calculatió,
Whereof by demonstratió
The man was found-e with the good.
In judgment, and when he stood,
The king hath asked of him thus:
"Say, thou unselyⁱ Lucius,
Why hast thou done this sacrilege?"
"My lord, if I the cause allege,"
(Quoth he again) "me-thinketh this,
That I have done nothing amiss.
Three points there be, which I have do,
Whereof the first-e point stands so,
That I the ring have ta'en away.
Unto this point this will I say—
When I the god beheld about,
I saw how he his hand stretched out,
And proffered me the ring to yere;^j
And I, which wold-e gladly live
Out of povérte thro' his largess,
It underfang^k so that I guess;^l
And therefore am I nought to wite.^l

* Spread. ^b Cut. ^c Pearls. ^d Purpose.
^e Knowledge. ^f Except. ^g Took. ^h Goods.
ⁱ Foolish. ^j Give. ^k Accepted. ^l Blame.

And, overmore, I will me quit,^a
 Of gold that I the mantle took :
 Gold in his kind, as saith the book,
 Is heavy both, and cold also ;
 And for that it was heavy so,
 Methought it was no garn-ement^b
 Unto the god convenient,
 To clothen him the summer tide :^c
 I thought upon that other side,
 How gold is cold, and such a cloth
 By reason ought-e to be lothe^d
 In winter tim-e for the chiel.
 And thus thinking thought-es fele,^e
 As I mine eye about-e cast,
 His larg-e beard-e then at last
 I saw ; and thought anon therefore
 How that his father him before,
 Which stood upon the sam-e place,
 Was beardless, with a youngly face.
 And in such wise, as ye have heard,
 I took away the son-nes beard,
 For that his father had-e none,
 To make him like ; and hereupon
 I ask for to be excused."

Confessio Amantis.

The poem from which we have made this long extract is indebted to the *Gesta* in many other places, but we must hasten on to a legend which Spenser has worked into the second book of the *Faërie Queene*. Our readers will readily recognize, in the following tale, Sir Guyon's temptation in the "House of Richesse."

NO. II. MEMENTO MORI.

In the city of Rome stood an image, on the middle finger of the right-hand of which was traced, "Strike here!" Many wondered what the inscription meant, but no one had discovered its signification, when a learned clerk, hearing of the image, came to examine it. He, noticing the shadow that the sunlight made it cast, took a spade and began to dig where the shade of the finger fell. He soon came upon a flight of stairs, which led down into a cave. Descending these steps, he entered the hall of a princely palace, in which there were a number of men seated at table. They were all attired in the most costly fabrics of the loom, but not a sound escaped their lips. In one corner of the apartment he observed a bright carbuncle, gleaming like a little sun. Opposite, and aiming at it, stood an archer, on whose brow was written, "I am what I am ; my arrow is inevitable ; yon stone of light cannot escape its stroke." The clerk, amazed at what he saw, entered the bedchamber, where he found lovely ladies clad in purple, but all as silent as the grave. He next went to the stables, and admired the magnificent horses tethered in their stalls ; he touched them—they were stone ! He visited in succession every building in this strange domain, and having feasted his eyes on all their various riches, returned to the hall, purposing to effect a precipitate retreat, for a feeling of awe began to creep over him. "I have seen wonders to-day," said he to himself ; "but should I tell them to my friends, they will all say that I have been

dreaming, unless I take back something solid to convince them that I have been in a land of realities." Whilst he was thus soliloquizing, he cast his eyes upon a table covered with golden cups. He put forth his hand and took a goblet, but had no sooner placed it in his bosom than the archer struck the carbuncle with his arrow, and shivered it into a thousand fragments. The whole building instantly was filled with Egyptian darkness, and the hapless clerk sought in vain for some mode of egress. After having long wandered in the gloom of its labyrinthine passages, he died a wretched death.

NO. III. WORDS ARE WIND.

Shakspeare, as we have hinted above, was a great filcher from the *Gesta*, but we have only room here to give the original of his *King-Lear*, with a few other selections illustrating detached portions of his plays.

The wise Emperor Theodosius had three daughters. Wishing to discover which of them loved him best, he said to the first, "How much do you love me?" "More than myself," was the reply. Pleased with her affection, he gave her in marriage to a mighty king. Then he came to the second, and asked her how much *she* loved him? "As much as I do myself," she answered. The emperor married *her* to a duke. Afterwards, he inquired of his third daughter, "And how much do *you* love me?" "As much as you deserve, and no more," was her somewhat pert response. Her father thought an earl was good enough for her. Some time after this the emperor was beaten in battle by the King of Egypt, and driven from the land he had long ruled so wisely. In his distress he naturally thought of his affectionate first-born ; and, writing an epistle to her with his own hand, entreated her, in most pathetic words, to succor him. Her husband was willing to assist his father-in-law to the utmost of his power ; but the unnatural daughter declared, that five knights only should be sent him, to remain with him until he could regain his crown. Theodosius was heavy of heart when he saw but five horsemen riding towards him, instead of the countless spears that he had hoped soon to see bristling on the horizon ; but he concealed his emotion, and wrote off for aid to his second daughter. She was willing to find him food and clothing fitting for his rank, during the continuance of his misfortune ; but would not suffer her "doughty duke" to lead an army into the field in his behalf. The emperor, almost in despair, applied, last of all, to his third daughter ; and she, shedding full floods of tears when she heard of her father's melancholy circumstances, prevailed upon her lord to raise a valiant host, by means of which Theodosius was quickly enabled to resume the imperial purple. Grieved that he had given her credit for so little affection, when, as he had found, it was the ruling passion of her heart, he willed his sceptre to his loving child.

We shall now endeavor to prove that the Swan of Avon could occasionally condescend to assume the character of a mocking-bird in thoughts as well

^a Acquit. ^b Garment. ^c Time. ^d Warm. ^e Many.

as plots, by giving a brace or two of what we think our readers will admit to be *very* parallel passages :

The mercy of a king is like refreshing dew,
gently falling on the summer grass.—*The Three Monarchs*.

The quality of mercy is not strained :
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath.—*Merchant of Venice*.

He is like a hanging apple. The surface is fair,
but there is a wasting worm at work within ; and
it soon falls to the ground, rotten at the core.—*Human Life*.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.

Merchant of Venice.

The prince who is gentle as a lamb in war, but
fierce as a tiger in peace, is unworthy of regard.

Reconciliation.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.—*Henry V*.

In the *Game of Shaci*, the subjoined abominable libel on woman occurs :—*Casta est quam nemo rogavit*. We are aware that we ought to beg pardon of the ladies for echoing such a slur on the softer sex, even in Latin ; but if any of our fair readers should feel inclined to take umbrage at it, we hope they will permit us to remind them that it is the silly slander of a melancholy old monk, who, being moped to death by his single wretchedness, maligned—like the fox in the fable—what he could not obtain. Congreve, in *Love for Love*, adopts the saying we have quoted, but makes *man* come in for a share of his satire :

A nymph and a swain to Apollo once prayed ;
'The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betrayed ;

Their intent was to try if his oracle knew
F'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like to 've been posed,
But sagely at length he this secret disclosed :
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide ;
And the nymph may be chaste, that has never been tried !

No one needs to be told of what elegant poem the following story is the groundwork :

NO. IV. "HIS WAYS ARE NOT AS OUR WAYS."

Once upon a time there lived a hermit, who in a solitary cell passed night and day in the service of his God. Not far from his retreat a humble shepherd tended his flock. Happening one day to fall into a deep slumber, a robber carried off his sheep. The owner of them, turning a deaf ear to the excuses of his servant, ordered him to be put to death for his negligence—a proceeding which gave great offence to the hermit. "Oh, Heaven !" he exclaimed, "the innocent suffers for the guilty, and yet is unavenged by God ! I will quit His service, and enter the giddy world once more." He accordingly left his hermitage ; but the Al-

mighty willed that he should not be lost, and an angel, in the form of man, was sent to bear him company. Having made each other's acquaintance, they walked on together towards a crowded city. They entered it at night-fall, and entreated shelter at the house of a most noble captain. He took them in, gave them a sumptuous supper, and then conducted them to a bed-chamber decorated in the highest style of art. In the middle of the night the angel rose, and, going stealthily to an adjoining apartment, strangled their entertainer's only child, who was sleeping in his cradle there. The hermit was horror-struck, but durst not reprove his murderous companion, who, though in human form, exercised over him the influence of a superior being. In the morning they arose, and went on to another city, where they were hospitably treated by one of the principal inhabitants. This person possessed, and greatly prized, a massive golden cup : in the night the angel stole it. Again the hermit held his peace through fear. On the morrow they continued their journey, and having met a pilgrim on a bridge, the angel requested him to become their guide. He consented, but had not gone many yards with them, before the angel seized him by the shoulders, and hurled him into the stream below. The hermit now came to the conclusion that his companion was the devil, and longed for an opportunity of leaving him secretly. As the vesper bell was ringing they reached a third city, and again sought shelter ; but the burgess to whom they applied was a churl, and would not admit them into his house. He said, however, that if they liked, they might sleep in his pigsty. Not being able to procure a better lodging, they did so ; and in the morning their surly host received as his remuneration the purloined goblet. The hermit *now* thought the angel was a madman, and told him they must part.

"Not until I have explained my conduct," said the angel. "Listen, and then go thy way. I have been sent to unfold to thee the mysteries of Providence. When thou wast in thine hermitage, the owner of a flock unjustly put his slave to death, and by so doing moved thy wrath ; but the shepherd, being the victim of ignorance and precipitate anger, will enjoy eternal bliss, whilst the master will not enter heaven until he has been tormented by remorse on earth, and purified by fire in purgatory. I strangled the child of our first host, because, before his son's birth, he performed many works of mercy, but afterwards grew covetous in order to enrich his heir. God, in His love, is sometimes forced to chasten, and beneath the tears of the sorrowing parent his piety will spring again. I stole the cup of our second host, because, when the wine smiled brightly in it, it tempted him to sin. I cast the pilgrim into the water, because God willed to reward his former faith with everlasting happiness, but knew that, if he lingered any longer here below, he would be guilty of a mortal sin. And, lastly, I repaid the niggard hospitality of our third host with such a bounteous boon, to teach him for the future to be more generous.

Henceforth, therefore, put a seal upon thy presumptuous lips, and condemn not the All-wise in thy mole-eyed folly." The hermit, hearing this, fell at the angel's feet, and pleaded earnestly for pardon. He received it, and returned to his hermitage, where he lived for many years, a pattern of humility and faith, and at length sweetly fell asleep in Christ.

The next of our eclogæ has been moulded by the plastic hand of genius into many forms. Perhaps the best known of these is the ballad of Beth-Gélert, in which Mr. Spencer has told the legend, as localized in Wales, in a very touching manner.

NO. V. IL FAUT QUELQUEFOIS TENIR LA MAIN.

The knight Folliculus was exceedingly fond of his infant son, and also of his falcon and his hound. It happened one day that he went out to a tournament, to which, without his knowledge, his wife and servants too went afterwards, leaving the babe in his cot, the greyhound lying in the rushes underneath it, and the falcon on his perch above. A serpent that lived in a hole near the castle of Folliculus, thinking from the unusual silence that it must be deserted, crept out of its retreat and entered the hold, hoping to find some food. Seeing the child it would have devoured him, had not the falcon fluttered its wings until it awoke the dog, which, after a desperate conflict, killed the wily intruder, and then, almost fainting through loss of blood, lay down at the foot of the cradle, that in the *mêlée* had been overthrown. The knight, on his return home, seeing the jaws of his greyhound red with gore, and not being able at first to find his child, thought that the dog had destroyed him; and, frantic with fury, plunged his sword into its faithful heart. Then, hearing a cry, he lifted up the cradle-coverlet, and saw his rosy boy just waking from a happy dream, whilst the huge coils of the dead serpent showed the peril he had so narrowly escaped, and the injustice that his father had so hastily committed. The knight, detesting himself for his cruel deed, abandoned the profession of arms, broke his lance into three pieces, and went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where, after a few years, he died in peace.

NO. VI. A MESSENGER OF MERCY.

The Emperor Menelay made a decree, that if any guiltless captive could escape from his bonds and reach the imperial palace, he should be protected from his oppressors. Soon after the promulgation of the law, a knight was wrongfully accused, and cast into a dark dungeon. The light of his eyes was dimmed when he was thus cut off from the company of his brethren; but one mild summer morn, a nightingale came in through the little window of his cell, and sang so sweetly that he almost forgot he was deprived of liberty. As the knight treated his minstrel very tenderly, she flew into his bosom daily to cheer him with her song. One day he said to her, "My darling bird, I have given thee many a dainty, wilt thou not show me a kindness in return? Like to myself, a creature of

the mighty God, O, help me in my need!" When the bird heard this, she flew forth from his bosom, and after having remained away from him for three days returned, bringing in her mouth a precious stone. Having dropped it in his hand, she again took flight. The knight wondered at the strange conduct of his songster, but happening to touch his fetters with the stone that she had given him, they instantly fell off. He then arose, and touched the doors of his prison: they opened. He rushed forth into the fresh, free air, and ran rapidly towards the emperor's palace. Here he was joyfully received, and his innocence being satisfactorily established, his persecutor was sentenced to perpetual banishment.

This pretty little tale very probably suggested those beautiful lines in the *Prisoner of Chillon* :—

A light broke in upon my brain,—

It was the carol of a bird;

It ceased, and then it came again,

The sweetest song ear ever heard,

And mine was thankful till my eyes

Ran over with the glad surprise,

And they that moment could not see

I was the mate of misery:

But then by dull degrees came back

My senses to their wonted track,

I saw the dungeon walls and floor

Close slowly round me as before,

I saw the glimmer of the sun

Creeping as it before had done,

But through the crevice where it came

That bird was perched, as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree;

A lovely bird with azure wings,

And song that said a thousand things,

And seemed to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before,

I ne'er shall see its likeness more:

It seemed like me to want a mate,

But was not half so desolate,

And it was come to love me when

None lived to love me so again,

And cheering from my dungeon's brink,

Had brought me back to feel and think.

I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,

But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine;

Or if it were, in wingéd guise,

A visitant from Paradise,

For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while,

Which made me both to weep and smile;

I sometimes deemed that it might be

My brother's soul come down to me;

But then at last away it flew,

And then 't was mortal—well I knew,

For he would never thus have flown,

And left me twice so doubly lone,—

Lone—as the corse within its shroud,

Lone—as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,

While all the rest of heaven is clear,

A frown upon the atmosphere,

That hath no business to appear

When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

Our readers are convinced by this time, we should imagine, that many a thread in the mantle of the English Muse originally figured in the

party-colored pallium of the *Gesta*.^{*} We shall conclude our article with a couple of anecdotes, which, though unconnected with our literature, we think will amuse by their piquancy.

NO. VII. AN ARTFUL DODGE.

A certain soldier suspected his wife of having transferred her affections from himself to another; but not being able to *prove* the fact, he requested a cunning clerk to assist him in demonstrating his lady's infidelity. The clerk consented, on condition of being allowed to converse with the fair frail one. After having chatted on a variety of indifferent topics for some time, he took her hand, and pressed his finger on her pulse, at the same time mentioning in a careless tone the name of the person whom she was presumed to love. The lady's blood, at that sweet sound, rushed through her veins like a swollen stream; but when her husband became the theme of their discourse, it resumed its usual tranquil flow. The clerk communicated the result of his experiment to the bamboozled Benedick; but whether the affair furnished employment to the "gentlemen of the long robe," as the newspapers say, or whether the soldier did by his own act abate the nuisance that had marred his peace, we are not informed.

NO. VIII. OBSEQUIUM AMICOS, VERITAS ODIUM PARIT.

A lady, during the absence of her lord, received a visit from her gallant. One of her hand-maidens understood the language of birds, and a cock crowing at midnight, the faithless spouse inquired the meaning of his chant. "He says," replied the maiden, "that you are grossly injuring your husband."—"Kill that cock instantly," said the lady. Soon after another cock began to crow, and his notes being interpreted to signify that his companion had died for revealing the truth, he shared his fate. Last of all a third cock crew. "And what does *he* say?" asked the lady. "Hear and see all, but say nothing if you would live in peace."—"Oh, *don't* kill him!" retorted she.

Lectores, scripsimus—plaudite aut tacete! \

THE FARMER'S PLOUGH.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo, on he comes behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line along the bursting sod
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide,
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves,
Up the steep hillside where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;

^{*} N. B. Our samples are *literally* samples. We have not raked up a few instances of plagiarism, but out of very many deeds of plunder have exposed some of the most barefaced.

Through the moist valley clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose patient labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green
This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines, O Heaven-commanded Toil,
That fill thy deed—the charter of the soil!

O gracious mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smiles the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers—they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn,
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.

Yet, O, our mother, while uncounted charms
Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond weakness waste our strength away.

No! by these hills, whose banners, now displayed,
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed;
By yon twin crest, amid the sinking sphere,
Last to dissolve, and first to reappear;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens
And feeds in silence from its dark ravines;
True to their home these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And true to God, to Freedom, to Mankind,
If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now,
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till Graylock thunders to the parting sun
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won!

BENEATH THE WAYSIDE TREE.

BENEATH the wayside tree

A pale one sat and sang her tale:—
"The gorse upon the common blooms, the clover
on the lea;
That Love should bud and fail!

"I had a lover true,
But now he's gone far, far away;
And the new things have grown old, and from the
old things have sprung new,
Since last he came this way."

"Let the new things grow old,
From old things let new spring again!
True love is neither new nor old, one ever—for,
behold!
I love thee now as then!"

His frame was no more young,
Wrinkled his brow, his hair grown gray;
Yet round him not less tenderly her arms the pale
one flung;
And life for both once more was May.

IVAN T.

From the Britannia.

The Court and Reign of Francis the First. By Miss PARDOE. Two vols. Bentley.*

THE spirit of the best French memoir-writers has been caught by Miss Pardoe. She has admirable tact in constructing biographical history, and in selecting all those personal anecdotes which illustrate at once a character and an age. Her gossip, though always amusing, is usually full of matter, and, even when she is forced to descend to scandal, she can relate a courtly intrigue without a particle of coarseness. Nearly every name which appears on her page is drawn at full length by her skilful pen in characteristic lines. Her books must take their place between romance and history, possessing, as they do, some of the best qualities of both, without the fables of the one or the formality of the other.

In this work of "Francis the First," she has remarkably succeeded in presenting us with an authentic picture of the monarch and his court, and in imparting to it all the interest which arises from correctness of drawing, truth of coloring, and art in composition. Her design leads her not only to give an amusing memoir of the king, but to exhibit the counsellors, courtiers, and generals who surrounded them, and to show them much as they were "in their habit as they lived," both in their private and public life. The epoch was a stirring one; the world was agitated by great thoughts; and both ideas and manners were on the eve of that great revolution which separates modern from mediæval history. It is only justice to Miss Pardoe to say that she has omitted no research which could add to the value of her book, and that her talent in the disposition and arrangement of her materials is equal to her industry in collecting them.

The discursive nature of her book is, according to the plan on which it is formed, one of its greatest attractions; but it prevents us from giving anything like a distinct notice of its contents. Full of personal anecdote, and of those biographical sketches which an entertaining and judicious writer, Mr. Craik, has truly shown make up the romance of history, each chapter is a story in itself, and might be made the subject of a distinct critique. But we cannot pass from it without making a few extracts illustrative of its entertaining character. We may remark that the volumes are beautifully produced, and that they contain well-engraved portraits of the principal personages of the times:

AMUSEMENTS OF THE COURT OF FRANCIS.

In the month of May, Francis, probably somewhat alarmed by the deficit which had already betrayed itself in the national exchequer, removed his court to Amboise, whither Madame d'Angoulême had preceded him for the purpose of celebrating at that castle the marriage of Mademoiselle de Bourbon, the sister of the connétable, with the Duke of Lorraine; and it is upon record that, on this occasion, being desirous to give some variety to the festivities, which were limited in their nature

by the fact that, in a private residence, the etiquette of mourning for the late king did not permit either balls or masquerades, the young monarch caused a wild boar, which had been taken alive in the neighboring forest, to be turned loose in the great courtyard of the castle, having previously ordered every issue, by which the savage denizen of the woods might escape, to be carefully closed. This being, as it appeared, fully accomplished, the courtly company then assembled at Amboise, stationed themselves at the windows, whence they amused themselves by casting darts and other missiles at the enraged and bewildered animal.

Highly excited by this novel pastime, bets ran high between the young nobles on their respective skill; and bright eyes watched anxiously the flight of every weapon as it was hurled from the respective casements. Suddenly, however, shrieks of terror echoed through the spacious apartments. The boar, tortured beyond endurance, had made a furious plunge at the door which opened upon a great staircase; had dashed it in, and was rapidly ascending the steps which led to the state-rooms, and which were protected only by a hanging drape of velvet; when the king, rushing from the apartment where the horror-stricken ladies were crowding about the queen, and, thrusting aside the courtiers who endeavored to impede his passage, threw himself full in the path of the maddened animal, and, adroitly avoiding his first shock, stabbed him to the heart.

DIANA OF POITIERS PLEADING FOR THE LIFE OF HER FATHER.

At the period of her father's condemnation Diana had consequently passed her twenty-third year, but she had spent her early life in an unbroken calm, which still invested her with all the charms of youth and ingenuousness. Looking upon the Count de Maulevrier rather with the respect of a child than the fondness of a wife, she had soon accustomed herself to the gloomy etiquette by which she was surrounded; and, knowing nothing of a world of which she was one day to become the idol, she passed her time among her maids, her flowers and her birds, without one repining thought.

Diana possessed all the graces that attract, and all the charms which enslave. Nature had endowed her alike with beauty and with intellect; and, as she moved through the sombre saloons of Anet like a spirit of light, the gloomy seneschal blessed the day upon which he had secured such a vision of loveliness to gladden his monotonous existence.

When Madame de Brézé reached the city, the scaffold was already erected upon which her father was to suffer. Unaware, however, of this ghastly fact, she at once sought an audience of the king, who was informed, while surrounded by a bevy of his nobles, among whom he was endeavoring to forget the impending tragedy, that a lady solicited permission to enter his presence.

"Who is she?" he inquired, with some curiosity, of the usher on duty; "whence does she come?"

"It is the Grande Seneschale of Normandy, sire; and she has come post from Anet."

"Ah, on the faith of a gentleman!" exclaimed Francis; "she has chosen an unhappy moment to present herself at court. This is the far-famed beauty, Diana de Poitiers, my lords, of whom we have all heard so much, and whom none of us have seen, as I believe, since her childhood. She has come on a woful errand, truly, for it is easy to

* Reprinted by Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

guess the purport of her visit. Admit her instantly."

"The lady is anxious to be permitted to see your majesty alone," said the usher respectfully.

The monarch glanced rapidly about him with a slight inclination of the head, and in a moment the apartment was cleared; while, as the retreating steps of the courtiers were heard in the gallery, a lateral door fell back, and, closely veiled, and enveloped in a heavy mantle, Diana rushed into the saloon and threw herself at the feet of the king, screaming breathlessly, "Mercy! mercy!"

"I pity you, madame, from my very heart," said Francis, as he lifted her from the ground, and placed her upon a seat.

"Do more, sire," exclaimed Diana, rising and standing erect, her beautiful figure relieved by the sombre drapery which she had flung aside in the effort. "You are a great and powerful sovereign. Do more. Forget that Jane de Poitiers was the friend of Charles de Bourbon, and remember only that he was the zealous and loyal subject of Francis I. The most noble, the most holy of all royal prerogatives, is mercy."

"Madame——"

"Ah, you relent! My father is saved!" exclaimed the grande seneschale; "I knew it—I felt it—you could not see those venerable gray hairs soiled by the hands of the executioner."

What more passed during this memorable interview is not even matter of history. The writers of the time put different interpretations upon the clemency of the king. Suffice it that the Count de St. Vallier was relieved upon the very scaffold; and that Madame de Brézé remained at court, where she became the inspiring spirit of the muse of Clement Marot, who has succeeded, by the various poems which he wrote in her honor, and of which the sense is far from equivocal, in creating a suspicion that it was not long ere she became reconciled not only to the manners but also to the vices of the licentious court, in which thereafter she made herself so unfortunately conspicuous. Some historians acquit her of having paid by the forfeiture of her innocence for the life of her father, from the fact that in the patent by which his sentence was remitted, no mention is made of her personal intercession, and that his pardon was attributed to that of the grand seneschal himself, and others of his relatives and friends; but it appears scarcely probable that Francis would, under any circumstances, have been guilty of the indelicacy of involving her name in public disgrace, aware, as he necessarily must have been, of the suspicion which was attached to every young and beautiful woman to whom he accorded any marked favor or protection.

DIANA'S CARE OF HER CHARMS.

At this period, 1535, the widow of Louis de Brézé had already attained her thirty-first year, while the Prince Henry was only in his seventeenth; and at the first glance it would appear as though so formidable a disparity of age must have rendered any attempt on her part, to engage the affections of so mere a youth, alike abortive and ridiculous; but so perfectly had she preserved even the youthful bloom which had added so much to her attractions on her first appearance at court, that she appeared ten years younger than she actually was. Her features were regular and classical; her complexion faultless; her hair of a rich purple black, which took a golden tint in the sunshine; while her teeth, her ankles, her hands and arms, and

her bust, were each in their turn the theme of the court poets. That the extraordinary and almost fabulous duration of her beauty was in a great degree due to the precautions which she adopted, there can be little doubt, for she spared no effort to secure it; she was jealously careful of her health, and in the most severe weather bathed in cold water; she suffered no cosmetic to approach her, denouncing every compound of the kind as worthy only of those to whom nature had been so niggardly as to compel them to complete her imperfect work; she rose every morning at six o'clock, and had no sooner left her chamber than she sprang into the saddle; and after having galloped a league or two, returned to her bed, where she remained until mid-day engaged in reading. The system appears a singular one, but in her case it undoubtedly proved successful, as, after having enslaved the Duke d'Orleans in her thirty-first year, she still reigned in absolute sovereignty over the heart of the King of France when she had nearly reached the age of sixty! It is certain, however, that the magnificent Diana owed no small portion of this extraordinary and unprecedented constancy to the charms of her mind and the brilliancy of her intellect.

At a recent meeting of the Ethnological Society an interesting paper was read from E. G. Squier, our charge des affaires at Guatemala. Mr. Squier has already commenced his antiquarian researches, and forwarded several curious relics to Washington. He gives an account of the recent discovery of an ancient city, buried beneath the forest, about a hundred and fifty miles from Leon, which far surpasses the architectural wonders of Palenque. A curious letter was also read, addressed to the President of the United States, from the last of the Peruvian incas. Samuel G. Arnold, of Providence, who has recently returned from South America, met with the venerable inca, who is ninety years of age. He found him sitting in the shadow of the Temple of the Sun, reading Tasso.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

IT CANNOT LAST.

It cannot last—this pulseless life,
This nightmare sleep that yields no rest;
The speeding time renews the strife
To tear with terror Europe's breast.

Repose is not for dungeon chains;
Peace cannot dwell 'mid armies vast;
Content comes not with hunger-pains;
The seeming's false—it cannot last.

Though north and west and east and south
No crimson flag provokes the blast—
Though sealed is Freedom's trumpet mouth,
And quenched her fires—it cannot last.

Though frightened men in frenzy turn
To seek for safety in the past—
From moss-grown tomb and mouldering urn
Demanding life—it cannot last.

Though Despotism bids the sun
To stand at midnight's zenith fast,
Nor rise till vengeance dire be done
On all his foes—it cannot last.

Returning life, returning light,
Bring courage for that conflict vast,
With energy for years of strife
Unwasted yet, IT CANNOT LAST!
New York, Nov. 6, 1849.

RED FLAG



OFF THE TRACK. Digitized by Google

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Die Chemische Forschungen auf dem Gebiete der Agricultur und Pflanzenphysiologie.* Von EMIL THEODOR WOLFF. 8vo. pp. 549. Leipzig: 1847.
2. *Précis Élémentaire de Chimie Agricole.* Par le Docteur F. SACC, Professeur à la Faculté des Sciences de Neufchatel (Suisse.) 8vo. pp. 420. Paris: 1848.
3. *Mémoire sur les Terrains Ardennais et Rhénan de l'Ardenne, du Rhin, du Brabant et du Condroz.* Par ANDRÉ DUMONT, Professeur de Géologie à l'Université de Liège—Extrait du tome xx. et du tome xxii. des Mémoires de l'Académie Royale de Belgique. 4to. pp. 613.
4. *Geological and Agricultural Survey of the State of Rhode Island, made under a resolve of the Legislature in the year 1839.* By CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D. 8vo. pp. 312. Providence: 1840.
5. *The present State of Agriculture in its Relations to Chemistry and Geology.* A lecture delivered before the Royal Agricultural Society, at the meeting in York. By Professor JOHNSTON. From the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, vol. ix., part 1. London: 1848.
6. *Contributions to Scientific Agriculture.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.L. L. & E., F.G.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 231. London and Edinburgh: 1849.
7. *On the Use of Lime in Agriculture.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, F.R.S.S. L. & E., &c., &c. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 282. London and Edinburgh: 1849.

SUPPOSE an intellectual foreigner, previously unacquainted with Great Britain, with the character of its people, or with its social condition, to be informed that they occupied a small and remote corner of Europe, shrouded for many months of the year in fogs and mists, and seldom and briefly visited by the fervid sun, and that they raised from it with cost and difficulty the means of subsistence for their rapidly increasing numbers:—but that nevertheless, their legislature, though one in which the landowners were predominant, had recently thrown open their harbors to all comers, and trusting to their superior energy, perseverance, and skill, had invited the most fertile and favored regions of the globe to a free competition in their own grain markets—how would such a man admire the open boldness—how respect the determination of such a people, and long to study not only their character and habits, but the modes of culture practised with such success in a country so little favored by nature!

And were he actually to come among us, it would be easy for him, having started from the Land's End, to proceed from one warm-hearted and hospitable farmer to another, till the Pentland Firth arrested his course;—and all his journey long he might converse with cultivators of ardent minds, full of general as well as practical knowledge, who refused to despond, while they saw so much everywhere around them awaiting the hand of the improver—who, differing widely from each other in political opinion, or on the absolute pol-

icy of recent fiscal regulations, yet agreed in feeling that new difficulties only demand new exertions—and that to resolute men, the conquest of the stubborn land is as sure as the dominion of the sea.

On quitting the British shores, after such a tour, our imaginary foreigner would carry with him a true impression of the flower of English and Scottish agriculturists; and his original estimate of the skill of these island farmers, of their manliness and firmness, would only be strengthened by his actual survey.

But if, instead of being carried along, by his friends or his letters, where the best men and the most skilful culture were to be seen, he should fall into a less known and beaten way, and turning into the by-paths of our rural districts, were to quarter himself on the less instructed class of farmers—among whom are many who hold large breadths of land—how ill would the depression and despondency and ignorance of many he now met with agree with his pre-conceived opinions and glowing anticipations! What he had admired as a resolute, far-seeing determination, he would here be taught to regard only as the most culpable rashness; and what he had ascribed to large knowledge and confidence in approved skill, he would now be told to attribute to the temperament of over sanguine men, ignorant of what practical agriculture can effect at present, and of what it can ever reasonably hope hereafter to perform. How different the estimate of the character, the skill, and the social state of the country, which this second tour would leave with him, from that which we suppose him to have carried away from the other!

It may be that our former class of cultivators are, in some things, too credulous and venturesome; but most certainly the latter class are too desponding; and underrate, generally from want of knowledge, the command which existing skill might win for them over the difficulties in which they feel or fancy themselves to be placed.

To many, indeed, it may seem strange that in a country like ours, which, as a whole, certainly stands at the head of European agriculture, so much ignorance should prevail in regard to the principles of the rural arts—even in the best cultivated districts, and among farmers of the first or leading rank. But the truth is that a few individuals in each county set the example to the rest; make the first trials, run the first risks, and establish the successive improvements. The major part live upon the wits of these men; advance by the help of their knowledge, and adopt the experiments which they have tested. And thus the entire district no doubt advances, while the whole body of farmers obtain the credit of understanding what each of them comes at last to practise.

It must, indeed, always be so, in every art. All may learn how to do a given piece of work; but only a few will understand the principles on which the several steps in the process depend, or will be able to explain how the process must be altered

when circumstances alter, or when a change in the market renders necessary a corresponding change in the article to be produced. The true intellectual character, therefore, of British agriculture—the soul and spirit of it—is only to be seen in that upper class of men, among whom we supposed our foreigner to have gone in the first instance. They form the locomotive, by which the heavy rural train is slowly dragged ahead—and which so stoutly snorts against, and battles with, the steepest gradients!

It is not wonderful that practical men, who have never learned to take this humbling view of their own apparent skill, should undervalue the aids of the very science which, *unknown to themselves*, has really made them what they are. It has so often happened in ordinary experience that failure has attended the farming of mere men of books and science, from the want of business habits, and of a prudent conduct of their affairs; while such prudent conduct, with ordinary observation and some skill in bargaining, has so often made a farmer thrive—that book knowledge has often been driven to the wall, and the value of practice above science immeasurably extolled, where rent had to be paid. In the mean time, the real state of the question is overlooked:—Assume the same prudence, energy, and business skill in both cases; and then the man who knows the principles of his art the best, will, under the same circumstances, unquestionably make the most money. While we ask, therefore, for more instruction, we stipulate for no less prudence than before.

As often as farmers of merely local skill, (and most of our best practical men are, as we have shown, entitled to no higher character,) shift to new counties, where other soils and other customs prevail, their local knowledge, to their frequent loss and mortification, is found to fail them. They presume, in their shallow self-sufficiency, that what they did elsewhere must succeed everywhere; and that the local practice of the districts they have left will yield as large or even larger profits in these to which they have come.

We had the opportunity, a few months ago, of attending an agricultural meeting on the borders of the fen land of Huntingdon, where the Direct Northern Railway runs across the bog which quakes around Whittlesea Mere. At this meeting one of the most noted farmers of the district, in commenting upon the alleged superior skill of his Scottish brethren, so often, he said, cast in their teeth, stated, that in his recollection no less than six and twenty Scottish farmers had come to settle in that country; and all had failed except one, who was still under trial. The same result, in so many instances, can scarcely be accounted for by any cause less general than this;—skillful cultivators as they might have been at home, they had been unable to discriminate between the character of the soil and climate which they had left, and that of the soil and climate to which they had removed; and consequently they had undervalued the many local adaptations to those peculiar circum-

stances, which long experience had introduced among the native farmers.

In fact, an inspection of the heavy soils of Huntingdon and the adjoining counties, which rest upon and are mainly derived from the Oxford clay, will at once explain to a person who has examined the surface of the northern half of the island, why Scottish farmers, introducing unmodified Scottish practices, should fail, in these quarters, to cultivate with a profit. To say nothing of differences of climate, it is enough that in all Scotland there are no clay soils which at all resemble the clays of these counties—none so difficult and expensive to work, so stubborn under the plough, so susceptible to rain and drought; in which the *tide*—the time between too wet and too dry—is so short, and which in their present state require such special methods and so large a force to work. Under circumstances so new to them, it is not wonderful, therefore, that men, locally skilful, and yet unprovided with principles to guide them, should have miscarried in adapting their home methods to these new conditions. How much more generally useful would that measure of prudence and practical skill, which is almost necessarily acquired by every settled member of the agricultural community, become, were such principles universally diffused among them!

But while apprehension and despondency, whether arising from defective knowledge or from other causes, are disturbing the minds of so many, not only of the occupiers, but of the owners of land, it is of consequence to inquire—from what sources relief and hope are to be looked for? and, apart from fiscal regulations, what our own hands and heads can do, to uphold, as in times past, the prosperity of the agricultural interest, and the comfort of our rural population?

A pamphlet recently published by Mr. Caird, a Wigtonshire farmer,* discusses this question in a practical, though too limited sense. His position, that high-farming is the best substitute for protection, is well illustrated by the results of the actual management of a farm of two hundred and sixty acres on the estate of Colonel M'Douall, of Logan, in Wigtonshire. The improvements consisted of drainage, judicious grain-cropping, more extended stock-feeding, and high manuring; and, within a time not specified, they have increased the produce fourfold;—"amply sufficient," it is stated, "to pay the increased annual expenditure, and leave a rich return for the tenant's capital and enterprise besides."

Supposing two thirds of the whole improvable land of Great Britain, and nine tenths of that of Ireland, to be neither drained, according to our more perfect methods, nor subjected to the greater pressure of high-farming, over this proportion of the two islands the rents of land and the profits of the cultivator might be kept up to at least their present state, by the universal adoption of the more skilful and improved culture described by Mr.

* High-farming, under liberal Covenants, the best Substitute for Protection. Blackwood: 1849.

Caird. It must, therefore, be the interest of all persons connected with agriculture, and especially of the owners of such land, to encourage the extension of this improved system, and by every means to diffuse the knowledge on which the profitable practice of the system depends.

But more than this must be done. For the comfort and fair encouragement of all parties we must not stop here. If prices are to be permanently lowered, both for corn and cattle, it may be feared that improvements which were profitable under the old prices will not be so under the new. And, further, if the Lothians and Lincolnshire, and the best parts of all our other counties be *already* highly farmed, Mr. Caird's substitute for protection will not avail *them*. They not only cultivate well already, but they pay rents in proportion; and, unless there is some way for them to advance further still, both the rents of the owners and the profits of the cultivators of our most important districts must certainly fall. It is not, therefore, to high farming, in the abstract sense, that we can look for the general and permanent support of our national agriculture. It is only by the general introduction of improvements upon existing methods, on rich land as well as on poor, on the high-farmed as well as on the low-farmed, that the actual condition of all who depend on land is to be bettered, or indeed maintained. We must raise more corn and cattle on the same surface, or we must raise the same quantities at a less cost.

And how is either of these things to be done?

As in all the other arts by which this country has attained to eminence, it must be by the application of more skill. If the United States of America are now beating us out of any of our old markets, it is not that they possess more energy than we do, more industry, or more intelligence, or have cheaper labor; but because, from their earnest competition, they have in these cases been more attentive to avail themselves of the daily discoveries of science, and have accordingly so far succeeded in producing better or cheaper articles.

It is from the aids of science, hitherto so much undervalued, that British agriculture is to draw new strength. If other nations have outstripped her in any art, she, by the use of the same means, may surely outstrip her present self. She has only to carry out a little more zealously and generously into agriculture the system by which her other manufacturing arts have been raised to their present height; and the numerous cases of individual distress which all fiscal and social changes involve—and which, we may add, all great national triumphs bring along with them—will be swallowed up and disappear beneath the swelling tide of general prosperity.

But what has science yet done for practical agriculture to justify this opinion concerning its future use? This is a question which is still asked, notwithstanding all that has not only been written but performed of late years, showing the relations of science to practical husbandry in its largest sense. The works, of which the titles are

placed at the head of this article, afford us the materials for a satisfactory reply.

Our readers are aware that botany, physiology, geology, meteorology, and mechanics, all lay claim, and with much justice, to the honor of having greatly benefited general husbandry and those concerned in it. But during the last twenty years Chemistry has taken the lead in explaining the processes and illustrating the principles on which the practice of agriculture depends. During this period its materials have been gradually accumulating; and, when collected, systematized, and applied, as in the writings of Liebig, Boussingault, Johnston, and others, they form the wide and important branch called *agricultural chemistry*. Our limits make it impossible for us to illustrate and compare the claims of all the sciences we have named. We shall, therefore, now confine ourselves to the more palpable benefits which chemistry has already bestowed upon the agriculturist, and which it is to be presumed are but samples of what it may have still in store for him.

In a former article in this journal we drew attention to the systematic works upon agricultural chemistry which up to that time had been published—those of Lord Dundonald, Davy, de Saussure, Sprengel, Liebig, (the great author and guide of the movement still in progress,) Johnston, and Boussingault—and we gave a general sketch of the then known relations of this science to the various branches of rural practice. The chemical works we have placed at the head of the present article are such as have appeared since that time; and it is to some of the new matter contained in them that we now propose to address ourselves.

The "Contributions to Scientific Agriculture," being the most recent of these publications, comprises, as the introduction to the work informs us, a portion of the results of the researches which have been carried on in the laboratory of the author during the last five or six years; and a rapid glance over its table of contents will show us how widely chemistry enters into the various departments of rural life. It performs a part, indeed, in almost every process—throws light upon every appearance—explains the qualities and uses of all the materials which the husbandman works with or produces, and aims at removing the greater part of the difficulties which lie in his way. The culture of the land, the manuring of the crops, their value when reaped, the feeding and treatment of stock, the manufacture and management of butter and cheese, have all been made the subjects of analytical investigation in the laboratory; and the practical applications of the results of numerous investigations of this kind are presented to us in the pages now before us.

It is not our intention to advert to any of the subjects of purely theoretical interest which are discussed in these pages. But we propose to select, under the several branches of agriculture, one or two points of a positive and material kind, such as will illustrate the money value of science to practical agriculture.

The true and extensive money value of science to general husbandry is neither understood nor acknowledged. When, eight or nine years ago, the popular and most valuable work of Liebig drew the attention of practical men to the relations of chemistry to agriculture, their minds became suddenly filled with obscure and undefined expectations of some great, visible, and immediate good they were to derive from this relationship. Every man's visions were shaped according to his own knowledge and wants; but they were all equally vague. When a certain number of years had passed, and extravagant hopes had not been realized, a violent reaction set in; and, as is usual in such cases, we were told that nothing had been done. Yet all the while a great deal had really been done, and was doing. Analytical researches were gradually shedding light upon practical operations in every direction; and it is the immediate pecuniary profit, consequent on some of these researches, which we are now desirous of making intelligible to our readers.

First. The proportion of nitrogen* contained in different kinds of vegetable food, is a question which is connected with numerous and various economical considerations. This will appear by a statement of the opinion at present entertained concerning the relation of nitrogen to the sustenance of animal life.

Among the parts of the living animal, the muscles occupy an important place, not merely in bulk, but in reference also to the health and strength of the body. The muscles contain nitrogen; and, besides a little fat, are mainly composed of a substance, to which, because of its stringy or fibrous nature, chemists give the name of *fibrin*. Now this fibrin is almost identical, in chemical characters and composition, with the white of eggs, (albumen,) with the curd of milk, (casein,) with the gluten† of wheat, and with certain similar substances which exist in beans, peas, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, and, in fact, in almost every vegetable esculent, in greater or less proportion. All these substances contain nearly the same per centage of nitrogen, and are distinguished by the general name of *protein compounds*.

It is now ascertained that, when vegetable food is introduced into the stomach, the gluten, albumen, &c., which it contains, is dissolved and extracted from it, conveyed from the stomach into the blood, and by the circulating blood carried to those parts of the body in which, owing to the natural waste, or to the demands of animal growth, the muscles require to be renewed or enlarged. The power of a vegetable substance, therefore, to increase or sustain the muscles of an animal, depends materially on the quantity of these protein compounds it contains—or on the quantity of nitrogen by which that of the protein compounds is

indicated and measured. It must be of importance, therefore, to know how much of these compounds, or, in other words, how much nitrogen, different vegetable productions usually contain—how far the usual proportion is subject to variation—upon what circumstances such variation depends—and how far it is within the reach of human control. Such questions have obviously an intimate relation to the actual money value of food in the rearing and nourishment of animals; and a few illustrations will show how chemistry has recently occupied itself in solving them.

It is the object of chemical research not merely to explain known facts, but to remove misapprehensions and correct erroneous opinions. The recent determinations of the proportion of nitrogen contained in wheat have served both these purposes. Thus it was long asserted and believed, that the wheat of warm climates always contained more nitrogen, and was consequently more nutritive and of higher money value, than the wheat of our more temperate countries. But later researches have corrected this hasty deduction, and have placed our home wheat in its proper position, economical and nutritive, as compared with the wheat of India, of Southern Australia, or of the Black Sea.

Again: the British miller usually requires a portion of foreign wheat to mingle with our native grain, both to make it grind more easily, and to satisfy the baker with a flour which will stand much water. The pastry-cook, and the macaroni maker, also demand of him a flour which will make a peculiarly adhesive dough. These several qualities were supposed to be inherent only in wheat which abounded, in an uncommon degree, in gluten, and which was produced under specially favorable conditions of soil and climate. Modern chemistry has the merit of gradually removing these misapprehensions, and of directing us to the true causes of all such differences.

So in regard to the superior amount of muscle-forming matter supposed to exist in wheat in comparison with other kinds of native grain, such as the oat. Experience had long taught the Scotch that oats, such as they grow in their climate, are a most nutritious food; but the habits of the more influential English, and the ridicule of a prejudiced lexicographer, were beginning to make them ashamed of their national diet. Chemistry has here stepped in; and, by her analysis of both, has proved not only that the oat is richer in muscle-forming matter than the grain of wheat, but that oatmeal is, in all respects, a better form of nourishment than the finest wheaten flour.

But what is more, chemistry has brought us acquainted with the value of parts of the grain formerly considered almost as waste. The husk or bran of wheat, for example, though given at times to pigs, to millers' horses, and other cattle, was usually thought to possess but little nutritive virtue in itself. Analysis, however, has shown it to be actually richer in muscular matter than the white interior of the grain. Thus the cause of its answering so well as food for cattle is

* Nitrogen is a kind of air which forms about four fifths of the bulk of our atmosphere.

† When wheaten flour is made into dough, and this dough is washed with water upon a sieve as long as the water is rendered milky, an adhesive sticky mass remains on the sieve, to which chemists give the name of gluten.

explained ; and it is shown that its use in bread (whole-meal bread) must be no less nutritive than economical.

The true value of other kinds of food is also established by these inquiries. Cabbage is a crop which, up to the present time, has not been a general favorite in this country, either in the stall or for the table, except during early spring or summer. In North Germany and Scandinavia, however, it appears to have been long esteemed ; and various modes of storing it for winter use have been very generally practised. But the cabbage is one of the plants which has been chemically examined, in consequence of the failure of the potato, with the view of introducing it into general use ; and the result of the examination is both interesting and unexpected. When dried so as to bring it into a state in which it can be compared with our other kinds of food, (wheat, oats, beans, &c.,) it is found to be *richer in muscular matter than any other crop we grow*. Wheat contains only about 12 per cent., and beans 25 per cent. ; but dried cabbage contains from 30 to 40 per cent. of the so-called protein compounds. According to our present views, therefore, it is pre-eminently nourishing. Hence, if it can but be made generally agreeable to the palate, and easy of digestion, it is likely to prove the best and easiest cultivated substitute for the potato ; and no doubt the Irish kolcannon (cabbage and potatoes beat together) derives part of its reputation from the great muscle-sustaining power of the cabbage—a property in which the potato is most deficient.

Further, it is of interest—of national importance, we may say—that an acre of ordinary land will, according to the above result, produce a greater weight of this special kind of nourishment in the form of cabbage than in the form of any other crop. Thus, twenty tons of cabbage—and good land will produce, in good hands, forty tons of drum-head cabbage on an imperial acre—contain fifteen hundred pounds of muscular matter ; while twenty-five bushels of beans contain only four hundred pounds ; as many of wheat only two hundred, twelve tons of potatoes only five hundred and fifty, and even thirty tons of turnips only a thousand pounds. The preference which some farmers have long given to this crop, as food for their stock and their milch-cows, is accounted for by these facts ; while, of course, they powerfully recommend its more general cultivation as food for man.

We may add, while speaking of cabbage, that it is known to be so exhausting to many soils, that wheat will scarcely grow after an abundant crop of it. It springs up indeed, but yields little straw, and early runs to a puny ear, containing little grain. But the same analysis, which shows the value of the cabbage crop, shows also what it takes from the soil ; and explains therefore the kind of exhaustion produced by it, by what special applications this exhaustion is to be repaired, and how repaired at the least cost.

Again :—In many parts of our island furze or

gorse grows up an unheeded weed, and luxuriates in favorable spots without being applied to any useful purpose. In other districts, however, it is already an object of valuable though easy culture, and large breadths of it are grown for the feeding of stock, and yield profitable returns. Chemical researches show its nutritive property to be very great. Of muscle-building materials it contains when dry as much as thirty per cent., and is therefore in this respect superior to beans, and inferior only to the cabbage. Under these circumstances we can no longer doubt the conclusions at which some experimental feeders had previously arrived, nor the advantage which might be obtained from the more extensive cultivation of gorse on many poor and hitherto almost neglected soils.

The history of the Tussac grass is familiar to most persons. A native of the Falkland Islands, where it grows in the large tufts or tussocks from which it derives its name, it is described as fattening in an extraordinary manner the stock, and especially the horses, which graze upon it. Some of the seeds which have been lately imported into this country having vegetated, the grown-up plants have been analyzed ; and it was found “that the proportion of muscle-forming ingredients in the dried grass is as great as in the best samples of wheat, oats, or barley, and therefore that the grass is of a very nutritious character.” Thus its alleged feeding qualities are confirmed ; and we may look forward to seeing it, on further trial, domesticated in Great Britain.

The money value of the above investigations is obvious enough—and we do not dwell upon them. But the same branch of chemical inquiry deals with questions of a larger and higher kind. We shall quote one or two illustrations of this from the materials before us.

Among the articles imported in great quantity into this country are the oily seeds of flax, rape, mustard, &c., for the use of the oil-crusher—and the refuse or cake from foreign oil-mills, for the feeding of cattle. The importance of this cake, whether of home or of foreign manufacture, either as a manure, or as food for cattle, is now well known. But chemical analysis has shown that its efficiency is owing to the large proportion of muscular matter it contains, in addition to the oil which still remains in it. It has further shown that all oily seeds, almost without exception, are equally rich in this kind of matter ; and thus a common value has been given to the refuse-cake of whatever seeds and nut-kernels are crushed for oil. The experience of practical farmers would long have wandered in uncertainty, and have often battled with prejudice in vain, before it could have satisfied the agricultural body at large of the truth of what this analysis has at once conclusively and directly proved. In the mean time some of these cakes had almost disappeared, by name at least, from the market. Poppy-seed cake was suspected of soporific qualities. Accordingly, in this country it had till lately sold at a very low price—about one half the price of foreign linseed cake, and indeed was

chiefly used as a manure. But this delusion is now dispelled; and the difficulty of procuring it in our home markets is accounted for by its being mixed up with other cakes, and sold under another name.

New oil-cakes, too, have come into demand; and the same analyses which show their value as food, show also their value as manures. Hence the refuse of seeds, which for special reasons cannot be used for food, have found a ready sale among the traffickers in manures. Those of the castor-oil bean, of the purging nut, (*Jatropha purgans*), and even of the *Croton tiglium*, which yield the acrid croton oil, have obtained access to our markets; and form at once new articles of import and of traffic with other countries, and new means of improvement to our island husbandry. We save, also, for the use of man, what has hitherto been wasted as worthless.

Other consequences have followed. The best cakes being high in price, and their composition being known by analysis, it was asked—cannot an artificial substitute be manufactured, equally good as food, and of less money cost? Cannot the several materials for forming muscle and fat be separately procured at a lower price, and put together into another compound, at a cheaper rate than is paid for the costly oil-cake? A paper in the “Contributions” contains several recipes for compounding such artificial cakes; and manufactories for their preparation have already been established, in consequence, in various quarters. In this manner chemical inquiries are constantly giving birth to new arts; by means of which not only are new productions brought into the market, but old ones, with which they come into competition, are cheapened to the buyer.

Chemistry is obviously in close alliance with commerce. Every one is familiar with the employment of caoutchouc, with the innumerable uses lately found for vulcanized India rubber and for gutta percha, and with the large importations of both which in consequence have taken place. The trade in articles of human food is equally indebted to chemical science. Egypt has long furnished corn to Europe, and Egyptian beans are a staple article in our markets. But Egypt, Turkey, and India raise largely a kind of grain which in this country is comparatively little known.—The Darra, Durra, or Dhoora, is a very prolific plant, yielding a small seed, from which a perfectly white flour is prepared, and from which the inhabitants of the Upper Nile make a native beer. A quantity of the seed, lately brought into this country, could find no sale, till chemistry had replied to the questions—what is its nutritive quality? what grain does it most resemble? for which of our common kinds of food may it be substituted, and in what proportion?—since, on the answers to these inquiries depended the price which should be paid for it. The answer is, that “it has a nutritive quality about equal to that of the average of our samples of wheaten flour; is void of sensible color, taste, or smell, and may therefore be ground up with wheat without any

injury to the quality of the flour; and in its natural state it may be used with advantage in feeding cattle and poultry.” This answer, accordingly, assigns the Darra its distinct place as a commercial article; and thousands will be benefited by it, to whom the term chemistry is scarcely known, and to whom it would be almost impossible to convey an idea of the meaning of a chemical analysis. The same is the case in regard to Guinea corn—which is grown extensively in Barbadoes and in other of our West India islands—and to the sweet quinoa, the native food of Peru and Western Mexico. Their nutritive quality has been determined from samples imported for trial, their degree of adaption to our market pointed out, and their true economical and commercial value indicated.

With respect to the plantain, the native food of another large portion of the earth, especially of the islands and shores of the Carribean Sea and of the Gulf of Mexico, a still more interesting question has been raised. In Dutch Guiana, which lies on the north-east corner of South America, it formed almost the entire subsistence of the field negroes. But in this colony it was ascertained by statistical returns that the slave population was diminishing at the rate of nearly two per cent. (1·77) per annum; and this rapid decrease was by some ascribed to the food on which they lived. Its nourishing qualities were suspected. The problem could be adequately solved by chemical analysis only; and the indications of these analyses are thus expressed:—“In the tropical climate of Guiana, there is no reason to believe that the plantain, eaten in the quantity in which the slaves of Guiana consume it, is deficient in any degree in necessary nourishment, where the ordinary exertion of which a man is capable in such climates is alone required.” But “if the amount of labor exacted be equal to that performed by an able-bodied willing laborer in Europe, the amount of sustaining food given to the slave ought to be so also. However true it may be, therefore, that in ordinary circumstances, and when only submitted to ordinary fatigue, the kind and quantity of food given to the negroes of Surinam may be sufficient to sustain their health and strength, yet if, by means of the lash or any other extraordinary stimulus, they are made to perform more than an equivalent amount of labor, the plantain food given them may prove insufficient, and the population may diminish in a certain sensible ratio from this cause alone.”—*Contributions*, p. 154. Thus the dilemma was shown to be only shifted. If the planter was relieved from the responsibility of this mortality in one form, it was to charge him with it in another. The food of the negro had become deficient, in consequence of the excess of labor exacted from him.

We may advert for a moment, before quitting this part of our subject, to a domestic question, which has been sometimes made a political one. When it is looked at from a more reasonable point of view, it will be seen that one of the main ele-

ments for deciding it must be derived from chemistry. The use of Malt in feeding cattle has recently occupied much of the public attention, and the profit of malting barley, before giving it to stock, has been very much extolled. Now, it has been ascertained by chemico-physiological inquiries that a substance, when introduced into the stomach of an animal, may perform one or both of two functions. It may contribute directly, and in proportion to its weight, to the sustenance of the animal, or it may assist the solution, digestion, and consequent usefulness of other food consumed along with it.

In so far as the first or direct feeding quality is concerned, it appears that barley is clearly more valuable than the quantity of malt it yields; inasmuch as this grain loses from ten to twelve per cent. of its weight during the process of malting, of which loss six or seven per cent. consist of substances of a highly nutritive kind. Thus far the laboratory is favorable to the minister who seeks to retain the duty on malt. On the other hand, however, it is equally certain that malt possesses a remarkable power of aiding the solution of vegetable food in the stomach, and consequently of facilitating digestion. Food mixed with it, therefore, goes further—from the digestive organs being enabled to extract more perfectly whatever can contribute to the sustenance of the body. Malt owes this property to a substance which is produced in it in small quantity during the process of sprouting—the first step in the manufacture of malt. In this particular, therefore, chemistry makes out the superiority of malt to barley, and supports the practical feeder in recommending it as a food for stock. But this case, as most others, is one of proportion. The solvent power of good malt is found to be so great, that one tenth of it mixed with other dry food, or one twentieth with moist food, like potatoes, is sufficient to produce the chemical effect on which its usefulness in the process of digestion depends. Hence the stock farmer who was free to do with his grain as he pleased would malt only this one tenth of his barley—supposing him to be about to consume all his own barley, and to feed with that grain alone—and would thus incur only one tenth of that loss of weight or substance which, as we have seen, barley undergoes during its conversion into malt. How far the duty on malt interferes with the general market of the barley-grower, or whether it would be worth his while to agitate, for the sake of the duty now payable on the trifling proportion of the grain which he would retain in the shape of malt to feed his cattle with, are questions which chemistry, of course, does not pretend to determine.

Secondly. Let us now briefly turn to the subject of Manures. As regards guanos and similar substances, the services of analytical chemistry to agriculture are at present pretty well understood. It is this branch of science which has established numerous manufactories of artificial manures in so many places; and it is by its aid alone

that the absolute and comparative worth—the real money value of the products of these manufactories—can be tested and ascertained. On points so universally acknowledged, therefore, we need not dwell—though the merits of chemistry in reference to them alone ought to have secured to it a much higher consideration with the agricultural community, than has yet been conceded to it, for all the benefits it has conferred upon them. We will take an illustration rather from a subject in which chemistry and geology have played into each other's hands, and have entitled themselves, though in unequal shares, to the gratitude of the farmer.

Descriptive geology had recorded that in the deposits of what is called The Crag—and in those of the Greensand, which in our southern counties skirt the chalk on its southern and eastern borders—calcareous-looking nodules of various sizes, often including shells or corals, were not unfrequently met with. Chemistry applied its tests to these nodules; and as a matter of interest recorded that they consisted in large proportion—sometimes to the extent of sixty per cent.—of phosphate of lime, derived, no doubt, from the remains of animals which had been entombed in these ancient beds of rock.*

But by and by, as the composition of *plants* became better known, chemistry said—“Inasmuch as phosphate of lime being always present in, must be indispensable to, the growth of plants; and, inasmuch as bones seem to owe a part of their efficacy, when applied to the land, to the large proportion of this phosphate which they contain and yield to the roots of plants, it is probable that the mineral phosphate such as is found in these nodules, if brought near the roots in an available form, might produce a similar fertilizing effect.” Sprengel was the first, we believe, to whom this idea occurred. He made the first experiment with the mineral phosphate, which is now known to mineralogists by the name of Apatite; and, as he states, with considerable success. But the scarcity of the substance at the time prevented it from being of any real advantage to the farmer as a manure.

It is only within these few years that it has been discovered that the nodules, of which we have spoken as occurring in the Crag, were to be met with in some places in sufficient quantity to allow of their being dug up at a cheap rate: and it is little more than two years since they were first found in the Greensand in such quantity as to promise to be of use. But the trials which have been recently made with these nodules (after being crushed and dissolved by means of sulphuric acid, as is now

* When phosphorus is burned in the air, it gives off white fumes, which are called by chemists *phosphoric acid*. The white smoke which rises from a lucifer match, when first kindled, is due to the burning of phosphorus, and consists of this phosphoric acid. When united to lime, this acid forms *phosphate of lime*. Bones, when burned, leave a bulky white ash, weighing about half as much as the original bone. This bone-earth consists chiefly of phosphate of lime, which, therefore, exists largely in the bodies of animals possessed of bones. It is found also to exist in the bodies of all other animals.

so generally done with bones,) have been so successful, that manufactories of what is called *super-phosphate of lime* have sprung up, in which considerable capital is invested, greatly to the profit of both makers and consumers. There are at present many persons engaged, and in many countries, in searching for these nodules, wherever deposits like those of the crag or greensand rocks occur, and in inquiring whether other geological formations may not also contain them—so that it is impossible to assign a limit to the general gain to agriculture which may ultimately follow from this one investigation.

An examination of the beds of marl, in which the greensand nodules are frequently found, has proved that they also contain phosphate of lime, sometimes in considerable abundance, distributed through their entire mass. Immediately on such discovery, these marls rose in estimation. People now found out the reason of their having been often dug up by the neighboring farmers to lay upon their land. Where they had never been so used, their employment was recommended; and the peculiar and well recognized fertility of certain soils, which either rested on, or were formed from, or adjoined these marl beds, was at length satisfactorily accounted for.

In many other districts marls occur, by which the adjoining lands have been long known to be improved. Such are the marls which underlie the sandy surface of northern Norfolk, and which gave Mr. Coke the chief means of redeeming from their poverty-stricken state the thousands of acres he lived himself to see enriched. Such, also, are the marls which, in the form of nests and irregular layers of chalk drift, underlie the immediate surface of a large portion of the counties of Huntingdon and Bedford. Are there any phosphates in these marls? Do those of Norfolk owe any of their fertilizing virtue to the presence of mineral phosphate? These are questions which previous experience must now suggest to practical agriculturists; for science is a mistress who, in conferring one favor encourages her suitors to look for more, and shows them the way in which they are most likely to succeed.

But, in many other instances, chemistry and geology coöperate for the benefit of agriculture. The former says: "Springs which flow through the soil, or which naturally descend from higher ground, exercise the greatest influence upon vegetation. The substances which they hold in solution are sometimes the cause why particular applications, otherwise most useful, are in certain cases unnecessary, or even prejudicial." It therefore analyzes the waters. This is one of the duties which scientific agriculture now requires from chemistry, as much as boards of health. Accordingly, the complacent science compares the nature of the minerals and rocks through which they have come; when it finds that waters which traverse aqueous rocks contain soluble silicates—that mica slate springs contain silica and magnesia—that the streams which so often gush from lime-

stone rocks are charged with carbonate of lime, those from magnesian limestone or dolomites with sulphate of magnesia, from red sandstone formations with salt and gypsum, and from the Oxford clays with sulphate and carbonate of lime. Having performed its part of the appointed task, chemistry now hands over the practical agriculturist to descriptive geology; and she forthwith points out to him the places where these different varieties of rock occur; so that he may judge in what manner particular waters are likely to affect his soils, to influence his crops, or to modify the action of the mixtures he applies to aid their growth.

But the reciprocating sciences do not stop here. Geology then takes the initiative: "My greensand beds and my crag deposits are often rich in fossil phosphates.* Will not the waters which pass through them be comparatively rich in phosphates, also? and may not such waters materially influence the agricultural value of the adjoining lands?" Thus chemistry is again set to work, and arrives at new results; the pecuniary profit of which the unconscious farmer by and by steps in to reap, without ever dreaming that the labor of others, either manual or mental, had been concerned in placing them within his reach.

Again: "Some of my clays," says Agriculture, "are greatly improved by the use of lime, while on others no perceptible good has followed from it."—"Where are they respectively situated?" asks Geology. Informed on this point, Geology observes, that "the London, the Plastic, and the Weald clays, which lime improves, are of a different geological age from the Oxford clay and its derivative soils, on which it is often applied without any sensible effect." Both then turn to Chemistry to learn the cause of the difference in question. And her analysis speedily tells them that the Oxford clay often contains one fourth of its weight of finely divided chalky matter, or carbonate of lime, and requires, therefore, no further addition of what is truly understood to be a necessary ingredient of every fertile soil. In conclusion, an intelligent interpretation of the experience of the past is full of instruction on the course most profitably to be followed for the future.

The *Use of Lime in Agriculture* is the subject to which one of the books we have placed at the head of this article is especially devoted; and from the many illustrations this work affords, we will select one of a large and general kind.

It may be laid down as a universal principle, that in our climate a certain proportion of lime in the soil is necessary to bring out its full productive power. But as soils are generally derived from the rocks on which they rest—or from others at no great distance, geologically considered—the proportion of lime these rocks contain is a sufficient indication of the proportion which may be expected in the soils. That is to say, soils will not, in general, contain more lime than the rocks to which they belong; if the one is poor in lime, the other is likely to be poor also. Hence the analysis of the rocks of a district becomes of im-

portance to agriculture, as an index not only of the natural fertility of its soils, but also of the methods to be adopted in order to increase their productiveness. And, as rocks of the same kind often extend over very large areas, and are repeated at intervals more or less distant over the entire surface of the globe, it must frequently happen that the results deduced from a chemical examination of the rocks of one district will prove true of those of many other districts—the general composition of the natural soils will be the same, and the same practical conclusions will apply to them all.

Among other rocks, those commonly known by the names of whinstone and trap rocks, occur abundantly in Scotland; and the fertility of the soils formed from them is owing, in part, to the large per centage of lime which they contain. Again, the absence of lime in granitic rocks is one reason for the general unproductiveness of soils formed from them. The inferences of which we are speaking, must of course hold good of all other districts in which these several rocks occur, and which possess the same general composition.

But a more interesting case is that of the slate-rocks, (formerly called Grauwacke, and now distinguished as Silurian,) which cross the island from the Mull of Galloway to St. Abb's Head. This is a tract of poor country, cold and inhospitable, and, as yet, little frequented by agricultural improvers. A suite of specimens from the rocks of this district has been analyzed, with the following result: "The proportion of lime in the different beds of this formation, in the South of Scotland, is small. In general, as a consequence, the soils formed from them will be deficient in lime. In this the reason appears why, in practice, it has been found that the addition of lime is an almost indispensable preliminary to any successful and permanent improvement of the surface where these rocks prevail."

Over this large breadth of country no available beds of limestone are at present known to exist; and from our own observations on its western shores, improvement appears to have begun along the borders of the sea, and in the neighborhood of ports to which lime could be imported, as from Cumberland, from the Isle of Man, or from Ireland—and to have spread inland as far and as fast as roads were made to allow of its being easily transported into the interior. It is surely a merit in chemical science to have shown why such a practice has succeeded; and to have assigned a reasonable ground for recommending its general extension as almost indispensable, in a region like this, to the successful development of its agricultural capabilities.

We have said that the practical benefit of such a deduction is not limited to the tract of country in which it has primarily been made. It extends to all countries similarly constituted, or in which the rocks have the same general mineral and chemical characters. This, with certain exceptions, is very much the case with rocks of the same geological

age; and thus practical precepts like the above, when once recorded in our books, become part of the stock of chemico-agricultural truth, which is common to, and may be economically applied in, every country of the globe.

Take, for example, the memoir of Professor Dumont, of Liège, upon the Ardennes—a well-known tract of thinly peopled and poorly productive country, which stretches north-east from Mezieres, in France, to the Rhine, at Bonn, and according to some geologists, far into Westphalia. In reading the description of his *Terrain Ardennais*, one could almost fancy he was treating of the zone of southern Scotland to which we have just been referring.

"The greater part of the soil," he says, "is still barren. * * * Immense tracts are covered only with heath, fern, broom, and forests. The slaty parts present, in general, only deserts, dry or wet, covered with heath or with peat, according to their position. It is distinguished from the neighboring countries by the almost total absence of lime. * * * On its south-eastern extremity the plateau of the Ardennes is covered with a layer of clay, overlying chalk marl, which ameliorates the soil, and changes its character." The portion of the Ardennes to which the above description relates, is nearly of the same geological age as that of the southern slate country of Scotland; and the first steps towards agricultural improvement must be the same in both. The artificial application of lime has accordingly been found most advantageous in the one instance; while the natural admixture of marl in the other is seen to change and fertilize the soil. The researches of modern science, therefore, do not leave a doubt concerning the only prudent economical treatment of such a case.

But there is a host of lesser questions of a practical kind, in connection with the use of lime, on which chemistry has thrown a useful light.

Every one at all conversant with the history of agriculture is aware of the immense sums which are annually expended in the purchase of this substance; of the numerous misapplications of it which are constantly made; and of the injury which has resulted from such misapplications in every country of Europe. Hence the different opinions entertained concerning the purposes which lime serves in the land; the quantity which ought to be administered; the frequency with which it should be repeated; the amount of compensation which ought to be given to a retiring tenant who has limed his farm; and the ridiculous stipulations, in regard to all these points, which have made their way into leases and farm agreements.

Some of the greatest practical mistakes in the use of lime appear to have arisen from supposing that it acts primarily as a manure, properly so called, and that it is capable, in good husbandry, of taking the place of a manure. In describing the treatment to which he means to subject his land, a farmer will say that he means "to lime or manure" his land at such and such intervals; leases bind

tenants "to lime or manure" within certain fixed periods; and straw or hay is allowed to be sold off the farm on condition that so much lime or manure be brought on to the farm in return. Chemistry has shown the erroneous nature of the opinions which gave rise to such practices and prescriptions; how evil must follow from them; of what special kind this evil must be; and yet that, with a use of lime as liberal as before, the recurrence of such evils may be prevented. This, of itself, is a sufficiently intelligible money gift conferred by science upon the rural community.

Again, limestones are of use to the farmer, only according to the kind and amount of action they exercise on certain soils and crops. Experience had long shown this. The ancient Greek and Roman writers were aware of it; and, in our home districts, wherever a choice of limes exists, the farmer prefers one variety to another, because of a difference, real or fancied, in their effects upon his land. It was something to ascertain the nature and cause of these diversities; to explain, by analysis, the chemical differences between the limes from which such different effects followed; and thus to connect observation and science. But when practical men are at issue among themselves—when they cannot agree on the unknown qualities of a new variety of lime—when a prejudice exists against all the limes of a given district, in consequence of the mischief done by the lime of some particular lime-beds, or lime-works—chemistry has rendered the parties a still more obvious service. To the manifest advantage of both lime-burner and farmer, it is able rigidly to fix the absolute and relative values of each variety, and in every locality.

It is among the interesting consequences, by which all minute researches into nature are at once rewarded and encouraged, that the pursuit of one object almost invariably leads to the unlooked-for discovery of others—as the high road to a great city leads us past many mansions, opens up beautiful prospects, and brings us now and then to cross-roads where finger-posts indicate the way to places of which the very existence was previously unknown to us. The study of limestones, with a view to economical purposes only, would furnish us with instances in point. We will mention one of them, chiefly because of its close relation to the illustration we have already drawn from the mineral phosphates of the greensand and the crag.

In noticing these phosphates, we explained how essential they were for the production of bone in animals, and that to all plants they were a necessary of life; that therefore they must exist, to a certain extent, in the soil from which plants draw their mineral food; and that they constituted most valuable manures, accordingly, whenever any deficiency in respect of them had to be supplied.

Now, in analyzing limestones and burned lime, it has been discovered that a trace of this phosphate of lime exists in them all. In some it is merely a trace, in others it amounts to a sensible and practically useful proportion. One of the main benefits

which follow from burning limestones and slaking burned lime is, that the lime itself, being naturally reduced, or *falling* to an impalpable powder, can not only be extensively spread over and minutely mixed up with the soil, but is in a condition, also, to act more readily upon those ingredients of the soil which it is intended to influence. Of this minute subdivision the mineral phosphate contained in the lime necessarily partakes, by which means it goes further than a larger quantity applied in the grosser form of bone-dust, or in any of the other forms in which it has hitherto been usually laid on the land.

In so far, therefore, as they contain phosphate of lime, applications of quick-lime really act directly as manures; and since in some limes, even of the same geological age and position, this phosphate is *six times* more abundant than in others, we have arrived at an intelligible cause of the difference which different limes present, in the character of manures. To a soil naturally deficient in phosphates, and in districts where the artificial application of phosphates is unknown, the use of one of these limes rather than the other must be attended with important consequences.

Not only are such considerations economically useful to the practical man—in showing him *how* and *what* to select, and the relative money values of this or that variety—but they explain *why* in some places land will bear and pay for liming much longer than in others; why some soils remain long fertile without any artificial addition of phosphates; and how in some localities the rearing and breeding of stock, and the reaping of yearly corn, may be continued from generation to generation without apparent injury to the land.

One example, among the numerous perplexities of the farmer, we may venture to specify, as the statement we have just made enables us to explain it. Dairy husbandry has long prevailed in Cheshire. Now it has been ascertained that every milk cow robs the land annually of as much phosphate of lime as is present in eighty-two pounds of bone-dust. From being thus gradually despoiled of this valuable mineral, the Cheshire pastures have become less rich in nutritious herbage; and hence the peculiar benefit derived from boning them—a practice now so extensively and profitably introduced. But the Cheshire farmers found that after their land had been *limed*, bones were, to a great degree, a failure; while, conversely, some observed that, after a heavy boning, lime was not so immediately remunerative. The analysis of the soils and of the limes usually applied in that county, cleared up both appearances. The soil being poor, both in lime and in phosphoric acid—the two ingredients of bone-earth—was less grateful for the after application of lime, because the bones had already given it a certain dose of this substance; and, on the other hand, the soil was less remarkably affected by bones, because of the notable quantity of phosphoric acid which lime of a certain quality had previously conveyed to it.

The money value to practical men of an accu-

rate knowledge of calcareous substances, is strikingly illustrated by the fact that a few years ago a patent was obtained for the process of burning the shell-sand (sea-sand mixed with fragments of shells) which occurs so abundantly on the coasts of Cornwall and of the Western Isles. Plausible statements concerning the value of this burned sand as a manure were circulated and believed; and much money was wastefully expended in the purchase of it. The publication of an analysis of its contents by a competent authority at once destroyed the charm, and protected the farmer from further imposition—at least, in this particular.

Even the theoretical views of men of science in regard to fertilizing substances have often a direct bearing upon practice. In England we are fond of novelty; and we frequently yield our assent to scientific opinions when given forth with sufficient confidence, and expend our money in obedience to them. It is far from true that, by despising and neglecting science himself, the practical farmer escapes from its influence. The speculations of the men he underrates affect in an important degree the profits of his class notwithstanding. Of this we can now give a striking illustration. Analysis in the laboratory of the chemist had ascertained that ammonia exists in the atmosphere to a certain extent, and that plants always contain a quantity of mineral matter, derived from the soil. In the mean time experience had found in the field, that mineral substances, such as saltpetre, nitrate of soda, gypsum, common salt, &c., were often extremely beneficial when applied alone to our growing crops. Upon these facts, Liebig ventured boldly to propound two opinions—*first*, that the application to the soil of substances containing nitrogen was wholly unnecessary, because the ammonia of the atmosphere was sufficient to supply all they required of this ingredient;* and *next*, that a proper admixture of mineral substances was all that a manure need contain in order to render the land fertile for any crop. Thus mineral manures were strenuously recommended—alone, and for all soils. Proceeding upon the assumption that the rains are continually washing from the soil its mineral constituents in proportion as they became dissolved, he next concluded that the action of his mineral mixtures would be more permanent and efficient if, by some chemical process, they were rendered more sparingly soluble in water. Hence the origin of the patent manures called after his name. They profess to contain all the substances which the crops for which they are intended can require from the soil, and to contain them in a state in which the rains would not easily remove them.

The love of novelty, assisted by faith in a deservedly high name, has caused thousands of pounds to be spent in the manufacture of these manures, and many more thousands in the purchase of them; while even larger sums have been lost by the more or less partial failure of the crops they were intended to improve. It was in vain that

more cautious practitioners warned their brethren by their own experience; which the more complete and correct deductions of science have since confirmed and explained. Manures containing nitrogen are available in all soils in promoting luxuriance of growth; but the solubility of such substances as saltpetre and common salt, is one of the very properties on which their immediate and successful action upon plants depends. It required the successive crops of two harvests, however, to convince the parties of their imprudence.

These insoluble manures have now disappeared from the British markets; purely mineral mixtures, however, still retain an uncertain and temporary hold upon public favor. But two facts are sure to banish them from the list of fertilizing substances, which can generally be relied upon in all soils and for all crops. These are, *first*, that plants do really obtain and require from the soil certain forms of organic food; and, *secondly*, that all naturally fertile soils do contain a sensible proportion of such organic matter. Suppose a soil to be deficient in this organic matter, a purely mineral manure, however compounded, cannot supply it; and the application of such a manure upon such soils must be followed by a failure. But let it be naturally rich in such matter, and the mineral mixture may possibly be applied with a profit.

It must appear, therefore, how economically important it is to practical agriculture, that science should be steadily and cautiously prosecuted in its behalf; and that the best safeguard of the farmer's pocket is a knowledge of the scientific principles on which his art eventually rests. Without that knowledge, however much he may undervalue it, he is at the mercy of every rash hypothesis, and may be induced to expend his money upon the nostrums of mere money-seeking quack-salvers.

Thirdly. The Dairy and the feeding of stock form another general branch of husbandry, to which science has been of no less positive use, than to the two departments which, in the preceding pages, have principally engaged our attention. Indeed, this must have already struck the reader, from what we have said upon the subject of food, and from the brief allusion we have made to the specially exhausting effects of the dairy husbandry upon the soils of Cheshire, and the mode of repairing them which chemistry supplies.

In the case of dairy farms, the chemical examination of milk drawn from different animals, and under very varying circumstances, has provided us with a body of facts which admit of numerous profitable applications. Thus it is ascertained that the curd and the butter of milk correspond to the muscle and fat of the animal. Hence the reason why good milkers are generally poor in condition, and why the milk falls off when they begin to fatten. And as the curd and butter, like muscle and fat, are derived immediately from the food which the cow eats, and as we know the respective sources of these, we can in some measure control the proportion of each which the milk shall contain. If it is to be rich in butter, we select a

* The reader is, probably, aware that ammonia consists of the two gases, nitrogen and hydrogen.

food which, like linseed or linseed cake, is naturally rich in oil, or we mix other cheaper forms of fatty matter directly with the ordinary food. If curd (or cheese) is our object, we give food, such as beans and cabbage, which analysis has shown to be rich in gluten, or in some other of the so-called protein compounds. And if, while we are rearing calves, we wish to sell the milk which is high in price, we can, from our knowledge of the composition of milk, and of the various kinds of food at our command, provide an artificial substitute which will serve exactly the same purpose in feeding and rearing the calf, and yet cost less money than the sale of the milk brings in.

Our limits do not permit us to introduce other detailed illustrations of the uses of chemistry to the dairy. Why butter is hard or soft—how its quality is to be improved or maintained—how it is to be best preserved—why it becomes rancid, and how such a change is to be prevented—what takes place during the process of churning, what during that of natural or artificial curdling—what is the nature of rennet, and how it acts—in what manner we can prepare an artificial substitute for rennet which shall be easily made and constant in its composition, quality, and effect—how cheese should be salted—what kind of salt employed—why difficulties occasionally arise in the storing of cheese how they are to be overcome or prevented;—these, and many similar questions, are treated of in the works before us of the latest date. The mere enumeration of them is all that can be wanted to demonstrate how very extensive, and how practically and economically useful, are the applications of chemical science to the pursuits of the dairy farmer.

In our climate, the rearing and feeding of stock is scarcely second in importance, as a source of rural profit, to the growing of corn; and there are many who think that, under our altered fiscal regulations, it must and ought to become the more important of the two. It is certain that, so far as climatic conditions go, green crops appear to be more natural productions of our rainy islands than crops of corn. But, for the feeding of animals, science has done at least as much as for the culture and fertilizing of the land. The several purposes which are promoted by food have been investigated—what it must be fitted to serve if it is to keep an animal in a healthy condition—what is the composition of each of the more common kinds of food on which animals are nourished—how what is given to the animal must be adapted to its period of growth, to the purposes for which it is fed, (for work, for beef or mutton, for milk, for growth, &c.), and to the conditions of temperature, &c., in which it is placed—why one kind of food will keep an animal in condition for hard or fast work, while another makes him heavy, sleek, or fat—why the same kind of root crops are not always equally nutritive, what power we possess to increase their natural nutritive quality, or, when this quality is lower than usual, to bring it up to the natural standard—why green herbage is

more nutritious in its recent than in its dry state; and how the loss in drying is to be prevented—why new corn, wheat, beans or oats, are unwholesome food for a horse—why new oats make him greasy—why kiln-dried oats affect his kidneys—why hunters keep their condition better on the common Angus than on the potato oat, and why the meal of the former variety is a better support for the Scottish ploughman;—these are all questions which chemistry has taken up, and has succeeded in fully solving—or is confident in its ability to solve—and the least informed in practical matters must see how the solution of every one of these problems more or less directly affects the pecuniary interests of the holder or possessor of land. We might enumerate scores of other questions of a similar kind, which only scientific investigation can answer; and, as in the preceding part of this paper, we might illustrate, by numerous examples, the direct money value of such researches. But our limits compel us to refrain.

Fourthly. There is a fourth subject, not without its share of economical interest to the farmer, on which the volumes before us throw considerable light. All our manufactures produce Waste or Refuse materials, to which the progress of science gives a new value by discovering for them new uses. "Can any of them be of use to me?" Agriculture demands; "for what purposes can I employ them? and what price ought I to pay for them?" It is to Chemistry that we must suppose these questions put; for it is chemical analysis alone, which has the power of making a satisfactory reply.

When the principles on which the improvement of land is based are once fully understood—when the elementary substances are known, which are necessary to render a soil fertile, or to make a crop grow healthily and with luxuriance, and also their opposites—all we require to learn of any substance, with the view of determining whether or not it will form a useful application to the land, is, what it consists of, and in what state of combination its constituents exist. We can then pronounce with certainty whether it *can* be of any use to vegetation, and upon what soils and crops, and in what quantities, it is *likely* to produce the most beneficial effects. Chemical analysis, therefore, determines the value to the farmer of the refuse of the manufacturer, and upon such inquiries it has expended considerable time and minute attention.

The determination of such values involves two considerations—a chemical and an economical one. The chemical inquiry is—Does this substance contain anything which is likely to benefit the soil or the crop? and, further, What soils and what crops? The economical inquiry is, What is the worth of the refuse, calculated at the market price of the useful ingredients it contains? and, further, What is its worth to this or that farmer living at this or that distance from the manufactory, and having to transport it thither?

For instance, the refuse substance, though possessed of a certain money value on the spot where

it is produced, may lose that value when carried even to short distances; that is to say, the expense of conveying it a very few miles may make it a dearer application than a purer material would be more portable or nearer at hand. A simple illustration will make this plain. A farmer contracts with a gas company for all their white gas-lime, containing very little sulphur, for so many months, at sixpence a ton. This he carts six miles; and he thinks it much cheaper than the quick-lime which he can purchase at the lime-kiln, two miles from his farm, for five shillings a ton. But on a chemical examination, the gas-lime is found to contain half its weight of water: so that two tons contain only one of dry lime, for which, therefore, he pays a shilling. But, besides, the lime is found to be chiefly in the state of carbonate—the dry matter containing about two fifths—say only one third—of carbonic acid. Deducting this carbonic acid, we find that in three tons of the refuse there is only one of pure or quick-lime, which, therefore, costs the farmer eighteen-pence. If his return carts carry it home at the low rate of fourpence a ton per mile, each ton of pure lime will cost him a shilling a mile for carriage. On this supposition, its ultimate price will be seven-and-sixpence a ton when delivered on his farm. At the same rate of carriage the lime from the kiln would be laid upon his land for five shillings and eightpence a ton; and, being caustic, or newly burned, one half the quantity would produce an equally sensible effect. Thus the apparently cheaper material is in reality much the more costly of the two.

Many cases of this simple chemico-economical kind have come under our own notice; and they illustrate very intelligibly the way in which exceedingly simple chemical inquiries may bring about a great saving to the farmer. The study of waste materials, while it shows that some substances, though really containing what is valuable to the plant, will prove dear to the farmer at any price, has also shown that many other refuse materials, which have been hitherto thrown away or allowed to run to waste, might be collected with great profit for agricultural purposes.

We might proceed to another line of inquiry—the prevention of disease in plants and of destruction from the attacks of insects—on which, also, science has entered and made no small progress. But we must conclude our argument, which, cumulative in its nature, has already been sufficiently varied to meet the knowledge and to touch the experience of almost every reader. And we do think we may now venture to say that in the face of all our illustrations, it can no longer be said, with any degree of truth, that science is not of any direct money value to the practical farmer; and, if to him, then to the owners of land also from whom the farmer holds.

Half-read men are prone, in farmers' clubs and agricultural meetings, to exaggerate the importance of some trifling practical difficulty, and to lessen the value and usefulness of science—be-

cause, so far as they know, it either has not solved or cannot solve that difficulty. On the other hand, any one, who should declare that our present knowledge of this branch of applied science enables us already to solve every difficulty, would display as much rashness, and a degree of ignorance almost as inexcusable, as those who deny its intrinsic claims upon our consideration. A familiarity with the actual state of science will keep us from both extremes. There are still, no doubt, many points in regard to which our ignorance is very great; many more of which our knowledge is very imperfect; but the acknowledgment of this does not weaken the just pretensions of science to the intelligent gratitude of the agricultural community. It is at this moment busily laboring to remove these dark places from the surface of our knowledge; and deserves to be encouraged, not only because of what it has done, but on account of what it is striving and undertaking hereafter to accomplish. How little hitherto agricultural bodies have for their part done to secure the aids of science almost every farmer can tell;—while to reproach science that, amid all discouragements, it has not done more for a too thankless class, is not the most likely way of ensuring its more zealous services for the future.

To return, then, to the point from which we started. Many persons are apprehensive of injury to the husbandry of the country, in consequence of the abolition of our corn laws; and are asking by what substitute the prosperity of agriculture is to be sustained. We have said that more knowledge, especially of elementary science, is one of the ways by which this end is to be attained. But how, it is replied, will the possession of such knowledge aid us? The rejoinder to this is simple. It will enable us, either as individuals or as a nation, to beat in the race all other individuals or nations who, placed in similar circumstances with ourselves, possess a less degree of knowledge. Nay more—arm all parties alike with the whole knowledge of the day, and we still believe that our native energy will bring us through. We may possibly be left to depend on our home productions—or we may be called on to compete with the productions of the world. In the one case, we shall be able to maintain our whole population more easily and with cheaper corn; in the other, we shall be more likely to triumph in the fight, even over countries more favored by nature than ourselves.

There is, perhaps, a stronger argument still for our encouragement of the application of science. It is this. If we allow other nations to add the advantage of higher knowledge to their more favored natural circumstances, the decline of our agricultural prosperity must then become almost certain. Above all other countries, the United States of America and our own colonies—born of the same blood, and inspired with the greater ardor of young nations—are most to be feared by our home farmers. They are rapidly advancing in knowledge, and are eagerly seeking it from

every quarter; and if, while they enjoy so many other advantages, they can raise themselves even to an equality in agricultural skill and resource with ourselves—what will be the result to Great Britain it is not difficult to conjecture.

The eighth section of Count Strzelecki's "Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land" is a striking exposition of what is doing in those two countries for the improvement of their agriculture, and of the skill and energy which we may expect to see developed in our other colonies. As regards the United States, we may add another observation. The desire of their several governments to promote the applications of science to agriculture has been shown by the numerous surveys they have lately caused to be made, and by the reports—similar to that of Dr. Jackson, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article—which have been printed and circulated at the public expense. The anxiety of individuals also to obtain further information, and their estimation of its money value, may be judged of from the recent visit of Mr. Colman to this country. This gentleman was, in a certain sense, commissioned by his countrymen to inspect and report upon British agriculture; inasmuch as, before he embarked for England, he had already received upwards of three thousand subscribers for his intended work. His published volumes on British Agriculture are full of kindly and benevolent feeling. From being written for the most part while in England, and published piecemeal, they are somewhat sketchy and unmethodical, and, in this respect, suffer by comparison with the smaller and more condensed work of Von Weckherlin*, Director of the Agricultural School at Hohenheim, in Wurtemberg; yet they contain an outline of what was attracting most attention among us during the period of his visit, and can scarcely fail to be productive of good.

In respect to this visit of inquiry, also, we may remark that the welcome reception and ready communications on all subjects which Mr. Colman everywhere experienced among us—as is shown by his published letters—are not only gratifying to ourselves, as they must have been to himself, but will prove, we trust, to our kindred on the other side of the Atlantic that we are still influenced by the old adage, that "blood is thicker than water." Let such of them as doubt this come among us with open hearts, and try.

To return from this brief digression, we would say that here, as in America and elsewhere, to avail ourselves of all the resources which science has already placed within our easy reach, is not enough. We should also secure its more extended and zealous services for the future. In this way only are the difficulties, from which so much is apprehended, to be overcome. If with little encouragement, science has already, in so many ways, promoted the interests of agriculture,

* Ueber Englische Landwirtschaft, und deren Anwendung auf Landwirthschaftliche Verhältnisse insbesondere Deutschlands. Stuttgart: 1943.

what, as hopeful men, may we not expect from it when it is really stimulated to exert itself to the uttermost in our behalf?

In conclusion, while we speak thus of the uses of science, and the services it may be made to render us, we do not hold them up as infallible nostrums for all possible evils. We are not to entertain unfounded expectations from it, as if sudden and great discoveries were to be made on the occurrence of every new emergency. All scientific progress is slow, but it is also sure, and its benefits are lasting. Nor do we recommend the diffusion and enlargement of such knowledge as the only things to be done, or as precluding any other means of improving the prospects of the agriculturist. But they are methods which ought to be tried, and which must and will be tried sooner or later. We had better try them early, in the hope by their means of *maintaining* our existing position. It will be harder work to employ them hereafter, in the attempt to *regain* a position which we may then have lost.

From the National Era.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE south land has its fields of cane,
The prairie boasts its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold.

Rough, bleak and cold, our little state
Is hard of soil, of limits straight;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

But on her rocks and on her sands
And stormy hills the school-house stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The treasures of our commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health,
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain!

For well she keeps her ancient stock—
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws
And clearer light the good old cause!

Nor dreads the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands a school.

NEW BOOKS.

MESSRS. Ticknor, Reed & Fields have sent us a copy of the second edition, revised and enlarged, of *ANGEL VOICES: or Words of Counsel for overcoming the World*. After the mode of Richter's "Best Hours." We have looked far enough into this to think it a sweet little book. There may be some good lines left out of it, but so far as we have read we like very much what is here. We take the

opportunity of copying a favorite poem by the Rev.
Ralph Hoyt.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown—
By the wayside on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care;
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads, and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's stool,"—
Its grave import still my fancy ladens,—
"HERE'S A FOOL!"

It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted.
I remember well—too well—that day—
Oftimes the tears unbidden started—
Would not stay!

When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell—
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell,
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
ISABEL!

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel! said he sadly, I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet why sit I here thou shalt be told;
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow—
Down it rolled!

Angel! said he sadly, I am old!

I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!

I have tottered here to look once more.

All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this old gray rock where I am seated
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah! that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!

All the picture now to me so dear!

Old stone school-house—it is still the same!
There's the very step so oft I mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game!

Old stone school-house—it is still the same!

In the cottage yonder I was born:—
Long my happy home that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling;

Ah, forlorn!

In the cottage yonder I was born.

Those two gateway sycamores you see,
They were planted just so far asunder,
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under;—
Ninety-three!

Those two gateway sycamores you see.

There's the orchard where we used to climb,
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the sight of time,
Fearing nought but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!

There's the orchard where we used to climb.

There the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the cows were grazing,
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising—
Traps and trails—

There the rude, three-cornered, chestnut rails.

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing—
MARY JANE!

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain!

There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable
But, alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table—
Taken wing!

There's the gate on which I used to swing.

I am fleeing—all I loved are fled;
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When round it Jane and I were straying:—
She is dead!

I am fleeing—all I loved are fled!

Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story—
So familiar with my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high—

Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky.

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod—
Sire and sister, and my little brother—
Gone to God;

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

There my Mary blest me with her hand,
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere we wandered to that distant land—
Now, alas! her gentle bosom pressing;
There I stand—

There my Mary blest me with her hand.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old;
Early life no longer hath a morrow;—
Now why sit I here thou hast been told;—
In his eye another pearl of sorrow;—
Down it rolled,

Angel, said he sadly, I am old.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,

By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every Intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is: "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for	\$20 00.
Nine " "	\$40 00.
Twelve " "	\$50 00.

Complete sets, in twenty volumes, to the end of March, 1849, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at forty dollars.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

Binding.—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portrait of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Rudimentary Electricity; being a concise Exposition of the General Principles of Electrical Science, and the Purposes to which it has been applied.* By Sir W. SNOW HARRIS, F.R.S. London: 1848.
2. *Regulations of the Electric Telegraph Company.* London: 1849.
3. *Traité de Télégraphie Electrique, renfermant son Histoire, sa Théorie, et la Description des Appareils.* Par M. l'ABBÉ MOIGNO. Paris: 1849.

THE curiosity of the British people, which the wonders of science have fed so profusely for the last fifty years, has latterly not only spread over a larger area as knowledge has diffused itself, and increased in intensity as it grew by what it fed on, but has also remarkably altered its direction. From the days of the Stuarts down to a comparatively recent period, the unscientific portion of the nation was chiefly interested by marvellous natural phenomena; and concerned itself little in even the most practical applications of the experimental sciences. In our own day a totally opposite feeling prevails. A worthy naval captain comes home to announce that he has seen a great sea-serpent. His account is scarcely published before it is depreciated, criticized, and derided, from one end of the island to the other. The "Gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease," may differ among themselves as to what the good captain did see, but are quite at one as to what he did not see. In the seventeenth century any number of sea-serpents would have been credited; and the bigger and more uncouth they were, so much the better. None, indeed, of the treasures of natural history which the British Museum can now exhibit, are half so strange as a Londoner could take his country cousin to in the times of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. Feathers could then be produced which had dropped from the tail of the Phoenix. Ostriches were to be seen which, unlike the birds of the present day, had not pecked their way into the world through an eggshell, but had been born alive. Bones were plentiful, of giants compared with whom Goliath was a dwarf. Petrified babies were not very rare; or solid thunderbolts, or unicorns' horns—or barnacles which had first been shell-fish, and then changed into Solan Geese! Our forefathers rejoiced for the most part in believing such things; and the few that were sceptical could only hazard a doubt. Credulity, however, never absorbs the entire man. It appears, on the contrary, to necessitate a countervailing scepticism. Credulity and scepticism, indeed, are two blind imps playing at see-saw. Neither sees his opposite—although each would be flung off if not counterbalanced by the other; and

the arc which the one describes determines the space through which the other must travel. The terrified gazer at comets, and implicit believer in astrology, made himself amends, accordingly, by denouncing as a wizard the man who showed him the sun's spectrum on a wall, or the image of a tree turned upside down in a camera obscura; so that even the contemporaries of Newton thought it prudent to hide, under anagrams and verbal enigmas, their more striking discoveries from the vulgar observer. His faith was unlimited in one direction, and his intolerance in another; and he allowed each full play. To slay one's enemies was not only a lawful but honorable thing; to hang, draw, and quarter a traitor was the duty of a loyal subject; to shut up a man stricken with the plague, and leave him to his fate, was the most tender mercy which he could expect; but to dissect the dead body of foe, traitor, or plague-patient, was a crime against God and man! The credulous believer in a thousand imaginary natural and supernatural phenomena, unconsciously revenged himself for his credulity, by a fixed disbelief in man's power to conquer physical nature; and would not have stirred from his door to witness the most curious mechanical invention—or have wished it success, or expected good from it.

But these things have been long completely changed. The popular mind, like a magnet struck with lightning—which reverses its poles, so that it points to the south with the end which formerly pointed to the north—has been so electrified by the triumphs of experimental science, that it has whirled round like the disordered compass-needle; and what it formerly admired it now despises, and what it once despised it now admires. Had it been wise, it would have kept much of its old faith, (to which it will yet return,) and would have been content with adding to its previous beliefs whatever it found admirable in the youthful or regenerated sciences. But at present, when there seems no end to the achievements of experimental science, these achievements alone engross attention; and the public has not yet had time to count the cost, or grow weary of its new toy. It was not at all necessary, however, that botany or zoology should be thrown aside, because chemistry and electricity had recently abounded in wonders. A nettle or a limpet, the meanest weed or humblest insect, still more a nautilus or a humming-bird, is, after all, at least as curious a thing as gun-cotton or chloroform; and a torpedo or gymnotus is in reality a much more wonderful machine than a voltaic battery. Many-voiced, however, as the public is, it is not many-sided. It has latterly remorselessly narrowed its taste to a very few scientific subjects; and the present period

marks something like the culmination of a morbid relish for the exploits of applied physics. Supernaturalism is either entirely discredited, or reduced to a quite tangible realism, and subjected to manipulation—as in animal magnetism and phrenology. From chairs of chemistry, lectures are delivered on the nature of the soul; and the pupils of such a class, in a celebrated university, may be instructed one day as to the properties of magnesia or cream of tartar, and learn, on the next, that the burning kisses which passionate lovers exchange, are accompanied by actual flames, which the duly gifted may perceive hovering round their meeting lips! So strangely in our own day has the once invisible eagle, who dwelt near the sun, submitted to have his wings clipped, and taken his place among tame geese and barn-door fowls.

The natural history sciences, in short, although now of far greater interest to philosophers than they ever were before, have been completely eclipsed in general estimation by the experimental sciences. Travellers' tales have long been at a discount. The most distant places of the globe are now so near, in time, that it is worth no one's trouble to palm a deliberate fiction upon us as to their condition—when a few weeks at furthest may expose the fabrication. Every fortnight brings a mail from India and the New World; so that two weeks on an average bound the longevity of the most plausible imported lie. The public, needy as it was, waited with patience for exact information concerning the Californian gold; and its patience has been rewarded. It is still more willing to suspend its merely speculative curiosity till the mail shall arrive. We now hear little, accordingly, of marine or transmarine monsters; and the few that do present themselves are called to so strict an account by Professor Owen and his brethren, that if so much as a scale, a bristle, or a claw are out of order, it goes hard with them; and they are likely to be refused their certificates, like doubtful bankrupts. All this is well, and but wholesome discipline for the world of science. But the unscientific public has gone far beyond the most sceptical naturalist, in excluding from favor the once prized objects of natural history and phenomenal science. The only rare animals that have recently excited interest have been all, we think, of the human species—Red Indians, Bosjesmans, and Tom Thumb. Zoological gardens are everywhere in Great Britain struggling against extinction, and are indebted in many places to the humiliating assistance of fireworks or gymnastic exhibitions for their prolonged existence. How great the extremity is, may be gathered from the fact, that even the Zoological Society of London has gone the unusual length of prosecuting the defaulters among its members for their arrears. The same spirit appears in the loud outcry at present raised against the expenditure of public money on the palm-house at Kew—whilst thousands which no tax-gatherer demanded have been voluntarily flung away on hopeless projects which experimental physics were rashly supposed to sanction. Ge-

ology, except as a searcher for coal, metallic ores, limestone, or gold, is not the popular science it is often supposed to be. It is too difficult, comprehensive, and expensive a pursuit, to be largely followed by any but the highest grade of amateurs. The number of unscientific persons, accordingly, who realize to themselves, so that they can properly be said to believe, that coal was once wood, and ironstone once mud, and that there formerly lived on this earth such creatures as *Pterodactyles* or *Ichthyosaurs*, is, in fact, very small. Unscientific religious people are still, to a great extent, ready to account for every fossil by Noah's deluge; and reluctant to make any creature older than Adam. The irreligious, semi-scientific public, on the other hand, reads eagerly whatever seems to contradict the book of Genesis; but understands too little of what it reads, and finds what little it understands too far removed from its everyday cares, hopes, and fears, to trouble itself much with the speculations of palæontology.

The oldest and grandest of the sciences fares no better. Although astronomy has recently been discovering planets at the rate at which she formerly discovered comets, and by her one gift to the known heavens, of Neptune, has cast far into the shade all the younger branches of knowledge, yet the public heard with perfect indifference the really idle, but for it, trustworthy announcement, that Neptune had gone a missing, or rather had never been found. Were it to be rumored, however, that the electric light had proved, or would prove on the large scale, a total failure, its extinction would be lamented as a public calamity; or had it been but hinted that the wires of the electric telegraph were found to be rapidly losing their power to conduct electricity, and would soon refuse to conduct it at all, the whole island would have taken fright.

In speaking thus, we must be understood as excluding from our reference not only all those who study science as science, and all those who study it professionally as the basis of art, but likewise all that large class of intelligent amateurs of both sexes, who cannot be divided by a sharp line of demarcation from the students of science, or art, among whom they are often amply entitled to take their places. But after deducting the philosopher, the professional man, and the amateur, there remains the great bulk of the people of all ranks, who only indirectly and occasionally interest themselves in science. They are very important, however, not only by their numerical preponderance, and as the raw material out of which the special students must be drafted, but likewise as filling the important offices in the community of treasurer, banker, and pursebearer—and as furnishing the supplies, without which neither science nor art, in many of their provinces, any more than war, can be carried on.

The sciences which the public, thus defined, at present crowds to popular lectures to hear expounded, are Natural Philosophy and Chemistry—though it would probably be more just to say

that the arts springing out of these sciences are popular, than that the sciences themselves are. The laws regulating the elasticity of steam at different temperatures, the theory of waves, the "Idea of Polarity," the doctrines of diamagnetism, of electromagnetics, of isomerism or organic types, and much else, find no favor with such disciples; but screw-propellers, electric lights, and new manners are cordially welcomed.

The preference thus shown for the sciences of Experiment, as contrasted with those of Observation, appears to admit of a twofold explanation. The former have always the charms of novelty about them; the latter have long been familiar to all. Among the sweetest remembrances, no doubt, of happy childhood, are the early listening at a mother's knee to the sacred record of the Creation; the appointment of the sun to rule the day, and the moon to rule the night; and Adam's giving names to the living creatures in the garden of Eden. Nor is there any toy more welcome to children than the well-freighted Dutch-built Noah's ark, nor any spectacle more delightful than a wild beast show, or a peep through a telescope at the man in the moon. But when childhood and youth are once gone by, natural history is but too often left behind with them; and the starry heavens are seldom consulted—except at the changes of the moon, when the roads are dark and the weather threatening.

A character of peacefulness, serenity, and unchangeableness, belongs to the phenomenal sciences; and is one of their charms for those who study them profoundly: and this indeed is more or less clearly perceived by all. The heavens upon which we gaze are felt to be the heavens to which the first pair lifted their eyes in Paradise. The plants and animals we now see are not distinguishable from those which the Egyptian draughtsman made his designs from, or the Greek artist carved on his reliefs. But this thought, so soothing in some moods of mind, is out of keeping with the turbulent activity of busy manhood—especially as it occupies itself in our own country at present. Man's newest planet is probably heaven's oldest one. The last discovered flower has been growing for any one to pluck, since the flood; and kangaroos were in New Holland before Britons were in Great Britain. An air of majestic antiquity and completeness belongs almost exclusively to the phenomenal sciences. But even this makes them less attractive to a generation living more in the future than the past. In addition too, to the great charm novelty, the idea of Power is much more connected by the people with the experimental than the phenomenal sciences. The experimental sciences have in truth, within this century, effected so vast a revolution in the political, commercial, and social relations of the world, that men do not now know what next to dread, or to expect, from them. The natural history and phenomenal sciences, on the other hand, have not very visibly affected the recent progress of mankind. The services of geology in discovering valuable minerals, of zoology in pointing out the

localities of valuable fisheries, and of botany in introducing new vegetables, have been unobtrusively rendered; and have not come before the public in such a way as either to startle and be wondered at, or even to be understood or appreciated. Mechanics is applauded indeed for its steam-ships; but geology is not thanked for discovering, in Labuan, Chili, Australia, Vancouver's Island, and elsewhere, the coals, without which the ocean steamers could never have ventured on their stupendous careers. Chemistry has the whole credit of introducing guano; the fertilizing virtues of which had, however, been indicated by natural history long before chemistry had subjected it to analysis.

This habitual application of an *utilitarian test* to the sciences has necessarily excluded from attention some of the noblest of them. What was the planet Neptune to the utilitarian public, or that public to Neptune? His appearance in the heavens did not lead to any reduction in the window tax, or to any saving in candles. The skies looked no brighter for his coming, and the street lamps were as needful as before. The sea-serpent comes home to no man's business, and we trust will come home to no man's bosom. But the gunpowder-makers naturally enough quailed at the report of gun-cotton; and Sir Walter Scott's famous stage-coach companion, who, silent on every subject suggested for conversation, exclaimed at last, "Tak me on bend leather, and I'm your man!" would, if now alive, have taken interest in at least one additional topic, and have woke up at the sound of "gutta percha soles." The shareholders in the gas companies go about anxiously inquiring concerning the electric light; and coal merchants look blank at a recent newspaper paragraph which announces a method of producing an inflammable vapor from resin, charcoal, and water.

In all this, however, there is nothing surprising, and not much to be lamented. The scientific discoveries of recent years, and their marvellous applications in the arts, have been of such a nature and magnitude, as to astonish the most sober philosophers; so that we cannot wonder that they have filled the less reflecting public with extravagant hopes and fears. We are far from wishing to impute to the mass of the people a merely selfish or sordid interest in applied science. The least avaricious may well take alarm, at the prospect of a single unlucky invention ruining his trade or profession; and in a densely peopled country like this, enterprising young men, unpossessed of capital, naturally entertain sanguine expectations as to the substantial gains and honorable independence which may accrue to them from one successful investigation or ingenious device. But apart altogether from the perception of a pecuniary interest in the progress of discovery, every newspaper reader, however unscientific, perceives that the world is moving onwards at an accelerated rate—which, according to his temperament, exceedingly delights or exceedingly alarms him. Intelligent appreciation, in short, childish fear, childish wonder, a feverish spirit of speculation, and

infusion of cupidity, are all strangely mingled in the popular estimate of what the sciences are destined to effect for the world. The general faith in science as a wonder-worker is at present unlimited; and along with this there is cherished the conviction that every discovery and invention admits of a practical application to the welfare of men. Is a new vegetable product brought to this country from abroad, or a new chemical compound discovered, or a novel physical phenomenon recorded? The question is immediately asked, *cui bono*? What is it good for? Is food or drink to be got out of it? Will it make hats, or shoes, or cover umbrellas? Will it kill or heal? Will it drive a steam-engine, or make a mill go? And truly this *cui bono* question has of late been so often satisfactorily answered, that we cannot wonder that the public should persist in putting it, somewhat eagerly, to every discoverer and inventor, and should believe that if a substance has one valuable application, it will prove, if further investigated, to have a thousand. Gutta serena has not been known in this country ten years; and already it would be more difficult to say what purposes it has not been applied to, than to enumerate those to which it has been applied. Gun-cotton had scarcely proved in the saddest way its power to kill, before certain ingenious Americans showed that it has a remarkable power of healing, and forms the best sticking plaster for wounds. Surgeons have not employed ether and chloroform as anæsthetics for three years; and already an ether steam-engine is at work in Lyons, and a chloroform engine in London. Polarization of light, as a branch of science, is the enigma of enigmas to the public. What it is, is a small matter; but what work it can perform is a great one. It must turn to some use. The singularly ingenious Wheatstone, accordingly, has already partly satisfied the public by making polarized light act as a time-keeper, and has supplied us with a sky-polariscope; a substitute for a sun-dial, but greatly superior to it in usefulness and accuracy. Of other sciences we need scarcely speak. Chemistry has long come down from her atomic altitudes and elective affinities, and now scours and dyes, brews, bakes, cooks, and compounds drugs and manures, with contented composure. Electricity leaves her thunderbolt in the sky, and like Mercury dismissed from Olympus, acts as letter-carrier and message-boy. Even the mysterious magnetism—which once seemed like a living principle to quiver in the compass-needle, is unclothed of mystery, and set to drive turning lathes. The public perceives all this, and has unlimited faith in man's power to conquer nature. The credulity which formerly fed upon unicorns, phoenixes, mermaids, vampires, krakens, pestilential comets, fairies, ghosts, witches, spectres, charms, curses, universal remedies, pactions with Satan, and the like, now tapers with chemistry, electricity, and magnetism, as it once did with the invisible world. Shoes of swiftness, seven league boots, and Fortunatus' wishing caps, are banished even from the nursery;

but an electro-magnetic steam fire-balloon, which will cleave the air like a thunderbolt, and go straight to its destination as the crow flies, is an invention which many hope to see realized, before railways are quite worn to pieces. We may soon expect, too, it seems, to shoot our natural enemies with saw-dust fired from guns of the long range pointed at the proper angle, as settled by the astronomer-royal; which will enable the Woolwich artillerymen (who will hereafter be recruited from the blind asylums) to bombard Canton, or wherever else the natural enemy is, and save the necessity of sending troops to the colonies. A snuff-box full of the new manure, about to be patented, will fertilize a field; and the same amount of the new explosive will dismantle the fortifications of Paris. By means of the fish-tail propeller to be shortly laid before the Admiralty, the Atlantic will be crossed in three days.

Dreams little less extravagant than these are floating through the brain of many at the present day; not so sharply defined, perhaps, as we have here laid them down, for then their visionary character would be detected; but sufficiently distinct to fill the dreamers with a feverish anticipation of what the future is to effect. We think it well, therefore, to tell the public betimes, that it is a little crazed at present on the subject of applied science, and must learn to moderate its expectations; otherwise, after some additional disappointments, destruction of life, property, and capital, a reaction will assuredly come—which, alike for the sake of the scientific and unscientific sections of the public, we should greatly deplore. For, to the unthinking faith of the people, and the instinctively sagacious empiricism of the unscientific and semi-scientific, we are substantially indebted for many of the most precious gifts of modern science. These gifts are, no doubt, the true children of science; but, like the ostrich, *she* would have left them in the sand. They have to a great extent been nursed and developed into their energetic manhood by other than parental hands. Without science we should not have had our lighthouses, railways, locomotive engines, ocean steamers, or telegraphs; but it needed something more than science to secure their speedy realization. Had not blind faith put her hand into her pocket, and become shareholder and banker, science must have wanted the black-board and chalk of actual trial, with which alone the necessary problems could be solved. An unhesitating empiricism stopped its ears, when it was told by the oracles of science that no steam-ship could possibly cross the Atlantic—and incontinently freighted goods for New York—which were duly delivered! It was laid down, with equal authority, that railways must go as nearly as possible in straight lines and on dead levels; but empiricism would not read the statute—and railroads now meander safely in winding curves, and up and down most formidable slopes. It is the combination, in short, of rigid, cautious, hesitating science, with bold, sagacious, and often reckless empiricism, that has made the Anglo-Saxon races in the old and

new world, excel all other modern people as conquerors of physical nature.

We select one of their recent achievements, in which, however, other races than the Anglo-Saxon have a large share, for present notice—namely, the Electric Telegraph.

In what follows we shall not attempt a minute description of the entire machinery of the telegraph, but confine ourselves to an explanation of what is essential to it as an electrical contrivance. A full description of it has not yet appeared in our language. A treatise, however, is announced as in the press, "On Electricity; its Theory, and practical Application," from the pen of M. de la Rive, the eminent philosopher of Geneva; and a special work on the telegraph is understood to be in preparation by one of our own electricians. Meanwhile, an excellent description of the general principles of the telegraph, and the mode in which these have been carried out in practice, will be found in Mr. Charles Knight's "Companion to the British Almanac for 1843 and 1848," and in the *Révue des deux Mondes* of August last. We are indebted, however, to a French author for the only systematic treatise we possess, as yet, on the subject. The Abbé Moigno's work on Electric Telegraphy has much of the well-ordered method and admirable perspicuity which characterize the scientific writings of his countrymen; and he displays, in the execution of his task, more than their ordinary vivacity in discussing questions of physics. His work is, in consequence, as lively and entertaining as it is instructive; and is peculiarly valuable for its ample discussion of the relative merits of the different eminent men who have contributed to the perfection of the telegraph. This discussion carries the author over delicate ground (which we shall altogether avoid); for the majority of the inventors and improvers of the electric telegraph are still living, and claims of priority have been keenly contested among them. We must do the abbé the justice to say that, in disposing of these claims, he has shown a praiseworthy impartiality, and, in particular, a liberality towards the English electricians, especially Wheatstone, such as we do not find every day in French historical or polemical works. He is a little hard, in the body of his treatise, upon Professor Morse, of America, whom he accuses of claiming too much; adding, by way of justification alike of the professor and of his own judgment upon him, that "Frère Jonathan est très exalté, de sa nature." But he frankly acknowledges, in a postscript, that he has been "trop sévère envers M. Morse;" and for this, and certain other hasty but not deliberately ungenerous judgments, cheerfully apologizes on the plea of "ma vivacité." A translation of M. Moigno's volume would form an admirable basis for an English standard work on the Electric Telegraph.

A difficulty, at first sight very formidable, attends all explanations of electrical phenomena. The question is asked, What is electricity? And to this no categorical answer can yet be returned. The question, however, may be set aside, as not requiring

to be answered before the effects of electricity are considered. Of the nature of heat and of light, as well as of magnetism, we are in truth still quite ignorant; but we do not hesitate to discuss the changes which matter undergoes when illuminated, heated, or magnetized, without waiting till our theories of heat, light, and magnetism are perfect. We can do the same, therefore, with electricity, in explaining the telegraph, or any other electrical contrivance—provided we adopt some provisional theory as to its nature, which shall supply us with suitable terms for describing the phenomena, although it may be quite inadequate to account for them.

Two views, setting aside minor modifications, are entertained concerning the nature of electricity—very analogous to those now held concerning the nature of heat, light, and magnetism. According to the one view, electricity is a state, condition, or power of matter. According to the other view, electricity is a peculiar substance, or form or kind of matter. The latter is the more easily apprehended hypothesis; and supplies the nomenclature almost universally adopted in describing electrical phenomena, even by those who prefer, as more probable, the opposite belief. Electricity, then, may be assumed to be a highly attenuated substance—analogous to an elastic fluid, such as hydrogen gas, but infinitely lighter; in truth, not sensibly heavy at all. Bodies not exhibiting electrical phenomena this imponderable entity is supposed to exist in a latent or insensible condition, hidden as it were in their substance or pores. Bodies, on the other hand, which manifest electrical phenomena, have the imponderable fluid set free at their surfaces, in an active, sensible, or non-latent condition; so that it envelops them, as a fog does a mountain-top; or flows over them, as smoke does over the mast of a ship; or flows through them, as a current of warm water streams through a mass of cold. Electricity, as thus defined, is as invisible as common air; but when its intensity is high, it is cognizable by all the senses. It addresses the eye by its spark or lightning-flash; the ear by its snap or thunder; the nostrils by a peculiar indescribable odor which it develops; the tongue by an equally peculiar taste which it occasions; and the organs of touch by its characteristic shock. The unknown something, condition, or kind of matter, which is the cause of those and many other phenomena, is electricity. We shall, for the present, write of it as a kind of matter, i. e., as something over and above or superadded to the body, whatever that be, which exhibits electrical phenomena; so that a telegraph-wire will be referred to, as conveying a current of substantial electricity, as a gas-pipe conveys gas, or a water-pipe water. Before, however, we can consider how this wonderful agent is made to convey intelligence, we require to notice certain relations of electricity which must be discussed before the explanation can proceed.

The phraseology of scientific treatises, in reference to electrical phenomena, is very apt to mislead

and perplex those who consult them for information concerning special points. Such terms continually occur as, statical electricity, dynamical electricity, positive electricity, negative electricity, electricity of tension, electricity of quantity, friction electricity, voltaic electricity, animal electricity, magneto-electricity, thermo-electricity—till the distracted reader, who finds one electricity perplexing enough, loses count and heart, and closes the treatise in despair. But this formidable list of electricities, which might readily have been lengthened, fortunately admits of being reduced to *two kinds* of electricity, and *two modifications* of each kind. The kinds are *Positive* and *Negative* electricity. The modifications are electricity of *Tension*, and electricity of *Quantity*. Statical and dynamical refer respectively to free electricity, as either at rest or in motion; and the five other titles merely point to certain important sources of electricity—which, however, is essentially the same, whatever be its source. The titles, positive and negative, apply to a much deeper and more fundamental peculiarity of electricity than the terms tension and quantity; but the latter are more important in reference to its practical applications; inasmuch as they are variable; whilst the twofold positive and negative relation of this agent is constant—and, so far as we at present know, inseparable from the very existence and manifestation of all electricity. We shall discuss this duplex character of electrical force presently; but it will be better appreciated after the difference between electricity of tension and electricity of quantity has been shortly explained.

The phrases in question, which, philologically considered, are inaccurate and inelegant enough, are used to denote the difference which is found to exist between the quantity of electricity which any source of it, such as a voltaic battery, furnishes, and the intensity of the electricity so furnished. The distinction is one of the same kind as that which is familiarly recognized in the case of light and heat. In the phosphorescence of the sea, for example, which often spreads continuously over thousands of miles, we have an illustration of light very feeble in intensity, but enormous in quantity; a white-hot platinum wire, on the other hand, gives out a very small quantity of light, but that of high intensity; while the sun radiates light at a maximum, as regards both intensity and quantity. A similar variation exists in the case of electricity; only that we have no electrical sun, i. e. no source, natural or artificial, of electricity alike great in quantity and in intensity.

We measure the *quantity* of electricity in many ways; but most conveniently by the amount of any chemical compound which it can decompose. A machine or battery, for example, which, when arranged so as to decompose water, evolves from it four cubic inches of oxygen and hydrogen in one minute, is furnishing twice the quantity of electricity supplied by an apparatus which evolves only two cubic inches of the gases in the same

time. The *intensity* of electricity is less easily measured; but is well enough indicated by the ease with which it can travel through bad conductors; by its power to overcome energetic chemical affinity, such as that which binds together the elements of water; by the length of space across which it can pass through dry air (as in the case of the lightning flash striking a tree from a great distance); by the attractions and repulsions it produces in light bodies; and by the severity of the shock it occasions to living animals. Tried by those tests, and by others, we find that the electricity of the friction-machine, of an insulated steam-boiler, or of a thunder-cloud, has extraordinary intensity—while its quantity is excessively small. We speak very much within bounds when we state, that the whole electricity of a destructive thunder-storm would not suffice for the electro-gilding of a single pin—so insignificant is its amount. A small copper wire, dipped into an acid along with a wire of zinc, would evolve more electricity in a few seconds than the largest friction electrical machine, kept constantly revolving, would furnish in many weeks. No shock, on the other hand, would be occasioned by the electricity from the immersed wires; nor would it produce a spark, or decompose water—so low is its intensity. A double-cell voltaic battery, again, produces electricity of such intensity that its shock would kill a large animal; and it can force its way along very bad conductors—at the same time its quantity is so enormous that torrents of oxygen and hydrogen rise from the water it is made to decompose.

Out of the distinctions thus explained have arisen the phrases, electricity of Tension and electricity of Quantity. Interpreted literally, those terms have no meaning. We cannot recognize the existence of any Electricity, unless it possess such intensity as to produce some effect cognizable by our senses; neither can any intensity be conceived as separated from a quantity of electricity which possesses that intensity. The terms in use are thus very awkward. In ordinary language we should use intense electricity for the one, and leave the other undefined, or only call it abundant electricity. But those questionable terms are now universally employed; and are rendered necessary by the circumstance already adverted to, that we have no artificial method of producing enormous quantities of electricity at a high intensity. As produced by us, therefore, it must always take a character from the preponderance of its intensity, or the preponderance of its quantity. Tension is merely a synonyme for intensity, which originated in the hypothesis of electricity being an elastic fluid, which might be regarded as existing in a thunder-cloud, or on the conductor of a friction-machine in a state of condensation or compression, like high-pressure steam struggling to escape from a boiler, or air seeking to force its way out of the chamber of an air-gun. The word *tension*, we believe, has been preferred

to intensity, simply on account of its brevity, and its convenience in forming a double noun with electricity. Electricity of intensity then, or tension-electricity, is electricity characterized by the greatness of its intensity—or whose intensity is greater than its quantity. Electricity of quantity, on the other hand, has its quantity greater than its intensity. The intensity diminishes as the quantity increases; but the ratio which the one bears to the other differs through a very wide scale, so that a knowledge of the degree of the one does not often enable us to predicate the amount of the other. Practically, we have no difficulty in reducing both to a minimum, or in exalting the one whilst we reduce the other; but we cannot at once exalt both intensity and quantity. The discovery of a method of effecting this will make a new era in the science; and admit of the most important applications to the useful arts. Meanwhile we may compare electricity of tension, as we have done already, to high-pressure steam issuing in small jets under great pressure; and electricity of quantity to the thousands of cubic feet of invisible vapor which arise softly every moment from the surface of the sea. Or the former may be likened to a brawling, gushing mountain brook, rushing with great force but little volume of water; and the latter to the slow rolling Amazon or Mississippi, silently moving onwards to the sea. Or the first to a swift, sudden hailstorm or avalanche, and the second to the inexhaustible glacier, constantly melting, but as constantly increasing. Or the one to an instantaneous gust or white squall, passing off in a moment, and the other to the unceasing trade wind, forever sweeping gently over the bosom of the waters.

It depends upon the purpose to which electricity is to be applied, whether it should be chosen great in quantity, or great in intensity. If the chemist desires to analyze a gaseous mixture by detonation, he will use the friction-machine, to supply a momentary spark of great intensity. But the electro-plater, who has constantly to decompose a compound of gold or silver, employs the magneto-electric machine, or a small voltaic battery—which furnishes great quantities of electricity of considerable intensity. The electric light requires both quantity and intensity to be very great. For the electric clock the intensity may be at a minimum, and the quantity need only be moderate. The electric telegraph demands great quantity, but the intensity need not be very high.

This much premised, we may now consider its application to the construction of the telegraph. An electric telegraph consists essentially of three things. First, a voltaic battery or other apparatus to evolve, when required, electricity. Secondly, an arrangement of metallic wires or other good conductors, to convey the electricity to the distant places with which telegraphic communication is to be carried on, and to bring it back to the machine from which it set off. Thirdly, the

application of the electricity so conveyed, to produce at the distant station some striking phenomenon, which, according to a preconcerted arrangement, shall represent a letter of the alphabet, a numeral, a word, a sentence, a paragraph, or the like. A source or fountain of electricity, conductors to carry it, and a dial plate on which it shall cause an index to exhibit signals, are thus the essential elements of an electric telegraph.

Our present object is to discuss chiefly what is electrical in the telegraph—without much reference to the mechanical devices or subsidiary arrangements which it involves. Our first concern, then, is with the source of electricity; and, as our space is limited, we shall confine ourselves to the voltaic battery, the apparatus chiefly in use along the telegraph lines. A voltaic battery, in its simplest form, consists of two dissimilar solids—generally metals—arranged side by side, without touching each other, in a liquid which dissolves only one of them. One of the solids is almost invariably a plate of zinc, rubbed over with quicksilver, or, as it is called, amalgamated. The other is copper, iron, silver, gold, or platinum; the last being preferred for very powerful batteries, and admitting of being replaced by coke. For telegraph-batteries, amalgamated zinc and copper, or zinc and silver, are generally employed; and the liquid in which they are dipped is diluted sulphuric acid—which dissolves the zinc, but does not affect the copper or silver. Let us suppose copper and zinc to be the metals selected. We have it in our power to take all the copper we propose to employ, in one large sheet, and all the zinc in another; or we may cut down each sheet into many small ones. *The quantity* of electricity evolved by a voltaic battery is chiefly determined by the size of the plates made use of; but if we take a single sheet of zinc, however large, and a single sheet of copper, we find *the intensity* of the electricity they evolve exceedingly feeble. If, on the other hand, we cut down each of the large plates into several smaller ones, and arrange these so that the copper and zinc shall be placed alternately, in a way to be presently described, we find the quantity of the electricity much diminished, but its intensity greatly increased. Unless the intensity be considerable (although it need not be very great) the electricity cannot force its way along a great length of conductors; and, if its quantity be not great, its effect will be but momentary. Plates, however, a few inches square, supply a sufficiency of electricity for the longest telegraph line; and from twelve to sixty pairs of such plates are as many as are required. The exact number needed will be determined by the distance which the electricity is to travel. By varying the number and size of the plates, as well as the strength of the acid in which they are dipped, the quantity and intensity of the electricity may be modified through very wide limits.

A voltaic battery, strictly speaking, consists of associated pairs of dissimilar solids, such as zinc and copper. A single pair, or *simple voltaic cir-*

cle, like a single cannon in an artillery battery, is but an elementary portion of a voltaic *battery*, which is constructed by arranging several pairs together. The simplest voltaic battery, then, will consist of at least two pairs, *i. e.* of four plates, two of zinc and two of copper. In arranging these, two glass beakers or drinking tumblers are taken, and placed side by side, half full of diluted sulphuric acid. A wire is then soldered to one of the zinc plates, and a corresponding wire to one of the copper plates, and one of these plates is placed in each of the tumblers. The second zinc plate is thereafter soldered by one edge to the second copper plate, so as to form one continuous surface of metal. The compound plate thus produced is then bent over, so that the soldered edges form the summit of an arch, which resembles a saddle, with one flap consisting of copper and the other of zinc. This metallic saddle is placed astride of the approximated edges of the tumblers, so that the zinc flap dips into the vessel in which the first copper plate with the wire is immersed, and the copper flap into the tumbler containing the zinc plate with its wire. If we wish to enlarge the battery, we take additional tumblers, and such copper-zinc arches as have been described, connecting the vessels, half filled with dilute acid, by the metallic bridges which dip on either side into the liquid; taking care, also, that all the zinc semi-circles or saddle-flaps shall be turned in one direction, and all the copper ones in the opposite, so that zinc and copper succeed each other alternately, from the first tumbler at one end of the range to the last at the other. In actual practice, porcelain, or wooden, or gutta percha cells or troughs are generally substituted for glass vessels, and the pieces of zinc and copper are not soldered together, but only connected by movable wires and binding screws. But these mechanical adjustments are only for greater economy and convenience; and the battery remains, in principle, identical with the arrangement described.

Such, then, in its most skeleton and simple form, is the apparatus which is to furnish the *primum mobile* of our telegraph. Although each zinc and copper pair contributes to the power of the battery, the whole electricity generated by it manifests itself only at the detached zinc plate at the one end of the battery, and the detached copper plate at the other. A battery thus resembles a compass-needle or bar-magnet, which appears to manifest its inherent magnetism only at its opposite poles; although, in reality, it is magnetic throughout its entire length. In the practical application of such a battery, accordingly, no account is taken of any portion of it but the terminal zinc and copper plates, to each of which a wire is attached. To these plates all the intermediate ones convey the electricity which they respectively set free; so that we may, after all, properly enough conceive the battery as consisting of a single plate of zinc and one of copper. Such an embryo battery—or, rather, voltaic pair—might, indeed, be used for working the telegraph, where the distance

was very short; and it is quite within possibility that a single voltaic pair of strongly contrasted solids, immersed in a rapid solvent of one of them, will yet be found sufficient for working the longest existing or conceivable telegraph line. As it is, the intermediate pairs of the voltaic batteries in actual use are introduced only to give the requisite intensity to the electricity generated. They may be ignored in our further discussion; and our telegraph-battery will resolve itself into a piece of copper and a piece of zinc, immersed, without touching each other, in the same vessel of acidulated water.

For the sake of simplicity and clearness in our further description, we shall suppose the battery described, as locally situated in London; and that our object is to send messages to Edinburgh, without communicating with any intermediate places. An iron wire, plated with zinc to keep it from rusting, is connected with the *copper* plate of the battery, and then stretched all the way from London to Edinburgh, along wooden poles, erected some sixty yards apart. In order that the electricity, which is to travel along this wire, may not go elsewhere than to the northern metropolis, the zinc is *insulated*, *i. e.* prevented from coming in contact with metallic conductors, moist wood, or other surfaces which would transfer the electricity along the poles to other wires that are generally stretched upon them, or to the earth. The insulation is effected by passing the wire through rings or short tubes of glazed porcelain, attached to the posts, so that the electricity has no choice but to move along the wire. At Edinburgh the wire is placed in connection with the signal apparatus, to be afterwards described; and then is brought back to London through separate porcelain tubes along the poles as before, and finally terminates at the detached *zinc* plate of the battery. In the arrangement described, which is the earliest and most easily understood form of telegraph, it will be observed that the zinc and copper plates of the battery at London are connected by one unbroken metallic wire, which extends to Edinburgh, bends back there, and returns to London.

The wire, however, does not return to the latter city, in order to provide a channel for messages being sent from Edinburgh to London, as well as from London to Edinburgh. Without this returning double wire, (as we shall call it,) or an equivalent arrangement of conductors, it is impossible to telegraph from either town to the other, even if it were thought sufficient or desirable to send messages only from one of them. It will appear from this, that there must be something peculiar in the way in which electricity travels along the telegraph-wire. We have compared it to the transmission of a fluid; but the wires cannot convey it as pipes do gas or water, otherwise there would be no occasion for the return-wire. A tube extending from London to Edinburgh, and filled with air or water, might be employed to telegraph from the metropolis to the northern capital, as an air-tube is actually employed at the rail-

way tunnels near termini; and but one tube only would be needed, if messages were sent only from London. It is very different with electricity; it must not only travel to Edinburgh, but it must come back to London—otherwise nothing can be recorded at Edinburgh; so that the communication must be as complete between Edinburgh and London, although the latter only is to send messages, as between London and Edinburgh.

The explanation of this peculiarity, if we avoid the niceties of electrical theory, may be said to be found in the fact, that no electricity leaves the battery till its terminal zinc and copper plates are connected (after a long *détour*) by a wire or other electrical conductor. It is not as if one wire were sufficient at least to carry the electricity from London to Edinburgh. Our electrical messenger is like a government courier—who does not start till he is satisfied that there are relays of horses to make certain his homeward, as well as his outward journey. If there be not a return-wire, or equivalent arrangement, the electricity never sets off from London! or, rather, there is in truth no electricity to set off in any direction, till the zinc and copper at that starting place are connected. Till a communication is effected between them, the battery is equivalent only to a loaded gun. The completion of the connection is like the fall of the trigger which fires the charge. In a moment the battery discharges its electricity, which, with inconceivable rapidity, passes, by the shortest route it can find, from the copper plate at the one end of the battery, to the zinc plate at the other. No shorter route, however, is provided for it than the insulated wires, so that in the case supposed, although the plates to be connected are only a few inches apart, the electricity which leaves one of them must travel from London to Edinburgh and back again, before it can arrive at the other! Our newest telegraph, in this respect, is like Noah's most ancient one. His raven "*went to and fro*," and his dove "*returned*" to the ark with the olive-leaf in her mouth.

If we look, however, a little more closely into what happens, we shall find something still more curious than we have yet indicated, in the movements of the electricity produced by the battery. We have hitherto represented matters, as if only one current of electricity swept along the wires; but, in reality, if we are to speak of currents at all, we must acknowledge at all times two, moving in opposite directions. Electricity, like magnetism, always displays itself as a two-fold force. A bar-magnet, or compass-needle, has magnetism at each pole or extremity. The magnetism of its north pole has the same powers and intensity as the magnetism of its south pole, if we test these by their action on a third body, such as a piece of non-magnetic iron. But if we try two bar-magnets against each other, we find that the south pole of the one attracts the north, but repels the south pole of the other, and *vice versa*; and if a north and south pole be placed together, instead of the magnetism being doubled in intensity, it is reduced

to zero—or what we may call the northern magnetism neutralizes the southern magnetism, and all indications of free magnetic force cease.

Electricity exhibits exactly similar phenomena. In the very act of becoming free, as when it is evolved from a voltaic battery, it separates into two forces—identical in nature, but opposite in the direction of their manifestation—whose intensities and powers are equal, and which, like the northern and southern magnetisms when they meet, instead of yielding a double electrical force, neutralize and annihilate the powers of each other. To the two electricities the names have been given of *positive* and *negative* respectively—an unfortunate nomenclature, as it almost unavoidably conveys the impression that the one is more positive or potent than the other; whereas the negative electricity has as positive an existence, and as substantial powers, as the opposite electricity—and neither, in fact, can be produced without the development of the other. The terms in question, like the older ones, *vitreous* and *resinous*, are to be regarded, in short, as quite arbitrary, and might be replaced by any other words or signs;—though we leave medical men to explain the account which a wilfully ambiguous critic has given of *their* electrical acquirements: viz., that their knowledge of electricity is chiefly of the negative kind!

The twofold magnetism in a bar-magnet has been likened to a double-headed arrow at rest, pointing in two opposite directions, like a wind-vane. The two-fold electricity liberated from a battery may be likened to a similar double-headed arrow—not at rest however, but rapidly elongating itself in opposite directions, so as to separate its two heads or points further and further from one another. The one arrow-head represents positive, the other negative, electricity. Though they separate, they are never disunited. At first they move straight away from each other; but their paths are equivalent to semicircles of the same radius, and are in the same plane, so that they ultimately meet—and in the act of meeting, each arrow-head destroys the other, and a harmless non-electric circle is completed. The Egyptian hieroglyphical serpent, devouring its tail, might be accepted as the symbol of the closed electric circuit.

If we apply what has now been said to the telegraph, the necessity for the two wires will appear in a new light. When the plates of the battery, consisting of amalgamated zinc and copper, are merely placed apart from each other in dilute sulphuric acid, no change of any kind occurs. But if they are connected, as by attaching the zinc to the one end of the double telegraph wire, and the copper to the other end, the zinc immediately begins to dissolve in the acid; and simultaneously with this solution of the metal, and the evolution of hydrogen from the water, electricity in its two-fold form is developed. At the middle point in the liquid between the two immersed plates we may suppose the electricity to come into existence,—likening it as before to a double-headed arrow. Elongating themselves in directly opposite direc-

tions through the liquid, the one arrow-head speedily reaches the copper plate on the one side, and the other arrow-head the zinc on the other. The arrow at the copper is positive electricity. If we speak of it as before, we shall say that a current of positive electricity flows from the copper along the telegraph wire to Edinburgh, and then returns to the zinc plate, where it may be regarded as stopping:—at the same time that a current of negative electricity travels from the zinc plate along the same telegraph wire, in an opposite direction to that taken by the positive current, and may be considered as ending at the copper plate.

According to this view, the narrowest telegraph wire may be compared to a railway with two sets of rails, along which trains (of positive and negative electricity) travel in opposite directions—in obedience to a statute which requires that there shall always be two opposite trains moving at the same time along the rails. We must further regard the wire, whilst conveying electricity, as traversed, not by solitary engines or a few carriages, but by trains occupying the entire length of the railway—fresh carriages constantly setting off at the one end, and being detached at the other.

The necessity, however, for the double wire, is best seen when we revert to the notion of electricity travelling like a flying arrow. The route of the arrow is the wire, and the latter must be double, because the arrow itself is not an English cloth-yard shaft, which flies only in one direction; but such a two-forked thunder-bolt as the Greek sculptors placed in the clenched hand of Jupiter Tonans, which shoots east and west or north and south at the same time, and the one bolt of which will not fly in one direction unless the other is equally free to move in the opposite direction.

What evidence, it may here be asked, is there to show that anything substantial moves along the telegraph-wires? To this, as already implied, there is but one answer. No actual proof can be given of the passage of anything material. The flowing currents and the flying arrows are both purely imaginary—though the one is an hypothesis, and the other but an illustration. But there is yet another mode of explaining the apparent passage of this invisible agent. It is, to be sure, quite as hypothetical as the other two; but it is, on the whole, more likely to be true; and it is therefore now preferred by most men of science. Our discussion would consequently be incomplete if we did not refer to it.

According to this view, the metallic conductor, such as the telegraph-wire which connects the terminal plates of the voltaic battery, is not a highway along which electricity travels; but the wire exhibits electrical phenomena throughout its entire length, only because its connection with the zinc and copper wetted by the acid, produces, for the time, a new arrangement of its own particles or molecules, which invests the wire with new properties—those, namely, which we call electrical. Nor is there anything extreme or anomalous in this assumption. The whole of physical sci-

ence bears testimony to the fact that we cannot alter the arrangement of the component parts of a mass, without inducing a corresponding change in the qualities of the mass those atoms build up. Soot and wood-charcoal, coke and black lead, owe their different properties merely to a different arrangement of identical particles of carbon; and a further modification of these invests them with the utterly diverse and characteristic attributes of the diamond. But the electrical differences between two wires, one acting as an electrical conductor, and the other not, surely are not greater than the optical differences between a lump of coke and a diamond crystal—or between carbonate of lime, uncrystallized in chalk, and crystallized in pellucid Iceland spar. We can set no limits, indeed, to the extent to which modification of molecular arrangement will affect the properties of a mass.

Nor is it any objection to such a view, that a metallic wire is a rigid solid, the component particles of which are so locked together as not to admit of motion upon each other, or change of relative position. The opinion once entertained, that only liquids and gases permit the mobility requisite for alteration in molecular arrangement, is now universally abandoned. And, indeed, the expansion and contraction of a mass of metal under the influence of heat and cold is a sufficient refutation of it. The Menai tubular iron bridge creeps, like a huge snake, backward and forward several inches during the twenty-four hours of a midsummer day. The massive glacier changes, from an aggregate of minute crystals of packed snow, into a mountain of clear ice. Every school-boy is familiar with the same phenomenon as developed during the formation of a slide on a surface of snow. In copper mines, an iron hammer, dropped into a pool saturated with cupreous salts, is found, after the lapse of years, converted into a hammer of copper:—the whole of the iron has been extracted, and its place supplied, to the very centre, by copper—without the form or the bulk of the solid having altered during the process of transmutation. During the production of steel from iron, in like manner, the latter is embedded in charcoal powder, and the whole made red hot. The charcoal then penetrates into the solid iron, and impregnates its entire mass.

These examples (and many more might be added) apply to alterations in the structure of solid masses, much greater than we need assume to occur in an electrical conductor. So that we need not hesitate to admit as possible, molecular changes of a more simple character. The change that probably happens in the telegraph-wire is believed to resemble what we can pretty confidently affirm to take place in magnetized iron, where the characteristic phenomena are more readily observed, and are more familiar than in the case of electrical conductors. A bar-magnet, or compass-needle, appears at first sight to possess magnetic powers only at each end, or pole. On closer examination, however, it is found to possess the opposite northern and southern magnetisms, in alternate succe-

sion throughout its entire length. We may compare it to one of the lines or stripes of a chess-board, or tessellated pavement, made up of *alternate* colored pieces. The colors, however, must be only two—for example, blue and yellow: the first square, or tessera, being of the one color, and the last of the other. A piece of non-magnetic iron becomes temporarily magnetic if brought into the neighborhood of a permanent magnet, such as a loadstone; and while thus magnetic, the iron exhibits the same alternation of oppositely magnetic particles which the compass-needle does. We may liken non-magnetic iron to an aggregate of compound green particles. It becomes magnetic in consequence of each of these separating into a blue and a yellow particle—which follow each other alternately in rows. When the iron ceases to be magnetic, in consequence of the withdrawal of the loadstone, the result is as if the blue and yellow particles united again, and the whole became uniformly green. In like manner the wire which connects the zinc and copper of a voltaic battery is believed, in consequence of its junction with these metals whilst they are affected by the acid, to have induced upon it, throughout its entire length, a succession of alternate electro-positive and electro-negative points, or particles possessed of positive and negative electricity respectively. The arrangement is of exactly the same kind as that of the magnetic bar—only it is an alternation, not of the opposite magnetisms, but of the opposite electricities. They remain separate so long as the constraining force of the battery is exerted upon them; but the instant the wire is disconnected from it, the separate electricities unite, and all electrical phenomena cease. We may liken the telegraph-wire, when disconnected from the battery, to a thread on which purple beads are strung together, as on a necklace. When the wire is connected with the battery, each purple bead separates into a red (positively electric) and blue (negatively electric) one. The red and blue beads now succeed each other alternately along the line; and remain separate, whilst, in the language of another theory, electricity is passing; but they coalesce again into the compound purple spheres, so soon as the connection with the battery is interrupted.

According to this view, there is no travelling of electricity charged with messages from one station to another. The message telegraphed from London to Edinburgh is not wasted by electricity which speeds from the former, inscribes its hieroglyphics at the latter as it rushes past, and fleets back to London; but the telegraph-wire, with inconceivable rapidity, merely arranges its own constituent particles, from end to end, in alternate electro-positive and electro-negative molecules; and the index on the Edinburgh dial plate is affected only by the small portion of the wire which surrounds the gnomon. It is as if a row of men were placed side by side from Edinburgh to London, with signal-flags in their hands. The flag shown as a signal at Edinburgh has not been

passed along the line. No man has stirred further than to observe the flag shown him by his neighbor on the one side, and to show a corresponding flag to his neighbor on the other. The flag displayed at Edinburgh was there from the first, though unfurled, and remains there concealed, till the next message is telegraphed from man to man.*

* The arrangement described in the text, of alternate oppositely magnetic or oppositely electrical particles, is an example of what is called Polarization. A compass-needle exhibits magnetic polarity; a voltaic battery or electrical conductor, electric polarity. We have hitherto avoided the word, because it has proved a stumbling-block rather than a help, in the exposition of the physical sciences, to those who do not make them a special study. A few words, however, in explanation of the "idea of polarity" may be given here. The terms, "to polarize," "polarization," and "polarity," are taken from the compass-needle, the extremities of which pointing, the one to the north pole of the earth, the other to the south pole, have long been distinguished as the *poles* of the compass-needle, or magnet. The largest magnet, moreover, appears to consist of a multitude of smaller magnets, arranged in rows end to end. The magnetic properties of the hugest magnet are thus referred to its consisting throughout its entire mass of particles, each of which if detached would exhibit a north and south pole. If this polar arrangement be destroyed, all magnetic phenomena cease. Thus, if a loadstone be approached to a piece of soft iron it polarizes it, or induces in it magnetic polarity. In other words, the loadstone develops alternate north and south poles in the iron, and this polarization of the particles of the metal continues as long as the loadstone is in its neighborhood.

The idea, suggested by magnetic phenomena, of alternate poles, is transferred to electricity as well as to other forces—with an important restriction, however, the overlooking of which is the great cause of the unintelligibility to general readers of all references to polarity.

In its extended sense, the term carries with it only the conception of an alternation of particles, or points, (centres of force,) possessed of opposite powers—without including the idea of those particles having a directive tendency in space, so that they take up positions in relation to the poles of the earth. Thus the polarity of *light* is evidenced in one class of phenomena, the polarity of *heat* in another, that of *electricity* in a third, that of *chemical affinity* (which, however, is perhaps identical with electrical polarity) in a fourth, that of *crystalline affinity* in a fifth. But light, (polarized) heat, (polarized) electricity, chemical affinity, and crystalline affinity, all agree with magnetism, in manifesting their powers, *not as single, but as two-fold forces*; and are all characterized by the exhibition, side by side, of two agencies, the same in nature, yet opposite in the mode of their manifestation. Thus positive and negative electricity have each a power of attraction and a power of repulsion, of the same kind, of the same intensity, and regulated by the same laws—except that in the circumstances where the one electricity exhibits attraction, the other exhibits repulsion, and *vice versa*. And, in like manner, a ray of polarized light, or heat, a row of magnetized or electrified molecules, or a row of atoms under the influence of chemical affinity or crystalline agency, agree in the manifestation of a twofold force, exhibiting itself in the alternation of oppositely endowed points or particles.

This common character is now denoted by saying that they all exhibit polarity; nor have we any other term in our language possessing the same signification. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that its value has been lessened by its vague employment. By many it is used to denote the mere antagonism of two forces. Man, for example, is said to exhibit polarity, because he is possessed of soul and body! And though such language might be consistent in the mouth of a pure idealist, or a pure materialist, it is not competent to one who regards mind and matter as essentially distinct. Polarity is not merely the antagonism or dualistic development of two unlike forces. We can keep a mass of iron suspended either by a loadstone or by a spring, or by the muscular exertion of an animal. And here we have three examples of the antagonistic manifestation of two forces—gravity and magnetism, gravity and elasticity, gravity and vital force. But none of those are exhibitions of polarity. It is the antagonistic or dualistic

The reader can select whichever of the explanations now given he prefers, or can devise theories for himself, or dispense with any. But the ultimate and only important *fact* in reference to the telegraph is, that by the marvellously simple device of dissolving a few pieces of metal connected with a long wire, we can develop instantaneously, a thousand miles off, a force which will speak for us, write for us, print for us, and, so far as the conveyance of our thoughts is concerned, annihilate space and time. This annihilation is not of course complete, but in reference to practice it may be called so. Shakspeare's Juliet refers to "the lightning which doth cease to be, ere one can say it lightens." The exact velocity of electricity along a copper wire is 288,000 miles in a second. It is calculated, accordingly, that we could telegraph to our antipodes in rather less than the five hundredth part of one second of time!

The most impatient of correspondents may be satisfied with this velocity; and we may now inquire in what way electricity is made to produce signals. In discussing this we shall recur to the provisional theory adopted at the outset, that electricity flows in currents; and in conformity with

development of *one* force, as of electricity antagonizing electricity, magnetism antagonizing magnetism. Polarity, in short, implies unity quite as much as duplicity, and may literally be said to exhibit a force or power "divided against itself." This division, however, never becomes schism. The one twin is never found detached and alone, but always side by side with the other, and when permitted they combine, neutralize each other—and then polarity ceases. We have likened a body exhibiting polarity to a double-headed arrow, or to Jove's two-forked thunderbolt. It might also be compared to the conventional zodiacal sign Pisces with its connected fishes, to the heraldic double eagle, to the Siamese Twins, or perhaps best of all, though the comparison is a homely one, to two hunting dogs of the same breed, size, shape, and power, held in couples, and pulling against each other. All those objects agree with each other, and with bodies or forces exhibiting polarity, in being double unities. Similes, however, may be pushed too far. The idea of polarity is best based on the spectacle of the compass-needle—with its opposite powers at its opposite ends, and its *one magnetism* determining the tendencies of both.

Another misapplication of the term Polarity is to the opposite effects which the same force exhibits when its intensity varies. Thus heat of a certain intensity causes quicksilver to combine chemically with oxygen; and heat of a greater intensity causes the combined oxygen and quicksilver to separate again from each other. A slight mechanical impulse increases cohesion; a more powerful impulse destroys it. But those are not exhibitions of polarity. Heat, for example, either entirely decomposes, or entirely combines; it does not do both at once—as electricity does, when it decomposes (electrolyzes) chemical compounds. Variation in intensity, moreover, is not the cause of the opposite powers of the poles of a magnet, or a voltaic battery. The northern magnetism, on the contrary, always possesses the same intensity as the southern magnetism—positive electricity the same intensity as negative electricity. If the word polarity signified only dualism, it should be struck out of the language; for it is obscure to ordinary readers, and very far-fetched. But if we discard it as implying one kind, and one kind only of dualism, we must introduce some new term to denote the duplex unity, which those who employ it wisely, intend it alone to signify.

Some have inconsiderately sought to render the main truth under notice more distinct, by referring to a body such as a magnet exhibiting polarity, as *bi-polar*. This, however, is a useless and vicious tautology. We might as well speak of a four-sided square, or a three-angled triangle. A polar body is, by its very definition, *bi-polar*—just as a square is necessarily four-sided, and a triangle three-angled.

the universal practice of expositors of these phenomena, write as if there were but a single current of positive electricity flowing at once along a telegraph wire. The other and opposite negative current may conveniently be disregarded, just as in navigation a compass-needle is referred to as if it had but one pole, pointing to the north.

Having secured the means of transmitting at will a current of electricity with great velocity, it remains to determine what phenomenon we shall cause it to produce at the distant station.

The phenomena most easily produced by electricity are *magnetic* ones; and these, accordingly, are now preferred as the sources of signals. The electric telegraph, indeed, remained an unrealized idea in the minds of ingenious men, till the famous Danish philosopher, Oersted, discovered that a current of electricity, even though of very small intensity, if passing near a compass-needle poised on a pivot, will cause the needle to change its position, and point in a new direction. Let the telegraph-wire, for example, whilst connected with a battery, be placed so that the needle of a mariner's compass shall be directly below or above and parallel to the wire, and the needle, no longer "true to the pole," will whirl round and stand east and west, instead of as before, north and south. It depends upon the direction in which the current of electricity is sent, which pole of the compass-needle points east or west. Let the telegraph-wire stretching from London to Edinburgh and back again, be considered as consisting of an upper and a lower wire. If the London end of the upper wire be connected with the copper extremity of the battery, whilst the termination of the lower wire is connected with the zinc, the current of positive electricity (the only one of which we now take cognizance) will flow along the upper wire to Edinburgh, and return by the lower one to London. If the upper wire be now attached to the zinc, and the lower to the copper, the current will travel north by the lower wire, and come south by the upper. Now, without entering into details for which we have not room, and which are not essential to the comprehension of the telegraph, it may suffice to say, that the pole of the compass-needle, which points east if the electrical current passing near it be sent in one direction, points west if it be sent in the opposite one; while, if the passage of electricity be discontinued, the needle resumes its original position. We have it thus in our power to cause a compass-needle to move to either side at will; and we can bring it in a moment to rest. All those effects are produced still more strikingly if the wire, instead of being stretched above or below the compass-needle, be coiled many times around the compass-box, or case containing the magnetic needle. The wire, in that case, is covered with thread, which allows its coils to be put close together, without risk of the electricity passing *across* from coil to coil where they touch, as it would do, if the thread, which is a non-conductor, did not insulate the electricity. It is more convenient that the magnetic needle should

originally stand vertically, so as to move from right to left, or *vice versa*—like the index of a wheel barometer, than that it should revolve in a horizontal plane like the mariner's compass. It is also much more easily moved, if the effect of the earth's magnetism on it be neutralized. This is done by placing two magnetic needles on the same axis, with their poles reversed, so that the north pole of the one is opposite the south pole of the other. Such an arrangement, if the needles are of equal power, has no tendency towards one point of the compass more than another; and by making what are to be the lower ends of the needles somewhat heavier than the opposite extremities, the needles, when not under the influence of electric currents, will at once resume their vertical position.

Now, the one needle which is to act as the visible index, appears in front of a dial plate; the other surrounded by the coil of covered wire, which is continuous with one of the telegraph-wires, is placed behind the dial. An arrangement of this kind is provided at Edinburgh, the upper telegraph-wire being drawn out there into a long loop, which consists of soft copper wire covered with thread. This is wound round the concealed magnetic needle, so that a current of electricity moving along the upper wire follows the coiled loop, moves the needles in passing, and returns to London. At London, for a reason to be mentioned immediately, there is a similar loop or coil of covered copper wire surrounding a double magnetic needle, and then rejoining the upper main wire from which it proceeded. From the copper end of the battery, a wire is conducted to one of the strands of this coil, and soldered to it. From the zinc end a wire also is conducted, which is soldered to the lower telegraph-wire. The current setting off from the one end of the London battery, deflects the needles at London and at Edinburgh before it returns to the former. That the needles may be deflected to either side at will, a contrivance is supplied for cutting off and letting on, as well as for reversing, the electric current from the battery. It is a little difficult, without a diagram, to explain distinctly this important portion of the telegraph. The following description, however, will perhaps make it sufficiently clear. Let the upper end of the double telegraph-wire at London be marked *A*, and the lower end *B*. If *A* be connected to the copper of the battery, and *B* to its zinc, the current of electricity setting off from *A*, and returning to *B*, moves the index-needle to one side, for example to the left. If the arrangement be now reversed, so that *A* is connected to the zinc, and *B* to the copper, the current flows from *B* to *A*, and moves the needle to the right.

In actual practice, however, the wires are not shifted from the zinc to the copper, but are cut across between the battery on the one hand, and the telegraph-wires and coil round the magnetic needles on the other. The gap thus made is left vacant when no message is to be sent. When a

signal is to be transmitted, a metallic cylinder is moved by a handle so as to fill up the gap, and establish continuity between the wires and the copper and zinc respectively, of the battery. This bridge, however, is so contrived, that when the handle which controls it is moved to the left, it stretches in such a manner as to connect the end *A* of the telegraph-wire with the copper, and the end *B* with the zinc, and the needle moves to the left. When the handle is moved to the right, it shifts the cylinder or bridge so as to establish a communication between *A* and the zinc, and between *B* and the copper; and the needle moves to the right. When the handle is placed vertically the current is cut off from both wires.

It only remains that an arrangement be made between the parties in Edinburgh and London, as to the signification of these deflections of the needle. This having been settled, the message-sender in the metropolis, seated before his dial, moves the handle which determines the transmission and direction of the electricity along the wires. Every motion of the handle to the right or to the left causes the index-needles at London and Edinburgh to move simultaneously to the same sides. We may suppose, for example, that an answer in the negative is to be telegraphed from London to an interrogation from Edinburgh. It has been pre-arranged that one movement of the needle to the left shall signify *N*, and one to the right, *O*. The respondent accordingly moves his handle to the left; thereby transmits the current of electricity in such a direction as to move the index-handle at Edinburgh to the left also; and so represents *N*. He then places the handle vertically so as to cut off the current, and permit the needle to resume its vertical position; and, after a brief pause, carries his handle to the right, which moves the Edinburgh needle also to the right—which indicates *O*, and thus completes the answer.

The signal-dial at London is not essential, if London is not to receive messages; but as it must be provided with a view to their reception, it is so arranged that the electricity moves its index-needle before it passes on to Edinburgh. The party transmitting a message, has thus figured before him deflections of the index-needles, identical with those which his correspondent is watching and deciphering, at the same moment, hundreds of miles away.

Only two movements, it will be observed, can really be effected; but it is easy to make them represent the whole alphabet, and to telegraph rapidly, although every word be spelled letter by letter. Man, moreover, is by his natural-history definition one of the bimana. Two dials can therefore be arranged side by side, with coils and index-needles for each, and handles to be managed by either hand. Four movements are thus made possible; and for most purposes these supply an ample abundance of signals. It does not, however, form part of our present purpose to explain these—as their employment to represent letters, numerals,

words, paragraphs, or the like, is quite arbitrary, and involves nothing electrical. We give a specimen, however, of one of the telegraph alphabets:—

A, one movement to the left.	N, one right.
B, two left.	O, two right.
C, three left.	P, three right.
D, four left.	Q, four right.
E, one left, one right.	R, one right, one left.
F, one left, two right.	S, two right, one left.
G, one left, three right.	T, three right, one left.
H, two left, one right.	U, one right, two left.
I, two left, two right.	V, two right, two left.
J, two left, three right.	W, three right, two left.
K, three left, one right.	X, one right, three left.
L, three left, two right.	Y, two right, three left.
M, four left, one right.	Z, one right, four left.

We have provided hitherto only for messages being despatched from London. To secure Edinburgh the same privilege, it is only requisite to deposit a battery there also, and to attach one of the wires from the battery (controlled by the handle for reversing and arresting the current) to the coil round the magnetic needle, and the other wire to the telegraph-wire with which the coil is not connected, as more fully described with reference to the London arrangement. If intermediate stations are to receive messages, then one of the telegraph-wires is cut across opposite the station, and an insulator of porcelain inserted between the divided surfaces. A thin wire is then soldered to the main wire on one side of the insulator, led into the station, covered with thread wound round the magnetic index-needle, and led out again and soldered to the main wire on the other side of the insulator. This arrangement is equivalent to a loop on the telegraph-wire; and it must be bent so that the current shall flow in the same direction, round the intermediate station-needles as it does round the terminal ones, otherwise the indices will not be moved to the same side by the same electrical current. A battery at each station, with wires connected in the way already described, enables it to send messages in its turn.

From what has been said, it will be understood that signals telegraphed from any one station to any one other, will be contemporaneously exhibited at every station. For the whole of the stations are included in one circle of conductors, which carry the electricity round all the indicating apparatus within its circuit; and the current cannot move one index without moving all. It is impossible, therefore, if a common alphabet be used along the line, to conceal from the whole of the stations what may be intended only for one. All that can be done, unless a separate series of wires or other conductors were supplied for every station, is to signify what place the message is directed to, so that other stations need not be at the trouble of deciphering the signals.

In addition to the arrangements for producing and interpreting signals, it is plainly necessary that we should also have some contrivance for calling the attention of the parties in attendance to the dials, when a message is about to be sent. For this purpose, warning is given by a bell, which a very ingenious application of electricity is made to

ring. Electric currents not only deflect permanent magnets, such as the compass-needle, but confer magnetism upon non-magnetic iron. If a copper wire, therefore, be coiled round a rod of malleable iron, and a current of voltaic electricity be sent along the wire, the rod becomes a magnet so long as the current passes; and loses magnetism when the current ceases. This magnetizing power of electricity is turned to account in the telegraph. An ordinary alarm, or the striking machinery of a common clock, wound up so that the hammer would strike and ring the bell if one of its wheels were not locked, is placed at every station. But this wheel is only locked by an iron rod which is balanced on a centre, and so arranged that one end falls into one of the notches between the teeth on the circumference of the wheel. The other extremity of the rod is placed opposite, and close to the ends of a horse-shoe of malleable iron, which is surrounded by a coil of covered copper wire closely twisted round it, and connected by its ends with one of the telegraph-wires. And now, if a current of electricity be sent along the telegraph-wire, it circulates round the horse-shoe, and converts it, for the time, into a powerful magnet, which accordingly pulls towards it the free extremity of the iron rod, and thereby shifts the other end out of the notch in the toothed wheel. The bell immediately begins to ring, as the unlocked wheels revolve by the action of a spring or a weight; but as soon as the current is stopped, the horse-shoe ceases to be a magnet; the rod is no longer attracted, but falls back into the notch and stops the bell. Under this arrangement, the bells at every station would ring simultaneously, although only one was intended to be warned; and the current that rings the bells would also move the index-needles, though only for a moment. On most telegraph-lines, however, a separate set of wires is now provided for the bells, so that they are rung without affecting the needles. A separate wire, also, is sometimes furnished for every station, so that each bell can be rung independently of the others; but such arrangements necessarily add much to the cost of the entire telegraph.

The magnetizing power of electricity is also applied to produce visible as well as audible signals. The following is one of many such arrangements. A horse-shoe which becomes alternately magnetic and non-magnetic, as an electrical current does, or does not, circulate round a copper wire coiled about it, alternately lifts and lets fall an iron lever, which, like the beam or piston of a steam-engine, gives a rotatory motion to a wheel. This wheel carries an index which travels over a dial, round which the letters of the alphabet are engraved. The current must be alternately interrupted and continued to keep the wheel revolving. When the current passes along the wire, the index moves from the letter at which it is pointing, to the next. The current is then cut off; and, when it is restored, the index moves on to the succeeding letter. A key, like those of the organ or piano—alternately depressed and

allowed to ascend—furnishes the means of interrupting and renewing the current. This arrangement has been called the step by step telegraph; as for each touch of the key the index makes only one step; namely, from the letter it is at, to the next. It has the convenience, too, of using the old familiar alphabet, instead of arbitrary deflections of needles, and is alleged to possess other advantages, which will presently be referred to.

A third method of electric signalling, which promises well, but has not as yet been fully tried, is to effect chemical decompositions by the current. One such electro-chemical process is the following. A ribbon of paper, soaked in an acid solution of the yellow prussiate of potash, and pressed upon by two metallic springs placed side by side—which are in connection with the telegraph-wires—is wound off a roller by a piece of clockwork. When the current circulates, it passes, according to the direction in which it is sent, by the one spring or the other, across the wet ribbon, and decomposes the salt with which it is impregnated, producing blue marks at either of the points where the spring touches the paper. The blue spots or lines thus produced are longer or shorter, in proportion to the period during which the current flows, and at the one side or the other of the ribbon, according to the spring by which the electricity passes; and these blue marks or lines may be made to represent letters, according to their length and position on the paper. Their variations in both respects are determined either by the movements of a handle at the station sending messages, by means of which the current from a battery is interrupted, renewed, or reversed at pleasure; or by a mechanical arrangement of great ingenuity, which we have not left ourselves room to describe.

Lastly, it may be mentioned, on this topic, that, from the first, much attention has been directed to the arrangement of an apparatus which should print as well as signal its messages. Many beautiful contrivances for this purpose have been devised and tried—and in no long time we may expect to see some of them in use. Descriptions of them, however, would scarcely be intelligible without drawings; and their consideration may be deferred till their adoption is ratified by public approval. The question, What is the best method of applying electricity to produce signals? is at present undergoing the keenest discussion; nor will it be speedily settled. The telegraph has not been long enough in use to enable us to decide what arrangement is best; but all competent parties are satisfied that, wonderful as its achievements are, they will yet be greatly exceeded. Our immediate object, however, is to record its present condition, not to speculate on its future improvements.

In the preceding description we have purposely referred to the simplest and most easily understood form of electric telegraph, where there is a wire reaching from the terminus at the one end of the telegraph-line, to the terminus at the other,

and back again. In actual practice, however, one half of the wire is now commonly dispensed with, and its place supplied—by the earth! A century has elapsed since the very curious discovery was made, that the electricity of a charged Leyden jar or battery will pass instantaneously through a great length of moist earth. Voltaic electricity has more recently been discovered to possess the same power; and advantage has been taken of it in the following way. A wire is led from the last copper plate of a battery placed, let us suppose at London, along the telegraph posts, in the way already described, to Edinburgh, and is there bent backwards towards London. Instead, however, of being carried along the posts a second time, the wire is now cut short and soldered to a large plate of metal, which is buried in the ground at some little depth. A comparatively short wire is also attached to the last zinc of the London battery, and soldered to a metallic plate which is likewise buried in the ground. The arrangement is equivalent to a great gap or breach several hundred miles long, in the double wire, filled up by moist earth. When the battery is in action, the electricity (positive) flows from the copper along the wire to Edinburgh, descends there to the one earth-plate, (as it has been called,) passes from it through the earth to the similar plate near the London station, and from it reaches the zinc of the London battery. The circulation of the electricity in this way is found to be even more rapid than when the double wire is furnished for its passage.

Good people have perplexed themselves with speculations as to why the electricity never wanders, misses its road, or fails to find its way back. But, as has been implied already, in the case of the double wire, electricity, like a prudent general, always takes care that a retreat be provided for before it begins its march. Till an unbroken circuit of conductors connect the terminal plates of the battery, no electricity can be set free. It is not essential, however, that those conductors should be metallic; a column or stratum of moist earth, we have seen, will do quite as well as an iron or zinc wire. One half in length of the connecting conductors must, however, be insulated; so that the electricity may be compelled to travel to the farthest point to which messages are to be telegraphed. But the other half of the conductors need not be insulated, and cannot be too large. The quicker the current can pass the better; and it will pass most quickly when conveyed by one or other of the two great electrical conductors which man has at his disposal—the solid mass of the globe, and the ocean with its tributary waters.

The last allusion leads us directly to the Marine Telegraph. It requires, however, no detailed description—as it differs from the Land Telegraph only in having the space between the buried plates occupied by water instead of by earth. Broad estuaries or channels do not permit the insulated wire to be carried across by bridges. The wire therefore proceeding from the

copper end of the battery is embedded in gutta percha, or any other water-proof insulator, and sunk in the waters to a depth sufficient to secure it against fishing-nets, ships, anchors, or large sea animals.

In this way it is conveyed from one shore to the other, and bending backwards after being connected with the index needles, terminates in a broad plate of metal sunk in the waves, close to the further shore. A second uninsulated wire proceeds from the zinc end of the battery to a metal plate sunk below low water mark, at the side from which the insulated wire set off. Between the immersed plates on the opposite shores the mass of water, though ever changing, acts in relation to electricity as if it were an undisturbed gigantic metallic wire. Theoretically, there is no limit to the ocean spaces which electricity may traverse in this way. Already, accordingly, schemes for telegraphing across the Atlantic and the Pacific have been triumphantly expounded to the wonder-loving public.

One of these, whether hopeless or not for immense distances, is so very ingenious, and so likely to succeed across limited spaces, that we cannot pass it unnoticed. It dispenses, except to a very trifling extent, with wires, and carries the current *both ways* through moist earth and water. It is desirable, for example, to telegraph from the right to the left bank of a broad river. From the copper end of a battery on the right bank, a wire is carried to the shore (on the same side) and soldered to a plate buried in the river below water mark. A wire is also led from the zinc end to a long coil of wire which ends in a metallic plate. This likewise is buried in the river below water mark on the same right bank—but at a distance from the battery *considerably greater* than the breadth of the river across which signals are to be sent. On the left bank two plates are immersed opposite those on the right bank, and connected by a wire. The electricity, on leaving the battery, has therefore the choice of two paths. It may either keep entirely on the right bank, passing from the one buried plate on that side to the other, and so back to the battery by the long coiled wire; or it may cross to the left bank through the water, traverse the wire on that side, return across the water to the right bank, and regain the battery by the shorter coiled wire. The Thames, as we learn, has been actually crossed by electric currents in this way; the resistance to their passage by the water between the banks being less than that between the ends of the wires on the right and left bank respectively. A wire stretched from Land's End to John O'Groat's House, would indeed measure but a small portion of the breadth of the Atlantic—but by twisting the wire into coils, we might include in a short space an enormous length.

It remains to consider some of the imperfections which attend the electric telegraph, and considerably limit its useful application. When it was first suggested as a substitute for the optical telegraph, which was useless in dark nights

and in fogs or snow-storms, it was confidently anticipated that the system of electric signals would be available in all states of the weather. But this expectation has proved fallacious. For hours together the telegraph will not work. This failure is sometimes owing to the insulation of the wires along the poles having for the time been destroyed by moisture. The porcelain insulating tubes, however, are now made of such a shape, and so well protected from rain by sloping covers, that non-insulation from moisture occurs much more rarely than might be expected. There are certain damp fogs, however, or mists, which penetrate everywhere; and so thoroughly wet the porcelain tubes, that they become conductors of electricity. In those circumstances it travels from the battery no further than the first wet post, down which it passes to the earth, and returns, *re infecta*, to the battery.

But a much more troublesome cause of inaction, or of irregular action, in telegraphs, is the influence of atmospheric electricity upon them. The door left open that the friend may enter, stands open also for the foe. The insulated wires stretched along the telegraph-posts for hundreds of miles, in order that a special current of electricity evolved by a battery shall travel only in one direction, cannot, like a private road, be barred against electricity evolved from other sources. Nor is this all. When the electrician wishes to collect atmospheric electricity, he insulates a metallic wire, and suspends it in the air. In other words, he acts exactly as the constructor of the telegraph does, though with a very different object in view. The latter, much against his will, finds that his wires not only permit, but invite, atmospheric electricity to employ them as a highway. They act, in short, as lightning-conductors; and lead the formidable meteor into every station, where it deranges or destroys the coils and magnets, and occasionally menaces buildings, and even life, with destruction.

To guard against these serious evils, lightning-rods, descending to the ground, are fixed at intervals to the telegraph-posts, and at the station-houses. The sharp spikes in which these rods terminate above, being elevated considerably beyond the telegraph-wires, present points of attraction to the electricity of the clouds, so that it is determined to them rather than to the less exalted and unprojecting wires. It is thus transferred from the atmosphere to the earth without affecting the telegraph. The rods in question, however, only protect the wires in their immediate neighborhood, and that ineffectually.

An additional and more effectual mode of protection is to place a knob of metal on each wire where it crosses the posts. A second and lower knob is then placed close to the first, but without touching it, and connected with a wire led down the post to the ground. If the lightning discharge ran along the wire, it would be cut off at the first knob it reached on the line, on reaching which it would leap across to the lower knob, and descend

to the ground—while the current from the battery is found not to have sufficient intensity to overleap the space between the knobs, and hence does not descend the wire—as it would do if the knobs touched.

An additional and very ingenious device against lightning-shocks injuring the station-houses, consists in making one part of the wire which is led off to them from the main line very thin. If a powerful electrical discharge reach this, it melts it; so that the lightning, like an enemy too hasty in pursuit, burns the only bridge by which it could cross to make an attack, and remains on the safe side—out-generalled by itself.

By one or other, or all of the methods described sufficient protection can, on the whole, be secured, against the more familiar and more perilous effects of atmospheric electricity. Electrical disturbances, however, of a kind which do not manifest themselves in discharges of lightning, or involve life or ordinary property in danger, are quite sufficient to derange the operations of the telegraph. During snow and hail-storms, whilst dry fogs are prevailing, when the aurora borealis appears, and in truth during most meteorological changes, much electricity is developed in the atmosphere. It is sometimes directly transferred to the telegraph-wires, but as frequently its action is only indirect. A body in which free electricity is in any way developed determines a similar electrical condition in an insulated mass of metal near it, exactly as a magnet induces magnetism in pieces of iron placed in its neighborhood. Thus an electrical cloud floating along above the extended wires generates a current of electricity in them; or, to speak more strictly, causes the electricity naturally present in a latent state in the wire, to become free and move along the metal. The currents which thus travel, as well as those which are directly transferred from the atmosphere, have the same effects on the index-needles and signal-bells, as the electricity purposely sent along the wires from the battery. The needles are swung unceasingly to and fro, or remain for hours deflected to one side. The bells ring violently at irregular intervals, or stop only when their weights are run down. Signals cannot be transmitted at all when atmospheric electricity is thus largely developed; and they become more or less confused whenever it is sufficiently powerful to affect the index-needles.

Apart altogether from its practical importance, there is something exciting in the contemplation of these strange atmospheric influences. It must be not a little startling to the drowsy occupant of some solitary telegraph station, to be roused from his midnight slumber by the spectral clanging of his signal bell, bidding him quail at the wild quiverings of the magnets, now awayed plainly by no mortal hands. An imaginative man might then well recall the legends which tell of disembodied souls sent back to this earth, to divulge some great secret of the world of spirits, and seeking in vain for means of utterance which shall be intelligible to those in the body. A philosopher, too, might

accept and interpret the legend. For it is sober truth, that the apparently aimless and meaningless movements of the magnetic-needles when vibrating at such times, are, after all, the expressive finger-signs of a dumb alphabet, in which nature is explaining to us certain of her mysteries; and already, too, we are learning something of their significance.

Peculiar difficulties have attended the transmission of electric signals through some of the railway tunnels. Those have been traced, in some cases, to the effect of the moisture trickling down the walls in destroying insulation; and the wires have in consequence been coated, like those of the marine telegraph, with gutta percha. In other cases the index-needles at the stations nearest the tunnels have remained set to one side for considerable periods. This has been referred to the influence on the tunnel wires of electrical or magnetic disturbances in the strata in the neighborhood of the tunnel. If this view be well founded, it would be wise to make the telegraph-wires, where they pass through the tunnels, of copper, and not of iron—as the non-magnetic character of the former metal makes it less susceptible of electrical excitement. A wire cannot be magnetic and electrical in the same direction at the same time. If a telegraph-wire become magnetic in the direction of its length, like a long compass-needle, it will resist the passage of comparatively feeble electric currents, which would have traversed it had it been non-magnetic. This fact, perhaps, has not been sufficiently considered in the explanations which have been given of the derangements of the telegraph. Iron becomes so readily magnetic that the telegraph-wires, when made as they are now of that metal, cannot in certain circumstances escape being magnetized by the earth. Now that railways are projected in India, it may not be amiss also to notice that near the Equator iron rods or wires lying north and south after a time become magnetic. And wherever, in other regions, the wires are extended in the direction of the magnetic dip, the same effect will occur. The cheapness, elasticity, and strength of iron, however, more than counterbalance the inconveniences referred to.

The defects referred to in the electric telegraph we have been considering, we may soon expect to see lessened, since so many accomplished men are strenuously seeking to remedy them. The step-by-step, the electro-chemical, and the printing telegraphs are less liable to disorder by atmospheric influences than the magnetic-needle arrangement, which is chiefly in use at present. Their merits, however, have been but lately brought before the public; nor have they been tested for any long period on the large scale. It will be enough, therefore, if we cordially wish them success.

Meanwhile, if our electric telegraph is not perfect, as no tool of man's is, it assuredly is a most wonderful instrument; and it has been brought from small beginnings to its present completeness in a singularly short period of time. To unscien-

tific observers, indeed, the rapidity of its development cannot, we think, but seem miraculous. Like some swift-growing tropical plant, it has spread in a few months its far-stretching iron tendrils throughout the length and breadth of the land. It would have done so, however, twenty years ago, had the mechanical conditions for its extension existed:—and we must thank the railroads for its early maturity. Till they provided a secure pathway for its progress it could only exist in embryo. It now fringes every railway with its harp-like wires—apparently as inseparable and as natural an appendage, as the graceful parasitical orchideæ which spread along the branches of the South American forest trees.

Nursling, however, as the electric telegraph is of this century, almost of this decade, an ingenious pupil of Niebuhr might find in an ancient tradition its birth foretold centuries ago. In the year 1517, as the historians of the Reformation tell us, the Elector Frederick of Saxony had a strange dream. The monk Luther appeared to him, writing upon the door of the palace-chapel at Wittemberg in his dominions. But the pen which Luther handled was so long that its feather-end reached to Rome, and shook the Pope's triple crown on his head. The cardinals and princes of the empire ran up hastily to support the tiara, and one after another tried in vain to break the pen. It crackled, however, as if it had been made of iron, and would not break; and whilst they were wondering at its strength, a loud cry arose, "And from the monk's long pen issued a host of other pens."

The Elector's dream has been fulfilled in our own day. The long pen of iron sprouting forth hosts of pens is in our hands; and every day grows longer. It has reached to Rome, and much further; and shaken popes and kings, and emperors' crowns; and foretold, like the pen which Belshazzar saw, the fall of thrones and the ruin of dynasties. It has written much of wars and revolutions, and garments rolled in blood; and must write much more. But it is the emblem and minister of peace—and the Long Pen shall yet vanquish the Long Sword.

From the Journal of Commerce.

HOUSES FOR CALIFORNIA.

THE rapid settlement of California under the influence of the gold fever has given rise to a traffic of a novel character, namely, the exportation of dwellings, hotels, churches, and buildings of every description, framed, and ready for erection upon their arrival at their destination. From Boston, Maine, and various parts of the Eastern States, we hear of individuals or companies largely engaged in house-building for California, or exporting lumber—while from this city and vicinity it may be safely estimated that not less than 5000 buildings have been sent out since the commencement of the "excitement," or are now under contract. Doubtless many fortunes will be made, and perhaps not a few lost. Still, 50,000 or 60,000 men, with constant accessions to their numbers, suddenly landed in an inhospitable territory, most of them destitute

of even the semblance of a habitation, may be expected to create a demand for dwellings not easily supplied. We have heard of one of Naylor's houses, through a private letter, which cost here \$340, bringing in California \$5,000. These houses are of galvanized iron. Their surfaces being bright, the rays of the sun are refracted, and the temperature within kept at a much lower degree than it would otherwise be. Not far from 600 such buildings have been sent out since 1848, including 9 stores or warehouses for the U. S. government—some of them of large size—30 or 40 for Mr. Penix, of Valparaiso; an equal number for Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall; 15 for Thomas O. Larkin, of San Francisco; 15 or 20 for Mr. Boardman, also of San Francisco; 50 for M. Y. Beach & Son; also, a hotel for Livingston & Wells, to be called "The Iron Hotel," which was taken across the isthmus. An order for 30 or 40 more is being executed, for Mr. John Parrot, U. S. minister at Mazatlan.

In the building of frame houses, six or eight firms are pretty largely engaged, in this city and Brooklyn. Spaan & Co., No. 11 Park Row, have shipped, for various firms in the city, 100 portable section houses, built on their plan, to be carried over the isthmus on pack mules; also, 175 houses, of sizes varying from 12 feet by 16 feet, to 90 feet by 65 feet, and from one to three and a half stories in height, for shipment around the Horn. There remain to be sent, by this firm, something over 100 houses, belonging to various parties, among which is a large hotel, three and a half stories high, 180 feet front, and 90 feet deep, to be erected at San Francisco, under the name of the Astor House. It will have 100 rooms, 10 stores on the second floor, and a wide, ornamental entrance. The plans will shortly be exhibited at the Merchants' Exchange. Another building, of a similar character, is constructing, three stories high, and 30 by 65 feet, for a Frenchman, recently from Illinois. The average cost of the dwelling-houses is about \$400.

Messrs. Robbins & Treadwell, No. 111 Broad street, have built 450 or 500 houses, most of them a story and a half in height, and 15 by 25 feet. About 120 are now in progress for Capt. Billings, who is also having 80 others built by S. P. Lincoln, of Brooklyn, costing \$150 or \$200 each. Among them is a bowling-alley, 20 by 70 feet, built by Mr. Robbins; also two hospitals. They will form the cargoes of the ships Sartell and Laurens, the former of which sails next week. The same parties are building 120 houses for Capt. A. Miner, with which to freight the ship Diadem to sail in a week or two. They are accompanied by a kind of mineral pigment, called Beman's Cottage Paint, which is alleged to possess qualities making it superior to ordinary paints, and is withal much cheaper. It cannot fail to impart to the clusters of California villages a grotesque and pleasing effect, by its greatly varied shades of color.

Mr. S. P. Lincoln is building a hotel for Messrs. Churchill and Whittemore, to cost about \$1000, and to be completed five days after the commencement of the work. It is 60 by 30 feet. Attached to it is a kitchen, 15 by 30 feet. It goes out in the ship Rowena. The ship Hampden, last week, took out a hotel for Henry Elliott, 30 by 40 feet, with panelled doors, shutters, &c. Four houses have also been made for Mr. Warburton, president of the Hartford Bank, and ten for Dr. Hulse; also a hospital for Mr. Morris, and seventeen dwellings for Mr. Elliott. Mr. Denman is connected with

another firm, at No. 50 Broadway, which has gone pretty largely into the house-building business. Their sales, thus far, are not less than \$40,000.

From a Correspondent.

We are so fortunate as to be located in a section of the town where large numbers of Chinese have pitched their tents, and we have remarked with much interest the character and habits of these people. From early morn until late in the evening, these industrious men are engaged in their occupation of house-builders, of which a great many have been exported from China, and the quietness and order, cheerfulness and temperance, which is observable in their habits, is noticed by every one. Search the city through and you will not find an idle Chinaman, and their cleanliness exceeds any other people we ever saw.

The buildings brought from China are generally 20 feet square, one story in height, and 12 feet from the floor to the ceiling. The timbers are round, and many of them very crooked. We have noticed, in several instances, the erection of China buildings of double the size described above—but we suppose that in such cases two separate frames are erected together, thus forming a single building. The first movement after raising the frame is to attach the window, which consists of a frame and blinds, without sash. The blind is so constructed as to close itself by its own weight—the slat being of double width outside. The timber is very uniform in size, and about six or eight inches in diameter. The boards are well seasoned, and resemble American cedar. The price of a Chinese building, such as we have described, including the erection, is \$1500. The building, however, consists of simply the frame and covering. They are brought from Hong Kong.

AUTUMN.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, OF CONCORD.

A VARIED wreath the autumn weaves
Of cold gray days and sunny weather,
And strews gay flowers and withered leaves
Along my lonely path together.

I see the golden-rod shine bright,
As sun-showers at the birth of day,
A golden plume of yellow light,
That robs the day-god's splendid ray.

The aster's violet rays divide
The bank with many stars for me,
And yarrow in blanch tints is dyed,
As moonlight floats across the sea.

I saw the emerald woods prepare
To shed their vestiture once more,
And distant elm-trees spot the air
With yellow pictures softly o'er.

I saw an ashburn scarlet red
Beneath a pine's perpetual green,
And sighing branches hung their head,
Protected by a hemlock screen.

Yet light the verdant willow floats
Above the river's shining face,
And sheds its rain of hurried notes,
With a swift shower's harmonious grace.

The petals of the cardinal
Fleck with their crimson drops the stream,

As spots of blood the banquet-hall,
In some young knight's romantic dream.

No more the water-lily's pride
In milk-white circles swims content,
No more the blue weed's clusters ride,
And mock the heaven's element.

How speeds from in the river's thought
The spirit of the leaf that falls,
Its heaven in this cold bosom wrought,
As mine among these crimson walls.

From the dry bough it spins to greet
Its shadow on the placid river,
So might I my companions meet,
Nor roam the countless worlds forever.

Autumn, thy wreath and mine are blent
With the same colors, for to me
A richer sky than all is lent,
While fades my dreamlike company.

Our skies grow purple—but the wind
Sobs chill thro' green trees and bright grass,
To-day shines fair, and lurks behind
The times that into winter pass.

So fair we seem, so cold we are,
So fast we hasten to decay;
Yet through our night glows many a star,
That still shall claim its sunny day.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE HOURS.

THE hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar,
Our heart's deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly in with drooping wing
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before his throne—
The tale is told in heaven.

And we, who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission flight, by day or night,
No magic powers can stay.

So teach me, Heavenly Father!
To spend each flying hour,
That, as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

Pittsfield, Sept., 1818.

ORIOLE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE JESUIT'S STORY.

"As nearly as I can recollect," he said, "it was in the month of May; and the spring, always beautiful in these Alpine regions, appeared to have come forth with tenfold splendor. The sun's warmth, in that season of the year, thaws the mind as well as the earth. People put on sportive looks for the summer, and the joyousness of their feelings is represented externally by bright-colored clothes. Suddenly the clouds gathered, and hung from ridge to ridge, entirely roofing over the valley. Through tunnels, as it were, in their substance, the thunder rolled incessantly; while the lightning flashed downwards, with a brightness so vivid and piercing, that it threatened to consume, utterly, both man and beast. Then followed indescribable torrents of rain, descending as from the open windows of heaven, 'till every brook and streamlet swelled to a torrent, and the Rhone rushed through its bed with tremendous force and velocity. In the midst of the storm, a noise was heard in the mountains, compared with which the thunder shrunk into a whisper. It appeared as if the foundations of the everlasting hills had been violently shaken from their place. All the villagers hurried to their doors, where they stood, pale and trembling, not knowing what to do. Then came another frightful crash. The curtain of rocks which you behold yonder, disparted from top to bottom; and out rushed an irresistible flood, with a roaring like that of the ocean. There was no time for flight. Terror paralyzed all limbs. Onward swept the torrent, ploughing up the plain in various directions, flooding the fields and the gardens, overthrowing walls and houses, and hurrying forward their ruins towards the Rhone. Several hundred persons were drowned in a moment. But some, who happened to be in situations favorable for flight, escaped destruction.

"There was one cottage, inhabited by an old man and his daughter, which stood near the brink of the great chasm, through which the principal arm of the waters was roaring and foaming along. The channel was widening fast by the earth crumbling into it; and it was evident the cottage must go in a few minutes. A young brother of our order stood on the opposite bank, beholding with pity the young woman wringing her hands, imploring pity and assistance. Her father, ill and feeble, had tottered to the door, where, seeing death around him on all sides, he stood transfixed like a statue. His daughter now approached, and now retreated from him, looking wildly towards a small group on the opposite bank. What she said could not be heard, as her voice was drowned in the thunder of the torrent. But our brother formed his resolution. A pine tree, lopped and barked, lay near him on the ground; he entreated the bystanders to lend their assistance in throwing it across the chasm. When they had done so—rounded, slippery as it was—he made his way

over it, while the water, rising every instant, threatened to carry it away. He approached the father and daughter. What words he used were never known; but he seemed to be persuading the young woman to allow him to save her life. She, however, pointed to her father, and shrunk from the deliverance she was not to share with him.

"A young man, emboldened by the example of the Jesuit, now passed over the pine, for the purpose of aiding in the pious work of preserving the father and his loving child. All saw there was no time to be lost. The rain descended in floods, the furious stream increased momentarily, the pine began to be touched and shaken by the waves; and the villagers, who looked on in comparative safety, soon felt how little hope there was of deliverance for their neighbors. They lifted up their hands to heaven—they prayed for them; but the storm seemed to beat down their words, while their hopes were swallowed up in the dark wrath of the elements. The little group now approached the pine—the father and his supporter advancing first, and our brother and his beautiful companion following. Most true it is that 'the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' The man of years and feebleness, against all hope and expectation, reached the shore in safety. But at the very moment his foot touched the land, a stream of whirling eddies struck the pine, swept it forward, and plunged the Jesuit and the girl into the boiling flood. Danger produces, sometimes, a strange effect upon the mind. Instead of quitting his hold, and striving to make for the bank, our brother clasped his companion in his arms; and they sunk together. Some days afterwards, their bodies were found far down in the channel of the Rhone, fast locked together in the embrace of death. We buried them in the same grave; and the good old man, her father, still lives to visit the spot where the once warm heart of his child lies cold. It will not be long before he joins her in the grave, because he is old and feeble, and has nothing in this world to support him. But he is a pious Christian, and hopes to be greeted in heaven by the soul of his beloved daughter, as well as by him who lost his life in the endeavor to save her. I tell you these facts," said the Jesuit, "without ornament or amplification. In itself it was a very touching thing to see, though it is little or nothing when related."

CHAPTER VII.—SLEEP AND JEWELS.

In the inn at Brigg, which we reached early in the evening, we found a number of English people, who, however, kept all together, and held me out no temptations to join them. It is a fact, which most persons must have observed, that the moment a man leaves his own fireside, he strives, by putting on grand airs, and otherwise, to pass for what he is not. He alters the tone of his voice, throws additional dignity into his aspect and gait, and, if he expects to be overheard, dis-

courses on topics calculated to display his consequence. Most travellers do this, rendering themselves thereby extremely disagreeable. For myself, at least, I hate people of consequence, and prefer conversing with the ragtag-and-bobtail of society; persons altogether without pretensions, without titles, and, often, also, it is to be presumed, without cash—these are your truly merry companions on a journey. The Roman poet says, "The poor man sings in the midst of thieves, because he has nothing to lose;" and travellers who are very nearly in that predicament usually take things easily, and rely confidently on Providence to provide them with breakfast, dinner, and a diligence.

As I have said, I did not make up towards my countrymen, because they appeared to be of far too much consequence for me. It was years since I had been in England; and I, therefore, was not at all familiar with the current topics of the day. Our countrymen, of course, are all politicians. Not that, as a rule, they understand politics, but that it is the most exciting topic with which they are acquainted. They now talked of the principal notabilities of the day, whose names, though sufficiently respectable, need not be repeated here. Political reputations are easily built up, especially in England; where any man of family or fortune, with a slight dash of industry, and a very moderate amount of perseverance, may get credit for all manner of public virtues. He has but to select a hobby-horse for himself, and to ride it with moderate steadiness, to be set down for a great patriot, and be looked upon as an adorable creature among the ladies of his party. Time, of course, squares his account with fame—that is, dissipates his pretensions into thin air, and leaves him overwhelmed amid the formless ruins of oblivion. But he is not the less a notability while he lives, and vanity always whispers in his ear that he will form an exception to the general rule, and be remembered forever.

I found myself at supper, purely by accident, beside Madame Carli, whom I had treated during the day with something like neglect; my attention having been absorbed almost entirely by the disciple of Ignatius Loyola. She was now resolved that I should do penance for my sins, and for some time would only converse with me in the most distant and formal manner. I am not the least in the world a materialist; but have still found by experience, that a good supper and sparkling wines produce a wonderful harmony in our microcosm, and incline us to gossip and philanthropy. What the dishes at Brigg consisted of, Heaven only knows. I never pry into mysteries of that sort; but eat, if I can, whatever is set before me, and am thankful for it. I only know that everything that evening seemed very nice, and that the wines were perfectly delicious. Monsieur Carli, since his arrival at Brigg, had made a discovery which discomposed him considerably, which was, that, having left France during the cholera, he could not, without the con-

sent of the governments of Piedmont and the Valais, pass into Italy in less than a week. His behavior at supper put me strongly in mind of a butler in the service of the Margravine of Anspach. That lady, in whose history there were many little odds and ends with which she did not wish common fame to be acquainted, gave this same butler a guinea to hold his peace on a particular point; but the money took him to the tavern, where, drinking good wine with his friends, he grew warm and communicative, and related the very anecdote which her ladyship most especially desired to be forgotten. Hearing afterwards of his indiscretion, she reproached him, when he ingeniously replied, "Ah! your ladyship should not have given me money, but have let me remain sober; for I am exactly like a hedgehog—when I am wet, I open."

Monsieur Carli, until the wine began to soften his heart, had affected all the airs of a small diplomatist, and would, if possible, have made a mystery of the fact that the sun shines at noon-day. At supper his tongue grew supple, and scattered about confidence as a cow's tail scatters dew-drops in the morning from the grass. He professed great relish for our society, swore we were the best fellows he had ever met with, and said it would give him the utmost possible delight to travel round the world with us. Unfortunately, however, our intimacy was destined to be cut short at that luckless town of Brigg, unless—which was very unlikely—there was a gentleman in the party who happened to have a passport for himself and his wife, and yet had left his wife behind him. "In that case," cried M. Carli, in great animation, "he could take Madame under his protection, get her over the frontier as his own better-half, and then, of course, deliver her to me. For myself, I could easily climb the hills a little, and so step into Piedmont without a passport."

Events appeared to have framed themselves just as Monsieur Carli wished, for I happened to have exactly such a passport, except that it would have enabled me to take over the frontier seven other persons, in addition to his wife. When I mentioned this fact, and offered to take charge of Madame Carli, the little man was transported with joy, as a week at Brigg would, he owned, have been the death of him. Besides, he did not doubt that the cholera was close at his heels; and as it was to escape this fearful malady that he had hurried so rapidly out of France, there was nothing he would not have given at this moment to be lodged safely on the other side of the Alps. It was now agreed that Madame Carli should be Madame St. John till our arrival at Duomo d'Ossola.

While this arrangement was in the course of completion, Madame Carli and I were engaged in passing a separate treaty of peace. I had already atoned for the negligence of the day, by all sorts of submissions, till we were once more as free and gay as ever. This, of course, was partly owing to the supper and the wine, which put us first in good humor with ourselves, and then with every-

body else. We laughed and chatted, and appeared to have known each other from childhood, so familiar and easy were we together—I mean the whole group—Monsieur Morn, from Anjou—the young, nameless artist from Paris—the commercial traveller, and all. This last-mentioned gentleman was a curious specimen of the Parisian cockney. He was taking a magnificent set of jewels from a house in Paris to Maria Louise, the widow of Napoleon, at Parma; and the fear of being robbed prompted him to conceal his treasure. The vanity of having been entrusted with it overcame his fear, and he exhibited the jewels at the supper table. They were worth several thousand pounds; and when he had been guilty of the indiscretion, he repented of it, and began to tremble for the result. His throat, he did not doubt, would be cut before he reached his journey's end. In his eyes, every man around him became a robber; and when he restored the case to his pocket, he did so with blanched cheeks, and hands almost smitten with paralysis.

However, we presented a striking contrast with the little knot of Englishmen in another part of the room. They ate their supper, not exactly in silence, but in something nearly akin to it, muttering to each other every now and then between a growl and a yawn, and looked as if they would have preferred being snug in Cheapside or May Fair, or whatever other locality they belonged to. We, on the other hand, half intoxicated with animal spirits, made an immense deal of noise, and ultimately took refuge in cigars, to the introduction of which no one objected. I soon enveloped my fair companion in an aromatic cloud, which did not, however, in the slightest degree impede her utterance.

As the inn was crowded, it was necessary for us all, except the married couple, to put up with double-bedded rooms; and, as fate would have it, the commercial traveller, with his jewels, fell to my share. He was a young man of about twenty-three, with fiery-red hair and a blowsy face, short, slight, and eaten up with timidity and suspicion. In my long, drooping, black mustaches and ragged beard, he saw so many undoubted indications of the brigand—he would have given anything to have been Monsieur Morn's companion. But that was not to be thought of. Monsieur Morn's artistic friend was to be the sharer of his apartment; and so the young jeweller submitted to sleep on robbery with as good a grace as he could assume. Our beds stood each in a recess on either side of the door; and, long after I was comfortably between the sheets, I could hear my companion puffing, blowing, and fumbling about, and taking precautions for securing his treasure. No doubt he thrust the jewel-case under his pillow, and made up his mind to bawl lustily should I attempt to lay violent hands on him in the night. Being heartily tired, we both fell asleep. We were to start at half-past two, to commence the ascent of the Simplon. In the course of the night, the trampling of many feet on the stairs roused me from sleep;

and, supposing it was time to get ready, I went over to awake my companion, who, strange to say, slept like a top. I had to shake him, and bawl several times, before I could perceive the least sign of returning animation. When he did at length awake, he gave a striking proof of his commercial education; for, supposing me to be a robber burst suddenly into the room, he cried out, in extreme fear and agony, "The man with the money and jewels is in the other bed!" A loud shout of laughter from me convinced him he had made a mistake. "So, my friend," said I, "you have no objection to get my throat cut while you can save your own. However, that is not the question just now. Get up; all the travellers are in motion—we must dress and be off." On ringing for a light, however, we found we had not yet been in bed full half an hour; so we enjoyed the luxury of a second rest, and sweet sleep, on which, if I were writing an epic poem, I would bestow as many fond and grateful epithets as Homer does. In fact, I am never weary of repeating, with Sancho Panza, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep! it wrappeth one about like a garment." So thought I and the commercial traveller, in the comfortable bedroom at Brigg. Still, between sleeping and waking there is always a short interval, which people, of course, employ according to their fancy. I generally, at such moments, build castles in the air; and most magnificent castles they often are, too, illuminated with beauty, and perfumed with "Sabeian odors, from the spicy shores of Araby the blest." On the occasion in question there were two strange sides to my castle; the one consisting of a bright glimpse of home at Jolimont; the other of Alpine summits and sunny Italy. The room was full of thick darkness, save when a gray glimmer entered at the small casement, shaken occasionally by the wind. My Parisian Argus already slept over his jewels, as his snoring proved indubitably; otherwise there prevailed entire stillness in the house. Without, the notes of a distant screech-owl sounded through the air, intimating that she, at least, considers herself a fit companion for night, and ever meditates and listens to her own voice, albeit none of the sweetest. Visions of glaciers, and virgin snow, and piny chasms, and thundering cataracts, formed the avenue by which I approached the land of dreams, where I at length forgot all terrestrial things among the palm bowers of the distant Nile.

Whether we are happy or miserable, time goes on, at the old rate, and brings about the hour for parting, whether it be from the summit of bliss, or from the depths of woe. At half-past two, there was a knocking at every door in the inn at Brigg; and drowsy travellers shuffled themselves hastily into their clothes, in order to have as much spare time as possible for fortifying the inner man. An inn is generally a pleasant place; for, as soon as you open your bedroom door, the delicious steams of coffee and fried bacon greet your nostrils. Money is a glorious thing, for it sets all

the world in motion, and keeps cooks and kitchen wenches up half the night to provide for your enjoyment in the morning. Not that they think it a hardship; like the race-horse, they enjoy the sport, as well as the rider, and always find time, in some snug corner of the twenty-four hours, to get as much sleep as they stand in need of. Besides, there is an excitement in the operations of the kitchen, especially as they can always taste of the best, and that, too, before it is served up to you. There is, after all, nothing like a breakfast-table before a journey; and one would never grow weary of describing it, if it were not that it is exceedingly monotonous. On the thing itself, appetite confers novelty daily. You are not at all the less disposed to breakfast to-day because you breakfasted yesterday; whereas, in a narrative, one breakfast will generally do, by way of a specimen. At the same time, I must observe that there was considerable variety in our Alpine breakfasts. They sometimes comprehended broiled kidneys, mutton-chops, a slice of venison, delicious butter, honey, and eggs, with rolls hot from the oven, and coffee fit for the denizens of Olympus. A poet of the present day, not over-scrupulous about the sources of his inspiration, exclaims in one of his pieces—

I'll not envy heaven's princes,
While, with snowy arm, for me
Kate the china tea-cup ruses,
And pours out her best Bohemia.

Had he known Madame Carli, he would have left out Kate, and tried to get her name into his verses, for most assuredly she presided over the coffee-pot like a sylph; and when she raised her arm, which was as white and round as any Kate's in the world, the sight of it added additional flavor to the Mocha. Let it not be forgotten that I was now privileged to admire her, since she was to be my wife as far as *Duomo d'Ossola*. However, even at that fatal breakfast-table, the jokes began which were to end by keeping my fair friend and her husband prisoners in the Alps. She was now addressed invariably as Madame St. John; and Monsieur Carli was complimented upon being a single man. The breakfast, nevertheless, went off pleasantly; the coffee was sipped, the rolls, butter, eggs, &c., eaten, and, even at that early hour, cigars were lighted, to enable us the better to encounter the keen air of the Upper Alps.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE INN AT BRIGG.

There is a pleasant and an unpleasant side to most things. Even making love to a pretty woman has its drawbacks. First, the foreknowledge that it must come to an end; and, second, the fact of having a multitude of rivals. With respect to inns, their delights go on rising like a flood tide, till you come to the disagreeable moment of calling for your bill. Then there is a sort of shiver in your purse, a kind of golden hysteric, occasioned by the approaching separation of the coin from its comfortable quarters. This, at least, is the way with most persons. For myself, I never

wear a purse, but have a large open pocket, which lets out the money as a sieve does water—easily, and without pain. My theory, however, is, that you should treat gold as a stranger, according to the maxim of antiquity—welcome the coming, speed the parting, guest. If you have time to make its acquaintance, you are apt to get fond of it; and then shaking hands and bidding adieu are far from pleasant. Your intercourse should be a sort of omnibus intimacy, and never go beyond a nod, or a sort of civil greeting, which provokes no inclination to sigh in either party; you laugh as you meet, and laugh as you part, and there is an end of it. You should treat money as a landlord does his customer—that is, get as much as you can out of it, and then turn it about its business. Byron says, somewhere, that a great deal may be bought for fifty louis; and he was a good judge in matters of that sort. But foreigners generally treat money more affectionately than we do, hug it more tenderly, and kiss it on both cheeks before they can make up their minds to let it go, unattended, into the wide world. You would think they were animated by a sort of parental solicitude, and that they had felt the throes of maternity for every guinea in their purse.

At any rate, paying tavern reckonings—unpleasant to everybody who has the slightest attachment for mammon—is doubly disagreeable to the natives of the Continent, who all, on this point, foster a sort of socialist theory, formed from the practice in "*Cabet's Icaria*," that innkeepers should furnish you with whatever you want, gratis. In descending the stairs, I heard a fearful row in the kitchen; and, with the true propensity of a traveller, looked in, just to see what it was all about. The scene was excessively comic. At the further end was a man in a short shirt and red woollen nightcap, sputtering and foaming like a maniac, and struggling violently to disengage himself from the grasp of two women, who held him like vices, which, for aught I know, they were. Near the door stood the objects of his fury, Professor Morn, and his companion the artist. These gentlemen, not having had their equanimity restored by their good breakfast, or having suffered it to be again ruffled by the bill, were describing, in the most provoking terms, the wretched accommodation of their bedchamber. "If I had you in France," said the elder and more provoking of the two, "I would hand you over, as a '*mauvais sujet*,' to the police. You are, in fact, a common cheat." Then addressing me—"You shall be judge," he added. "What sort of bed you had, I don't know; but when we went up stairs, and had got fairly into ours, we found that a damp towel had been tucked along the top, in imitation of a sheet, and that the pillows and bolsters were stuffed with peach stones, which, as it was impossible to sleep, we amused ourselves all night in throwing at the bugs."—"But, Monsieur," interrupted his companion, "my pillow was still worse, it palpitated with life; it was simply what in Paris we call a bag of fleas." Let not

the reader suppose that these communications were uninterrupted. At every particular the landlord roared out, "*Cochon !—vilain !—menteur !—chien !*" with other phrases equally complimentary, all the while making strenuous efforts to escape from the gripe of his wife and the sturdy Dulcinea who acted as cook to the establishment. "Pray, let him go," cried the professor, coolly; "I will soon beat him into good manners, as our armies did his country."—"Nay," I interposed, "that is ungenerous; it is no credit to France to have overcome Switzerland in war. Pray, settle the matter without diverging into politics."—"You are quite right," answered Morn, with the utmost good humor. "And now, you cut-throat," addressing himself to the landlord, "there is your money, which you deserve just as much as the man who stops one on the highway." So saying, he and his companion threw down the proper amount of francs and sous, and stalked haughtily out of the kitchen, in search of the diligence. Having settled with the waiter up stairs, I was enabled to attend to my fair companion, who had held my arm, without uttering a word, during the whole of the little dialogue above communicated.

CHAPTER IX.—THE PASSAGE OF THE SIMPLON.

I was never so much struck by the pitiful smallness of human dealings, as on stepping out of the inn at Brigg into the glories of an Alpine night. The mountains rose around in indescribable majesty, and the stars looked down upon us like the eyes of God from the sky. Everything in nature was vast and sublime. I was glad to have escaped, from bugs and bills, and vulgar objurgations, into the grandeur of this mighty theatre, which for a while absorbed my thoughts entirely. It was about half-past two when we started, shortly after which the atmosphere became overcast with clouds, which so completely obscured the stars and moon that we could see nothing. We had, therefore, to depend entirely on the resources of conversation, which commenced with a dissertation on peace, by a German traveller who joined us at Brigg. The work of the Abbé St. Pierre, edited by Jean Jacques Rousseau, had, it seems, fallen into his hands early in life, and made so great an impression on him, that he was now travelling about the world in the hope of making proselytes to his theory. Every man is respectable who is sincere; and, therefore, it would have been wrong to laugh at our pacific Don Quixote, who expected the speedy advent of the millennium—or rather the return, as he called it, of the golden age. Monsieur Carli was his first antagonist; but his education had been too oriental to give fair play to his logical powers. He, therefore, broke down speedily, and left the field open to my friend Morn, who defended vigorously, and, as it appeared to me, with success, the mission of the sword. I have, practically, all my life been a man of peace, and therefore my sympathies are, of course, ranged on the side of the spindle and the spinning-jenny; but I, nevertheless, entertain a profound reverence

for the sword, which, like the ark of the covenant, is often not at all comprehended by those who bear it. It is, in itself, a sacred symbol—the symbol of justice, supported by might; and not, as is too often supposed, a vile instrument designed by Providence to work only the ends of despotism. That it has constantly been perverted, is too true; but let no free man be so far false to himself as to forswear his allegiance to this mysterious representative of liberty. The sword should glitter over every man's hearth; not that it may be ready to shed innocent blood, but that it may be wielded to protect that hearth, and the altars which ennobel and sanctify it. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. Death is our portion, whether we be bond or free, noble or ignoble. Of all common-places, none is so commonplace as this; yet are we slow to draw from it the inference that death in the service of liberty, on the red battlefield, when, by an upright and honorable life, we are prepared to die, is more desirable than the tranquil breathing out of our souls on a feather-bed in a close room. The reason is, that when we take up arms in a good cause, we are conscious of performing a sacred duty. God gave us life, not that we might preserve it at any price, but that we might know when and where to lay it down at his bidding. War, consequently, is not to be denounced because it occasions a great sacrifice of human life, for peace also occasions the destruction of life no less certainly or profusely; for from peace proceeds security—from security, false confidence—from false confidence, the too great increase of the population—from this too great increase, poverty and distress, and famine and pestilence, which dig more graves on the earth's surface than the most destructive wars. But it is not for the people to determine, in monarchies, whether there shall be war or peace. Kings and their ministers decide for the nation. This is an evil, because the war that arises out of their decision may be unjust. If so, however, there may be justice on the other side; and when force is employed for the perpetration of evil, force may surely be employed for the prevention of it. Consequently, if you demonstrate the wickedness of a war, considered from one point of view, you only prove how humane and defensible it is when regarded from the other side.

This, I own, however, was a strange topic to be discussed on such an occasion; and I voluntarily put an end to it by proposing that, as the diligence crept along at something worse than a snail's pace, we should all get out, and walk up the mountains. My proposition being approved of, we alighted; and, separating into couples, I got accidentally divided from Madame Carli. I selected in her stead one of our bug-bitten companions, who turned out to be a very agreeable fellow; and with him I walked on ahead. Never shall I forget that morning. Far in the distance behind us, the summits of the Bernese Alps, blanched with snow, pierced the sky, while the bright moonlight seemed to repose with pleasure on their cold, glit-

tering peaks. Towards the south-west the sight plunged down a series of dark valleys, partly lighted up by the moon, partly enveloped in shadow, while one solitary lamp from some window, perhaps in Brigg, sparkled like a star among the rocks below. Scattered masses of white, silvery vapor hovered over the distant valleys and lowlands far beneath, and looked like a broken floor, through which the moon's rays penetrated to the earth. Close by the road, chasms, which in the moonlight appeared of prodigious depth, wound along, while rapid torrents, whose white foam was once or twice visible between the dark pines, brawled and roared at the bottom. Here and there, vast conical mountains sprang up from these abysses, and their white heads, clothed with preternatural beauty by the moonlight, at once astonished and delighted the imagination. The stars shone with amazing brightness, and the constellation of the Great Bear, in particular, seemed to have a brilliance and beauty I had never observed before. But the exquisite beauty of the dawn surpassed everything. The snow-sprinkled peaks of the Alps now seemed to become transparent; while starlight, moonlight, and the pale yellow metallic brilliance of the sky, flushed with the first approaches of the dawn, diffused over every rock, and glen, and stream, and forest, and glacier, a wild, sparkling, mysterious, unearthly beauty, which electrified the very soul. I see I am repeating the same terms again and again; but language, with all its plastic power, is insufficient to render with fidelity the numerous exquisite emotions which at such times crowd upon the mind. I was certainly for a time literally "wrapt, inspired." Heaven appeared to touch earth, and Poetry sat enthroned upon the mountains. But such raptures cannot last. With the increase of light, much of the gigantic sublimity of the scene dwindled away, though enough remained to render the passage of the Simplon one of the most remarkable scenes in the world.

We walked on to Persal, where we took a second breakfast, among the delicacies of which was some of the most delicious honey I had ever tasted. We still continued to ascend for several hours. But I was now tired of walking, and got into the cabriolet of the diligence, where I could see the scene at my ease. My companions, who all seemed to have taken a great liking to me, brought me delicious Alpine raspberries and strawberries, with a curious little fruit called *embrock*, peculiar to those elevated regions. The leaves of the last-mentioned plant, reddened by the autumn, literally illuminated the whole face of the mountains in several places. At length we reached the top of the pass, and saw the streams turn their back upon Switzerland, and roll their sparkling waters, against the morning sun, towards Italy.

CHAPTER X.—MADAME CARLI.

At the village of the Simplon we stopped awhile to change horses, drink brandy and water, and smoke a cigar. The *conducteur*, a fellow of

infinite appetite, likewise ate another meal, upon which it would be difficult to bestow a name. He had eaten two breakfasts already, and meant to lunch a little further on; so that it was a sort of third breakfast, or first luncheon. The name, however, mattered very little to him. Being a philosopher, he ate when he was hungry, and drank when he was thirsty, without troubling himself at all to know whether the world approved of his goings-on or not. I should most likely have followed his example, but that our second breakfast at Persal had blunted my appetite. While he was regaling himself on the good things to be obtained at so great an elevation above the level of the sea, I amused myself with exchanging tender *adieux* with Madame Carli.

Our flirtation had been unfortunate, for my French companions, preferring their own amusement to the solid interests of poor Monsieur Carli, had so worried and tormented him about the supposed danger he would run by getting me to take his wife as mine over the frontier, that his imagination became alarmed; so that he chose rather to be detained at Simplon, as a person suspected of cholera, than carry out the plan of entering Piedmont, which we had so sagaciously formed at Brigg.

Our stratagem, had it been discovered, might have caused me considerable embarrassment; but the risk of this I was willing to incur, to oblige him. When too late, he found that he might very well have taken Dogberry's phrase for his motto, "Write me down an ass." He now came to me with his wife to express his regret—called Monsieur Morn and the rest "*des impertinents*," and said that he felt quite ashamed at being made their dupe.

"Here, during a whole week," said he, "shall I do penance for having been silly enough to misconstrue your motives; but, Monsieur, we shall meet at Milan, where I will endeavor to prove to you that, though I have been for the moment a jealous fool, it was but for a moment. What else I would and ought to say, I leave Madame to express for me."

So saying, he shook me heartily by the hand, and walked off. Madame Carli, though one of the best women in the world, was still a bit of a coquette, and, in ball-rooms or on a journey, liked to make love *pour passer le temps*. It was agreeable, she said; and then it was so long since she had met any one like me—by exact computation of time, probably six weeks—I was so earnest, so sincere. I could do no other than bow, and press her hand—compliments and flattery are so delightful from a woman! I professed to have been immensely happy, and said I did not doubt that we should pass our time most pleasantly together at Milan. How many more fine things we might have uttered, I know not; but just then I saw the remorseless professor running among the trees, in search of us. There was not a moment to be lost. We might never see each other again; and could we part like two statues! No! We bent

our heads towards each other, and I fear I kissed Madame Carli. But if I did, the time, and place, and circumstances will, I trust, constitute my apology. We were, I know not how many thousand feet in the air, surrounded by snows and glaciers. Everything there was cold but the heart, and the kiss was decorous and fraternal, just as it ought to have been. We then shook hands, and promised faithfully to meet at Milan. But did we? No! From that time to this, Madame Carli has been, among the millions of Eve's daughters who tread the mazy surface of this planet in smiles, invisible to me. Her husband, though something of an Oriental in feeling, was at bottom a right good fellow; and I trust her life has been a happy one.

"Ah! I had lost you," exclaimed the professor. "But what was that little cloud of drapery which has just disappeared behind the foliage?"

"It was nothing," said I.

"Then, nothing let it be," answered he. "But come; there is a countryman of yours down here in front of the inn, who appears so grand, and at the same time so *triste*, you had better speak to him. After having taken his place in the diligence, he turned away proudly from every one, as if we were not worth looking at, and is now gazing at the Alps, as though they alone were worthy to be his companions. Pray come, and try whether pride has congealed him into an icicle or not."

"He does not speak French or Italian," I replied.

"How do you know?" inquired the professor.

I felt quite sure of it; and, coming out just at that moment upon the terrace in front of the inn, went forward, and politely addressed my countryman in French. He made me a profound bow, but said nothing. I then spoke in Italian, with the same result. Upon this, quite sure that my conjecture was well founded, I addressed him in English. "Ah! I am so delighted!" cried he; "but from your beard and mustache, I took you to be a foreigner, and thought I should be persecuted all the way to Milan. Where do you sit in the diligence? Can't I get a seat by you?"

"I have managed," I said, "to secure a place in the cabriolet, for the purpose of enjoying the scenery;" at which he looked blank, being booked for the interior. By a little manœuvring, however, we got one of the Frenchmen to cede to him his place, which was really a great sacrifice, as, from the hot and close inside of the diligence, nothing could be seen.

Nothing so speedily palls upon the appetite as magnificent scenery. At least I can speak for myself; I have at times derived extreme pleasure from the sight of the Alps, especially of those wild and savage portions of them which suggest ideas of death and utter desolation—where the water comes rolling and foaming down precipitous rocks, among dark pine forests, and tumbles into almost bottomless gulfs below, where you shudder as you lean over to catch the last sight of them. Enough of this sort of scenery had presented itself to us on our descent towards Italy; but if there be those

who can gaze with undiminished pleasure on mountain after mountain—who never grow weary of the hills, and long earnestly for the sight of a plain—I may envy, but cannot understand them. Long before we reached *Duomo d'Ossola* I was sick of the Alps, and eagerly desired to behold the verdant flats of Lombardy, that I might be delivered from the eternal pine forests, cascades, and cataracts, and endless succession of peaked mountains, each exactly like the other. I have a powerful sympathy with the grand in nature, but have still greater love of variety. It was with inexpressible satisfaction, therefore, that I caught the first view of the *Lago Maggiore*, where beauty of the softest kind succeeds to savage grandeur. Ah! who that is happy would not live on the shores of that lake, which looks like a fragment of Fairyland thrown in by accident among the rough realities of this earth! I would not describe the scene if I could, it has so often been delineated. But, with my mind's eye, I see it now—a broad expanse of water, spreading among winding shores, which conceal its extent; terraced banks covered with verdure, and dotted thickly with white, glittering villas; isles of poetic beauty, floating, as it were, on the surface of the lake; and, far away towards the west, serene and quiet towns, sending up their peaceful domestic smoke against the evening sky. The golden light of sunset bathed everything in splendor; and my heart beat with a strange delight, to feel that I was at length in Italy.

CHAPTER XI.—ENTRANCE INTO ITALY.

What would not those who have felt much, give to be able to chronicle all their sensations? It may be truly said that what we learn from experience belongs to our outer life, while what we feel is treasured up in our heart of hearts. The obscurity of evening was over Italy as I approached it. She was like a beauty meeting her lover beneath her veil. Though not unconscious of the loveliness extending around on all sides, I longed for sunrise to reveal it to me. My pleasure was too great to be enjoyed in darkness; I therefore wished for day, that, by rendering the object of my admiration half visible to sight, as it were, I might deprive it of those mysterious additions bestowed by fancy, which rendered its enjoyment almost oppressive. Mohammed pronounced the approach to Damascus too delicious; and I found it impossible to sleep on the night before my arrival at Thebes. The soul at such moments feels a tumultuous joy, which stern reason, perhaps, will scarcely justify; but the sources of it are within you—you have been replenishing them from your childhood by the study of history, poetry, and romance. It is you who make the earth a paradise or a hell for yourself. I would not sleep on the night of my arrival in Italy—that is, I determined to resist it; but having been kept awake by superior excitement the whole of the night before, my resolution was only half kept. I found myself dozing and dreaming perpetually, as the heavy diligence, laden with sleeping men and women, went jolting drowsily

along the plains of Lombardy. Will the reader pardon me if I relate one of my dreams! I have said that I had left at home a host of children, among whom was a charming little girl, six months old. There is no explaining the mechanism of fancy; but, after travelling long and far through the unreal world, I arrived at length at the garden of Jolimont, where I saw my baby smiling in her mother's arms. I stooped forward to kiss her; she playfully retreated. A second and a third trial were made. Being seated on the box beside the driver, I nearly, in my dreaming eagerness, precipitated myself forward upon the horses, and awoke with an instinctive effort to recover my position. The domes and towers of Milan just at that moment rose before me, bathed in the ruddy light of the dawn; and the rich verdure of the plains on all sides was glittering with dew. On the right, far in the distance, were the towering Alps, rosy with the sun's first rays, and piercing the blue sky with a thousand luminous pinnacles. Not even Austrian despotism can deprive the Lombards of the enjoyment of such moments, though the pleasure must be dashed by the consciousness that, whatever may be their physical enjoyments, they still are slaves.

It forms no part of my design to describe cities, or churches, or palaces, or pictures. The guide-books do that. I went, of course, to the cathedral, and glanced over all its curiosities. But I find nothing about them in my memory, and therefore shall say nothing. I remember perfectly well that, on entering Lombardy, my passport was taken from me, and forwarded to Milan, where I was told it would be delivered to me on demand. There is, of course, no living in any Austrian city without a passport; so, the very first morning after my arrival, I had no sooner breakfasted than I sallied forth in search of the police-office, that I might obtain official permission to breathe the emperor's air. There are those among my countrymen who like well enough the present state of things, and fancy that Italy never was so happy as under the rule of the Teutonic barbarians. For myself, I sighed for the turbulent republics of the middle ages, and would rather have seen a capital in every village, and a frontier in every parish boundary, and men armed to the teeth defending them, than have witnessed the dead calm which, when I passed through it, was brooding over Lombardy. It was like the sleep of death.

As I was proceeding towards the police-office, I met, under the piazza opposite the cathedral, a lady, whose face immediately made me forget my errand. She was so fair and beautiful, I took her to be a daughter of the north, and could not resist the temptation to speak to her. So, stepping forward, and taking off my hat in the politest manner imaginable, I inquired, in English, the way to the police-office.

"Non capisco," was her reply.

I then apologized for addressing her in a foreign language, but said—"I have mistaken you for an Englishwoman, you are so extremely beautiful."

"And are the English women so extremely beautiful?" inquired she.

"You may judge," said I, "since they are like you."

"I suppose they flatter a great deal in England," observed she, with a smile, "and you have probably learned the art there."

"Nay, it is in your country that one learns to flatter; if, indeed, it be flattering to speak the truth."

"This is not my country," replied she. "I would it were!"

"Then you are a Frenchwoman?"

She shook her head.

"A Swiss?"

The same dumb sign of negation. My curiosity was now excited.

"I trust you will pardon me," said I, "but really I am curious to know what country has had the happiness to give birth to you."

"I am an Austrian," she replied.

"Is it possible?" was my involuntary exclamation.

"If you are surprised at that," said she, "you will be still more surprised when I add that my feelings are all Italian."

This little dialogue took place in front of a shop, out of which an officer soon came, flourishing a new whip, which he had just been purchasing. He looked at me with something like a scowl, and, saying a few words to her in German, from the tone of which I could not doubt she was his wife, walked off with her, though not before she had turned round and bowed to me twice.

I had, meanwhile, forgotten the police-office and the passport, which now, however, as the temptress was gone, speedily made their way back into my memory. When I reached the important premises, I was informed that, by some extraordinary accident, my passport was lost, or else had not been duly forwarded. In the mean time, however, I might remain at Milan, for visiting which I, of course, had particular motives. I admitted that I had motives, and that they were very particular, but declined explaining them till my passport should be found. It was quite immaterial. I was living under a paternal government, and would, doubtless, like to converse with one of my countrymen, who, as great good luck would have it, was then in the office. Though an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I had no objection; and the wily agent of Prince Metternich was forthwith brought face to face with me. A man is never so bold or so politic as when he has nothing to fear or conceal; and the pains the worthy agent took to see further into the milestone than he who made it, amused me immensely. He was resolved to find out all about me, and I was resolved he should not; and so we went on for an hour, at least, thrusting, and parrying, and beating about the bush. Nothing more contemptible can be conceived than a government which experiences alarm at the passage of a humble foreigner through its dominions, who has no political mission, and who,

however crafty or Jesuitical he might be, could really, in ninety cases out of a hundred, effect nothing. However defective our own institutions may be, they really deliver both us and our ministers from suspicions so humiliating. A man in Great Britain may come and go, and laugh and talk, and declaim to his heart's content against anything and everything, without exciting the slightest alarm. Freedom is our safety-valve, and we use it unsparingly; but under Austrian rule, the clucking of a turkeycock would alarm the authorities. Metternich would have trembled in his palace, and the emperor would have felt insecure, if I had been suffered to pass through Lombardy without its having been ascertained who I was, how many wives and children I had left behind me, what was my object in travelling, what means of subsistence I possessed, and whether or not I meant, on my return, to parade my formidable beard and mustaches through the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Having cherished, all my life, a contempt for grandees who happen to have nothing but their position to recommend them, I should have felt the greatest possible pleasure, could I by any means have accomplished it, in making Metternich and his emperor sleepless for a month. Unluckily, I was too unimportant for that, though they had, certainly, the benefit of my best wishes.

CHAPTER XII.—CARLOTTA.

Through some letters of recommendation I had brought with me, I was invited to a musical *soirée*, where the company was chiefly made up of Germans and French, with a slight sprinkling of English people and Italians. One of the first persons I noticed on entering was my female friend of the piazza, who introduced to me an Italian lady and her daughter, who, she said, were about to set out in a few days, by Veterino, for Genoa. Few faces could exceed in interest or beauty that of the young Italian lady. Strange to say, she was very fair, and possessed a pearly clearness of complexion not always found in fair women. Her eyes were of that amethystine blue which is of all colors the most beautiful. They seemed like little fragments of the sky, and had all its infinite depth and serenity. It was impossible to look at them without a certain fluttering of the heart. I preserved silence a little longer, perhaps, than was becoming; but at length observed that, as they were travelling towards Genoa, it would afford me very great pleasure to be permitted to accompany them. The mother replied, that nothing would be easier, as they did not intend taking all the carriage, but merely places for themselves. Having learned their address, and that of the owner of the carriage, it was agreed that I should call on them, and make my arrangements, in the morning. I have a very foolish habit of being contented with one person at a time: and, finding Carlotta (the only name by which, in these pages, I wish to designate her) extremely agreeable, I forgot altogether the rest of the company; and, had I been permitted, should

have spent the whole evening in conversing with her. Our dialogue, however, was soon interrupted by Carlotta's being requested to sing. I hate singing in general, especially when a knot of women commence wailing, like so many lost spirits, around a piano-forte; but when a woman has a sweet voice, and knows how to use it, I could listen to her forever. The pleasure of such moments is like few in this world, and comes back again and again upon the memory in after-years, renewing the delight of the moment, and investing it with all those delicate touches of melancholy which cling to whatever we have enjoyed. Carlotta, as she placed herself at the piano, threw back her massive dark brown ringlets, and raising slightly her large eyes, paused for a moment, as if to collect and summon up her powers. She then sang. To describe my sensations while her voice was pouring like nectar around me, would be impossible. The notes seemed to descend like drops of melody into an ocean of sound, which rolled and reverberated with infinite undulations over the soul. Had she not been beautiful, and possessed a seraph's voice, it would have signified little, as far as I was concerned. But when all that is lovely in countenance or expression, and all that is graceful in the female form, are added to a voice of infinite richness, sweetness, and power, it would require a stoicism much more perfect than mine to remain indifferent. The Austrian lady whom I had met in the morning, observing how completely I was absorbed by Carlotta's singing, roused me from my reverie by inquiring how long I had been in Italy.

"One day," I replied, as soon as I could collect my thoughts.

"Before you have been many days," said she, "you will be lost past recall. The women on this side of the Alps are sirens."

"And on the other too," I answered.

"Well," she inquired, "are you not very much obliged to me for providing you with companions so agreeable as you appear to think Carlotta and her mother?"

I professed myself to be infinitely indebted to her. We then entered into a long conversation on operas, music, the great singers we had both heard, and so on. She did not affect enthusiasm, but felt it, as I could easily perceive by the language she employed. I experienced no enthusiasm, and did not affect it; but confessed, rather than boasted, that certain singers and kinds of music had very great charms for me.

At the table d'hôte of the hotel where I lodged, I met two officers of the Indian army, with whom, for various reasons, I fraternized at once. They gave me letters of introduction to friends at Genoa and Leghorn, and promised, if they ever met me at Alexandria, as they fully expected, to ascend the Nile in my company, at least as far as Thebes, where they would turn off towards the Desert and Cosseir. In company with these gentlemen, I strolled about the city, after having early secured my place in the carriage, and saw such curios-

ities as Milan has to show—at least with one exception, “The Last Supper,” by Leonardo da Vinci. I put off visiting this from hour to hour, and day to day; why, I know not, since, of all inanimate things, it was what I most wished to see in Milan. Perhaps Carlotta’s fascinations had something to do with it.

CHAPTER XIII.—DEPARTURE FROM MILAN.

At length we left Milan, early in the morning, the rich green plains being lighted up by a golden autumnal sun. There were six persons in the carriage, an Italian gentleman, with his wife and daughter, Madame B——, Carlotta, and myself. We were accompanied by another carriage, larger than our own, filled inside and out with Swiss, who were proceeding to take service in the Neapolitan army. With these riffrafs of the Alps was a German, who figures in “Margaret Ravenscroft” under the name of Semler. We afterwards saw much of each other, but at starting had no further acquaintance than what one picks up at a table d’hôte, for we had dined together ever since my arrival at Milan.

Madame B—— was a woman of about thirty-six, handsome, but hard-featured, who, having neglected, apparently, to make the most of her beauty when young, was now determined to make up for it as fast as possible. She flirted indifferently with everybody; but got out of temper, and looked as fierce as a basilisk the moment one spoke to her daughter, whose person she seemed to look upon as nothing but a cage for her voice. At first she placed herself in the middle, between me and Carlotta, with whom, therefore, I had to speak, when I spoke to her at all, across her mamma, which was very awkward. But as the day grew hotter, Madame B——’s regard for her own comfort overcame all other considerations, and she asked me as a favor to change places with her, as she wished to sit near the window for the sake of the air. I would have consented to sit in an oven, to oblige her; and, indeed, for some hours during the middle of the day, I might as well have baked myself with Monsieur Cabot, as have sat where I did, scorched internally by the fire of Carlotta’s eyes, and externally melted by the sun.

The Italian patriarch, who sat opposite, was far more comfortable, because he had no flesh to lose, being little better than a walking anatomy. The sun and atmosphere had done their worst upon him. Brown as a mummy, with large, heavy, dark eyes, high cheek-bones, and a mouth of enormous capacity, he had very much the air of a scarecrow.

His wife had been handsome in her time; and the daughter was so still, though she had reached, in single blessedness, the alarming age of two-and-twenty, after which a woman regards her chances of felicity gone in Italy. As papa formed my vis-a-vis, I could not, ugly as he was, avoid entering occasionally into conversation with him. He illustrated strikingly the common adage, that

one should never trust to appearances—since he could talk like an angel, and had a mind so stored with knowledge, and was of a temper so finely balanced, that, before we had travelled far, I could hardly tell whether he or Carlotta was the more fascinating person of the two.

What I had first mistaken for heaviness in his eyes, was an expression of extreme serenity. If he had ever known the storms of the passions, Time, with his vast wings, had now lifted him far above them, and placed him on that intellectual eminence where, as Lucretius expresses it, “a man may look down upon humanity, toiling, wandering, and fretting below.” Strange to say, he had been in the army, where he had preserved, unabated, through many a campaign, his faith in Providence, and his love of knowledge. Though he had married early in life, he had had but one child, whom he seemed to regard with extreme tenderness and affection. His wife was what the French call *une femme nulle*; that is, a woman of no character at all.

I never could pretend to understand the art of flirtation, and, on the present occasion, most satisfactorily demonstrated my ignorance. Instead of taking advantage of my position to ingratiate myself with Carlotta, as any man of the world would have done, I entered into a discussion with Signor Castrucci on the character and writings of Machiavelli. At first, considering in what country we were travelling, he sedulously avoided politics; but, as conversation begot mutual confidence, we spoke out boldly on the affairs of Italy, both past and present. On my referring to Machiavelli, he smiled, and said, “I will tell you an anecdote, from which you may perceive how early in life I became attached to that great author. I received my education under the Jesuits, who, as you know, watch over their pupils with the utmost strictness, allowing them to read no books but such as they themselves put into their hands. I had an uncle in the town, close to which our college was situated; and I was sometimes permitted to visit him. There, one day, on a window-seat, I found a volume of Machiavelli’s works, in which I immediately became interested. My uncle gave me the whole set, but cautioned me against carrying it to the college, since he assured me my preceptors would certainly take it away. ‘I’ll tell you,’ said he, ‘what you shall do—you must have it bound like the mass-book, and take it with you occasionally to church. It will then be mistaken for a help to devotion; and while they are engaged in their unintelligible rhapsodies, or useless ceremonies, you can improve your mind.’

“Of course, I carefully followed this advice, and read the works of the greatest of Italian writers over and over, till I became familiar with them all. One day, however, as one of the holy fathers was preaching on the Chinese mission, I happened to open my favorite volume at the commencement of the marriage of Belfregor, the caustic wit and dry humor of which pleased me

so much that I forgot where I was, and smiled again and again with delight.

"An honest Jesuit, who observed my merriment, thought it could hardly be excited by a book of devotion, and, approaching me stealthily, like a cat, looked over my shoulder, and discovered the horrid truth. Then, stretching forth his long, bony hand, he seized upon the volume, as an eagle pounces upon a hare, and, thrusting it into his bosom, cast on me a menacing look, and returned to his place in the choir. Up to that moment I had been intended for the ecclesiastical profession; but, while my heart was boiling with indignation, I made up my mind, and, walking out of the church, went straight to my uncle's; and never entered the Jesuits' college again.

"Love, I acknowledge, had something to do with my resolution. My uncle had a very charming daughter," said he, smiling, and turning towards his wife, who returned the smile; "and proposing for her hand, my offer was accepted, though the marriage was postponed for some time. Meanwhile, I entered the army, where I have risen to the rank of General. In due time I married; and you perceive," added he, turning to his wife, and then to his daughter, "the whole of my family."

"You are more obliged to Machiavelli," I observed, "than most persons. Through his aid you have escaped celibacy, and risen to honor and distinction."

Signor Castrucci bowed.

"And now," I inquired, looking back from this distance of time, do you think that the notions you entertained of the Florentine statesman in your youth were correct?"

"Machiavelli," he replied, "was essentially a revolutionary writer; he despised all the established governments of his time, and labored earnestly to subvert them by propagating those principles of expediency which render men indifferent respecting the means they employ to accomplish their ends; he esteemed liberty the greatest good that men can enjoy, and thought them justified in wading to it through seas of blood. The princes and rulers of his time set no value on human life, which they sacrificed in all ways to gratify their most despicable caprices. He therefore counselled the people to follow their example, and labored all his life to undermine the sentiment of respect for greatness which is one of the most fatal weaknesses incident to human nature. To dissipate this feeling, he dwells on the crimes and follies of kings and princes, and seeks to overwhelm them beneath a load of contempt. No man can rise from the perusal of Machiavelli with the same sentiment of loyalty with which he commenced it. His attack is conducted in the most insidious manner, for he often praises what he wishes you to hate; but is careful that his praise should be calculated to provoke your detestation."

"Strange," interposed Carlotta, "that of so

great a man's life so little, comparatively, should be known."

"Signora," replied Castrucci, "the lives of the greatest men the world has ever produced have been obscure, like his. We see the effects their genius produced, but are unable to measure the productive force; just as, in our own country, we behold a mountain thrown up into the air by volcanic agency, but never perceive the power at work."

"I have read the history of Florence," observed Carlotta, "and what remains of the letters—but should like to know much more of the man who wrote them."

We now entered into a literary conversation, in which Carlotta's mother, a woman of considerable knowledge, joined occasionally. To my great surprise, I found that the daughter had read extensively, was acquainted with Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and Metastasio—the last more especially—and could dissertate upon poetry and music like a professor. With all this, her manner was the most modest, gentle, and unassuming that could be conceived. She had, literally, no vanity, or concealed it with so exquisite an art that she might as well have been without it.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE CHURCH OF CERTOSA.

Late in the afternoon we turned off from the high road, to visit the conventual church of Certosa, the interior of which we found to be one blaze of rich ornaments. Few things in a woman are so beautiful as the feeling of devotion. Carlotta, I found, was overflowing with it. As we approached the church, through an avenue of noble trees, her manner, always modest and subdued, became much more strikingly so. Her voice sank to a lower key; her animal spirits were hushed; and her large blue eyes appeared to grow moist with delight. "How pleasant it is," said she to me, in a low, sweet voice, "to enter the house of God! See, from the walls yonder, how the Holy Virgin smiles upon us! Ah! what rich tints tremble and glitter on the pavement! Must not heaven be something like this?"

And whatever we, here in the North, may say, there is certainly something in the architecture, ornaments, and brilliant light of southern churches that kindles irresistibly the spirit of joy. The gloomy aisles, aspiring arches, fretted roofs, long casements, and profusion of shadow, in a Gothic edifice, may produce a more powerful effect on our imagination, but it is not enlivening. On the contrary, it is akin to sorrow; and as our climate itself is depressing, we experience, in their fullest force, all those melancholy influences which tend to impart a sombre aspect to religion. We surround our sacred buildings with groves of yew-trees, and, in the country, permit gray and yellow lichens to spread themselves over the walls—green damps and immense patches disfigure the interior, and irresistibly lead us to associate humidity and darkness with everything beyond the

grave. In Italy the reverse is the case. Marble floors, richly painted windows, magnificent altars, pictures, statues, columns, gilding, and whatever is bright and beautiful—the whole penetrated and almost rendered transparent by light—surround you on all sides, and produce a peculiar effect on your fancy. You do not need to mount in search of the skies—a little compartment of heaven seems to have descended for your use, and a holy atmosphere murmurs and breathes around you.

Familiarity does not always breed contempt. Madame B. put more confidence in me as our acquaintance proceeded, allowed her daughter to take my arm, while she took the other, and conversed with me freely as we walked through the church. They forgot I was a heretic, and consequently gave full vent to those rapturous feelings which devout Catholics experience from time to time. Religion, in some persons, is an instinct—finest in the finest organizations. The soul, in such cases, seems to be an instrument so exquisite, and of so vast a compass, that it cannot yield forth all its music when played upon by anything but heaven. Carlotta's soul was one of these. Her exquisite sensibility, her fervid imagination, her impassioned heart, rendered her susceptible to the most delicate influences; so that religion easily became a want of her nature.

She invited me to kneel with her while she said her prayers. At that instant, from a gallery far above, we heard a burst of music, and numerous voices of women, chanting the "Agnus Dei." And oh, the effect of music at such a moment! Angelic voices appeared to be hymning their Creator in the courts above. The sounds descended upon us like showers of delight; and the Lamb of God, and the Virgin, floated softly through the incensed atmosphere. Carlotta placed one of her hands on mine; the other was pressed on her bosom. We did not speak. It was a moment of more than earthly pleasure; and when the hymn had been chanted we rose from our knees, walked forth from the church, and returned to the carriage in perfect silence. But, through that silence, what celestial melodies appeared to roll! The soul was full of music, and therefore the ear needed none. Such was my brief visit to the church of Certosa.

We now pressed on with unusual speed towards Pavia, where we arrived in time for a late dinner. Here we lost sight, suddenly, of Signor Castrucci and his family. We took no leave of each other. He disappeared in the inn yard, hurried off, perhaps, by some friends, who would not allow him time for the ordinary politenesses of travelling; or he may have lived at Pavia, and forgotten us in his eagerness to visit home. Carlotta and her mother retired to dine in a private room; and I was left with a rabble of Swiss, whose company would have been altogether insufferable but for the presence of my friend Semler, whose kindness and generosity of character I have endeavored to do justice to elsewhere. A good dinner is apt to soften the worst of tempers; it did so in the case of my Swiss companions, whose minds, however, like

certain ancient Chinese vases, only showed more clearly the monsters painted on them as they were the more completely filled with wine. I am, upon the whole, extremely tolerant; but the conversation of Swiss and Germans after dinner was too much for my equanimity. As they drank, they became communicative, and were so overpowering in their confidence, that I soon proposed to the Hanoverian to take a walk with me in the city. However, we were not destined so to escape, for our jovial friends no sooner discovered our design than they abandoned their cups to accompany us. I sent them for the moment to the warmest of all latitudes—that is to say, internally; common decency compelled me to appear flattered by what they really intended as a compliment. So forth we went, with abundance of cursing and swearing, and considerably worse occasionally, to see the churches of Pavia. In one of these Semler and I managed to lose ourselves, or rather our companions, by slipping softly out at a side door, and plunging down the first dusky lane we could see, which fortunately led us out upon the banks of the Ticino, near the old-fashioned, picturesque, covered bridge. It may argue little taste in me to admire so strange and grotesque a structure, but I plead guilty, nevertheless, and acknowledge that I experienced considerable pleasure in walking through that long wooden gallery, strongly roofed over, and affording, through spacious openings on either side, magnificent views of the broad waters of the Ticino, fringed with shrubs and low trees, then beginning to be painted with the rich hues of autumn.

Every person, perhaps, has a favorite season of the year—some preferring the summer, others the spring, others winter, and others, like myself, the golden autumn. The zest of our pleasures is heightened by an infusion of melancholy. Few things are more melancholy than music—none so melancholy as love, which is, in fact, nothing but the consciousness of a desire never to be wholly gratified here below. Love is the yearning of the soul after the beautiful, which is but another expression for the infinite. Doubtless the fresh green of spring, when the trees stand in genteel half-dress before the modest sun, is highly refreshing to the mind as well as to the eye. But autumn comes to us, decked in a thousand colors, painted, partly, by the hand of decay. It is beauty on the threshold of the tomb, rendered more beautiful and fascinating by the air breathing upon it from beyond. We fancy we never discovered all its loveliness till then. Death itself is marvellously beautiful, in its eternal silence and composure; it hints the mystery it dares not speak; it seems to have closed its eyes, only that it may indulge in delicious dreams forever. All realities seem nothing compared with the ideal creation which throngs upon the soul in death. And autumn is the threshold of death—mature, soft, balmy, like the thoughts of old age, illumined by the light of heaven. For this reason I love the autumn, and

appear to think and feel in it with greater ease and delight. It is like the diminutive mummy at an Egyptian feast, bidding us enjoy ourselves rapidly, before we depart hence, and are no more seen. Thoughts like these crowded on my mind as I gazed on the rolling waters of the Ticino, rendered bright by the setting sun, but a thousand times more bright by those glowing classical associations which clothe every inanimate object in Italy, and impart to it the accumulated beauty of two thousand years. The breath of the old Roman republic seemed to breathe softly around us, rebuking Teutonic despotism, and whispering that a day of deliverance is at hand.

CHAPTER XV.—THE CARBONARO.

Next morning we were stirring with the dawn, and had already made some way when the sun rose. There is nothing so fleeting as those phenomena of nature which we denominate sunrise and sunset; and yet they sometimes paint themselves so vividly on our memories that the picture never wholly fades away, save with the crumbling of the canvas. The beauty of that morning I still remember distinctly. The sun rose out of an ocean of ruddy and saffron vapor, and shed over all the woods and copses, now moist and glittering with dew, a splendor and a gorgeousness of coloring which no art can imitate. The mystery of creation seems to be renewed every morning in the south, for, as the world emerges from darkness, it appears to put on the robes of a virgin, and to stand smiling in eternal innocence in the presence of its Creator. The deep blue of the overhanging sky completes the mighty picture; and our imagination ascends its luminous arch to the very footstool of the throne of God.

As I and Semler were enjoying, in silence, the pleasure of the morning, we heard a rustling among the bushes at the side of the road, and soon saw a man spring out, with a large bundle in his hand. He came bolt up to the carriage, requested the driver to stop a moment, and then boldly asked us for a place. What he was he would explain, he said, as we rode along. I was struck with his physiognomy, which was that of boundless self-possession and audacious impudence. He had fiery red hair, a highly-flushed complexion, and light blue eyes. Still, his manners were gentlemanly, and he soon proved himself to be in possession of large and varied stores of knowledge. He said he had been compromised for some political offences at Milan, and was now endeavoring to effect his escape from the Austrian dominions without a passport. We bade him get up, which he did, and began talking at once. He was, of course, a Carbonaro, and proved his fitness to be a member of the secret society by pouring forth a torrent of words with little or no meaning in them. He must have been of German origin. There was nothing Italian in his look, or bearing, or tone of thought. When we came to the bridge across the Po, he purposed to leave his bundle on the top of the carriage, and, with his little cane in his

hand, to stroll leisurely across the bridge, as if he had been merely out for a walk, and would return into the town. I watched the operation with considerable interest. He alighted as we approached the river, and, preceding the carriage a little, moved slowly towards the *corps des gardes* at the end of the bridge. There, instead of appearing in a hurry to pass, he leaned upon the parapet, and chatted with the German soldiers, whom his loose wit immediately provoked to laughter. He then wished them a good morning, and proceeding infinitely at his ease, in a few minutes found himself in Piedmont. As we were detained to have our passports examined, the jolly exile was several miles on his way before we overtook him, when he bounded up to his place with a light spring and a laugh, saying he had felt Prince Metternich's fingers at the nape of his neck till he was fairly over the Po. "But now a fig for the old rascal," said he; "his downfall must be approaching; and my most earnest wish is that I may assist in producing it." He was rather young for a conspirator, not, certainly, above five-and-twenty, perhaps much less. But, like Monsieur Flocon, he seemed to have lived nearly all his life in secret societies, and some portion of it, perhaps, in prison. I asked him what the members of the secret societies chiefly aimed at. He replied, "There are two sections, one of which dreams of a kingdom of Upper Italy, while the other thinks of nothing but the establishment of a republic. I belong to the latter class, and have sworn to plot and conspire against kings while I have breath. So here's to you, Prince Metternich!" said he, turning round and spitting at Lombardy.

I had exchanged the interior, notwithstanding that it contained Carlotta, for the outside and the fresh air; and now our Milanese exile came luckily to dissipate the German phlegm of Semler, and put to flight the bashfulness of a young Dalmatian who had joined our party at Pavia. By these two I was infinitely amused. The Dalmatian presented the most complete contrast to the Milanese. He was tall, muscular, of a dark olive complexion, with hair and eyes as black as jet. His habits had evidently been studious; although he could not have been more than twenty years of age, he spoke and reasoned like a man of thirty. In politics he was as red as the Milanese; though, at his own home, which was at Trieste, he expected, he said, to find no sympathy, but, on the contrary, the most determined opposition and dislike. "My father," he observed, "is a monarchist of the old school, full of the prejudices of bigotry, but otherwise a good man. He is advancing by a double road towards fortune, being engaged in commerce and the cultivation of the soil. We have a pretty little property near the city, where there is a vineyard descending in terraces towards the stream; and there, at the foot of a bitter-almond tree, I have hundreds of times sat reading Machiavelli and Fra Paolo, and meditating the revolutionizing of Italy."

Semler either took no interest in politics, or

held opinions different from ours, for he remained silent during our discussion, and only emerged from his reverie when we spoke of poetry or the fine arts. On these he was eloquent, especially when he could obtain exclusive possession of my ear, and dilate on the praise of Shakspeare. Of late the Germans have cherished the old opinion that we, the countrymen of Shakspeare, have learned through them properly to appreciate him. It may very well be doubted, however, whether any foreigner, German or not, can be said to understand our great poet, whose very language is often *caviare* to the bulk, even here in England. To build up dreamy theories about his meaning is not always to understand him; and this is what German critics have generally done. Semler was modest enough to admit that he admired, without always comprehending, Shakspeare; and if he had not understood him at all, he might still, according to his own theory, have admired him, because he was not one of those who think that what Locke calls clear and distinct ideas are necessary to the production of intellectual delight. On the contrary, he believed that mistiness and obscurity are not only a source of the sublime, but powerful ingredients of pleasure, since, according to them, it is far more agreeable to move in partial or total darkness than in the light.

I certainly experience no small degree of enjoyment from travelling in an express train through

a long dark tunnel, which suggests to one the idea of rushing wildly through infinite space; but I certainly should not like to be condemned to travel all my life in such Cimmerian gloom. A flash of darkness does very well now and then, but if Shakspeare's ideas were always surrounded by a Stygian atmosphere, in all likelihood his admirers would not be quite so numerous as they are.

The country between Pavia and Nove is a dead flat, though I could perceive everywhere spots which made pleasant pictures to the eye—copses, thickets, glades, vistas, lofty trees, and sheets of water, all glowing with the warmth of an autumnal sun. Towards evening we arrived at Nove, where I saw a curious illustration of the way in which a man may sometimes get introduced into good Italian society. Of course there is a very great difference between the people you meet with in such cities, and those who inhabit the several capitals; but I dare say the man who travels with an open heart and frank manners through Italy, will often find openness and frankness in return. At any rate, I must speak of the Italians according to my experience; and if they behaved better to me than to others, it is but fair that I should acknowledge it. We often make our own receptions, and receive what we give. The Italians especially like to have faith put in them; and so far as I have seen, they well deserve to be trusted—I mean, of course, as a general rule.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter lights and softer airs, a beauteous neighborhood!

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wild flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and orchis died amid the summer's glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men;

And the brightness of their smiles was gone, from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when come the calm mild days, as still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their wintry home;

When sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the woods are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one, who in her youthful beauty died,

The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,

And wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

From the Examiner, of 20th Oct.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE French, who put so much interest into their theatres, are not successful with their political drama. It is wearisome and disgusting to contemplate. And yet it is full of stirring events, startling changes, strange surprises, great fortunes involved, the fates of men and empires hanging on a thread. Yet, with all these materials for tragedy, it turns out to be a most vulgar and common-place drama after all. And the reason we believe to be, that there is no *character* in the personages. Amid the numbers brought upon the public scene, of all ages, ranks, color, and profession, not one stands forth as truly great, or eminent, or magnanimous in any way; few as even honest. The truth is, we suppose, that a certain degree of simplicity is necessary to greatness; and that there is no simplicity in the men who have served half-a-dozen dynasties, and set up scores of political aims in the course of their tortuous career.

In likening French political life to the stage, let us not forget the quick metamorphose of character and costume indulged in by the actors. For example, when the National Assembly last broke up, we left the magnates of the conservative party plotting, or pretending to plot, how they should extend Louis Napoleon's three years' lease of power to ten years. Were they serious and sincere at the time? It is to be doubted. Certain it is, that not only has the idea been abandoned, but another idea now peeps out. The conservative party no longer looks to any consolidation of power under Louis Napoleon, but simply to making the present president a stepping-stone to the restoration of a legitimate monarchy. This is the plain English of the situation.

M. Thiers has divulged it, by holding a language on the Roman question, such as no politician could hold that did not look to a legitimist prince as his future master, and to the priesthood as his main support. The reason is admitted on all hands, is scarcely denied by M. Thiers himself; and it has excited in the breast of Louis Napoleon a burst of honest indignation, such as that prince is capable of feeling and expressing, at least for twenty-four hours. His resolution and sagacity seldom extend beyond that period.

Whilst we write, the breach is wide in Paris between the president and those councillors whom he has hitherto implicitly trusted. Louis Napoleon, however, though a generous steed, has still a curb in his mouth; that curb being the conservative majority in the Assembly, to which he has lent himself altogether, and of which he is the instrument and slave. The aim of this class is to restore their own power, and whatever prince or régime can best serve their purpose. All they clearly see is, that the republic is, of all régimes, that which is most unfavorable to the establishment and permanence of their monopoly.

Foreign policy in France is unfortunately a mere corollary to the internal struggles going forward. The French are somewhat like sailors

who have escaped from a foundering vessel, and find themselves at sea in an open raft, without helm or sail, exposed to the tempest and to the mercy of the tide. All they think of is, to reach dry land, the nearest land, and keep alive till then. They are in that state of doubt and danger where intense selfishness is the only feeling and motive. Talk to such a people of philanthropy, of liberty, of humanity, of national pride, or of the sentiments they most prized before their wreck, and they not only do not assent, but they do not comprehend the language. They are embroiled by selfishness and fear.

It is hopeless and melancholy to see the fate of Italy, for example, entrusted to such hands. That fate the French have completely in their power. With an army of from 20,000 to 30,000 men in Rome, and the whole of the population ready to follow a liberal call, the French have but to say the word, and it is law. They have but to insist on constitutional government, nay, to install it and convoke it. Naples could not resist. Tuscany could not hold out. A popular government, established in any one corner of Italy, would, by its light, its happiness, its preëminence, alone command and force all others to ruin themselves by imitation, or to perish by the contrast. The French at Rome have in their power to say either, *Let there be day*, or *Let there be night*. Such is the alternative.

It is upon this alternative that the French Assembly is about to debate and the French government to decide. M. Thiers has drawn up a report in the name of the committee, and this report may be construed and concentrated in the few words of *Let there be Night* over Rome and Italy—the old night of papal despotism. The French republicans, to their honor, held up their hands and voices for Day. Louis Napoleon timidly, but generously, proposes a middle term. He wants at least twilight, the dawn if not the fulness of liberal institutions. The request is modest. But the Pope will not have it. Austria is indignant at it. And the French legitimists are for the supremacy of the priesthood, that great party on which they count to darken the mind of Europe down to the worship of their idols. M. Thiers makes himself the mouth-piece of the high priests; and Louis Napoleon has not the courage to venture more than a temporary pretext.

Thus the doom of Italy is to be sealed, as that of Hungary has been, and the same withering and vindictive spirit hovers over both. The police and the executioner are let loose to select their victims from the population; and all the liberal, the educated, the intelligent, the high-minded, are marked out for their prey. The prisons are gorged, and the few that escape to starve in exile are almost as much to be commiserated. Of this sad state of things France is mainly guilty. Her example it was, ay, and her exhortations, that excited the Italians to rise; and now it is her cruelty, apathy, and Machiavelism, that crush, decimate, and proscribe them. So has France served Spain, so is she treating Italy, and so is she sinking herself

into the depth of sacerdotal and lawless tyranny. It is but just that a country which has made it her boast to crush the liberties and mar the fortunes of her best allies and most attached neighbors, should be ruthlessly and degradingly cheated of her own.

From the Examiner.

HUNGARY IN OCTOBER, 1849.

As one that should behold, driven up and down
The skiey fields, some weaker bird hold fight
With eagles twain—so, land of old renown,
In dreadful silence Europe saw the light
Of battle hang above thy plains, and crown
Thy hills like a red meteor; till thy right
Yielding to power, swift thoughts and words again
Leap from the unbarred caverns of the brain.

From the Tartarian limits of the world
The northern darkness is rolled over thee,
Strangling thy morn, whose feeble star is hurled
Beneath the founts of Truth's retiring sea :
The Imperial dragons round thy sons are curled,
And the air saddens with their dismal glee :—
From tongue to tongue gabbles the brutish hiss,
Echoed afar from kingly palaces.

Yet, Hungary, thy freedom is not dead ;
It does but sleep, and soon itself will rear :
Liberty, girt with stars about its head,
Walks in the light of God's unwaning year
Secure and calm ; while despots, victory-fed,
Still tremble on the brink of some vague fear.
Triumphant kings grow pale, though millions
greet

Their thrones ! but Truth is glorious in defeat.

Storm comes, and noon-day darkness ; yet, un-
shaken,

The blue and quiet heavens sleep behind :
Bleak winter comes ; yet dreams of spring awaken
Beneath the murmurings of a warmer wind :
Death comes ; but a new birth, like fire unslaken,
Kills with its dawn the night of humankind.
Evil is transient ;—wrong, and force, and fraud,
By the great future still are overawed.

Thrones. Kingdoms, Empires, Dominations, fade :

They are as sand before the blast of Time,
Which, in quick scorn of what itself has made,
Scatters to voidness their frail shapes ; they
climb

Through their brief day—then huddle in blank
shade ;

Yet earth remains as in its freshest prime :
Good things, and pure, and simple, keep their
bloom

Through the long years ; all else is its own tomb.

Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece,
Rome, and Arabia, held in turn men's fears—
Black masses in the golden light of Peace,
Casting wide shadows ; but the fate-ful spheres
Wheeled round, and they were gone. Far longer
lease

Has Truth, which, fed with dew of human tears,
Makes music with the winds and tempests rude,
Turning to sweetness their ungentle mood.

Therefore, high-hearted sorrowing one, look forth ;

Look forth upon thy heritage awhile !

Two comforters, at least, hast thou on earth :—

The eastern Moon of Mahomet doth smile

On thy brave sons, and on thy suffering worth ;

And all the cities of our western isle

Answer the voice of thy great agony
In words of fiery hope that shall not die.

Thou blood which dost pollute with hideous dew
The fields, be fruitful in great deeds ! Be quick
O'er all the land, ye martyred hosts that strew
The valleys and the mountains, making sick
The general air with death, and Heaven's clear blue
A night of poisonous vapors foul and thick !
Be loud within the soul's intensest life,
Thou silence dwelling where has been fierce strife.

A deadly sleep is on the nations—Might
Rears its crowned head triumphant ; but the flame
Of thy uprising, Hungary, shall make bright
The mourning earth with new-born life and
fame,

As the stars fill with ever-flowing light
Their pure, cold, crystal heavens ; and thy name
Shall hang above our era's dismal story
Like dawn on some out-looking eastern promon-
tory.

EDMUND OLLIER.

From the Spectator, 20th Oct.

AUSTRIA, throwing off the mask, stands con-
fessed in her old tyrannous cruelty, her old inex-
orable meanness. Count Louis Batthyani has
been made to suffer a penal death at Pesth : and
at Arad several military leaders have been slaugh-
tered, for the most part by the rope. The charge
was high treason. All were condemned to death
by hanging, and the sentence was only commuted
to death by fire-arms in the case of a favored few.

Count Louis Batthyani differed from some other
Hungarian leaders in his strict adherence to the
old constitution ; by the constitution he stood
against imperial encroachment ; by it he stood
against republican encroachment. He had taken
no lead in the war ; he was first seized while en-
deavoring to negotiate a reconciliation ; he had
been tried by a military commission, and acquit-
ted ; he sought no refuge in flight, was again
seized by order of Haynau, and condemned to be
hanged. He had challenged a trial according to
the constitution of his country ; he now attempted
to avoid the illegal penalty, by suicide ; but fail-
ing, he was led out to perish by military death.

There can be no doubt that this act violates the
letter of the law, as it violates all civilized usage,
and all dictates of humanity and sound policy.
Count Louis Batthyani was not, strictly speaking,
a prisoner of war ; even if he had been, he might
have pleaded a previous acquittal for his conduct
during the war ; but the charge against him, that
of having infringed the Pragmatic Sanction by
exceeding his duty as a minister, was manifestly
not one for a military tribunal. The conduct of
the Austrian government, therefore, is anarchical ;
it violates constitutional law and natural justice, and
ought to rouse the nations in defence of order and jus-
tice. Austria reets on the combination of crowned
heads and armies to enforce her will by such in-
struments as Haynau ; her conduct is of a kind to
strike despair into the timid, to rouse a fixed hatred
in the bold. The Hungarians are not likely to
forget it. *A fortiori*, it shows what would have
been done with Kossuth, had he been surrendered ;

it justifies Bem in taking refuge from Austro-Russian Christianity, as Amurath Pacha, in the more generous good faith of Islam.

From the Spectator, 20th Oct.

THE SPIRIT OF EVIL.

MISCHIEF gains the ascendant in the central continent of the civilized world, wearing the crown and wielding the imperial sceptre. The Revolution of 1848 had its ugly traits; but, for all their errors, in their brief possession of power the peoples were generous. At Paris, all proscribed members of royalty were suffered to escape without injury to a hair of their heads; at Berlin, in the very tempest and whirlwind of the revolt, the king went abroad unharmed—and believed!—the “beloved Berliners” thought that in that hour he was surely in earnest. In Milan, the horrors of Spielberg, and the intolerable insolent tyrannies of local officers, were remembered only as provocatives to a generous revenge that struck not a single blow except in the fair fighting of the open streets. While Manin governed Venice, she had regained the noble sentiments of her prime; while Mazzini held Rome, the Eternal City was again governed by a magnanimous spirit that restored a life of glory to the mouldering bones of her greatness. Loud has been the execration for the murder of Latour—the assassination of a military chief who wielded the sword of a prevaricating and treacherous government; of Lamberg, bearer of messages to paralyze the emancipated nationality of Hungary. Those were crimes, and the most has been made of them; but they were not the acts of revolutionary governments—they were the crimes of the mob.

They have been eclipsed by the deeds of legitimate authority. It is with the return of her spiritual and temporal prince that meanness, servility, and cowardly oppression return to Rome; it is victorious Russia who is dictating an unchristian and cowardly breach of hospitality to the Turk; it is the imperial government of Austria which is setting the example of blood to the rebels of Hungary; it is the renewal of “order” in France which opens the way for a cruel and jesuitical treachery. Prussia and Austria are negotiating the partition of Germany among them—and then, Heaven help patriots or peoples!

It is not alone the cruelty of the ascendant powers which is to be deplored, but the lamentable moral and material effects that must follow. A bad spirit rules, and its influence is mischief. Austria is teaching the Hungarians, and all nations attempting to change the form or policy of their institutions, that victorious governments give no quarter to chivalrous foes, and that the only safety for nations that rebel is war to extermination. Hungary would now be safer if the rebels of Austria and Bohemia had brought the whole royal family and its adherents to the block—that is the lesson which Austria has recorded in letters of blood. Bathyani attempted to reconcile new im-

perial claims and old national rights: Bathyani is condemned to ignominious death. An imperial government is one that upholds its authority by the flogging of boys and women; revolutionary leaders disdain brutal and degrading weapons, but the imperial statesmen and decorated cavaliers of Austria wield the scourge and the rope, and war upon the weak. The scene at Ruskby, where Madame de Maderspach was scourged by order of an Austrian officer, was not only brutal in itself, but of necessity it rouses throughout Hungary—throughout Europe—a spirit of vehement revenge that longs to slake its thirst in the blood of the oppressor. The last act of leniency, if it is truly reported, only casts a slur on those ferocities; to the fugitives at Widden the same Haynau has granted an amnesty. Thus Kossuth, protected by the Crescent sword, enjoys the imperial mercy; Goergey, who negotiated at the head of an army, is freely pardoned; Bathyani, who confided in law and chivalrous faith, is murdered by the dispenser of imperial favor—a favor which spares the strong and wars upon the vanquished. Austria is fostering the bad passions of the dark ages. Nay, the manly Rudolph, who founded the house of Hapsburg, would blush for the recreant son who gives the power and dignity of that house in keeping to the butcher Haynau.

So in France, the literary adventurer Thiers, not having much hope of the republic as a profitable investment of his talents, is speculating for the fall, and warning future revolutionists not to trust those who have enjoyed the favor of princes. They are the crowned and accomplished vindicators of “order” who are teaching the world bad faith, cruelty, and degrading cowardice.

And England? Alas! she looks on and—prevaricates. She utters sublime sentiments, piquantly composed in essays by Henry John Viscount Palmerston—and suffers the wrong to go on. Does she not raise a finger—does she not vindicate the independence of Turkey? No, that would be “uncourteous” to Russia. Do none of her sons volunteer to avenge the matron whom Austrian heroes have beaten with rods in the public marketplace? No, that would be disagreeable, expensive, and “ridiculous.” England cannot help it. she herself is not unstained by cowardice at Malta, and not undisciplined by prevarication anywhere. Her leading men tolerate the trade in cant, perhaps share in it; and if other politicians compete with them in the trade, she cannot help herself; she has no rebuke to put down the dangerous quackery of Repeal in Ireland, or more dangerous nationalism that winks at crop-lifting. She, too, is possessed by the spirit of evil—a mean and low spirit of truckling to bolder diabolisms.

This imperial revolution tends to prevent any real settlement in Europe; but that is a truth not without its consolations. Good only is vital. Evil is mortal, in its nature as well as its effects: it works pass away, its institutions crumble. If the honor and dignity of the house of Hapsburg are disgraced by their present guardianship, so like-

wise are they endangered by it, even to the risk of destruction. If Russia and Austria, England and France conniving, are conspiring to reinstate Europe with a gigantic political Manicheism, we do not fear it. Good is inextinguishable; the nations will rise again, to do their work once more—and to do it better.

From the Daily News.

FRANCE.

It is difficult to imagine a country so totally devoid as is France of public feeling or of public pride. Any firm-handed despot might humble her before Europe, might use her resources to support any criminal, or superannuated, or imbecile cause; might convert her army into mere police, and take the money of the industrious to pay them. Throughout a land of thirty millions there seems no motive for public conduct acknowledged save fear, or avarice, or the merest selfishness. There is no principle in public men; no force in public opinion. There reigns in the political atmosphere that dead, dark and solemn calm that accompanies or preludes great convulsions, when there is not a light to guide one, nor a breath of wind to move a sail, were one to spread it.

Upon such a world has poor Louis Napoleon been thrown—we say poor, for we profoundly pity him. He has been a twelvemonth at the head of a noble country, and he has not found one principle of government, one public aim, one true support, one genuine friend. The interests of each party that he advanced to power were hostile to him, yet he has shrunk from those which could best have coalesced with him. He was made to consider everything popular and everything liberal as a bugbear, and he consequently flung himself into the arms of parties whose chief hopes consisted in his betrayal.

It certainly was a perplexing thing, for a prince or a president, placed at the head of a French government, to find out support for that government. The popular party was profoundly ulcerated, the middle class terribly frightened, the moneyed class outrageous with losses, of which they flung the entire blame on liberalism and republicanism, instead of attributing them to their own improvidence, selfishness and folly. Loyalty was a sentiment unknown. Even legitimists disown it; what they want is a prince, to stand capital of that column of which they, the aristocracy, form the shaft.

The moneyed class, who were ruined by the republic, and the legitimists, who had been in ruin and disgrace during the last half century, coalesced; and they offered power to whoever would put down republicanism and do their work. They offered it to Lamartine, they offered it to Cavaignac. The one was too foolish, the other too honest, to accept such terms. Louis Napoleon grasped at them. He was elected by them—at least appeared to be so—and he became their tool. They hold him in their

hands. They have got an Assembly of their own choosing. For the popular element which was at first sufficiently strong in it, was got rid of by a most foolish conspiracy, which decreased and discredited the liberal ranks and cause. Louis Napoleon has no power to dissolve this assembly. He has no power to govern, save through its majority. And although this majority was obtained from the country under the idea that society and property were in danger, and that the men to be returned should be men who would vote for them at all price, there is no appeal from the extravagant reaction of this majority.

We see what it has done in Rome—something that neither Louis Philippe nor Charles X. could have dared. And what they have done in Rome they will strive to do in France—that is, restore the ancient state of things, the monarchy of the elder Bourbons, the court, the priesthood, the categories of proscription, the censorship of the press, the colleges in possession of the Jesuits. The reaction at Paris arrives at a point quite as extreme as the reaction at Berlin or Vienna. All that is wanting is the scaffold, and that may come.

But although this is the aim of M. Falloux and M. Montalembert, and of the united majority of legitimists and Orleanists, we cannot believe that M. Thiers has put himself at the head of any such crusade. M. Thiers is too much and too indelibly a son of the revolution to commit himself to any such doctrines, or any such party. M. Thiers is essentially a foreign politician; his whole soul is in the interests and advancement of his country abroad. And in order that it may have a commanding position abroad, M. Thiers would perhaps desire to raise to power that party which is strongest in domestic politics. What Lord Aberdeen recommends in England, M. Thiers recommends in France. Lord Aberdeen says, Let us make friends with Austria and absolutism, and by that means appear to support and share in a reaction that we cannot resist. M. Thiers says, The tide of reaction and absolutism is strong; let us join it, and make the most of it.

M. Thiers is, like Lord Aberdeen, biased in no small degree by motives of personal rivalry. The old feud between Thiers and Dufaure, Thiers and Passy, survives. And M. Thiers, who fought the battle of the right of ministers, and not kings, to govern, under Louis Philippe, is most unwilling to give up such a principle to a Louis Napoleon. For the president of a republic to write a letter, disowning all complicity with the unpopular but necessary policy in which his cabinet has embarked, is a trick in M. Thiers' estimation which no public man ought to allow.

Such we believe to be the explanation of M. Thiers' conduct, and we are far from thinking it satisfactory. But it, at least, removes or contradicts the very deplorable supposition that such men as M. Thiers have given their assent, their talents, and their efforts, to a legitimist restoration.

From the New York Tribune.

Los Gringos; or, an Inside View of Mexico and California, with Wanderings in Peru, Chili, and Polynesia. By Lieut. WISE, U. S. N. New York: Baker and Scribner.

THE tone of gayety and good-humored persiflage, which has given such brilliant success to several English writers of travels, is almost a new feature in modern literature. With the exception of Beckford's spicy description of his droll experiences in Spain and Portugal, we have had little worth noticing in this kind, until within a comparatively recent period. The instant popularity which has followed the attempts alluded to, has waked up a host of travellers, who feel themselves called to clothe the history of their common-place adventures in the sparkling, gossamer, or, perhaps, gaseous, veil of sprightly romantic embellishment. The apparent ease with which those piquant descriptions are thrown off, has tempted many a conceited itinerant into more perils than those he boasts to have encountered in foreign climes. The book which is so delicious in the reading, has been concocted from the sweat and agony of the author's brain; but the unwary adventurer, who has been enticed into the magic circle, is soon found crushed under the weight of his own stupidity. In this species of composition, more than in almost any other, there is no hope of success except to the writer who combines a genial vivacity, a sensitive, mercurial temperament, a shrewd spirit of observation, with a kaleidoscopic variety, and quaintness of expression that always ensures a brilliant triumph in conversation, but which can rarely be woven into the substantial texture of a book. And anything short of triumphant success is dead failure.

The author of this agreeable volume is one of the fortunate persons who can venture on the style, in which he seems so entirely at home, without the shadow of risk. He has only to uncork the radiant champagne of his genius, of which he has specimens of every choice and delicate vintage, and you are regaled with an inexhaustible flow of the exhilarating juice.

The voyage, of which we here have the log-book, worked up into a fascinating tissue of exquisite badinage, genuine humor, and pithy description, led the author into a great variety of scenes, to which his graphic pen has imparted the most felicitous effect. He left Boston at the close of the summer of 1846, in a United States vessel, proceeds to Rio Janeiro, doubles Cape Horn, touches at Valparaiso, cruises along the coasts of Mexico and California, visits the interior, goes to the Sandwich Islands, stops at Nukaheva, explores Polynesia, and returns to this country, after being borne by his noble ship over a space of fifty-five thousand miles. Such a voyage could not fail to open a rich vein of materials to the skillful hand that should be able to work them up with the charms of sparkling, picturesque description. Lieut. Wise has certainly made the best use of his opportunities, and given us a volume which, for its fresh, joyous

humor, its life-like naturalness, its brilliant glimpses of character and manners, and its power of expressive word-painting, we have not seen the equal of for a long time, in our critical hunt for readable books. No one who runs his eye over the lively table of contents, can satiate his curiosity without a perusal of the entire volume. We will dip into it at random for one or two sketches, for which our readers will be sure to thank us. They are by no means above the general average of the book.

LIFE IN RIO.

The saloons are always spacious and lofty, with prettily papered walls, and floors of the beautiful, dark polished wood of the country. Nearly all these residences are surrounded by extensive gardens, blooming in bright and brilliant foliage, only matured beneath the burning rays of a vertical sun. There are no springs in Rio, and the grounds are irrigated by miniature aqueducts, led from mountains in the rear; sufficiently large, however, to float in their narrow channels, serpents and many other cursed reptiles, enough to make one's hair stand erect. It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to find the giracca, a venomous snake, insinuating themselves within the sunny marble pavements of steps and porticos; and I was assured by a resident, that one monster, after having some four feet cut off from his tail, ran away with head and remaining half with a most cricket-like and surprising degree of celerity. Indeed, I was myself a witness to the intrusion of an individual of the scorpion breed, who walked uninvited into the saloon, and was on the point of stepping up a young lady's ankle, when, detecting his intention, with the assistance of a servant, he was enticed into a bottle, that he might sting himself or the glass at pleasure. Being somewhat unaccustomed to these little predatory incursions, I was particularly cautious, during the remainder of my stay, to examine every article, from a tooth-pick to the couch, before touching the same. Another approximation to the same genus is the white ant, possessing rather a literary turn, and I was told that it is not unusual for a million or two to devour a gentleman's library—covers and all, in a single night. I have never yet been able to conquer disgust for even docile, harmless, speckled-back lizards; and, indeed, all the hosts of slimy, crawling reptiles, I heartily fear and abhor.

We found the town in a furor of enthusiasm in admiration of the song and the beauty of a French operatique corps. I went thrice, and was well repaid for the dollars, in sweet music of Auber and Donizetti. There were two primas—for serious and comique—both, too, primas in prettiness. The Academy of Paris Music had never, perhaps, seen or heard of Mesdames and her partner, but La Sala Januairo had been captivated with both, and beauty covers multitudes of faults, particularly with men: for what care we, if the notes touch the soul, whether a crystal shade higher or lower than Grisi, or Persiani, so long as they flow from rosy lips, that might defy those last-named donnas to rival, even with the brightest carmine of their toilets.

The theatre itself is a very respectable little place, having three tiers and parquette. The royal box faces the stage, hung with damask. The whole interior of the building was quite Italian; every box railed off with gilded fret-work, and lighted with candles swinging in glass shades. The Brazilians are fond of music, and all the world attended

each representation, including the emperor, empress, and court. As I had, in times past, seen a good deal of Don Pedro, when he was a studious, meditative boy, at the palace of Boto Fogo, I was somewhat curious to observe the effect of old Time's cutting scythe on the Lord's anointed, as well as on the rest of us clay-built mortals. His face and shape of the head had changed very little, but he had grown immensely—tall, awkward, and verging on corpulency even now, though I believe he is only 28 years of age. His Italian wife appeared much older. Both were well and plainly dressed, attended by some half dozen dames and dons of the court.

The curtain rose as the imperial party took their seats, and there were neither vivas, nor groaning manifestations, to express pleasure or disgust, from the audience. All passed quietly and orderly, like sensible persons, who came to hear sweet sounds, and not to be overawed by great people. I made the tour of the donnas through a capital lorgnette; and, although like Mickey Free, fond of tobacco and ladies, I must pledge my solemn assurances, that with the exception of something pretty attached to the French company, there was not a lovable woman to be seen. I doubt not but there are rare jewels to be found in out-of-the-way spots, secluded from public gaze, but it was *terra incognita* to me, and we saw none other than the light molasses-hued damsels, who are fully matured at thirteen, and decidedly *passée* at three-and-twenty. In the present age, it is a questionable inference if saponaceous compounds might not be judiciously used in removing some few stains that nature is entirely innocent of painting; albeit, a lovely Anglo-Saxon of my acquaintance was vastly horrified at thoughts of a friend espousing one of these cream-colored beauties, valued at a *conto* of rais, and shipload of coffee; and assured the deluded swain, with tears in her eyes, that it would require more than half his fortune to keep his wife in soap—supposing she should acquire the weakness or ambition to become enamored of fresh water.

SAN FRANCISCO TWO YEARS AGO.

Our anchorage was near the little village of Yerbabuena, five miles from the ocean, and within a short distance from the Franciscan Mission and Presidio of the old royalists. The site seems badly chosen, for although it reposes in partial shelter, beneath the high bluffs of the coast, yet a great portion of the year it is enveloped in chilling fogs; and invariably, during the afternoon, strong sea breezes are drawn through the straits like a funnel, and playing with fitful violence around the hills, the sand is swept in blinding clouds over the town and the adjacent shores of the bay. Yet with all these drawbacks the place was rapidly thriving under the indomitable energy of our countrymen. Tenements, large and small, were running up like card-built houses in all directions. The population was composed of Mormons, backwoodsmen, and a few very respectable traders from the eastern cities of the United States. Very rare it was to see a native; our brethren had played the porcupine so sharply as to oblige them to seek their homes among more congenial kindred. On Sunday, however, it was not uncommon to encounter gay cavalcades of young paisanos, jingling in silver chains and finery, dashing into town, half-a-dozen abreast; having left their sweethearts at the Mission, or some neighboring rancho, for the evening fandango. Toward afternoon, when these frolicsome *caballeros*

became a trifle elevated with their potations, they were wont to indulge in a variety of capricious feats on horseback—leaping and wheeling—throwing the lasso over each other: or if by chance a bullock appeared, they took delight, while at full speed in the *carrara*, in catching the beasts by a dexterous twist in the tail; and the performance was never satisfactorily concluded until the bullock was thrown a complete somerset over his horns. These paisanos of California, like the guachos of Buenos Ayres, and guaso of Chili, pass most of their existence on horseback; there the natural vigor of manhood seems all at once called into play, and horse and backer appear of the same piece. The lasso is their plaything either for service or pastime; with it, the unruly wild horse or bullock is brought within reach of the knife. Ferocious Bruin himself gets his throat twisted and choked, and, with heavy paws spread wide apart, is dragged for miles, perhaps to the bear-bait, notwithstanding his glittering jaws, and giant efforts to escape. Without the horse and lasso these gentry are helpless as infants: their horses are admirably trained and sometimes perform under a skillful hand pranks that always cause surprise to strangers. I once saw a band of horses at General Rosa's quinta, near Buenos Ayres, trained to run like hares, with fore and hind legs lashed together by thongs of hide; it was undertaken to preserve the animals from being thrown by the Indian holas, and the riders as a consequence lanced to death. But I was far more amused one afternoon while passing a fandango near Monterey, to see a drunken *vaquero*—cattle driver—mounted on a restive, plunging beast, hold at arms' length a tray of glasses brimming with *aguardiente*, which he politely offered to everybody within reach of his curvetting, without ever once spilling a drop. I thought this better than Camille Leroux in the Polka, or a guacho picking up a cigarrito with his teeth, at a hand gallop! It is remarkable, too, how very long a Californian can urge a horse, and how lightly he rides, even when the beast appears thoroughly exhausted, tottering at every pace under a strange rider, yet the native will lift him to renewed struggles, and hold him up for leagues further. Nor is it by the aid of his enormous spurs, for the punishment is by no means so severe as the sharp rowels with us; but accustomed to the horse from infancy he appears to divine his powers, and thus a mutual and instinctive bond is established between them. The saddles here as well as those along the southern coasts partake in build of the old Spanish high peak and croupe, and are really intended for ease and comfort to the rider. In Chili the pillion is used, a soft material of rugs, smooth and thick, thrown over the saddle frame; but it distends the thighs too greatly. The Californian is both hard and heavy, and murderous to the horse. The Mexican is best, less cumbersome, more elegant in construction, and a great support to the rider. The stirrups of all are similar, weighty wooden structures, and the feet rest naturally in them.

There is nothing either pleasing or inviting in the landscape in the vicinity of Yerbabuena. All looks bare and sterile from a distance, and on closer inspection the deep sandy soil is covered with impervious thickets of low, thorny undergrowth, with none of the rich green herbage, forests, or timber, as in Monterey. The roads were so heavy that the horses could hardly strain nearly knee deep through the sand, and consequently our rides were restricted to a league's *pasear* to the mission, or

across the narrow strip of the peninsula to the old Presidio; but in the town we passed the hours pleasantly, became conversant with the Mormon bible and doctrine, rolled ten-pins and amused ourselves nightly at the monte in the *casa de bebida de Brown*; still there was a great stir and bustle going on. A number of large merchant ships had arrived, bringing the regiment of New York volunteers, and the beach was strewn with heavy guns, carriages, piles of shot, ordnance stores, wagons, tents, and camp equipage, whilst the streets were filled with troops, who belonged to the true democracy, called one another Mister, snubbed their officers, and did generally as they pleased, which was literally nothing. However, in due time, they were brought into the traces and properly buckled to their duty, when their services were exerted in planting a battery of long 24-pounders, to command the straits, and their excitable spirits kept under control at their quarters in the Presidio.

This was Yerbabuena as we found it on our first coming—rapidly springing into importance, and bidding fair at some future day, even without the advantages to be derived from the mines, which were then unknown, to become the greatest commercial port on the Pacific.

MANNERS OF NUKEHEVA.

We took a long stroll around the beaches and valleys at the head of the harbor, made a number of visits, then bathed in a shallow, discolored stream of mineral water. The district is not populous, and during our sojourn the king and many of the natives had gone to a high heathenish festival in an adjacent valley, on the opposite side of the island. Since the occupation by the French, perfect amity had existed between the different clans of Nukeheva, where each petty chief and people are independent sovereigns in their romantic and secluded valleys; not so much for mutual friendship existing between them as in hatred to their white visitors. The French seldom wandered to any great distance from their quarters, fearing, possibly, the "Anthropopagan tastes of their cannibalistic brethren."

The women were tall and well-shaped, with very much brighter complexions than the Hawaiians, and, with exceptions of young girls, were all more or less disfigured by the indigo hues of tattoo; the faces escaping with a few delicate blue lines or dots on lips or cheeks. They all seemed complimented, and gave us every assistance in deciphering different signs engraved upon their persons, and one buxom dame, who had a large painting similar to the tail of a peacock spread upon her shoulders, insisted upon doffing her drapery and preceding us, that we might study its beauties with every facility possible!

Many were decorated with bracelets and necklaces of leaves or flowers, and some with anklets of human hair, toe-nails, and other valuable relics. All were perfumed with cocoanut oil, and smeared with another equally odoriferous ointment, which dyed arms and faces a deep saffron. Neither cosmetic was I able to acquire a taste for, after repeated trials; and, indeed, I may admit that I have never conquered a disgust, perhaps engendered by too nice a sense of perfume.

From a number of unmistakable signs and expressions, I presumed the *Frances* were not entirely beloved, even by the women, although the men deigned ludicrous attempts in mode of beard, moustache, shrug of shoulders, and other little grimace, to copy French dress and manner.

After bathing, we reclined on the thwarts of an immense war canoe that was hauled upon the beach, capable of holding at least fifty paddles, and amused ourselves watching a score of young girls swimming in the bay; they swam like fishes, but as there was no surf or rocks, I had no means of determining what novel or extraordinary feats they were able to perform; they were quite skilful little fisherwomen, and procured for us a cocoanut-shell full of delicious oysters—no bigger than shilling pieces—which served to pass the time until we adjourned to the king's house.

It was rather a modern structure, of roughly-laid stones and boards, built by the French, though falling to decay. There was but a single apartment of tolerable size; floor and walls were strewn with mats, stools, a couple of bedsteads, spy-glasses, fowling-pieces covered with rust, spears, nets, calabashes, rolls of *tappa*, war conches, whales' teeth, circular crowns of cocks' feathers, beside an infinite variety of serviceable and useless trumpery, scattered indiscriminately around.

Coiled up on a low, beastly collection of mats and *tappa*, was a repulsive object, half dead with some loathsome disease, and drunk with *arwa*—he was the chief's brother, and was expected to die shortly, or be killed on the return of his sovereign—a custom strictly observed with invalids and old decrepit persons.

Within a stone's throw of this habitation was another nearly completed, in native design. The foundation was raised two feet by a platform of large, round, smooth stones. The building itself was in shape of an irregular inverted acute angle, or trapezoid, at the ends, with the legs slightly inclined outwardly, and resting on the foundation. Large upright shafts of polished red wood supported roof and sides, which were nicely formed of frames of white poles, lashed securely and neatly together by braids of party-colored sennit, and thatched evenly and tastefully over by the spear-shaped leaves of the pandanus, leaving the front of the dwelling open for light and air. It presented a deal of ingenuity and nice mechanism in the design and construction.

The French allow the king sixty dollars a month, and I should say, from the careless appearance of his household, that he made a bad use of it; besides, he was addicted to *arwa*, which my friend assured me was a shade worse for the stomach than Prussic acid. I returned to the frigate in the evening, with a party planned to visit the Happar Valley, whose beauties we had heard much extolled, on the following day.

The title of the book—*Los Gringos*—is rather cabalistic at first sight, but we see its appropriateness when we are informed that it is the epithet—and rather a reproachful one—used in California and Mexico to designate the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race with a signification somewhat similar to Greenhorns in modern parlance, or Mohawks in the days of the Spectator.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Sommer Reise—Eine Wallfahrt (Summer Journey, a Pilgrimage), by FREDERIKE BREMER. Brockhaus: Leipzig. Williams and Norgate, London.

Most people will admit that a very disagreeable cold-watery kind of sensation is produced, when, on entering a room which you thought to see filled with "old familiar faces," you unexpectedly find yourself in the midst of a circle of strangers.

Ought it not, therefore, to be very pleasant, when we had reason to expect a group of new acquaintances, to meet with none but old friends whom we have known for years? This agreeable surprise Miss Bremer has prepared for us in perfection. The good, clever, stout-hearted matron—the rational, cheerful, nay, *jolly* old maid—the fair and somewhat moonshiny young one—the gloomy, mysterious stranger who turns out to be a long absent son of the house, who has been lost, or at least mislaid, for many years, but whom we know the moment he steps across the threshold, though his nearest relations don't—the large circle of brothers and sisters whose names (not having studied the noble science of phrenotypics) we can by no possibility remember—here they are all again assembled for a family festival, as we have so often met them before in Miss Bremer's productions; we need not be at the trouble of introducing one of them.

But, if in the so-called *novel* part of the "Sommer Reise" we find little novelty, we have, at all events, in the introduction, something surprising. What shall we say to this fantastic rhapsodical prelude to an entertainment so simple—not to say insipid? Is it that

She on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank of the milk of Paradise?

Or if not, under what influence has it been composed? It commences in this fashion.

What I love—what since my youth up I have loved more than all created things—has a beautiful countenance. Not beautiful after the Greek model. No! His features are nothing less than regular. Not smilingly beautiful. No! Although the most beautiful smile beams across them, yet their expression is serious. It casts dark glances, and has unlovely scars and wrinkles. But I love even these. Why? I know not. Love is of a sunny nature; it kisses unlovely scars, and adorns defects with the blossoms of tenderness. Tall is the form of my beloved—great are the contrasts that exhibit themselves in him; from his feet which the waves of the Baltic bathe, and flowery meads caress—to his brow crowned by jagged icy rocks over which flame the Northern lights.

At his feet will I sit and listen to his words, like a child at the feet of its mother.

And sublime are thy lessons, Svea—my mother land, my father land! The sea is not so deep—the sunbeams are not so warm—the roses are not so sweet, &c. &c.

Dear reader, can you guess what all this means? Or do you "give it up?"

The introduction commencing thus auspiciously is no less than thirty-seven pages long; but, fortunately, in the intervals of such flights as these, the authoress does occasionally set foot on the ground, and then she favors us with agreeable lightly-touched sketches of Swedish scenes, dashed off, we may suppose, as the steamer passes up the gulf of Bothnia. From these we select a few passages.

Along the coast of Sweden lies a series of little towns—daughters of the sea from which they de-

rive their support. * * * * The Swede cares not to adorn the outside of his house: his garden, if he has one, is not filled with blooming flowers, as in the lands of the south. He has, perhaps, for good reasons, no great confidence in the sun, and in the friendliness of the powers of nature. He objects, too, decidedly to all unnecessary trouble; and he has a contempt, which only goes a little too far, for many of the conveniences and luxuries of life. The inside of the house is truly his home—and this is more evident in the small towns than anywhere else. The streets are empty, and on the market-place, before the town-house, there are few passengers but four-footed ones, and the grass is growing on the uneven pavement; but out of the little windows of the little houses, from between white curtains, and from behind blooming geraniums and balsams, handsome inquisitive faces—men, women, children, cats, and dogs, look eagerly at the passing traveller. In the evening, too, when the candles are lit, through the windows veiled by no envious rolling blinds, there may be seen a complete gallery of pretty little domestic pictures. Life is very quiet in these small towns. Coffee-drinking parties and clubs make little disturbance, and only when there is a ball in the town, may one or two carriages be seen driving about to pick up the ladies. One decided advantage these insignificant towns have over both London and Paris—they have no beggars. The Swedish towns are poor, but they know no mendicancy.

Smaland is a land with a rich variety of hills, and valleys, and small lakes; rather gloomy towards the north, but southward, towards Blekinge, more pleasant, and inhabited by a lively, witty, contented population, so active and ingenious, that it is said—"Set a Smalander upon the roof of your house, and he will manage to get his living." This character is most strongly marked in the distant wooded districts; the forest is the workshop, and, at the same time, the storehouse of the countryman. The juniper-tree and the bilberry yield him their fruit; he brews drink from them, and makes jam; he mixes their juice with his salt dry food, and remains healthy and cheerful over the work that seems a mere pleasure to him. He sings to wile away the time, while his lonely charcoal-kiln glows and burns in the recesses of the wood, and when he *tars the valley*, as it is called, it is a grand festival.

The process of *tarring* the valley consists, we are told, in dragging into it a number of roots and stumps of trees to be kindled in order to obtain the tar. This is a grand occasion of rejoicing among the country people, who assemble in the burning valley to eat and drink and keep up the fire. The people of Smaland are said to have a tinge of romance and enthusiasm in their character corresponding with the wildness of their scenery; and this district has been tolerably fertile in distinguished men, amongst whom we may mention "Linnæus, the King of Flowers, who, when the sceptre fell from the hands of Charles the Twelfth, arose to give new splendor to the name of Sweden, and to extend his flowery sceptre over the earth;" and one or two others less known beyond the limits of their country than they deserve to be.

Here the peasant Horberg, in the intervals of tilling his fields and driving home his hay, painted altar-pieces which are still highly valued; and here

was born Hakan-Syogren, also the son of a poor peasant, who by his own exertions raised himself to a high academical rank, and by the most rigid economy accumulated a fortune of which he made the noblest use; who, old and gray, and looking like a moss-grown rock, still retained a heart full of life and warmth, and who, *with his money-box beneath his feet*, [Query, is this intended for a figure of speech?] assembled round him a troop of promising but poor young men, whom he supported with its contents—a faithful representative of the character of the people of Smaland, and a living proof of the great things that may be achieved by paying attention to what is small in time—in money, in everything. * * * * Northwards from Smaland rises East Gothland, one of the largest and most fertile districts of Sweden, and forming with West Gothland the very kernel of the land of the ancient Goths. Deep, dark forests meet us here, which in the heathen—nay, long after, in the Christian time, no one entered without specially commending his soul to God. Memorials of murder are seen the whole way, on trees and stones, and the silence and profound solitude of the woods, and the distance from all inhabited places, awaken uncomfortable thoughts.

In East Gothland the Götha Canal, “the blue ribbon of Sweden,” connects the North Sea with the Baltic. Northward from West Gothland lies Bohuslän, formerly Alfhem, the home of the Vikingr, and whose inhabitants, for ages after the Vikingr had ceased to exist, still bore a very indifferent character among their neighbors. Here Sigrid Storroda laid her plan of vengeance against “the little king,” her wooer; and it is said there is still a certain hardness and ruggedness in the character of the inhabitants which are symbolized in that of the physical features of their country. Out of the blue waves rise granite rocks, which resemble a stormy sea suddenly stiffened into ice. In the mountains are found vast gloomy glens, and caverns, and heaths; and here and there, like oases in the desert, a few green fruitful valleys. The sea is the source of all the riches of the country—the field from which yearly millions of silver cars are reaped.

On the coast of the Vikingr now stand only fishermen’s huts, and while the man is out contending with the waves for a subsistence, the wife cultivates a little field of potatoes among the rocks, over which her children and her goats are climbing.

West Gothland, Dalsland, and Wermeland surround the Wiener Lake, the great inland sea of Sweden, the most important for her domestic trade, and celebrated for the conflicts that have formerly taken place upon its shores. Proceeding northwards from home, we come to Svea, the “people’s land,” the *Manhem*, or “Home of Men,” where, according to tradition dwelt the original tribe of the Swedes, as to the south abode that of the Goths. In this region are the largest and oldest mines; for here central Sweden is encircled by her girdle of iron:—

Iron ore forms the ground upon which the houses stand, from which the springs flow, on which lie the poor and unproductive fields. Poor and scanty, therefore, is the nourishment of the people, and

pale poverty too often has her seat beneath the turf-covered roofs of the low huts. And yet from the poorest districts of all, from Westmanland and Dalarna, proceed the strongest men.

We should have been glad to have had some further explanation of this fact, if it be one, for we cannot feel altogether satisfied with that *Miss Bremer* offers. “So great is the power of spirit over nature! So little can the earth, the old giantess Ymer, effect against the struggling, energetic will of man.” Does she mean that people can grow strong, and large in body, whether they are fed or not, if they will only, as the lady in “*Dombey*” says, “make an effort!”

Eastward from this province lies the fine Malar valley, containing the Malar Lake, with which, according to tradition, all the flowing waters in Sweden are connected: and at its effluence, in the Gulf of Bothnia, stands the royal city of Stockholm.

The approach to Stockholm from the Baltic lies along a far-extended coast of broken rocks, and countless larger and smaller islands and “holms,” forming on all sides innumerable passages and bays, within which are continually opening inviting little prospects, of which one would gladly take a nearer view, but which are immediately succeeded by some other just as attractive. Many of these “holms” look like green bouquets flung upon the surface of the sea; sometimes they are rocks, but never quite barren. Fir woods clothe the heights, and groves of brightest green gleam forth amidst granite rocks. At the foot of the mountains, on the green shore, stand pretty, neat cottages, the abodes of fishermen—little fishing-boats, with their sails furled, lying tranquilly before them on the water. Higher up, on the terraces, we see elegant country-seats and summer-houses, lying embowered in trees; and the nearer you come to the city, the higher rise the buildings, and more closely through the mountains. They terminate at length in a castle—a granite fortress, with a forest of pines crowning its battlements; but suddenly the mountains open, and there lies Stockholm in a magnificent amphitheatre, with its royal palace, its churches, and its mass of houses, encircling the wide harbor, with the flags of all nations flying on its bosom.

Following thus the shores of the gulf to where they stretch towards Finland, we arrive at Tornea, where people are in the habit of going to make calls on the “midnight sun,” his “*salon de reception*” being a certain hill near the Russian frontier line—which, it seems, is not beyond the reach of toll-bars, though lying in the everlasting solitude of the measureless primeval forest, “watered by nameless streams, and inhabited by plants and animals unknown to the rest of the world.”

Here, nevertheless, we find the personages of the novel, and others, forming comfortable picnic parties; and as there is, we suppose, no great probability that many of our readers will follow their example, (at least, during the present year,) we will turn to *Miss Bremer’s* sketch of the scene.

On the top of the hill the ground was tolerably flat. Pines and birch-trees grew on it, and rich

masses of heath showed themselves between rocks and trees. There were about a hundred persons assembled in various groups, most of them well furnished with hampers of wine and provisions. Various languages were heard—Swedish, Finnish, Russian, German, and French. The prospect was boundless over the dark wooded region, on which the sun shone without seeming to light it. Softly glowing, but without rays, it stood just over the horizon, and flooded the figures on the hill with purple light. Soon this was overshadowed by a cloud, and here and there on the horizon could be distinguished rising columns of smoke, that marked the spots where the cultivation of the desert had begun, and the spirit of agriculture had penetrated beyond the polar circle. The night was warm, tranquil, and pleasant, and the mountain now gleamed all over with little fires, kindled to drive away the gnats. All seemed to invite to the calm enjoyment of this great festival of nature. * * * Now it was twelve o'clock, and at this moment the cloud rolled away, and the sun issued forth in full splendor.

The Frenchman of the party saluted its appearance by firing a pistol in the air; a German princely pair, who had come thither on a wedding tour, by a conjugal kiss extraordinary; and the company in general, by a grand attack on the hampers brought with them with a precaution by no means unnecessary, as at the only house of public entertainment within any possible distance the hostess, being also chief medical officer of the district, had absented herself to perform a surgical operation; so that all the entertainment the house afforded was a place to cook in, if anything could be had to cook.

We take it for granted that the authoress has herself made this excursion, and though she has introduced her fictitious personages into the scene, that it is faithfully described. We cannot, however, help regretting that, instead of a very flimsy and insipid *nouvellette*, she did not give us a simple account of her "Summer Journey," which, with her thorough knowledge of the country, and usually pleasant style, could hardly have failed to make an agreeable book. As it is, we have felt some disappointment, which we have expressed with less hesitation, from having had, on former occasions, a more welcome duty to perform. The great charm of Miss Bremer's earlier works is their truth, freshness, and domestic simplicity. Let her beware of affectation and mannerism.

PERSIA AND TURKEY.

A CURIOUS and dramatic scene is reported to have lately taken place at the court of Persia.

The young Shah has been passing the holy month of Ramazan, which happens this year to coincide with the dog days, in a spacious garden not far from Teheran. The envoy of a great Christian sovereign having demanded an audience of his majesty, an hour was appointed for the ceremony. His Excellency, on arriving in due season at the royal encampment, was ushered into a tent, where he reposed a moment, while his arrival was announced to the Mahometan successor of Darius and Xerxes. Scarcely had he taken a seat, when his ears were

assailed by the sound of repeated heavy blows, mingled with the most piteous cries of terror and agony. Scarcely had he time to comprehend that a grand public execution was the cause of these distressing sounds, when he was seized by the Shah's attendants, and hurried forward to the royal presence. On his passage a greater and more revolting shock awaited him. Executioners dragging the yet palpitating trunks of eight headless victims, decapitated before the Shah, met him in his path, and rudely shoved him aside, to make way for their hideous train of carnage and mutilation. On reaching the court circle, pale, agitated, and confused, he remained for some seconds in an attitude of speechless horror. The Shah, with an air of composure which would have done him honor on the field of battle, inquired if the envoy was unwell; and then, for the first time, in language of just indignation, learnt what even the most despotic court of Europe would think of the bloody and barbarous reception just given to its representatives. Besides the appearance of insult offered to a friendly sovereign, no light shade of odium was cast upon the throne, when thus converted from a seat of judgment and mercy into the shambles of a butcher. It is rumored that the king of kings, abashed by so well deserved a reproof, hung his head in the silence of youthful shame, and that the indignant envoy, on repeating his complaint to the prime minister, received the consoling assurance that he had probably earned by twenty minutes of annoyance the satisfaction of putting an end to a barbarous and hateful practice, which, though belonging to the good old times of Persia, was not the less a scandal to the age and a dishonor to the crown. There is a deep moral in such accidents—the finger of Providence appears in them. It is not to be supposed that the court of Persia sought purposely to insult a great power, by making its representative the unwilling eye-witness of a brutal spectacle of blood. No one, perhaps, thought of the indecency of coupling a public execution with the audience of a foreign ambassador. The Shah, from a mistaken sense of duty, or an hereditary passion for executions, having ordered that the supposed criminals should be tortured and beheaded before him, the audience in question was probably appointed for the same hour, from a mere motive of convenience, without any further design or consideration. But the diplomatist was naturally disturbed by so great an outrage to his sense of propriety, and, unrestrained by the stiffness of a lace coat, the man's heart leaped unconsciously forth, and for once at a royal audience the plain, unpremeditated truth was spoken out with becoming freedom. Prince D. had a right to take offence, and, at a distance of many hundred furlongs and versts from the scene, there was one to whom he could appeal for redress, and who was not to be offended with impunity. It is difficult to bring such actions into comparison with each other, and not at the same time to contrast them mentally with the improvements, whether in matters of administration or of policy, which are daily observed in Turkey. Far from presiding in person at the solemn expiation of crime by personal suffering, the sovereign of Turkey issues with reluctance his warrant for a public execution, and allows no capital sentence to be carried into effect without an open trial, a legal conviction, and the sanction of his supreme council. He has abolished torture—he has forbidden the punishment of the bastinado, and the measures of his government tend continually to an equal administration of the laws

to all classes of his subjects. The same benevolence appears in his external policy. Though united by ties of amity and mutual good will with all the powers of Europe, he joins with no alliance of sovereigns in a league against constitutional principles and the progressive improvement of society; he maintains order in his own dominions; but even in the performance of that supreme duty, he tempers justice with mercy.—*London Chronicle*.

"CAPRICES" is the name of a volume of poems published without the author's name, by Robert Carter & Co., of this city. We have looked it over with more than usual interest, because we have found more in it than in most of the volumes of respectable poetry which are laid on our table—more thought, more spirituality, and a deeper insight into nature. We have neither space nor time for anything like an analysis of its merits and blemishes—the latter are mostly verbal—but we give our readers what they will probably like better, a sample of the collection :

THE GLOWWORM.

Deep within the night,
Toiling on its way,
With its feeble lamp
Giving out a ray.

Close about its path
Sombre shadows meet,
And the light is cast
Only at its feet.

Castle-top and grange
Off within the dark;
What are they to it,
Groping by its spark!

Castle-top and grange,
Orchard, lane and wood,
Human homes asleep,
Precipice and flood.

What are they to it,
Groping by its ray;
God hath given light,
Light for all its way:

Light to know each step
Of the toilsome ground;
Wherefore should it pry,
Questioning, around!

In the night of time,
Toiling through the dark,
Reason's feeble lamp
Giveth out its spark.

Close about my path
Hidden wonders lie,
Mysteries unseen,
Shapes of destiny,

Beings of the air,
Shadowless and weird,
Looking upon me,
Uttering unheard,

Sad and warning eyes,
Pleading from the past,

From the years to come
Mournful glances cast,—

What are they to me,
Toiling towards the day;
God hath given light,
Light for all my way.

N. Y. *Eve. Post*.

A WOMAN'S PLEA FOR MERCY.

THE CONDEMNED POISONER, CHARLOTTE HARRIS.—Some charitably disposed inhabitants of Taunton recently memorialized the Home Secretary to spare the life of this convict, condemned for poisoning her husband, and now awaiting her execution, previous to the sentence of the law being carried into effect. Sir George Grey has officially announced his regret that the case presents no grounds that warrant his interference with the due course of law. The prisoner is expected to be confined every day, and as soon after as possible the extreme penalty of the law will, it is stated, be carried into effect.—*Daily News*.

STILL keep the night-lamp burning,
I must have constant light;
Those horrors, else, returning,
Harrow mine inward sight:
The drop—the noose—each feature
Of that bad scene I see,
Where they bear forth yon creature
From childbed to the tree.

Her pinioned arms deny her
Her infant's last embrace;
Since they may not untie her,
They lift it to her face.
And then—yes, I should banish
Such fancies overwrought,
But they refuse to vanish,
Those spectres of my thought.

'Tis true, if aught could smother
Pity, it were her crime;
But I shall be a mother
Too, in a little time.
To think if I were lying,
Foretasting every pang,
Counting each moment flying,
And, after all, to hang!

To feel each cordial proffered
My sinking frame to prop—
Was succor only offered
To save me from the drop!
Better at once to end me,
Than, like that hapless wretch,
To soothe, sustain, and tend me,
And nurse me for Jack Ketch!

The law, with strange compassion,
Her unborn babe reveres,
Whose mind despair will fashion,
And agonizing fears:
Preserved by mercies tender,
An idiot but to be;
Nay, what these thoughts may render
My own, disquiets me.

Mother and queen, forget not
Pardon is in thine hand;
For woman's pity, let not
This hanging shame our land;
But cause the mob ferocious
The spectacle to miss,
Inhuman and atrocious,
Of butcher-work like this.

Punch.



FATAL FACILITY; OR, POISON FOR THE ASKING.

NEW BOOKS.

The Women of the Old and New Testament. Edited by William B. Sprague, D. D. New York: Appleton & Co.

This is by far the most superb gift book we have yet seen. and of the greatest intrinsic value. We presume that its costliness will place it beyond the reach of many; for a work so richly bound, and so profusely illustrated with fine engravings from original designs, must necessarily be expensive. But whoever can afford the outlay will turn to this as an appropriate and worthy token of pure affection and refined taste. The volume is embellished with eighteen exquisitely finished engravings, being the ideals of so many female characters mentioned, with more or less minuteness of narrative in the Holy Bible. The engravings are all from designs by Staahl.

The reading matter is not of an ephemeral character. The pen-and-ink portraits are life-like, forming our judgment from the Scripture narratives, and skilfully wrought out. The Rev. Dr. W. J. Kip furnishes an article upon the Virgin Mary, which opens the volume, and the other contributors are Dr. E. Mason, the editor, the Revs. C. Wadsworth, E. N. Kirk, A. A. Wood, Drs. Halley and Beman, Bishops Henshaw and Hopkins, Drs. Todd, Cox, Murray, and others. We can assure our readers that they will find in this volume specimens of the most chaste and finished style, and delineative passages of the most exquisite character. He who presents to mother or sister, wife or daughter, loved one or friend, this substantial and elegant volume, will not only indicate his confidence in the refined and elevated taste of the recipient of so handsome a gift, but will aid in giving even a still loftier tone to taste, by mingling with its gratification the strength and purity of earnest moral and religious sentiment.—*Com. Adv.*

Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life, is the title of an exquisitely printed little volume, by Edwin P. Whipple, published by Ticknor & Co., of Boston. The popularity of the author as a lecturer will secure for the work an extensive sale in New England, but it has claims so much beyond the ordinary range of similar books, that we desire to commend it to the reading public around us, as a very ingenious and suggestive work. The subjects treated by the lecturer are, "Authors," "Novels and Novelists," "Wit and Humor," "The Ludicrous Side of Life," "Genius," and "Intellectual Health and Disease." In discussing these topics, Mr. Whipple analyzes many of the essential principles of criticism, defines the characteristics of literature, and vindicates intellectual power with sagacity and eloquence. He takes the highest moral view of authorship; and gives admirable hints for the cultivation of a discriminating taste in reading. The style of these essays is vigorous, pointed and lively. There is a spirited rhetoric in the mode of handling each subject, at once fascinating and impressive. We do not agree with all the writer's positions; but we sympathize heartily in the manly intelligence and independent philosophy of his tone; and feel indebted to him for one of the most charming belles-lettres volumes of the day.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

From the National Era.

We fear the rather unpromising title of this volume may have the effect to deter a class of readers

who hold to the maxim that "words are things," and with whom the word "lectures" awakens associations of inanity and tediousness, pompous displays of superficial knowledge, oracular utterances of commonplaces, and literary larcenies in comparison with which hen-roost robbery is reputable, from the pleasure of perusing one of the most brilliant and fascinating volumes which has ever issued from the American press. It consists of six lectures, or rather essays, on Authors in their Relation to Life, Novels and Novelists, Wit and Humor, The Ludicrous Side of Life, Genius, Intellectual Health and Disease. In treating these subjects, the author has not inflicted upon his readers a single page of dullness. His style is remarkably direct and energetic, a fitting medium of his clear and sharply defined conceptions—terse, epigrammatic, brilliant, rising at times into true eloquence. But to commend his essays as specimens of fine writing merely, would do him serious injustice. They are characterized by shrewd insight, practical wisdom, and, as the necessary consequence of the utter absence of cant and sentimentalism, a hearty, healthy tone of sentiment and feeling. His ridicule of the unmanly puerilities of literature, and his contempt for shams, false pretences, affectations, and sentimentalisms, remind one of the savage mirth of Longfellow's Northern Jarl, whose

— loud laugh of scorn
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

The concluding essay, on Intellectual Health and Disease, touches with no gloved hand the peculiar and besetting sins of the northern and southern sections of our country—the Yankee's conceit and the Southerner's pride. He says of the Yankee, that "he has a spruce, clean, Pecksniffian way of doing a wrong, which is inimitable. Believing, after a certain fashion, in justice and retribution, he still thinks that a sly, shrewd, keen, supple gentleman, like himself, can dodge, in a quiet way, the moral laws of the universe, without any particular pother being made about it." He illustrates this by the preaching and practice of Yankeeedom in respect to the Mexican war. * * * * *

We hazard nothing in predicting for these lectures a wide popularity. They will entitle their author to the same rank as an essayist which he already occupies as a reviewer and critic.

J. G. W.

Orations and Occasional Discourses. By Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Every admirer of true and fervid eloquence devoted to practical and elevated purpose will hail this volume with unqualified pleasure. For ourselves we have often regretted the ephemeral form in which alone the orations of Dr. Bethune, and others whom we could name, were to be obtained. This elegant volume meets our want and a general desire, and oftentimes will the intelligent young man and the man of more matured experience take it from the library shelf and refresh the intellect, and revive the heart with its perusal. The discourses are twelve in number, including the noble oration on "The Claims of our Country upon its literary Men," delivered during the present year before the Phi Beta Kappa society of Harvard University.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

1. The Electric Telegraph, - - - -	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> - - - -	433
2. There and Back Again, Chaps. VI.—XV. - -	<i>Tait's Magazine,</i> - - - -	452
3. EUROPE: Austria; France and Italy; The Spirit of Evil; France, - - - -	<i>Examiner, Spectator, Daily News,</i> - -	466
4. Los Gringos; Inside View of Mexico and California, - - - -	<i>N. Y. Tribune,</i> - - - -	470
5. Summer Journey, by Frederika Bremer, - -	<i>Foreign Quarterly Review,</i> - - - -	472
6. Persia and Turkey, - - - -	<i>Chronicle,</i> - - - -	475

ILLUSTRATION.—Fatal Facility; or Poisons for the Asking. *Child*.—"Please, Mister, will you be so good as to fill this bottle again with Lodnum, and let mother have another pound and a half of Arsenic for the Rats (!)"

Duly Qualified Chemist.—"Certainly, Miss. Is there any other article?" 477.

POETRY.—Autumn; The Hours, 451.—Death of the Flowers, 465.—Hungary in October 1849; A Woman's Idea for Mercy, 476.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Houses and Chinese in California, 450.—Caprices, 476.—Women of the Old and New Testament; Mr. Whipple's Lectures; Dr. Bethune's Oration, 479.

PREFACE.—This work is conducted in the spirit of *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately *Essays of the Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other *Reviews*; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Frasers*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is had in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work; and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4 cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (13 cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition, only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Recherches Médico-légales sur l'incertitude des signes de la mort, les dangers des inhumations précipitées, les moyens de constater le décès et de rappeler à la vie ceux qui sont en état de mort apparente.* Par M. JULIA DE FONTENELLE. 8vo. Paris: 1834.
2. *The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.* Part VIII. Art. "Death." By J. A. SYMONDS, M. D. London: 1836.
3. *Recherches Physiologiques sur la Vie et la Mort.* Par ZAV. BICHAT. Cinquième édition, revue et augmentée de notes pour la deuxième fois par F. Magendie. 8vo. Paris: 1829.

It was the opinion of Addison that nothing in history was so imposing, nothing so pleasing and affecting, as the accounts of the behavior of eminent person in their dying hour. Montaigne before him had given expression to the same sentiment. Of all the passages in the annals of mankind; those, he said, which attracted and delighted him most, were the words and gestures of departing men. "If," he adds, "I were a maker of books, I would compile a register, with comments, of various deaths; for he who should teach men to die would teach them to live." The register would not be difficult to supply. The commentary is a loss—rich as it would have been in the reflections of a shrewd and thoughtful mind, fearless in its confessions, holding up its feelings, in their weakness and their strength, as a mirror in which the readers might behold themselves. But Montaigne, who merely gives a formal adhesion to Christianity, and too generally draws both precept and practice from the code of Epicurus, was not the person to teach others to live or die. He had realized beyond most men the terror of death, studied it incessantly in all its aspects, and done his best to steel himself against the stroke; but the resources of religion are scarcely drempt of in his philosophy of mortality. He treats the question almost like a heathen, raises more misgivings than he removes, and does less to reform the careless and encourage the timid, than to offend the pious and disturb the peaceful. He seldom, indeed, touches upon a sacred subject without leaving us in doubt whether he is in earnest or in jest. He seems, in his bantering way, to be striking with one hand while he affects to support with the other; and his attack, though far from formidable, is more powerful than his defence. He would have been an eminent teacher in Greece or Rome, but was noways fitted to be a master in Christendom. Two or three of Montaigne's countrymen have since attempted to carry out his conception; but not inheriting his genius with his project, their works are said to be meagre and vapid. More worthless they could not be than the similar compilations which have been published in English;

a page from a parish-register would be nearly as edifying.

Addison and Montaigne, in their speculations upon Death, had chiefly in view the *mental* feelings. The physical part of the question had only been treated in detached fragments, until Bichat endeavored to give a connected view of those changes in the system which are immediately concerned in the extinction of life. Even this was only a single branch of an extensive subject; and, far from exhausting it, the state of knowledge obliged him to rest content with a general outline—but it was an outline drawn with a master's hand. A more beautiful piece of scientific writing could nowhere be found—none more lucid in arrangement, more clear, simple, and concise in style. He had to deal with a mass of tangled threads, and wove them into a vivid and harmonious pattern. A disposition to fanciful system is the principal defect of the celebrated "*Recherches on Life and Death*," which will continue a classic, when, by the progress of discovery, it has ceased to be an authority. Since Bichat led the way, numerous writers have followed in his track—extended his experiments, corrected his errors, and modified his theories. The knowledge is confined at present to professional works which few besides professional men are likely to read, and is too much bound up with general physiology to permit us to enter at large upon the question. What Bichat imperfectly discussed in a volume, we must dismiss in a page. A summary of the newest and best information will be found in the able and philosophical *Principles of Medicine* by Dr. Williams, or in the *Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine* by Dr. Watson—a work upon which his own craft have set the seal of their highest approbation, and which it may interest others to be told is not a dry detail of symptoms and remedies, but a luminous account of disease, which he has had the art to make as entertaining as instructive. It was not consistent with the plan of Dr. Williams, or Dr. Watson, to write a formal treatise upon death. This was done by Dr. Symonds—whose admirable article in the *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*, though a condensed, is the most comprehensive, description with which we are acquainted. The entire physical phenomena of natural death are passed in review; the results of original observation are combined with the researches of others; and some portions of the subject, such as the signs of dying, are more elaborately treated than anywhere else. Addressed to medical men, it presumes a degree of acquaintance with their science; yet two thirds of the essay could hardly be more attractive to general readers if it had been penned for their use. General readers, however, are less inquisitive on the matter

than their deep concern in it might lead us to expect, or it would not be confined to the domain of the physician. Addison assumed that the interest was as universal as the lot; but though

Death only is the fate which none can miss, another poet has said, with almost equal truth, that

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

Most feel about it much the same as did Justice Shallow:—"The mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead! *Silence.*—We shall all follow, cousin! *Shallow.*—Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure; death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all—all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?" He moralizes mechanically upon death, pays it parenthetically the tribute due to an indisputable truth—but the price of oxen has not the less of his thoughts. We persist in thinking death distant because the date is doubtful, and remain unconcerned spectators until we are summoned to be actors in the scene.

Yet, however little the majority of men may be tempted to originate inquiry, there can hardly be many to whom an account of the mental and corporal sensations, which attend upon death, can be a matter of indifference when brought before their eyes. Father Bridaine, a French itinerant of the last century, who, in a mixture of eccentricity and fervid eloquence, combined the two most powerful agencies by which a vulgar auditory are attracted and moved, once wound up a discourse by the announcement that he would attend each of his hearers to his home; and, putting himself at their head, conducted them to the house appointed for all living—a neighboring churchyard. We deeply feel that we are, in many respects, little qualified for the subject which we venture to take up; there is in it, however, a mysterious awfulness which may probably carry on our readers in spite of our imperfections. But the profit will be to those who remember, as they read, that we describe, or attempt to describe, the road which they themselves must travel, and, like Bridaine, are conducting them to their home.

John Hunter called the blood the moving material of life. Elaborated from the food we eat, it carries nutriment and stimulus to every part of the body; and, while in its progress, it replenishes the waste going on in the frame, it receives and throws off much of the effete and worn-out matter which would otherwise clog and encumber the machinery. The moment the blood is reduced below a certain standard, the functions languish; the moment it is restored, the functions revive. The brain, in general bleeding, is the first to feel the loss; and a mere change of position, by affecting the amount of blood in the head, will make the difference between unconsciousness and sense. Where the object is to bring down the circulation to the lowest point, the safeguard against carrying the depletion too far is to make the patient sit up; and when faintness ensues, sensibility returns by

laying him backwards, which immediately sends a current of blood to the brain. The effect of the circulation on a limb is seen in the operation for an aneurism of the leg—a disease in which the artery, unable to resist the force of the blood, continues to distend, until, if left to itself, it usually bursts, and the patient bleeds to death. To prevent this result, the main artery itself is often tied above the tumor, and thus the blood is stopped short of the place where it was gradually working a fatal outlet. The lower part of the leg, cut off from its supply, at once turns cold, and, unless nature were ready with a new provision, would quickly perish; but if, by the disease, man is shown to be fearfully, the remedial contrivance proves him wonderfully, made. The trunk artery sends out numerous tributaries, which again rejoin it further on its course, and those above the aneurism gradually dilate to receive the obstructed circulation, and, carrying it past the break in the channel, restore warmth and vigor to the drooping limb. What is true of the leg and brain is true of every portion of the body. Not an organ can subsist deprived of a due and healthy circulation; and when the blood is brought to a stand in its career, or is in a particular degree deficient in quantity or corrupted in quality, then is death inevitable. "We are born," says Seneca, "by a single method—we die by many." But though mortal diseases are legion in their seat and nature, they may all be resolved into the destruction of the circulation, like the radii of a circle which come from an infinity of directions and meet in a point.

The heart is the agent for propelling the blood. It acts the part of a pump to the system, plays without our aid at the rate of four thousand strokes an hour, and sometimes continues in operation a century; but no organ, however marvellous in its construction and performances, can be beyond the reach of injury and disease in a body created mortal by design. The heart is the seat of numerous disorders which destroy its power of contraction and expansion, and when its action ceases the blood must stop; but extreme cases are the clearest illustration of principles, and the effects of arresting its pulsations are seen best when the event is sudden. This is no uncommon occurrence. The passions of rage, joy, grief, and fear, make themselves felt in the centre of circulation; and these all have the power, when intense, to paralyze the heart in a moment, or even to burst it by the agitation they create. A lady, overjoyed to hear that her son had returned from India, died with the news in her ears; another, prostrate with grief at parting with a son who was bound for Turkey, expired in the attempt to bid him farewell. Physical causes, in like manner, put an immediate and lasting stop to the heart. It may be done by a blow on the stomach, by the fall from a height, by too violent an exertion.

The lungs are no less essential to the circulation. The entire blood of the system passes along their innumerable vessels on its return to the heart, and ejecting through the pores the foul matter collected

in its circuit, receives in exchange a fresh supply of air. The process is stopped in drowning, when there is no oxygen from without to inhale; in hanging, when the communication is cut off with the lungs; in the morbid effusions which prevent the air from reaching the blood; in the pressure which holds down the chest and abdomen and will not permit them to play; and in injuries of the portion of the spinal cord whence the nerves are derived, by which the muscular movements of respiration are sustained. A vast variety of accidents and diseases operate in one or other of these ways, and with the uniform consequence that the unpurified blood becomes stagnant in the lungs and stops the road. Breathing is indispensable to life, because, the blood will barely move an inch without it; and though it did, would carry corruption in its round instead of sustenance and health.

The brain is the centre of nervous power, and without its agency we are unable to think, move, or feel; but the immediate effect of mortal injuries is to paralyze the action of the heart or the lungs. The apoplexies in which the blood escapes with force into the brain, and breaks up its substance, kill through the first; the congestion which is less violent acts by impeding, and ultimately arresting, the movements of the last. In either case the circulation stops, and with it life. Whatever is the locality of a disease, the heart and lungs are either implicated themselves, or through the nerves and brain; and in the majority of disorders the whole are enfeebled together, till it is difficult to determine which is failing most. In some diseases the blood itself is utterly corrupted, and every organ it touches feels its deadly influence. In others, the stomach is incapable of discharging its office, and the fountain is dried up which replenished the stream. The original stock, depositing its vitality as it goes, gets smaller, and smaller every round. Soon the waste in the system exceeds the supply; the decaying parts drop away, and no new matter takes their place; the whole frame dwindles and languishes, and the organs, every instant feebler in their action, become finally motionless.

Rarely is there seen a case of death from pure old age. In those who live longest, some disease is usually developed which lays the axe to the root of the tree; but occasionally the body wears itself out, and, without a malady or a pain, sinks by a slow and unperceived decay. All the aged approximate to the condition and show the nature of the process. The organs have less life, the functions less vigor; the sight grows dim, the hearing dull, the touch obtuse; the limbs lose their suppleness, the motions their freedom, and, without local disorder or general disturbance, it is everywhere plain that vitality is receding. The old are often indolent from natural disposition; they are slow in their movements by a physical necessity. With the strength enfeebled, the bones brittle, the ligaments rigid, the muscles weak, feats of activity are no longer possible. The limbs which bent in youth would break in age. Bentley used to say he was like his battered trunk, which held together

if left to itself, and would fall to pieces with the jolts and rough usage of better days. Lord Chesterfield, in his decrepitude was unable to support the rapid motion of a carriage; and when about to take an airing, said, in allusion to the foot's pace at which he crept along, "I am now going to the rehearsal of my funeral." The expression was one of many which showed that his mind had not participated in the decay of his body; but even with men less remarkable it is common for the intellect to remain unbroken amidst surrounding infirmity. The memory alone seldom escapes. Events long gone by retain their hold—passing incidents excite a feeble interest, and are instantly forgotten. The brain, like a mould that has set, keeps the old impressions, and can take no new ones. Living rather in the past than the present, the aged naturally love to reproduce it, and grow more narrative than is always entertaining to younger ears; yet, without the smallest sense of weariness, they can sit for hours silent and unemployed, for feebleness renders repose delightful, and they need no other allurement in existence than to feel that they exist. Past recollections themselves are sometimes erased. Fontenelle—not the author on our present list—outlived the knowledge of his writings, but the winter which destroyed his memory allowed his wit to flourish with the freshness of spring. He could mark and estimate his growing infirmities, and make them the subject of lively sayings. "I am about," he remarked, "to decamp, and have sent the heavy baggage on before." When Brydson's family read him his admirable *Travels in Sicily*, he was quite unconscious that his own eyes had beheld the scenes, and his own lively pen described them; but he comprehended what he heard, thought it amusing, and wondered if it was true!

Next the body relapses into helplessness, the mind into vacancy—and this is the second childhood of man—an expression upon which some physiologists have built fanciful analogies, as if infancy and age, like the rising and setting sun, were the same unaltered object in opposite parts of the horizon. But there is little more resemblance than in the vegetable world between immaturity and rottenness. Sir Walter Scott, when growing infirmities made him speak of himself playfully as coming round to the starting point of the circle, said he wished he could cut a new set of teeth. The remark touched the distinction between the morning and evening of life. Infancy and age are both toothless, but the teeth of the former are coming, the teeth of the latter are gone—the one is awakening to a world upon which the other is closing its eyes. The two portraits are in perfect contrast. Here activity, there torpor—here curiosity, there listlessness—here the prattle of dawning intelligence, there the babbling of expiring dotage. Decrepitude which has sunk into imbecility must be endeared by past recollections to be loved. But to despise it is an insult to human nature, and to pity it on its own account, wasted sympathy. Paley rightly asserted that

away. The awful shadow cast by death throws a solemnity over every object within its range, and gives importance to actions that would otherwise be thought too trivial for notice. Ears, soon to be insensible to sound, are often assailed by imaginary noises, which sometimes assume the form of words. Cowper, who was afterwards the thrall of fancied voices, which spoke as his morbid spirit inspired, heard three times, when he hung himself in earlier days, the exclamation, "'Tis over!" The old idea that the monitor of man summoned him when his final minute had arrived, may easily have been founded upon actual occurrences, and the agent was invented to explain away an undoubted and mysterious effect. Shakespeare, who possessed the power to press everything into his service, has recorded the superstition in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

Hark! you are called; some say the Genius so
Cries Come! to him that instantly must die!

The workings of the mind, when taken in connection with the physical weakness, are often prominent among the symptoms of dissolution. Many of the ancients held the *novissima verba* in high esteem. They imagined that the departing imbibed a divine power from that world to which they were bound, and spoke like gods in proportion as they were ceasing to be men. Though the belief is extinct, that the prophet's mantle descends upon the shoulders of the dying, there are some who maintain that as the body wanes the mind often shines with increasing lustre. Baxter called a church-yard the market-place where all things are rated at their true value, and those who are approaching it talk of the world, and its vanities, with a wisdom unknown before. But the idea that the capacity of the understanding itself is enlarged—that it acquires new powers and fresh vigor, is due, we conceive, to the emotion of the listeners. The scene impresses the imagination, and the overwrought feelings of the audience color every word. Disease has more frequently an injurious effect, and the mind is heavy, weakened, or deranged. Of the species of idiocy which ushers in death, Mrs. Quickly gives a perfect description in her narrative of Falstaff's end—an unrivalled piece of painting, and deeply pathetic in the midst of its humor :—"After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' end, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields." Falstaff, to whom a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity, and whose heart was never open to a rural impression, amusing himself with flowers like a child—Falstaff, the impersonation of intellectual wit, and who kept a sad brow at the jests which moved the mirth of every one besides, regarding his fingers' ends with simpering imbecility—there is an epitome of the melancholy contrasts which are constantly witnessed, and which would be mournful indeed if we did not know that the bare grain is not quickened except it die, and that the stage of decay must precede its springing into newness of life. The

intellect of Falstaff has degenerated into silliness, but he knows what he says, and comprehends what he sees. When the sensibility to outward impressions is lost or disordered, and the mind is delirious, the dying dream of their habitual occupations, and construct an imaginary present from the past. Dr. Armstrong departed delivering medical precepts; Napoleon fought some battle o'er again, and the last words he muttered were *tête d'armée*. Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment seat to his death-bed, fancied himself still presiding at a trial, and expired with, *Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider of your verdict*. Dr. Adam, the author of the "Roman Antiquities," imagined himself in a school, distributing praise and censure among his pupils; *But it grows dark*, he said; *the boys may dismiss*; and instantly died. The physician, soldier, judge, schoolmaster, each had their thoughts on their several professions, and believed themselves engaged in the business of life when life itself was issuing out through their lips. Whether such words are always an evidence of internal consciousness, may admit of a doubt. The mind is capable of pursuing a beaten track without attending to its own operations, and the least impulse will set it going when every other power has fled. De Lagny was asked the square of twelve when he was unable to recognize the friends about his bed, and mechanically answered, *one hundred and forty-four*. Repetitions of poetry are frequent in this condition, and there is usually a want of coherence and intonation which appears to indicate a want of intelligence, and leaves the conviction, expressed by Dr. Symonds, that the understanding is passive. But upon many occasions it is perfectly obvious that the language of the lips is suggested by the mental dream. The idea of Dr. Adam, that it was growing dark, evidently arose from the fading away of the vision, as the thick darkness of death covered his mind and clouded his perceptions. The man himself is his own world, and he lives among the phantoms he has created, as he lived among the actual beings of flesh and blood, with the difference, perhaps, that the feelings, like the picture, are faint and shadowy.

There is a description of dying delirium which resembles drunkenness. Consciousness remains, but not self-control. The individual nature appears in its nakedness, unrelieved by the modifications which interest imposes. A woman, who had combined an insatiable appetite for scandal with the extremest caution in retailing it, fell into this state a few hours before she died. The sluice was opened, and the venom and malice were poured out in a flood. Her tones, which in health were low and mysterious, grew noisy and emphatic—the hints were displaced by the strongest terms the language could afford—and the half-completed sentences, which were formerly left for imagination to fill up, all carried now a tail and a sting. "I verily believe," said her husband afterwards, "that she repeated, in that single

day, every word she had heard against anybody from the time she was a child." The concentration of the mind upon a single topic, the variety and distinctness of the portraits, the virulence and energy of the abuse, the indifference to the tears of her children—heart-broken that their mother should pass from the world uttering anathemas against all her acquaintances, living and dead—made a strange and fearful exhibition, one more impressive than a thousand sermons to show the danger of indulging an evil passion.

A fatal malady sometimes appears to make a stop—the patient lives and breathes; and his friends, who had considered him as belonging to another world, are overjoyed that he is once more one of themselves. But it is death come under a mask. The lifting up from the grave is followed by a relapse which brings down to it again without return. A son of Dr. Beattie lay sick of a fever, which suddenly left him; the delirium was succeeded by a complete tranquillity, and the father was congratulating himself on the danger being over, when the physicians informed him truly that the end was at hand. Death from hydrophobia is not seldom preceded by similar appearance of recovery. A victim of this disorder, in which every drop of liquid aggravates the convulsions, and the very sound of its trickling is often insupportable, was found by Dr. Latham in the utmost composure, having drank a large jug of porter at a draught. The nurse greeted the physician with the exclamation, "What a wonderful cure!" but in half an hour the man was dead. Sir Henry Hallford had seen four or five cases of inflammation of the brain where the raving was succeeded by a lucid interval—the lucid interval by death. One of these was a gentleman who passed three days in a lunatic violence, without an instant's cessation or sleep. He then became rational, settled his affairs, sent messages to his relations, and talked of a sister lately dead, whom he said he should follow immediately, as he did in the course of the night. Many such instances are upon record; and Cervantes must have witnessed something of the kind, or he would not have ventured to restore Don Quixote to reason in his final illness, make him abjure knight-errantry, and die a sensible, as he had lived a worthy, man; for, throughout his adventures, he displays a loftiness of principle and a rectitude of purpose, which give an elevation to his character, and render him estimable when most ridiculous. Sir Henry Hallford cautioned the younger members of his profession against these appearances, which have often deluded physicians themselves. The medical attendant of Charleval, a French versifier, called out exultingly to a brother of the faculty who entered the room, "Come and see, the fever is going!" After a moment's observation, the other, more experienced, replied, "No—it is the patient." The amendment is not real unless the pulse has improved; the energies of life are otherwise worn out; and either the inertness of the disease proceeds from a want of power to sustain it, or, if it

has fairly retired, the system has been too much depressed to rebound. The temporary revival is rarely complete; but a partial intermission, from its comparative ease, creates a considerable change of sensation. Hence the pause in the disorder has received the name of a "lightening before death"—a removal of the load of pain and stupor by which the patient was previously oppressed. Shakspeare confines the term to the merriment of mind which usually accompanies the relief. Paley has said, and he wrote after many visitations of gout, that the subsidence of pain is a positive pleasure which few enjoyments can exceed. The observation is sometimes strikingly illustrated in surgical operations, when neither the smarting of the wound, nor the attendant horrors, have the power to disturb the sense of satisfaction which directly ensues. Sir Charles Bell opened the windpipe of a man attacked with spasms of the throat, and who was dying through want of air. The incision closed with the convulsive throbs, and it was necessary to slit out a piece of the cartilage; but when the man, whose face was lately a picture of distress, who streamed with the sweat of suffering, and who toiled and gasped for life, breathed freely through the opening, he fell fast asleep while half-a-dozen candles threw their glare upon his eyes, and the surgeons, with their hands bathed in his blood, were still at work upon the wound, inserting materials to keep it open. A soldier, struck in the temple, at Waterloo, with a musket-ball, had his skull sawn through with a trephine by Mr. Cooper, the author of the "Surgical Dictionary," and a bone pulled out which had been driven half an inch into the substance of the brain. Nearly lifeless before, he instantly sat up, talked with reason and complacency, and rose and dressed the same day. The transition is little less sudden in the "lightening before death;" and though the debility is usually too great for exuberance of spirits, there is sometimes a gentle gayety which would have a contagious charm if it were not the signal of a coming gloom, made a hundred fold more dark by the contrast with the short-lived mirth, never in this world—unless by the tearful eye of memory—to be beheld again.

The moment which converts a sensitive body to inanimate matter is often indistinguishable; but one would hardly think that any who had deliberately contemplated a corpse—icy, stiff, and motionless, with nothing of humanity except the form—could suppose that life might put on the "borrowed likeness of shrunk death," and men, who were still of the present world, be consigned by mistake to a living tomb. Yet many persons, especially women, are so haunted with the idea, that they will almost fear to sleep, lest they should wake with six feet of earth for their covering and a coffin for their bed. Solemn physicians abroad—for in England these terrorists boast no educated disciples—have written books to accredit the belief, and add a deeper horror to the grave. Each successive production of the kind, however, is little more than a resuscitation of its forgotten

predecessor, from which it differs about as much as the Almanac of this year from the Almanac of last. In 1834, Julia de Fontenelle, a man of science—if several lines of philosophical titles written after his name are a voucher for the character—published his “Medico-legal Researches on the Uncertainty of the Signs of Death,” which volume is at present, we believe, the standard one on the subject. The horror of being buried alive was his least motive for rousing up the public to a sense of their danger. Convinced, he said, that unwholesome diet and evil passions, the abuse of drugs and the ignorance of physicians, are but too successful in swelling the number of the undoubted dead, he conceives it his duty in compensation to preserve to society the many who were only dead in appearance. He seems to have persuaded himself that burial-grounds are a species of human slaughter-house, and, if he had read the English Martyrology, would have seen something more than a lying legend in the story of St. Frithstane, who, saying one evening masses for the dead in the open air, as he pronounced the words *requiescant in pace*, heard a chorus of voices from the surrounding graves respond loudly *Amen*. M. Fontenelle’s hopes of recruiting the population from churchyards are grounded on a hundred cases of apparent deaths gleaned from the entire history of the world—a rather slender counterpoise to the victims of passion, gluttony, drugs, and physicians, even if the instances were all well founded and all to the purpose. “He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound.” But of his examples those which are true are inapplicable, and those which are applicable are unsubstantiated.

The marvellous is most credible when left to the imagination; the attempt to verify it dissipates the illusion. Supernatural appearances seemed to be probable when the argument rested on the general belief; nothing more unlikely when the specific facts were collected and weighed. A volume of ghost stories is the best refutation of ghosts. That persons, by every outward sign long dead, have revived, is also among the opinions that have found adherents in all countries, and many are the superstitions to which it has given rise. Roger North, in his *Life of the Lord Keeper*, mentions that the Turks, if a noise is heard in a tomb, dig up the corpse, and, as one method of making matters sure, chop it into pieces. He adds, that some English merchants, riding at Constantinople in company with a Janizary, passed an aged and shrivelled Jew, who was sitting on a sepulchre. The Janizary never doubted that of this sepulchre the Jew himself was the rightful tenant, and ordered him back to his grave, after raising him soundly for stinking the world a second time. Nations sunk lower in barbarism give credence to fables still more absurd, though they do not exceed in extravagance what we might expect from the exaggerations of ignorance and terror, if the cries and struggles of buried men had been heard disturbing the stillness of the tomb; but the moment an effort is made to substantiate

the belief by authentic examples, the edifice is overthrown by the very endeavor to prop it up. Timidity itself would take courage on reading the terrific register of the credulous Fontenelle. An examination of his proof, while it indicates the precautions that are prudent to be taken, will reassure those who are accustomed to shrink from the semblance of death, with its frightful accompaniments, far more than they dread the reality; for it will show that, unless by culpable recklessness and haste, there is no possibility that a single individual should be entombed before his time.

The first page shows how much his criticism has been outstripped by his zeal, for he counts among the victims of *error* the Emperor Zenon, who is said to have been interred when he was drunk by the order of his wife, ambitious of his crown. M. Fontenelle himself relates, that for two nights he continually cried from his capacious sepulchre, “Have mercy on me! Take me out!” and surely his petition would not have been in vain if they had buried him in good faith through an unhappy mistake. Horrors never come singly: it is added, that in his hunger he ate up his shoes and the flesh of his arms. A case among the accidents, that of an Archbishop Géron—when or where he lived is not told—has a close resemblance to the end of poor Zenon:

He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said
That he would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.

But the persons who heard him shouting from the sepulchre refused to believe him, and he was left to his fate. There was an abbé who had better luck. He revived on the way to the grave; and his attendants having thought fit to bury his cat with him, which sat like a night-mare upon his chest, the abbé employed his returning strength to drive off the incubus. The animal mewed with the pain, and more regard being paid to the remonstrances of a cat than to those of an archbishop, the procession was stopped, and the coffin unscrewed. Out jumped the cat, and immediately after the dead man followed, and took to his heels. The bearers are said to have been “frozen with fear;” and the cat and the abbé must have partaken of the chill. Some who came off with life have yet had reason to rue the misconception. A gentleman of Rouen, returning from a tour just as his wife was being borne to the tomb, he ordered back the coffin, and had a surgeon to make five-and-twenty incisions on the corpse—a strange method of cherishing the remnant of existence, if he suspected any. Nevertheless, at the twenty-sixth incision, which went deeper than the rest, she mildly inquired “What mischief they were doing her?” and she survived to bear her husband six-and-twenty children—a pledge for every gash. An English soldier showed more vigor and less endurance than this meekest of women. He was carried to the dissecting-room of a French hospital, where a student, to practise anatomy, cut his jugular vein. Furious with rage and pain, he leapt upon the student and flung him to the

ground, where he fainted with alarm. The soldier must have been a disciple of the laughter-loving Roderick Random, who counterfeited death on his recovery from a fever, and snapped at the fingers of the surgeon as he was closing his eyes. But the more valorous son of Mars had nearly carried the jest too far, when he suffered his jugular vein to be opened before "he played out the play." Zadig, in Voltaire's story, pretends to be dead, to test the affection of his wife; and his friend, who is in the plot, applies immediately for the vacant post, and feigns a pain in his side, which nothing can cure except the application of a dead man's nose. But when the widow, deeming that a living lover is worth more than a departed husband, advances to the coffin with an open razor to take possession of the specific, Zadig is wise enough to cover his nose with one hand, while he thrusts the instrument aside with the other. A man of war, who had the good fortune to recover in a dissecting-room without the aid of the knife, seeing himself surrounded, on opening his eyes, by mutilated bodies, exclaimed, "I perceive that the action has been hot." And if M. Fontenelle had opened his eyes, he might easily have perceived that the anecdote was a jest. Indeed, such is his credulity, that the story of a surgeon addicted to cards, whose death had been tested by bawling in his ears, rising up when a friend whispered in the language of piquet, "a quint, fourteen and the point," has been mistaken by him for an extraordinary case of resuscitation, instead of a common-place joke on the passion for play. The jest-book has always contributed abundant materials to the compilers of horrors. Several anecdotes turn on that inexhaustible theme for merriment—the sorrows of matrimony. In passing through the street a bier was struck against the corner of a house, and the corpse re-animating by the shock. Some years afterwards, when the woman died in good earnest, her husband called to the bearers, "Pray, gentlemen, be careful in turning the corners." Thus there is not even a step from the mirthful to the terrible. The stories, unaltered, do double duty.

Two Parisian merchants, bound together in close friendship, had one a son and the other a daughter, who were friends and something more. The daughter, compelled by her parents to sacrifice her lover for a wealthy suitor, fell into what M. Fontenelle calls an "hysterical syncope," and was buried. Fortune frowns upon lovers that she may enhance the value of her smiles. A strange instinct induced her adorer to disinter the body, and he had the double pleasure of delivering the fair one from a horrible death and a hateful husband. Holding that the interment had broken the marriage-tie, they fled to England, but at the end of ten years ventured back to Paris, where the lady was met by the original husband, who, noways surprised that she should have revisited the earth, nor staggered by her denials, laid a formal claim to her in a court of justice. The lover boldly sustained that he who rescued her from death, had

more right to her than the claimant who interred her alive; but the doctrine being new to a court of law, the prudent pair anticipated the decision by returning to England, where they finally terminated their adventures. The plot and morality of the story are thoroughly characteristic of M. Fontenelle's nation, and the simplicity which believes it is not less so of himself. The countrymen of Shakspeare will recognize a French version of Romeo and Juliet. All ladies are not blessed with resurrectionist lovers, but covetousness will sometimes do the work of chivalry. A domestic visited his mistress in her tomb, enticed by a diamond ring, which resisting his efforts to draw it off, he proceeded to amputate the finger. Thereupon the mistress revives, and the domestic drops down dead with alarm: "Thus," says M. Fontenelle, "death had his prey; it was only the victim which was changed." He gives further on a simple story, in which the lady with the ring was supposed to have died in childbirth, and some grave-diggers were the thieves. In the hurry of their flight they left a lantern which served to light the lady to her door. "Who's there?" inquired the girl who answered her knock. "Your mistress," was the reply. The servant needed to hear no more; she rushed into the room where her master was sitting, and informed him that the spirit of his wife was at the door. He rebuked the girl for her folly, and assured her that her mistress was in Abraham's bosom; but on looking out of the window, the well-known voice exclaimed, "For pity's sake, open the door. Do you forget that I have just been confined, and that cold in my condition would be fatal?" This was not the doubt which troubled his mind, nor was it the first observation we should have expected a wife to address to her husband, when, newly released from her grave by an almost miraculous deliverance, she suddenly appeared before him in the dead of night wearing the habiliments of the tomb. But as the husband was satisfied, it is not for us to be critical. Numerous places are declared to have been the scene of the incident of the ring, which M. Fontenelle considers to be cumulative testimony to its truth. We should have thought, on the contrary, that his faith would have been diminished as the stories increased. Marvels rarely go in flocks. In the present instance, few need to be told that M. Fontenelle has been drawing upon the standard literature of the nursery—that the ring-story is one of those with which children, from time immemorial, have been terrified and amused. "The nurse's legends are for truth received," and to the inventions which entertained their infancy, many are indebted for their after apprehensions lest the fate at which they shuddered in another should prove prophetic of their own. M. Fontenelle has himself thought that it would help out his subject to insert the poem of a M. Lesguillon, in which he relates from imagination the burial and resurrection of a lady who was set free, at the crisis of her despair, by the accident of a sexton cleaving her coffin with

his spade. What calls forth M. Fontenelle's special admiration is, that the author has "wedded reason to rhyme," and it is impossible to deny that there is as much reason in M. Lesguillon's verse as in M. Fontenelle's prose.

As a set-off to the miserable mortals who lost their lives through a seeming death, this very appearance is affirmed to have been the means of averting the reality. Tallemant has a story of a Baroness de Panat, who was choked by a fish-bone, and duly buried for dead. Her servants, to get her jewels, disinterred her by night; and the lady's maid, who bore her a grudge, struck her in revenge several blows upon her neck. The malignity of the maid was the preservation of the mistress. Out flew the bone set free by the blows, and up rose the baroness to the discomfiture of her domestics. The retributive justice was complete, and the only objection to the narrative is that, like the fish-bone, it sticks in the throat. In this particular the stories mostly agree; a single anecdote comes recommended by intrinsic probability, and is no less distinguished from hearsay romances by the external authority; for it is told by the famous Sydenham, a man who was not more an honor to his profession by his skill than to his kind by his virtues. The faculty of his day demonstrated, on principles derived from abstract reasoning, that the small pox ought to yield to a hot regimen; and, though patients died, physicians thought death under a philosophical treatment, better than a capricious and perverse recovery in defiance of rules. Sydenham, who reformed the whole system of medicine by substituting experience for speculation, and who, besides indicating the right road, was himself perhaps the nicest observer of the habits of disease that ever lived, had early discovered that the antidote was to be found at the other end of the thermometer. The science which saved the lives of the public was the torment of his own. He was assailed by the profession to the close of his days for being wiser than his generation, and among the facts by which he mildly and modestly defended his practice, he relates with evident satisfaction how a young man, at Bristol, was stewed by his physician into a seeming death, and afterwards recovered by a mere exposure to cold. The moment he appeared to expire, his attendants laid him out, leaving nothing upon his body except a sheet thrown lightly over it. No sooner had he escaped from the domain of art to the dominion of nature than he began to revive, and lived to vindicate Sydenham, to shame his opponents, and to prove that there are occasions in which the remedy against death is to seem to be dead. The ancient who originated the celebrated saying, "The physician that heals is death," never anticipated such a verification of his maxim.

The three examples, however, which the resurrectionists consider their stronghold, yet remain to be told; and it must be confessed that many have lent them the weight of their authority who reject the mass of old wives' fables, though with the im-

posing addition of being sanctioned by a philosopher and printed in a book. There was a French captain in the reign of Charles IX. who used to sign himself "François de Civile—thrice dead, thrice buried, and by the grace of God thrice restored." The testimony seems striking; as he himself related his history to Misson the traveller, either Civile was a liar, say our authors, or the story is true. But without taking much from the romance of his adventures, the details are fatal to the value of the precedent. His first burial, to begin with, occurred before he was born. His mother died when she was advanced in pregnancy during her husband's absence, and nobody, before committing her body to the ground, thought of saving the child. His father's return prevented his going altogether out of the world before he had come into it—and here was concluded the first act of the death, burial, and restoration of François de Civile. His next death was at the siege of Rouen, in 1562, where he fell senseless, struck by a ball, and some workmen, who were digging a trench, immediately threw a little mould upon his body, which was burial the second. The servant of Civile tried to find out his remains, with the intention to bestow on them a formal interment. Returning from a fruitless search he caught sight of a stretched-out arm, which he knew to be his master's by a diamond ring that glittered on the hand, and the body, as he drew it forth, was visibly breathing. For some days life and death waged an equal contest, and when life was winning, a party of the enemy, the town having been taken, discovered him in bed, and threw him from the window. He fell on a dung-heap, where they left him to perish, which he considered was death and burial the third. Civile's case would never have been quoted on its own merits; the prominence given it is entirely due to the imposing description which a passion for notoriety made him write after his name, and which still continues to arrest the imagination. He survived to have a fourth funeral, and we hope when he was finally laid in the earth that he did not verify a proverb, much in vogue in his day, that a sailor often wrecked gets drowned at last.

More of our readers may recollect the story of the Spanish grandee, who was opened by the great anatomist, Vesalius, and his heart found beating, notwithstanding the havoc that had been made by the knife. The family of the nobleman, so runs the tale, complained to the Inquisition, and the Inquisition decided that in a physician with the skill of Vesalius such an error implied a crime. Philip II. employed his authority to procure a pardon, and with difficulty obtained that the sentence of death should be commuted into a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Hallam, whose epithets have almost a judicial authority, calls the accusation absurd, and absurd it may be proved on physiological grounds. But the whole story is an idle rumor written by somebody from Spain to Hubert Languet, after the death of Vesalius, to account for a journey which puzzled the public. Clusius, who was in Madrid

at the time that Vesalius set out, and had his information from Tisenau, the president of the council of the Low Countries, the land of the anatomist's birth and affections, has related the origin of the pilgrimage in a note on the history of De Thou, whose narrative, so far as it goes, agrees with his own. Hating the manners of the Spaniards, pining for his native country, and refused by Philip permission to return thither, Vesalius sickened with vexation, and vowed on his recovery to travel to Jerusalem, less from any superstition of his own, than to obtain his release by an appeal to the superstition of the king. A newsmonger, ignorant of the motives of an action, appeases the cravings of curiosity by invention; that the Inquisition should be at the bottom of the business was, in the reign of Philip II., a too probable guess, and a pretext for its interference was devised out of the professional pursuits of the pilgrim. The original report soon acquired strength in its progress. The offence of Vesalius was shortly avouched to be neither accidental nor solitary, and by the time the story reached Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," it assumed the form of a general assertion—"that Vesalius was *wont* to cut men up alive."

The fabled end of the Spanish grandee is also asserted of the Abbé Prevost—the third vaunted example of simulated death. He had a stroke of apoplexy on a journey, and the mayor of the village ordered an immediate examination of the body. The anguish of the incision restored the abbé to a momentary consciousness, and he expired with a cry. No authority is given for the story, and, judging from the character of the other assertions, it would be natural to infer that there was none to give. But if it be indeed a genuine fact among the fables, it proves nothing except the criminal haste of the village mayor, and the criminal heedlessness of the village practitioner—vices which, in connection with death, are for the most part opposed to the feelings, the prudence, and therefore to the usage of mankind. No perfect security can be devised against wilful carelessness any more than against wilful murder; but because a friendless traveller fell a victim to the rashness of an ignorant surgeon, there is no occasion to fright the world from their propriety, and endeavor to persuade them that, with the best intentions, the living are liable to be confounded with the dead, to be packed sleeping in a coffin, and stifled waking in a grave.

In the midst of exaggeration and invention there was one undoubted circumstance which formerly excited the worst apprehensions—the fact that bodies were often found turned in their coffins, and the grave clothes disarranged. But what was ascribed, with seeming reason, to the throes of vitality, is now known to be due to the agency of corruption. A gas is developed in the decaying body which mimics by its mechanical force many of the movements of life. So powerful is this gas in corpses which have lain long in the water, that M. Devergie, the physician to the Morgue at Paris,

and the author of a text-book on legal medicine, says that unless secured to the table they are often heaved up and thrown to the ground. Frequently strangers, seeing the motions of the limbs, run to the keeper of the Morgue, and announce with horror that a person is alive. All bodies, sooner or later, generate the gas in the grave, and it constantly twists about the corpse, blows out the skin till it rends with the distension, and sometimes bursts the coffin itself. When the gas explodes with a noise, imagination has converted it into an outcry or groan; the grave has been reopened; the position of the body has confirmed the suspicion, and the laceration been taken for evidence that the wretch had gnawed his flesh in the frenzy of despair. So many are the circumstances which will occasionally concur to support a conclusion that is more unsubstantial than the fabric of a dream. Violent and painful diseases, which kill speedily, are favorable to the rapid formation of the gas; it may then exist two or three hours after death, and agitating the limbs gives rise to the idea that the dormant life is rousing itself up to another effort. Not unfrequently the food in the stomach is forced out through the mouth, and blood poured from the nose, or the opening in a vein where a victim of apoplexy has been attempted to be bled. Extreme mental distress has resulted from these fallacious symptoms, for where they occur it is commonly supposed that the former appearance of death was deceitful, and that recovery was possible if attendance had been at hand.

The old superstition that a murdered body would send forth a bloody sweat in the murderer's presence, or bleed from the wound at his touch, must have had its origin in the same cause. The sweat, which has been repeatedly observed, is produced by the struggling gas driving out the fluids at the pores of the skin. Through a rare coincidence it may possibly have occurred during the period that the assassin was confronted with the corpse; and the ordeal of the touch, in compressing the veins, would have a direct effect in determining a flow of blood from the wound, where it chanced that the current, by the impulse of the gas, was nearly ready to break forth. A latitude would not fail to be allowed to the experiment. If at any time afterwards the body sweated or bled, it would never have been doubted that it was prompted by the presence of the murderer, though the manifestation was delayed. One success bears out many failures, for failures imply the absence of notable incidents, and having nothing to arrest attention are quickly forgotten, while the wonders of a success take hold of the mind and live in the memory.

The generation of gas in the body, with all its consequences, was thoroughly understood when M. Fontenelle wrote, but whatever could weaken his case is systematically suppressed. Nor is there in the whole of his book one single case bearing out his position that is attested by a name of the slightest reputation, or for which much better authority could be found than the Greek manuscript

in the handwriting of Solomon, found by a peasant while digging potatoes at the foot of Mount Lebanon. It is no unreasonable scepticism to assume that the majority of the persons revived had never even lived. Yet not only is this book still in vogue, but the French newspapers annually multiply these tales to an extent which would be frightful if they were not refuted by their very number. An English country editor in want of a paragraph proclaims that a bird of passage has been shot out of season, that an apple-tree has blossomed in October, or that a poor woman has added to her family from three to half a dozen children at a birth, and by the latest advices was doing well. But we are tame and prosaic in our insular tastes. Our agreeable neighbors require a stronger stimulus, and therefore endless changes are rung upon the theme of living men buried, and dead men brought to life again.

Shakspeare, who, it is evident from numerous passages in his dramas, had watched by many a dying bed with the same interest and sagacity that he bestowed upon those who were playing their part in the busy world, has summed up the more obvious characteristics of death in the description the Friar gives to Juliet of the effects of the draught, which is to transform her into the temporary likeness of a corpse :—

No pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat ;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest :
The roses on thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like Death, when he shuts up the day of Life ;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear, like Death.

These are the ordinary signs by which death has always been distinguished ; and it would be as reasonable “to seek hot water beneath cold ice,” as to look for any remnant of vitality beneath so inanimate an exterior. The cessation of breathing, in the opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie—and no opinion, from his natural acuteness, his philosophical habits, and his vast experience, can be more entitled to weight—is alone a decisive test of the extinction of life, and a test as palpable to sense in the application as it is sure in the result. “The movements,” he says, “of respiration cannot be overlooked by any one who does not choose to overlook them, and the heart never continues to act more than four or five minutes after respiration has ceased.” The ancient distinction of the heart was to be “*primum vivens, ultimum moriens*,”—the first to live, the last to die : and a Commission of the French Academy, who lately made a report on the subject, admit that when there is a considerable pause in its pulsations, it is impossible for life to be lurking in the body. But as the heart can only beat for a brief space unless the lungs play, and as common observers can detect the latter more readily than the former, the termination of the breathing is the usual and safe criterion of death. To ascertain with precision whether it had completely stopped, it was formerly the custom to apply a feather or a mirror to the lips. When

Lear brings in Cordelia dead, he exclaims :—

Lend me a looking-glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

And immediately afterwards he adds, *This feather stirs : she lives !* The same test which led Lear to the fallacious inference that Cordelia lived, induced Prince Henry to infer falsely that his father was dead :—

By these gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not :
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.

Nor were these methods merely popular ; they were long likewise the trust of physicians. Sir Thomas Browne terms them “the critical tests of death ;” and presuming that the Romans could not be ignorant of them, he thought their calling in the ears of corpses “a vanity of affection”—an ostentation of summoning the departed back to life when it was known by other infallible means that life had fled. But it is now held to be a better method to scrutinize the movements of the chest and belly ; one or both of which will rise and fall while any breathing whatsoever continues. It is generally, however, expedient to leave the body undisturbed for two or three hours after all seems over ; for the case of Colonel Townshend, related by Cheyne in his “English Malady,” appears to favor the supposition that though the heart and lungs have both stopped, life may now and then linger a little longer than usual.

Colonel Townshend, described as “a gentleman of great honor and integrity,” was in a dying state. One morning he informed his physicians, Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Baynard, and his apothecary, Mr. Skrine, that he had found for some time “he could expire when he pleased, and by an effort come to life again.” He composed himself for the trial, while one felt his pulse, another his heart, and the third applied a looking-glass to his mouth. Gradually the pulse ceased to beat, the heart to throb, the breath to stain the mirror, until the nicest scrutiny could discover no indication that he lived. Thus he continued for half an hour ; his physicians believing that he had carried the experiment too far, and was dead beyond recall, when life returned, as it had receded, by gradual steps. It was at nine o'clock in the morning that the trial was made, and at six in the evening Colonel Townshend was a corpse. The post-mortem examination did nothing towards clearing up the mystery. His only disorder was a cancer of the right kidney, which accounted for his death, without accounting for his singular power of suspending at will the functions of life. Many boldly cut the knot they are not able to untie, and maintain that there was an action of heart and lungs which the physicians wanted the skill to perceive. The narrative of Cheyne leaves an opening for criticism ; but let it be considered that he was a man of eminence, that all three attendants were professional persons, accustomed to mark and estimate symptoms, that their attention

was aroused to the utmost by previous notice, and that they had half an hour to conduct their observations; and it must at least be acknowledged that the signs which escaped them were too obscure to be a safe criterion for the world at large. Yet whatever may be its other physiological bearings, it is no exception to the rule that life and breath are, for the purposes of sepulture, convertible terms. Without attaching importance to a principal peculiarity of the case, that it required an effort of the will to bring Colonel Townshend into the state, and that by an effort of the will he could bring himself out of it, he was unable, after all, to prolong the period of suspended, or apparently suspended, animation beyond a single half hour; and in order to his being buried alive, he must have been a party to the act, and prepared his funeral in advance. The assumption, indeed, pervades M. Fontenelle's book, that everybody wrongly supposed to be dead had a narrow escape of premature interment, though it has never been long, in any instance that is known to be authentic, before some outward sign attracted attention, unless death had merely slackened his pace, instead of turning aside his footsteps. Funerals, it is true, on the continent take place sooner than with us. In Spain, if M. Fontenelle's word is a warrant for the fact, whoever oversleeps himself will have to finish out his slumbers in the grave—which, beyond doubt, is the most powerful incentive to early rising that was ever devised. But in France, the grand theatre for these harrowing tragedies, it is usual to bury on the third day; and if at that interval it was common for seeming corpses to revive, we, in this country, should be habituated to behold persons whose death had been announced, whose knell had tolled, and whose coffins had been made, rise up and doff their grave-clothes, to appear once more among astonished friends. Yet, so far is this from being a frequent occurrence, that who ever heard in modern England of a person who had been numbered three days among the dead resuming his vacant place among the living? At sea there may be better ground for apprehension. Nothing more excites the superstitious fears of a sailor than a cat thrown overboard or a corpse that is not; and very shortly after death occurs it is usual to transfer the body from the ship to the deep. On one occasion a man, with concussion of the brain, who had lost the power of speech and motion, overheard what must have been to him the most interesting conversation that ever fell upon his ears—a discussion between his brother and the captain of the vessel, as to whether he should be immediately consigned to the waves, or be carried to Rotterdam, to be buried on shore. Luckily their predilections were for a land funeral; and, though a colloquy so alarming might have been expected to complete the injury to the poor man's brain, he recovered from the double shock of fright and disease. Dr. Alfred Taylor, who has treated the signs of death with the sound sense and science that distinguish all his writings upon legal

medicine, relates the anecdote as if he was satisfied of its truth, and the fate which one has narrowly missed it is not impossible may have overtaken others. But even at sea, nothing short of the grossest negligence could occasion the calamity; and for negligence, we repeat, there is no effectual cure.

The ceasing to breathe is not the only criterion of death antecedent to corruption. There is a second token specified by Shakspeare, and familiar to every village nurse, which is quite conclusive—the gradual transition from suppleness to rigidity. The first effect of death is relaxation of the muscles. The lower jaw usually drops, the limbs hang heavily, the joints are flexible, and the flesh soft. The opposite state of contraction ensues; then the joints are stiff and the flesh firm, and the body, lately yielding and pliant, becomes hard and unbending. The contraction commences in the muscles of the neck and trunk, appears next in the upper extremities, then in the lower, and finally recedes in the same order in which it came on. It begins on an average five or six hours after death, and ordinarily continues from sixteen to twenty-four. But the period both of its appearance and duration are considerably varied by the constitution of the person, the nature of the death, and the state of the atmosphere. With the aged and feeble, with those who die of chronic diseases, and are wasted away by lingering sickness, it comes on quickly—sometimes in half an hour—and remains for a period which is short in proportion to the rapidity of its appearance. With the strong and the muscular, with the greater part of the persons who perish by a sudden or violent death in the fulness of their powers, it is slow in advancing, and slow in going off. In cases like these, it is often a day or two before it commences, and it has been known to last a week. When decay begins its reign, this interregnum of contraction is at an end, and therefore a warm and humid atmosphere, which hastens corruption, curtails the period of rigidity, while it is protracted in the cold and dry weather that keeps putrefaction at bay. Though a symptom of some disorders, there is this clear line between mortal rigidity and the spasm of disease—that in the latter the attack is never preceded by the appearance of death. In the one case the result comes after a train of inanimate phenomena; in the other, amidst functions peculiar to life. The alarmists, who deal in extravagant fables, will persist in retaining unreasonable fears; but upon no question are medical authorities more thoroughly agreed than that the moment the contraction of the muscles is apparent, there can be no revival, unless the breath of life could be breathed afresh into the untenanted clay.

There is one effect of the muscular contraction of death which often occasions erroneous and painful ideas. In the stage of relaxation, when the muscles fall, and there is neither physical action nor mental emotion to disturb the calm, the countenance assumes the "mild, angelic air" described

by Byron in *The Giaour*, and which he says in a note lasts "for a few, and but a few, hours" after the spirit has taken flight. It is the accession of muscular contraction which dissipates the charm, which knits the brow, draws down the mouth, pinches the features, and changes a soft and soothing expression to a harsh, uneasy, suffering look. Where the contraction is slight the face is less disturbed; and Dr. Symonds has known it drawn into a seeming smile. Those who may only chance to see the corpse of a relative while it bears the care-worn aspect which is far the most frequent, are distressed at what they suppose to be an indication that the latest impressions of the world were troubled—that death took place amid pain of body and sorrow of mind. It appears from the journal of Sir Walter Scott, who evidently visited the mortal remains of his wife during the crisis of contraction, what a pang the sight communicated to a heart which, if quick to feel, could never be outdone in the resolution to endure. Violent passions, extreme agony, and protracted suffering, may give a *set* to the muscles which the rigid state will bring out anew into strong-relief. But the expression of the face is chiefly determined by the condition of the body, or, in other words, by the degree of contraction. Persons who have died of exhausting diseases will often, notwithstanding they expire in despair, wear a look of benign repose; while a more muscular subject, who fell asleep in peaceful hope, may be distinguished by a mournful, lowering visage. Even when the expression is influenced by the bent which was given to the muscles by previous feelings, it is mostly the memorial of a storm which had spent its fury before life was extinct; for usually in natural death there is a lull at the last, and the setting is peaceful, however tempestuous the decline. In strict reason it can matter nothing, when the weary are once at rest, whether the concluding steps of the journey were toilsome or pleasant; but it is so much our instinct to attach importance to last impressions, and wounded hearts are so sensitive, that to many it will be a relief to know their inferences are mistaken and their grief misplaced.

When the heat-developing faculty is extinct, the body obeys the laws of inanimate objects, and coincident for the most part with the stage of rigidity is that chill and clammy condition of the skin which is so familiarly associated with death. To judge by the feelings, the atmosphere is genial compared to the corpse. But the skin of the dead is a powerful conductor, and the rapidity with which it appropriates the warmth of the living leaves a chill behind which is a deceitful measure of its actual frost. The length of time which a body takes to cool will depend upon the state of the body itself, and the circumstances in which it may chance to be placed. The process will be slower when it is well wrapped up than when lightly covered; in summer than in winter; in a still atmosphere than in currents of air; with the stout than with the thin; with persons in their

prime than with the aged or the young. Usually in proportion as the disease is acute, and the death rapid, the less heat has been expended before the fire is extinguished, and the corpse will be the longer in parting with its warmth. If the disease is slow, the lamp burns dimly before it quite goes out, and the temperature, declining during life, will afterwards arrive the sooner at its lowest point. This will also happen in particular disorders, which, though sudden and violent, are hostile to the development of animal warmth. In certain forms of hysteria, in swoons, and in cholera morbus, the body to the touch might sometimes seem a corpse. An icy skin is not of itself an evidence of death, but it is sooner or later an unfailling accompaniment.

To rigidity succeeds corruption, which, both from its own nature and the surrounding circumstances, cannot possibly be confounded with vital gangrene. It commences in the belly, the skin of which turns to a bluish green, that gradually deepens to brown or black, and progressively covers the remainder of the body. But when the hue of putrefaction has spread over the belly there is a risk to health, without an addition to security, in waiting for the further encroachments of decay. In England a body is seldom committed to the ground before there is set upon it this certain mark that it is hurrying to the dust from whence it sprung. Nor is the haste which is used at some seasons, and in some diseases, a real deviation from the rule. The rapid onset of corruption creates the necessity, and that which renders the burial speedy ensures its being safe.

Of the innumerable paths which terminate in the common goal some are easier to tread than others, and it might be expected from the diversities of temperament that there would be a difference of opinion about which was best. *Cæsar* desired the death which was most sudden and unexpected. His words were spoken at supper, and the following morning the Senate-house witnessed the fulfilment of the wish. *Pliny* also considered an instantaneous death the highest felicity of life; and *Augustus* held a somewhat similar opinion. When he heard that any person had died quickly and easily, he invoked the like good fortune for himself and his friends. *Montaigne* was altogether of *Cæsar's* party, and, to use his own metaphor, thought that the pill was swallowed best without chewing. If *Sir Thomas Browne* had been of *Cæsar's* religion, he would have shared his desires, and preferred going off at a single blow to being grated to pieces with a torturing disease. He conceived that the Eastern favorite who was killed in his sleep, would hardly have bled at the presence of his destroyer. *Sir Thomas Browne* was one of those men who habitually apply their hearts unto wisdom, and his latter end, come when it might, would have found him prepared. But Christianity in enlarging our hopes has added to our fears. He felt that the mode of dying was comparatively an insignificant consideration, and however much he inclined by nature to *Cæsar's* choice, and studied

to be ready for the hastiest summons, a sense of infirmity taught him the wisdom of that petition in the Litany by which we ask to be delivered from sudden death. With the majority flesh and blood speak the same language; they had rather that the candle should burn to the socket than the flame be blown out. The prospect, nevertheless, of protracted suffering will sometimes drive desperate beings to seek a shorter and easier passage from the world. Many of the Romans during the plague of Syracuse attacked the posts of the enemy, that they might fall by the sword instead of the pestilence. Every day, for a considerable period of the French Revolution, numbers drowned themselves in the Seine, to anticipate the tedious anguish of famine. Death, which in one form is fled from as an enemy, in a different shape is welcomed as a friend. A condemned soldier, in Montaigne's time, remarked some preparations from his prison which led him to think he was to perish by torture; he resolved to discharge for himself the executioner's office, though he had no other weapon than a rusty nail, which, having first ineffectually mangled his throat, he thrust into his belly to the very head. The authorities hastened to his cell to read out the sentence, that the law might yet be beforehand with death. The soldier, sufficiently sensible to hear what was passing, found that his punishment was simple beheading. He immediately rallied, expressed his delight, accepted wine to recruit his strength, and by the change in the kind of death seemed, says Montaigne, as though he was delivered from death itself. If his suspicions had proved correct, it is difficult to suppose that his tormentors could have improved on his own performances with the rusty nail.

Gustavus Adolphus, who realized his aspirations on the field of Lutzen, was in the habit of saying that no man was happier than he who died in the exercise of his calling. So Nelson wished the roar of cannon to sound his parting knell. "You know that I always desired to die this way," said Moore to Hardinge at Corunna—and the anguish of the wound had no power to disturb his satisfaction. Marshal Villars was told in his latest moments that the Duke of Berwick had just met at the siege of Philippsburg with a soldier's death, and he answered, "I have always said that he was more fortunate than myself." His confessor urged with justice that the better fortune was to have leisure to prepare for eternity;—but possibly the exclamation proceeded from a momentary gleam of martial ardor, which instinct kindled, and reflection quenched. A Christian would never, indeed, fail to make the preparation for battle a preparation for death. Unless "every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience," he must know that he is staking both soul and body on the hazard of the fight. "Soldiers," says an old divine, "that carry their lives in their hands, should carry the grace of God in their hearts." Death at the cannon's mouth may be sudden, and answer the first of Cæsar's conditions; with none but the presump-

tuous can it answer the second, and come unexpected. We once heard a recruit assign as his reason for enlisting, that he should now at least see something of life. "And," added his companion, "something of death." The poor fellow perhaps, like many others, had forgotten that any such contingency was included in the bond.

The Duke d'Enghien appeared to feel like a man relieved when on issuing from his prison he found that he was to perish by a military execution. Suicides are prone to use the implements of their trade. It was the usage in Ireland in rude times, when rebels perhaps were more plentiful than rope, to hang them with willows. In the reign of Elizabeth a criminal of this description petitioned the deputy against the breach of the observance, and begged the favor to suffer by the time-honored "wyth," instead of the new-fangled halter. When Elizabeth herself expected Mary to put her to death, she had resolved on the request to be beheaded with a sword, and not with an axe—which seems a distinction without a difference. In the same category we may place Lord Ferrer's prayer for a silken rope at Tyburn. But the fancy of the Duke of Clarence, could it be considered established, is the most singular on record. He must have been strangely infatuated by the "Pleasures of Memory" when he imagined his favorite Malmsey could give a relish to drowning. Suffocation was not more luxurious to the parasites of Elagabalus than they were stifled with perfumes.

Old Fuller, having pondered all the modes of destruction, arrived at the short and decisive conclusion—"None please me." "But away," the good man adds, "with these thoughts; the mark must not choose what arrow shall be shot against it." The choice is not ours to make, and if it were, the privilege would prove an embarrassment. But there is consolation in the teaching of physiology. Of the innumerable weapons with which Death is armed, the worst is less intolerable than imagination presents it—his visage is more terrible than his dart.

The act of dying is technically termed "the agony." The expression embodies a common and mistaken belief, which has given birth to many cruel and even criminal practices. The Venetian ambassador in England in the reign of Queen Mary mentions among the regular usages of the lower orders, that a pillow was placed upon the mouths of the dying, on which their nearest relations sat or leaned till they were stifled. The office was held to be pious and privileged; father performed it for son, son for father. They considered they were curtailing the dreaded death-struggle—that a headlong fall from the precipice was as much easier as it was quicker than the winding descent by the path. In France it was the established practice to put to death persons attacked by hydrophobia the moment the disease was plainly incurable. There is a vulgar notion that those who are wounded by a rabid dog become inoculated with the animal's propensity to

bite. But the motive of self-defence—of ridding the world of a fellow-creature who had entered into the class of noxious beings, which might be suspected to have had an influence in hard-hearted times—was not the source of these unnatural homicides. They were designed in pure pity to the wretched sufferers, though the tender mercies which are wicked are always cruel. Lestoile in his *Journal*, which belongs to the early part of the seventeenth century, relates the events of the kind which came to his knowledge under the date of their occurrence. A young woman attacked with hydrophobia had in such horror the smothering, which, the diarist quietly observed in a parenthesis, “is usual in these maladies,” that she was rendered more frantic by the prospect of the remedy than by the present disease. Habit with her relations was stronger than nature; they had no idea of remitting the customary violence, even at the entreaties of the interested person, and only so far yielded to her dread of suffocation as to mingle poison with her medicine instead, which Lestoile says was administered by her husband “with all the regrets in the world.” Sometimes, however, the victims invited their doom. A page, on his way to the sea, then esteemed a specific in hydrophobia, was scratched by a thorn which drew blood, as he passed through a wood. For a person in his condition to see his own blood was supposed to be fatal. The lad, apprehending the accession of a fit, begged the attendants to smother him on the spot, “and this,” says Lestoile, “they did weeping—an event piteous to hear, and still more to behold.” A second page is mentioned by the same diarist, who happily died as they were preparing to shoot him. It is evident how much these domestic immolations must have weakened the awful reverence for life; the weeping executioner of his dearest relatives was separated by a far less impassable gulf from the cold-blooded murderer. A medical trickery, which grew no doubt from the frightful reality, still remains in France among the resources of medicine. Hydrophobia is sometimes feigned, and when the physician suspects imposture he orders the patient to be smothered between a couple of mattresses, which cures him, says Orfila, as if by enchantment.

A mode of suffocation less murderous in appearance than the smothering with a pillow was prevalent for centuries, both on the continent and in England. The supports were withdrawn by a jerk from beneath the head, which being suddenly thrown back, the respiration that before was labored and difficult became shortly impossible. Hence it is that Shakspeare's *Timon*, enumerating the cursed effects of gold, says that it will—

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.

Another practice which tortured the dying under pretence of relief, even in this country, lingered among the ignorant until recent days. The expiring ascetic of the Romish faith, prolonging his penance into death, yielded up his breath on a couch of hair. Customs survive when their reasons are forgotten. A physical virtue had come to

be ascribed to the hair, and Protestants slowly sinking to their rest were dragged from their feather-beds, and laid on a mattress to quicken their departure. The result of most of these perverted proceedings was to combine the disadvantages of both kinds of death—to add the horror of violence to the protracted pains of gradual decay. When the wearied swimmer touched the shore, a furious billow dashed him on the rock.

The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibiting every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. “If I had strength enough to hold a pen,” said William Hunter, “I would write how easy and delightful it is to die.” “If this be dying,” said the niece of Newton of Olney, “it is a pleasant thing to die;” “the very expression,” adds her uncle, “which another friend of mine made use of on her deathbed a few years ago.” The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. “If this be dying,” said Lady Glenorchy, “it is the easiest thing imaginable.” “I thought that dying had been more difficult,” said Louis XIV. “I did not suppose it was so sweet to die,” said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all; they expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope,

Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship: “No, Thomas,” he replied: “I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.”

A second and common condition of the dying is to be lost to themselves and all around them in

utter unconsciousness. Countenance and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibility still remained. But we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and only knew afterwards that he had done it from the information of the attendants. The delirium of fever is distressing to witness, but the victim awakes from it as from a heavy sleep, totally ignorant that he has passed days and nights tossing wearily and talking wildly. Perceptions which had occupied the entire man could hardly be obliterated in the instant of recovery; or, if any one were inclined to adopt the solution, there is yet a proof that the calousness is real, in the unflinching manner in which bed-sores are rolled upon, that are too tender to bear touching when sense is restored. Wherever there is insensibility, virtual death precedes death itself, and to die is to awake in another world.

More usually the mind is in a state intermediate between activity and oblivion. Observers unaccustomed to sit by the bed of death readily mistake increasing languor for total insensibility. But those who watch closely can distinguish that the ear, though dull, is not yet deaf—that the eye, though dim, is not yet sightless. When a bystander remarked of Dr. Wollaston that his mind was gone, the expiring philosopher made a signal for paper and pencil, wrote down some figures, and cast them up. The superior energy of his character was the principal difference between himself and thousands who die and give no open sign. Their faculties survive, though averse to even the faintest effort, and they badly testify in languid and broken phrases that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced to the very border of the country from whence no traveller returns. Montaigne after his accident passed for a corpse, and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was towards blank rest, and not for recovery. "Methought," he says, "my life only hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go." In many of these instances, as in the cases of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learnt to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and labored, and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements which look like the wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system, which have no relation to pain. There is hardly an occasion when the patient fights more vehemently for life than in an attack of asthma, which,

in fact, is a sufficiently distressing disorder before the sensibility is blunted and the strength subdued. But the termination is not to be judged by the beginning. Dr. Campbell, the well-known Scotch professor, had a seizure, which all but carried him off, a few months before he succumbed to the disease. A cordial gave him unexpected relief; and his first words were to express astonishment at the sad countenance of his friends, because his own mind, he told them, was in such a state at the crisis of the attack, from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feelings than by saying he was in rapture. Light indeed must have been the suffering as he gasped for breath, since physical agony, had it existed, would have quite subdued the mental ecstasy.

A little is the death-sweat forced out by anguish. Cold as ice, his pulse nearly gone, "a mortal perspiration ran down the body" of La Boétie, the friend of Montaigne, and it was at this very moment that, roused by the weeping of his relations, he exclaimed, "Who is it that torments me thus? Why was I snatched from my deep and pleasant repose? Oh! of what rest do you deprive me!" Such fond lamentations disturb many a last moment, and the dying often remonstrate by looks when they cannot by words. Hard as it may be to control emotions with the very heart-strings ready to crack, pity demands an effort in which the strongest affection will be surest of success. The grief will not be more bitter in the end, that to keep it back had been the last service of love. Tears are a tribute of which those who bestow it should bear all the cost. A worse torment is the attempt to arrest forcibly the exit of life by pouring cordials down throats which can no longer swallow, or more madly to goad the motionless body into a manifestation of existence by the appliance of pain. It is like the plunge of the spur into the side of the courser, which rouses him as he is falling, to take another bound before he drops to rise no more.

Queen Margaret.—Help, lords, the king is dead.

Somerset.—Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

But the most approved method of what, in the language of the time, was called "fetching again," was to send a stream of smoke up the nostrils, which Hooker states to be "the wonted practising of well-willers upon their friends, although they know it a matter impossible to keep them living;" and well-willing thoughtlessness among our peasantry to this very hour often endeavors to rescue friends from the grasp of death by torturing them into making one writhing struggle. The gentle nature of our great dramatist taught him that to those descending into the grave nothing was more grateful than its own stillness. Salisbury, at the death of Cardinal Beaufort, interposes with the remonstrance—

Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

And when Edgar is calling to Lear,

Look up, my lord,

Kent, with reverent tenderness, says,

Vex not his ghost; O! let him pass.

When Cavendish, the great chemist, perceived that his end drew near, he ordered his attendant to retire, and not to return till a certain hour. The servant came back to find his master dead. He had chosen to breathe out his soul in solitude and silence, and would not be distracted by the presence of man, since vain was his help. Everybody desires to smooth the bed of death; but unreflecting feeling, worse than the want of it in the result, turns it often to a bed of thorns.

It is not always that sickness merges into the agony. The strained thread may break at last with a sudden snap. This is by no means rare in consumption. Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir! talk of religion, talk of morality; talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, "Does it rain?—No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." The whistling of the wind, and the waving of the trees, brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and, accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips. But commonly the hand of death is felt for one brief moment before the work is done. Yet a parting word, or an expression of prayer, in which the face and voice retain their composure, show that there is nothing painful in the warning. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of a dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting; and the poet, in one and the same breath, bid him hail and farewell. "Good day and adieu," said he; "it will be a very long adieu"—and instantly died.

In sudden death which is not preceded by sickness, the course of events is much the same. Some expire in the performance of the ordinary actions of life; some with a half-completed sentence on their lips; some in the midst of a quiet sleep. Many die without a sound, many with a single sigh, many with merely a struggle and a groan. In other instances there are two or three minutes of contest and distress, and in proportion as the termination is distant from the commencement of

the attack, there will be room for the ordinary pangs of disease. But, upon the whole, there can be no death less awful than the death which comes in the midst of life, if it were not for the shock it gives the survivors, and the probability with most that it will find them unprepared. When there are only a few beats of the pulse, and a few heavings of the bosom between health and the grave, it can signify little whether they are the throbbings of pain, or the thrills of joy, or the mechanical movements of an unconscious frame.

There is, then, no foundation for the idea that the pain of dying is the climax to the pain of disease; for, unless the stage of the agony is crossed at a stride, disease stupefies when it is about to kill. If the anguish of the sickness has been extreme, so striking from the contrast is the ease that supervenes, that—without even the temporary revival which distinguishes the lightening before death—"kind nature's signal for retreat" is believed to be the signal of the retreat of the disease. Pushkin, the Russian poet, suffered agony from a wound received in a duel. His wife, deceived by the deep tranquillity which succeeded, left the room with a countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed to the physician, "You see he is to live; he will not die."—"But at this moment," says the narrative, "the last process of vitality had already begun." Where the symptoms are those of recovery, there is in truth more pain to be endured than when the issue is death, for sickness does not relinquish its hold in relaxing its grasp. In the violence which produces speedy insensibility, the whole of the downward course is easy compared to the subsequent ascent. When Montaigne was stunned, he passed, as we have seen, from stupor to a dreamy elysium. But when returning life had thawed the numbness engendered by the blow, then it was that the pains got hold of him which imagination pictures as incident to death. Cowper, on reviving after his attempt to hang himself, thought he was in hell; and those who are taken senseless from the water, and afterwards recovered, reëcho the sentiment, though they may vary the phrase. This is what we should, upon reflection, expect. The body is quickly deadened, and slowly restored; and from the moment corporal sensitiveness returns, the throes of the still disordered functions are so many efforts of pain. In so far as it is a question of bodily suffering, death is the lesser evil of the two.

Of the trials to be undergone before dying sets in, everybody, from personal experience or observation of disease, has formed a general idea. Duration is an element as important as intensity, and slow declines, which are not accompanied by any considerable suffering, put patience and fortitude to a severe test. "My friends," said *the* Fontenelle, a short time before he died, "I have no pain—only a little difficulty in keeping up life;" but this little difficulty becomes a great fatigue when protracted without intermission through weeks and

months. More, the Platonist, who was afflicted in this way, described his feelings by the expressive comparison, that he was as a fish out of its element, which lay tumbling in the dust of the street. With all the kindness bestowed upon the sick, there is sometimes a disposition to judge them by the standard of our own healthy sensations, and blame them for failings which are the effects of disease. We complain that they are selfish, not always remembering that it is the importunity of suffering which makes them exacting; we call them impatient—forgetful that, though ease can afford to wait, pain craves immediate relief; we think them capricious, and overlook that fancy pictures solace in appliances which aggravate upon trial, and add disappointment to distress. There is not any situation in which steady minds and sweet dispositions evince a greater superiority over the hasty and sensual part of mankind; but self-control adapts itself to the ordinary exigencies of life, and if surprised by evils with which it has not been accustomed to measure its strength, the firmest nerve and the sunniest temper are overcome by the sudden violence of the assault. Unless the understanding is affected, irritability and waywardness constantly diminish when experience has shown the wisdom and duty of patience, and there soon springs up, with well-ordered minds, a generous rivalry between submission on the one hand, and forbearance on the other. From the hour that sin and death entered into the world, it was mercy that disease and decay should enter too. A sick room is a school of virtue, whether we are spectators of the mortality of our dearest connections, or are experiencing our own.

Violent often differs little from natural death. Many poisons destroy by setting up disorders resembling those to which flesh is the inevitable heir; and, as in ordinary sickness, though the disorder may be torture, the mere dying is easy. The drugs which kill with the rapidity of lightning, or which act by lulling the whole of the senses to sleep, can first or last create no suffering worthy of the name. Fatal hemorrhage is another result both of violence and disease, and from the example of Seneca—his prolonged torments, after his veins were opened, and his recourse to a second method of destruction to curtail the bitterness of the first—was held by Sir Thomas Browne to be a dreadful kind of death. Browne was more influenced by what he read than by what he saw, or he must have observed, in the course of his practice, that it is not of necessity, nor in general, an agonizing process. The pain depends upon the rate at which life is reduced below the point where sensibility ends. The sluggish blood of the aged Seneca refused to flow in an ample stream, and left him just enough vigor to feel and to suffer. A fuller discharge takes rapid effect, and renders the suffering trifling by making it short. An obstruction by respiration is, beyond comparison, more painful than total suffocation.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has

leisure to feel, and the mind to reflect. On the first attempt, by one of the fanatic adherents of Spain, to assassinate the William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant of time that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon-shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack, and the necessity for defence, were impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effects of gun-shot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character—of gentleness or ferocity—to the latest breath. Some of the cases are of interest to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under mortal wounds till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot-soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket-ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and, having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness." Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal. "Indeed, I feared so," he responded with impeded utterance; "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer—if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sunk down upon the turf."

Drowning was held in horror by some of the ancients who conceived the soul to be a fire, and that the water would put it out. But a Sybarite could hardly have quarrelled with the death. The struggles at the outset are prompted by terror, not by pain, which commences later, and is soon succeeded by a pleasing languor; nay some, if not the majority, escape altogether the interval of suffering. A gentleman, for whose accuracy

we can vouch, told us he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his eyes were about to be closed upon it forever. Yet he neither feared his fate, nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation which soothed and gratified him made a luxurious bed of a watery grave. A friend informed Mothe-le-Vayer, that such was his delight in groping at the bottom, that a feeling of anger passed through his mind against the persons who pulled him out. It is probable that some of our readers may have seen a singularly striking account of recovery from drowning by a highly distinguished officer still living, who also speaks to the total absence of pain while under the waves; but adds a circumstance of startling interest—namely, that during the few moments of consciousness the whole events of his previous life, from childhood, seemed to repass with lightning-like rapidity and brightness before his eyes: a narration which shows on what accurate knowledge the old oriental framed his story of the sultan who dipped his head into a basin of water, and had, as it were, gone through all the adventures of a crowded life before he lifted it out again. No one can have the slightest disposition to question the evidence in this recent English case; but we do not presume to attempt the physiological explanation.

That to be frozen to death must be frightful torture many would consider certain from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives. A friend of Robert Boyle, who was overtaken by the drowsiness while comfortably seated on the side of a sledge, assured him that he had neither power nor inclination to ask for help; and unless his companions had observed his condition he would have welcomed the snow for his winding-sheet. But the most curious example of the seductive power of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow-storm on Tierra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceptions of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. "Whoever," said he, "sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish." The doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down. A black servant, who followed the example, was told he would die, and he replied that to die was all he desired. But the doctor despised his own philosophy; he said he would sleep first, and go on afterwards. Sleep he did for two or three minutes, and would have

slept forever unless his companions had happily succeeded in kindling a fire. The scene was repeated thousands of times in the retreat from Moscow. "The danger of stopping," says Beaupré, who was on the medical staff, "was universally observed, and generally disregarded." Expostulation was answered by a stupid gaze, or by the request to be allowed to sleep unmolested, for sleep was delicious, and the only suffering was in resisting its call. Mr. Alison, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence. And doubtless they would all have perished if the fear of death had not *sometimes* contended with the luxury of dying. Limbs are sacrificed where life escapes, and such is the obtuseness of feeling that passengers in the streets of St. Petersburg rely on one another for the friendly warning that their noses are about to precede them to the tomb. An appearance of intoxication is another common result, and half-frozen people in England have been punished for drunkards—an injustice the more galling, that in their own opinion the state was produced by the very want of their sovereign specific, "a glass of something to keep out the cold." The whole of the effects are readily explained. The contracting force of the cold compresses the vessels, drives the blood into the interior of the body, and the surface, deprived of the life-sustaining fluid, is left torpid or dead. A part of the external circulation takes refuge in the brain, and the congestion of the brain is the cause of the stupor. The celerity of the operation, when not resisted by exercise, may be judged from the circumstance that, in the few instants Dr. Solander slept, his shoes dropped off through the shrinking of his feet. There is the less to wonder at in the contradiction between his precepts and his practice. In proportion to the danger which his mind foretold was the ease with which his vigilance was overpowered and disarmed.

It was a desire worthy of Caligula that the victims of the state should *taste* their death. The barbarous maxim has never lacked patrons in barbarous times, nor has humanity always kept pace with refinement. Manners continued to soften, and still it was not thought wrong that in heinous cases a forfeited life should be wrung out by any torture, however lengthened and intense. The physicians of Montpellier in the sixteenth century received from the French government the annual present of a criminal to be dissected alive for the advancement of science. The theory of the medical art could have gained nothing to justify lessons which brutalized its professors. No amount of skill can supply to society the place of respect for life and sympathy for suffering.* Savage buf-

* When the poison-tampering queen in Cymbeline tells the doctor—

foenery was sometimes employed to give an edge to cruelty. Among a hundred and fifty persons executed in France in the reign of Henry II., by every variety of device, for an insurrection against the salt-tax, three were found guilty of killing two collectors, and exclaiming as they threw the bodies into the river, "Go, wicked salt-tax gatherers, and salt the fish in the Charente." The grave and reverend seigniors who sat in judgment exerted their ingenuity to devise a scene in mimicry of this passionate outburst of infuriated men. Their legs and arms having first been broken with an iron bar, the culprits, whilst yet alive, were thrown into a fire, the executioner calling after them in obedience to the sentence, "Go, mad wretches, to roast the fish of the Charente that you have salted with the bodies of the officers of your sovereign lord and king." The assassin of Henry IV. was tortured for hours—his guilty hand burnt off, his flesh torn with pincers, molten lead and boiling oil poured into his wounds—and the tragedy concluded by yoking horses to his arms and legs, and tearing him limb from limb. The frightful spectacle was made a court entertainment, and lords, ladies, and princes of the blood remained to the end, feasting their eyes with his contortions and their ears with his cries. Much nearer our own times, when Damiens, who was half-crazed, struck at Louis XV. with a penknife, and slightly wounded him in the ribs, the entire scene was again acted over, and again high-born dames were the eager spectators of the torment. Generations of luxury had given to the manners of court minions the polish of steel, and its hardness to their hearts.

Executions in England were less appalling than in France, and the circumstances of cruelty became sooner abhorrent to the disposition of the nation. But there was enough which revolts our humaner feelings, and the embowelling of traitors in particular was a frequent horror. A contemporary writer has preserved the details of the death of Sir Thomas Blount, in the reign of Henry IV. He was hanged in form, immediately cut down, and seated on a bench before the fire prepared to consume his entrails. The executioner, holding a razor in his hand, knelt and asked his pardon. "Are you the person," inquired Sir Thomas, "appointed to deliver me from this world?" and the executioner having answered,

I will try the force
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human)—

her medical confidant replies—

Your Highness
Shall by such practice but make hard your heart;

and on this reply, in one of those notes which modern editors usually sneer at, but to which Mr. Knight occasionally (as here) does more justice, we read:—"The thought would probably have been more amplified had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been performed in later times by a race of men who have practised torturing without pity, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings." So wrote Dr. Johnson—and he himself could hardly have anticipated the systematic devilishness of many French and some English surgeons in our own day.

"Yes," and received a kiss of peace, proceeded with the razor to rip up his belly. In this way perished many of the Roman Catholics who had sentence of conspiracies against Elizabeth. Either from the caprice of the executioner, or the private instructions of his superiors, the measure dealt out was extremely unequal. Some were permitted to die before the operation was begun, some were half-strangled, and some, the instant the halter had closed round their throats, were seized and butchered in the fulness of life. In the latter cases, at least, much of the rigor of the sentence was at the discretion of the wretch who carried it into effect; and as the friends of the criminal bribed him when they could afford it, to plunge his knife into a vital part, it is to be presumed that he regulated his mercy by his avarice. Lord Russell remarked, that it was a pretty thing to give a fee to be beheaded. But the custom of presenting fees to the headsman had the same origin with these gratuities to the hangman—the desire of his victims to propitiate a functionary who, unless they paid him like gentlemen, had it always in his power to behave like a ruffian. In the reign of George III. the letter of the law of treason was brought into harmony with what had long been the practice, and it was enacted that until life was extinct the mutilation of the body should not be commenced. The change was an evidence of the complete revolution in public opinion. Instead of grades of anguish, simple death is the highest punishment known to the law. The horror of violence, the agony of suspense, the opprobrium of mankind, the misery of friends, the pangs of conscience, the dread of eternity, form a compilation of woe which requires no addition from bodily torture. Every year contributes to falsify the old reproach, that fewer hours had been devoted to soften than to exasperate death. Modern investigations have all been directed the other way; and the desire is universal, that even the criminal, whose life is most justly the forfeit of his crime, should find speedy deliverance.

Hanging has prevailed more universally than any single mode of execution—nay, more, perhaps, than all other methods combined. Recommended by simplicity, and the absence of bloodshed, it is at the same time a death from which imagination revolts. None would, prior to experience, be conceived more distressing, for the *agony* might be expected to be realized to utmost intensity in the sudden transition from the vigor of health to a forced and yet not immediate death. Many indeed fancy that the fall of the body dislocates the neck, when the consequent injury to the spinal cord would annihilate life at the instant of the shock. But this is among the number of vulgar errors. Though a possible result, it very rarely occurs, unless a special manœuvre is employed to produce it. Before revolutionary genius had discarded the gibbet in France, Louis, the eminent professor, struck with the circumstance that the criminals in Paris were some instants in

dying, while those of Lyons hung a lifeless mass the moment the rope was strained by their weight, learned from the executioner the trick of trade which spared his victims a struggle. In flinging them from the ladder he steadied with one hand the head, and with the other imparted to the body a rotatory movement which gave a wrench to the neck. The veritable Jack Ketch of the reign of James II., who has transmitted his name to all the inheritors of his office, may be conjectured from a story current at the time to have been in the secret, for it was the boast of his wife that, though the assistant could manage to get through the business, her husband alone was possessed of the art to make a culprit "die sweetly." Where the fall is great, or the person corpulent, dislocation might take place without further interference, but, with an occasional exception, those who are hanged perish simply by suffocation. There is nothing in that circumstance to occasion special regret. An immense number of persons recovered from insensibility have recorded their sensations, and agree in their report that an easier end could not be desired. An acquaintance of Lord Bacon, who meant to hang himself partially, lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. He declared that he felt no pain, and his only sensation was of fire before his eyes, which changed first to black and then to sky-blue. These colors are even a source of pleasure. A Captain Montagnac, who was hanged in France during the religious wars, and rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Viscount Turenne, complained that, having lost all pain in an instant, he had been taken from a light of which the charm defied description. Another criminal, who escaped by the breaking of the cord, said that, after a second of suffering, a fire appeared, and across it the most beautiful avenue of trees. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to question him, and when mention was made of a pardon, the man answered coldly that it was not worth the asking. The uniformity of the description renders it useless to multiply instances. They fill pages in every book of medical jurisprudence. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary, that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds, that colors of various hue start up before the sight, and that these having been gazed on for a trivial space, the rest is oblivion. The mind, averted from the reality of the situation, is engaged in scenes the most remote from that which fills the eye of the spectator—the vile rabble, the hideous gallows, and the struggling form that swings in the wind. Formerly in England the friends of the criminal, in the natural belief that while there was life there was pain, threw themselves upon his legs as the cart drove away, that the addition of their weight might shorten his pangs. A more sad satisfaction for all the parties concerned could not well be conceived.

In the frenzy of innovation which accompanied the French revolution, when everything was to

be changed, and (as impostors pretended and dupes believed) to be changed for the better, the reforming mania extended to the execution of criminals, and Dr. Guillotin, a weak, vain coxcomb, who revived with improvements an old machine, had the honor of giving his name to an adopted child whose operations have ensured himself from oblivion. The head, he assured the tender-hearted legislature, would fly off in the twinkling of an eye, and its owner suffer nothing. It has since been maintained that, far from feeling nothing, he suffers at the time, and for ten minutes afterwards—that the trunkless head thinks as usual, and is master of its movements—that the ear hears, the eye sees, and the lips essay to speak. M. Sue, the father of the novelist, whose theories of human physiology have a thorough family resemblance to his son's representations of human nature, went so far as to contend that "the body felt as a body and the head as a head." The experience of the living sets the first of these assertions at rest. When a nerve of sensation is severed from its communication with the brain, the part below the lesion ceases to feel. The muscular power often continues, but sensibility there is none. The head is not disposed of so readily, for since it is the centre of feeling, it is impossible in decapitation to infer the torpor of the brain from the callousness of the body. But it would require the strongest evidence to prove that sensation survives the shock; and the evidence, on the contrary, is exceedingly weak. The alleged manifestations of feeling are only what occur in many kinds of death where we know that the pain is already past. No one frequently appears to die harder when the face is uncovered than the man that is hanged, and yet all the time there is horror on his countenance, within he is either calm or unconscious.* If those who stood by the guillotine had been equally curious about other modes of dying, they would

* The face after hanging is sometimes natural, but more commonly distorted. Shakspeare has given a vivid and exact description of the change in the speech where Warwick points to the indications of violence which prove that the Duke of Gloster had been murdered:—

But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.

The great poets beat the philosophers out of the field. They have the two-fold faculty essential to description—the eye which discriminates the characteristic circumstances, and the words which bring them up like pictures before the mind. By "his hands abroad displayed" must be understood that they were thrust to a distance from the body, which is an impulse with persons who are stifled by force. That the hands themselves should be wide open is inconsistent with the fact, and with the idea of "grasping." They are sometimes clenched with such violence that the nails penetrate the flesh of the palms—another instance among many, after what we know of the sensations in hanging, how little the convulsive movements of the dying are connected with pain. The circumstance is not surprising, now that the splendid investigations of Sir Charles Bell, which may challenge comparison with anything that has ever been done in physiology, have demonstrated that the nerves of motion are distinct from the nerves of feeling, and that they are capable of acting independently of one another.

have known that the peculiarity was not in the signs, but in the interpretations they put upon them. The lips move convulsively—the head, say they, is striving to speak—the eyes are wide open, and are therefore watching the scene before them; as if it was not common in violent death for lips to quiver when the mind was laid to rest, and for eyes to stare when their sense was shut. It is affirmed, however, that the eyes are sometimes fixed upon cherished objects. But were the anguish, as is asserted, “full fine, perfect,” the head, instead of employing itself in the contemplation of friends, would be absorbed in its own intolerable torments. The illusion is probably produced by the relatives themselves, who look in the direction of the eyes, which then appear to return the gaze. But it is neither necessary nor safe to find a solution for every marvel. Few have had the opportunity, and fewer still the capacity, for correct observation. The imagination of the spectator is powerfully excited, and a slight perversion suffices to convert a mechanical movement into an emotion of feeling or an effort of the will. There are not many of the ordinary statements which rest upon the testimony of competent observers; and most of the extraordinary, such as the blushing of Charlotte Corday when her cheek was struck by the villain who held up her head, are not attested by any witness whatsoever. Though everybody repeats them, no one can tell from whence they came. It is a point upon which M. Sue and his school have not been exacting. One of the number mentions a man, or to speak more correctly, the *head* of a man, who turned his eyes whichever way they called him; and having thus digested the camel without difficulty, he grows scrupulous about the gnat, and cannot be confident whether the name of the person was Tillier or *De* Tillier. It is an epitome of the plan upon which many of the papers on the subject are penned. The authors take care of the pence and leave the pounds to take care of themselves. For our own part, we believe that the crashing of an axe through the neck must completely paralyze the sensation of the brain, and that the worst is over when the head is in the basket.

The section of physiologists who would hardly refuse credit to the unpunctuated averment that King Charles walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off, are left behind by some Polish physicians, who were persuaded that by bringing into contact the newly severed parts they could make them reunite. They had sufficient faith in their folly to petition that the head when it had grown to the shoulders might be suffered to remain, and obtained a promise that their work should be respected, and the revived criminal spared a second execution. Among the authenticated curiosities of surgery is the case of a soldier, who had his nose bitten off in a street riot, and thrown into the gutter. He picked up the fragment, deposited it in the house of a neighboring surgeon, and, having pursued the aggressor, re-

turned, and had it refitted to the parent stock. On the following day it had begun to unite, and on the fourth the old nose was again incorporated with the old face. The Polish doctors may have founded their hopes on some examples of the kind. But they overlooked that time was an element in the cure, and that life must be sustained while adhesion was going on. They seem to have imagined that the neck and head would unite together upon the first application, with the same celerity that they had flown asunder at the stroke of the executioner. With the exception of these sages of Poland, nobody, until the guillotine had been busy in France, appears to have dreamt that after head and body had parted company life or feeling could subsist. Decapitation, as the most honorable, was the most coveted kind of death, and Lord Russell scarcely exaggerated the general opinion when he said, shortly before his fatal moment, that the pain of losing a head was less than the pain of drawing a tooth. Hatred to the guillotine has had a large influence upon later judgments. The instrument for the punishment of the guilty became the instrument of guilt, and there is an inclination to extend to the machine a part of the opprobrium which attaches to those who put it in motion. And unquestionably there are moral associations, independent of every physical consideration, which will always render it the most loathsome and sickening of all the contrivances by which felons are made to pay the penalty of crime.

The punishment of the wheel was among the deaths exploded by the guillotine, and out of a spirit of hostility to everything which preceded the Revolution, the barbarities that attended it have been grossly exaggerated. The criminal fastened to a St. Andrew's cross had his limbs fractured with an iron bar. Though each blow might be conjectured to be a death in itself, the notorious Mandrin laughed on receiving the second stroke, and when the confessor reproved his levity, replied that he was laughing at his own folly in supposing that sensibility could survive the first concussion. The demeanor of a culprit is uncertain evidence of the pain he endures. The timid shriek with apprehension—the brave by the energy of self-control can continue calm in the extremest torture. Mandrin was of that class of men whose minds are not to be penetrated by the iron which enters the flesh, and his indifference perhaps was partly assumed. But such blows have certainly a stunning effect, and render the punishment far less dreadful than we are accustomed to picture it. From the cross the mangled body was transferred to the wheel—the back curved over the upper circumference, and the feet and head depending downwards. Here it was common, according to some who have written since, for the unhappy wretches to linger for hours—writhing with agony, and often uttering blasphemies in their torment. Happen now and then it did, but common it was not. Of those condemned to the wheel, all except the worst de-

scription of criminals were strangled beforehand. Of those who were broken alive, none were denied the *coup-de-grace* for the final stroke. This was a blow on the pit of the stomach, with the intention, seldom defeated, of putting an end to the tortures of the victim. Rarely after the blow of grace did he continue to breathe—more rarely to feel. Yet upon the ground of this feature in the punishment of the wheel Mr. Alison declares he is tempted to forget all the cruelties of the Revolution, and exclaim with Byron, “Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!” But assuming the truth of the misstatements which he has adopted from a writer of French memoirs, was it because ruffians who had inflicted greater suffering than they endured were put to death by methods repudiated in a humaner age, or, if he pleases, though it was not the case, repudiated at the time by the avengers, whom events proved to be more sanguinary than the laws—was it on this account that kings and nobles should be brought to the scaffold, innocent men, women, and children butchered by thousands, the church be overthrown, property confiscated—that massacre, war, havoc, and ruin should desolate the land? Feelings find vent in exaggerated language, and we should not be critical upon an expression of sympathy, though extravagant in sentiment and offensive in form, unless these outbursts of spurious indignation had pervaded the whole of Mr. Alison’s account of the French Revolution. There are, it is true, abundance of passages of an opposite description, for the jarring elements of hot and cold are poured out indiscriminately, and left to mingle as they may.

Worse than the halter, axe, or wheel, was the fire which, as typical of the flames of hell, was employed in the blindness of theological fury to consume the foremost of the pilgrims to heaven. The legs of Bishop Hooper were charred, and his body scorched, before he was fully enveloped in the fire, which a wind blew aside, nor was it till the pile had been twice replenished that he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. A similar misfortune attended Ridley. An excess of fagots hindered the flames ascending, and his extremities were in ashes when his body was unsinged. Ridley yielded slightly to the dictates of nature, and struggled at the height of his protracted anguish. Hooper remained immovable as the stake to which he was chained. For three quarters of an hour his patience was proof against the fury of the flames, and he died at length as quietly as a child in its bed. But the pain of burning is of fearful intensity, and the meek endurance of these heroes at the stake was the triumph of mind over the tortures of the flesh.

The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitter cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is the masterpiece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonizing and so long. One aggravation, however, was wanting which, owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe, com-

monly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge which projected from the middle of the upright beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man’s frame comes at last to be its own defence; but enough remained to preserve the preëminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst; but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acuter pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on an average two or three days.

Several punishments allied to crucifixion, but which differed in the method of fastening the body, were once common, and are not entirely obsolete. Whether men are nailed to a cross, hung up with hooks, or fixed upon stakes, there is a strong resemblance in the suffering produced; and any differential circumstance which adds to the torture, also curtails it. Maundrell has given from hearsay an account of impalement as practised at Tripoli, which would throw its rivals into the shade. A post the size of a man’s leg, sharpened at the top, was placed in the ground, and when the point had been inserted between the legs of the victim, he was drawn on, as a joint of meat upon a spit, until the stake came through at the shoulders. In this condition he would sometimes sit for a day and a night, and by smoking, drinking, and talking, endeavor to beguile the weary time. Maundrell is a trustworthy traveller, but on this occasion he was certainly deceived, or the anatomy of man has degenerated since. A race of beings who could endure a post the size of a leg to traverse their vitals, and be alive at the close—who, yet more, could sit for four-and-twenty hours, engaged in festive occupations, no matter with how slight a relish, while pierced from end to end with a staff more clumsy than that of Goliath’s spear—a race of beings so tenacious of life, and insensible to pain, would require punishments to be heightened to meet the callousness of their structure; but with our delicate organization, too rough a usage breaks the golden cord. Nature has set bounds to the cruelty of man, for torture carried beyond a certain point defeats itself. Sorrow occupies a larger space in our minds than it does in our existence. Time, who in our happier hours put on wings and flew like the wind, in our misery toils heavily with leaden feet; but though he may lag he cannot stop, and, when every other alleviation is gone, this will always remain to sustain patience under aggravated torments—that there must be a speedy abatement or a speedy release.

We have been accompanying the body in its progress to the grave. We had meant next to retrace our steps, and observe the workings of the mind in its approach to the boundary which divides time from eternity; but this subject is, we find, too extensive to be made an appendage.

From the Presbyterian.

Caprices. New York, 1849, Robert Carter & Brothers: Philadelphia, William S. Martien. 12mo. pp. 154.

THE first caprice of the author is his adopting one of the very briefest titles we have ever seen in a new book, which said title, like a sign-board, is too often used to exaggerate the quality of the articles to be found within; and then the very term caprices might repel the reader as setting forth things with which he had rather not meddle. The second caprice is no less remarkable. The book has not a line of preface, introduction, or advertisement, and not the remotest clue is furnished to those who are curious about authors' names. Passing over these, we dive into the midst of the caprices, and if we are not mistaken, we have found ourselves, although without introduction, in the best company. According to our estimate of the muses, the unknown author is a poet—one who has felt the true *afflatus*. In these brief and occasional productions of his muse, he has evinced the possession of a chaste imagination, the pictures of which are drawn with vigor and spirit. All the pieces are good, without being of uniform merit, and although we occasionally detect a false rhyme, and, peradventure, some other faults, we are ready to venture some of these stanzas side by side with some of the best of Longfellow's, which they more resemble than those of any other poet. We indicate the lines beginning "Rest!—there is no such thing," as felicitous, and there is more of the same quality; and "The Blue Beard chambers of the heart," we copy at large, as a thrilling, graphic, and truly poetical portraiture of a blood-stained conscience.

Mould upon the ceiling,
Mould upon the floor,
Windows barred and double-barred,
Opening never more;

Spiders in the corners,
Spiders on the shelves,
Weaving frail and endless webs
Back upon themselves;

Weaving, ever weaving,
Weaving in the gloom,
Till the drooping drapery
Trails about the room.

Waken not the echo,
Nor the bat that clings

In the curious crevices
Of the panelings.

Waken not the echo,
It will haunt your ear,
Wall and ceiling whispering
Words you would not hear.

Hist! the spectres gather,
Gather in the dark,
Where a breath hath brushed away
Dust from off a mark;

Dust of weary winters,
Dust of solemn years,
Dust that deepens in the silence,
As the minute wears.

On the shelf and wainscot,
Window-bars and wall,
Covering infinite devices,
With its stealthy fall...

Hist! the spectres gather,
Break, and group again,
Wreathing, writhing, gibbering
Round that fearful stain;—

Blood upon the panels,
Blood upon the floor,
Blood, that baffles wear and washing,
Red forever more.

See—they pause and listen,
Where the bat that clings,
Stirs within the crevices
Of the panelings.

See—they pause and listen,
Listen through the air;
How the eager life has struggled,
That was taken there;

See—they pause and listen,
Listen in the gloom;
For a startled breath is sighing,
Sighing through the room,

Sighing in the corners,
Sighing on the floor,
Sighing through the window-bars,
That open never more.

Waken not those whispers;
They will pain your ears;
Waken not the dust that deepens
Through the solemn years—

Deepens in the silence,
Deepens in the dark;
Covering closer, as it gathers,
Many a fearful mark.

Hist! the spectres gather,
Break, and group again,
Wreathing, writhing, gibbering,
Round that fearful stain:—

Blood upon the panels,
Blood upon the floor,
Blood that baffles wear and washing,
Red forever more.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE GOVERNOR'S SOIRÉE.

When one has been riding for several hours, whether in a carriage or on horseback, it is often agreeable to take a stroll on foot, especially through the streets of a strange town, where everything one sees is new. This opinion I shared in common with the Dalmatian and the Milanese; so, having ordered a late dinner, which might as well have been called supper, we sallied forth to see the lions of Nove.

All travellers have celebrated the beauty of an Italian evening. The air you breathe seems to be an intoxicating fluid, which induces some degree of soft languor, while it excites and exhilarates. It is difficult to explain the feeling. There is a sort of perfume floating about you, which is neither that of groves nor gardens, nor yet of artificial composition. It appears to descend from above, and to impregnate every particle of the atmosphere; which, at the same time, is radiant with golden light, and put into a gentle, undulating motion by the breeze.

It is delicious, when certain trains of thought come over you, to slip away from company, and be alone; but it is best when accident effects the purpose for you. As we walked along, I could hear through the open windows the rocking of cradles, and the sweetest lullabies sung over half-sleeping infants. No sound in nature is so sweet as a mother's voice, when she is hushing the child of her love to rest. There is something seraphic in it. All the charities, and loves, and happiness of our earliest years rise up from the depth of the past, as we listen. We fancy that Heaven is listening with us, and pouring abundant blessings on the scene. Oh, how sacred a thing a mother is! What religion is in her love! How she prays, and yearns, and watches over the cradle, looking forward and backward through time, weaving bright destinies for her child, or dreaming of moments when her own soul was first steeped in the Elysium of delight, and the baby she is now gazing on began to be.

Turning a corner, we entered a street, down which the sun was throwing a flood of glory, sheathing the walls and eaves with gold, and glittering with dazzling brightness on the casements. At the entrance of a lofty *porte cochère*, sat a young woman, with a cradle by her side, which she rocked occasionally with her right foot, keeping time with the other on the ground. She was gathering up a rent in a white lace veil, which hung in graceful folds over her dark dress, and added greatly to the interest of her figure. In a low, sweet voice, she murmured, rather than sung, a hymn to the Virgin. I stood still to look at the picture. At first her various avocations prevented her from noticing me; but when she did, pointing to an empty chair on the other side of the cradle, she politely invited me to sit down. I did not wait for a second invitation, but immediately taking the proffered chair, began the conversation by inquiring, very superfluously, I ad-

mit, whose child that was in the cradle. She replied it was her own; and then, uncovering its face a little more, asked me if I did not think it like her.

"Very," I replied, "for it is as beautiful as an angel."

Without noticing the compliment to herself, which, however, was not meant to be a compliment, since it was the simple truth, she exclaimed:—

"You say true, sir—it is like an angel; and when you came up I was singing a hymn to the Virgin as a thanksgiving for the blessing. I do so twenty times a day—I am so happy!"

"And where is its father?" I inquired.

"He has just gone down into the town," she answered, "to buy something for me; he is so good. You must stay till he comes back—he will be here presently."

Just at that moment I made the discovery that my companions had disappeared. But it did not signify. I was determined to wait till the husband came back, provided he did not make a very long stay; and proceeded with the conversation.

"Do many strangers pass through Nove?" said I.

"I don't know; I seldom go out, except when I take the *bambino* into the fields."

"And how long have you been married?"

"Just a year and five weeks last Tuesday; and yet it already seems an age, I have enjoyed so much happiness in it."

"Then you have not heard the Spanish proverb, that 'a year of pleasure passes like a fleeting dream, while a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.'"

"I don't know what misfortune means. I have never lost a person I loved. My father and mother are living, with all my brothers and sisters, all younger than I, and all at home."

"And so you think," said I, "that happiness lengthens time?"

"Oh, very much," she replied; "for though, as you see, I am young, still I almost fancy I have lived forever. I can't tell when I began to think—when I began to feel—when I began to be happy. I have always been happy! Did you ever look on the water at sunset, and observe how the sun's wake stretches away into the distance, till you don't know where it ends; but it is all golden and glittering, and, though every wavelet seems like the other, they are all bright—all alive with pleasure? It has been exactly so with my life—nothing but one endless streak of sunshine. But look," cried she, "there is my husband. Ah! see how he smiles as he comes along; he is so glad to come back to me. Dear *Giuseppe*," said she as he approached, "here is a strange gentleman who has been admiring our child, and to whom I have been saying I don't know what."

Giuseppe was a fine fellow, and seemed to be quite as proud as his wife of the little boy who constituted so large a portion of their happiness.

He had been out buying something for supper, he said. He had it in his hand in a little basket, and invited me to join them. I sincerely wished I could, but my travelling companions would have thought it unkind; so, bidding the happy pair a good evening, and promising to call if I ever again passed through Nove, I took my leave—not, however, without kissing the young Giuseppe, who took it, wrapt in balmy slumbers, without waking. At the end of the street I met my friends, who were coming back in search of me. We then continued our walk, and, shortly after sunset, reached the square, where, from the windows of a large, fine house, we heard strains of very delicious music, issuing like a flood. The Milanese affected a great passion for singing; so, requesting us to wait a moment, he stepped towards the door of the house, which stood wide open, and, entering the hall, found there a soldier, who informed him it was the governor's house, adding, with extraordinary politeness, that he might go up stairs into an unoccupied room, and listen to the music, if he liked.

"The governor," said he, "is a very good gentleman; and I know I shall not offend him by taking the liberty to invite you."

"But I have two friends waiting for me in the square," answered the Milanese.

"Ask them in also," said the soldier.

When our free and easy friend came out, and related the circumstance to us, we laughed heartily; because, in the first place, we could hear the music much better where we were, and, secondly, because we thought the soldier was exceeding his duty, and that we should, probably, be ejected very unceremoniously by the governor when he came to learn how matters stood. Upon the assurance of our Carbouaro, however, that it would be all right, we entered the house, and were conducted by the soldier up stairs into a small room adjoining that in which the party were assembled. Here, he said, we might sit as long as we pleased; and when we were tired, we had only to come down stairs, and he would let us out. At that moment there was a lady singing; and it immediately struck me that I had heard her voice before. It was so rich, so full, so sweet, there could be, I thought, but one such in the world. It must be—it was—Carlotta's. I trembled slightly. This, then, was perhaps her home—this her father's house; and here I should lose her company. My speculations were cut short by the entrance of the governor, who approached us with a smile and a bow, and begged we would do him the honor to join his party, which consisted, he said, of a few musical friends got together in a hurry to hear a lady who had just arrived in Nove. We excused ourselves on the ground of being covered with the dust of the road; and, at the same time, made a thousand apologies for the liberty we had taken. He felt quite gratified, he said, that we should have done him so much honor. Finding his persuasions unavailing, he left us; and we were beginning to think of beating a retreat, when the lady of the

house entered, and, with a sweetness and a grace altogether irresistible, insisted on our entering the *salon*. When we did, Carlotta rose, and, coming half across the room to meet me, exclaimed,

"How very fortunate! Mamma and I were just saying how much we should have liked you to be here. But we were not aware you knew the governor."

In reply, I related to her the manner of our introduction; at which she laughed very heartily, and then took me over to repeat it to Madame B——. Never, perhaps, did three greater Guys make their appearance at a party. We were covered with dust from head to foot, had been smoking cigars, and, for my own part, with my long beard and northern costume, I must have appeared the strangest of all figures. The governor's lady was puzzled, and, in the course of the evening, asked Carlotta if I were not an African. There is, in the Italians, an innate taste which enables them to do everything with grace. The apartment in which we were now assembled was full of elegance. The lamps, from which the light was diffused on all sides, were modelled after the antique. The furniture was rich, without being gaudy; and the dresses and figures of the women superb. Upon the whole, the men were less striking. Possibly I am incompetent to comprehend the physiognomies of musical men, which always appear to me wanting in expression, especially in countries like Piedmont, where the political feeling is not permitted to develop itself, and impart grandeur and decision to the countenance. Men are there musical, because they can be nothing else. It helps to plunge them into that dreamy state in which a slave should pass his days—humming, whispering, crowding round pianos—fanning ladies' faces, and talking nonsense. It is a woful existence, worse than that led in many departments of Dante's Hell; and yet men exist for ages under such circumstances! And the women, what are they born to? Let Iago explain for me—"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

It is a godsend in the country to catch four or five strangers at once, just to break the monotony of life. Persons who circulate perpetually among each other gradually subside into a sort of animate clocks, that go on ticking for years, neither louder nor lower, beside each other. Tick, tick, tick, from morning till night, without the slightest variation. They may be very good people, altogether, and, as the phrase is, without vice; but their conversation is like ratsbane, and enough to kill one with a single dose—and yet, as I have said, it does not kill, but only induces mental lethargy, in which state men reach the age of Methuselah. Yet their existence, methinks, very much resembles that of a toad in a stone; they turn about, they hum, they mutter, they dream, they lie for ease now on this side, and now on that, and their blood congeals within them into a sort of virtuous paste, which has no more motion in it than a standing pool.

At supper, Carlotta could not avoid whispering

to me, "What would you take to settle down here at Nove for the rest of your life?"

"Nothing short of yourself," I replied; "but with you, I could settle anywhere, and be happy."

"I doubt it," answered she; "and I frankly confess that I don't believe either you or any one else could make me happy long in a place like this. A night and a single party exhaust all its vitality. I am glad we are to be off to-morrow."

This was one side of the picture. Shortly after, I found myself beside the lady of the house, who asked me what pleasure I could find in wandering about the world, leaving all my friends, breaking all my old associations, "and laying in," added she, "a store of restlessness for the remainder of your days." She said she had never quitted Nove, which every year acquired fresh charms for her.

"In its quiet little churchyard," said she, "all my forefathers lie buried; and I often go there to count them over, and sit down and shed tears of pleasure on their graves. What tranquillity we enjoy! what a blissful ignorance of all that passes in the great world! My husband is contented with me, and I with him; and neither of us would change our situation for the best in Italy. We have three dear little children asleep; and if you could but see their happy faces when they first awake and kiss me in the morning! They send a thrill of delight through my whole frame; and morning and evening, on my knees, I offer up only this prayer, that such as my state now is, it may continue forever. With all the friends you see here, we have been familiar from childhood. The women were brought up in the same convent; the men went to school with my husband. We are like one family. We pray in the same church, we shall all be buried in the same churchyard; and we hope," added she, with a sweet smile, "that we shall all hereafter meet in the same heaven."

"God grant it!" cried I, greatly touched by the earnestness of her manner. I felt my spirit rebuked, and saw that happiness may be tasted everywhere, though, not, perhaps, by one who has once known what it is to wander and be alone, and craves the excitement of perpetual change.

My friend the Carbonaro had been trying hard all the evening to get up a flirtation with a musical young lady, but without success. The Dalmatian listened to the music almost in silence, but yet appeared to enjoy the evening much. It was one o'clock in the morning when we returned to our inn, where innumerable oaths had been showered on us by cooks and waiters for ordering a dinner, and not coming back to eat it, though, of course, it was not forgotten next morning in the bill.

CHAPTER XVII.—"MONSIEUR DUFF EST MORT."

It is a great pity that pleasure should be so monotonous, otherwise I should never grow weary of relating my conversations with Carlotta, which

often made me forget whether we were going up or down hill, whether the prospect was picturesque or otherwise—in short, everything but ourselves. We picked up at Nove a new set of companions, consisting of an English officer and his family, who intended to proceed with us as far as Genoa. They were all of them very agreeable; and the father, who had often gone the road before, proposed, when we became tolerably familiar, that we should spend the following Sunday at a lovely village in the Apennines, where, he said, he had once staid a whole day. We then began to compare notes, and found that we had for some time been neighbors, he having lived at a chateau near Morges, while I was at Lausanne. Of that chateau he related many curious particulars, of which, at the present moment, I only remember the following. As he spoke Italian perfectly, he related it in that language, for the benefit of Carlotta and her mamma:—

"One night," he said, "in the depth of winter, having staid up late in my library, I retired late to bed. The snow had been falling for hours, so that the whole country round was deeply covered with it. A strong wind, meanwhile, was blowing, and beating the flakes against my window, which shook and rattled and conspired, with uneasy thoughts, to keep me awake. The old clock of the chateau had already told twelve, and one, and two; and still I could not sleep. There is an odd sensation produced, even in the neighborhood of the Alps, by a snow-storm, which seems to be engaged in wrapping a winding-sheet around the earth, and preparing it for its everlasting rest. I had a blazing wood-fire in my room; and I got out of bed every now and then to cast fresh logs upon it, and keep myself comfortable. Now and then, too, I went to the window, and looked out. There was nothing to be seen, for the snow fell so thick that it filled the air, and allowed no passage for a single ray of light, though the moon was at that moment shining, I knew, on the backs of the clouds, and rendering them luminous for the wandering spirits of the Alps. Presently I heard the bell of the castle sound faintly, as it shook the snow off its back, and tried to thaw itself with motion. Ding, dong, it went, with a chill and low sound; which, however, wakened my man Francois, who, in anything but the best humor in the world, dressed, and descended to the gate. Presently I heard him knocking at my bed-room door.

"What do you want, Francois?" inquired I.

"If you please, sir," answered he, "here are two young women who wish to speak with you."

"With me," I exclaimed, "at such an hour as this! Tell them I am in bed, Francois, and that they had better come to-morrow."

"They say, sir," answered Francois, "that Mr. Duff is dead, and that they must speak with you."

"Mr. Duff!" cried I; "Mr. Duff!—Who is this Mr. Duff?"

"Don't know, sir," answered Francois; "but

you had better see the young women, who are all this while shivering in the snow, and they will explain all about Mr. Duff.'

" 'Well, bring them up,' said I, rather amused and interested; and, meanwhile, I got out of bed, gave the fire an additional poke, just to produce a fine blaze, put my night-lamp on the table, and, wrapping myself in a warm dressing-gown, with a thick nightcap on my head, stood prepared to receive my strange visitors.

" Presently the door opened, and in came two timid girls, pushing two greyhounds before them, as if by way of protection; and, simultaneously, as they entered, both exclaimed—

" '*Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

" They were, both of them, thickly powdered with snow, which they might as well have shaken off outside, had they thought of it; but in they came, bringing a large portion of the cold night air with them. The chill went to my bones. Nothing but the points of their features were visible; and, as they held the greyhounds by their leashes, they looked like so many female Frankensteins, or animated icicles—exclaiming, again and again, '*Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

" Somewhat amused at this sort of grim comedy, I exclaimed, 'Well, supposing he is, what is that to me?'

" They replied, 'You must go with us, for the love of Heaven; for *Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

" 'But explain, my dears,' said I, 'in what way am I concerned with Mr. Duff's death? He is no relation of mine.'

" 'But there is a lady,' said they, 'reduced to despair by his death, and she wants to consult you; and it is for her that we have come.' And then they murmured to themselves, '*Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

" I was very much inclined to cry 'Hang Monsieur Duff, and you too;' but remembering that there was a lady in the case, I told them that if they would retire to the next room, where Francois usually kept a good fire, I would dress, and be with them immediately. As Francois assisted me to huddle on my clothes, he said he had strong doubts about the propriety of my going out on such a night with these young women.

" 'Who knows,' said he, 'that they are not the accomplices of robbers, sent here to entice you forth, that they may rob and murder you, and throw your body into some hollow, where it may lie caked in snow till next spring, by which time they will have escaped, and baffled all suspicion?'

" 'Well, Francois,' said I, 'that is a serious consideration. The idea of being disposed of that way all the winter is unpleasant, especially as nobody will be hanged for it; no, nor even sent to the *maison de force*, which is much the same thing. However, I am not much afraid of these wenches and their greyhounds, and so shall go along with them to see all about Monsieur Duff's death, and the lady he has left behind.'

" Francois shrugged his shoulders, and said no more, but evidently looked upon me as a doomed

man, and accompanied us sorrowfully to the gate of the chateau, lighted by two lanterns, which, I ought to have observed before, the girls carried in their hands. As the gate of the chateau closed behind us, I own I felt rather uncomfortable. The snow, already above our knees, was still falling thick; and the lanterns, as the girls scrambled on before me, looked like two huge glowworms traversing the vapory tail of a steam-engine. Noiseless were our footsteps, and slow our progress. The trees on either hand looked chill and ghostlike, as they swung to and fro, and struggled with the snow-storm, groaning sadly, through all their boughs, as though lamenting my coming fate. Of course there was no trace of road, or path, or mark of any kind by which to steer our course.

" 'Young women,' cried I, at length, 'do you know your way at all; and are you quite sure we are going towards Morges?'

" 'Perfectly,' replied both of them; and then they muttered in chorus, '*Monsieur Duff est mort.*'

" Scarcely had they advanced ten paces further, when both made a strange somersault, the lanterns disappeared, and, throwing up their heels, the girls sprang into the air, and plunged forward into an abyss of snow.

" I hope the practice is peculiar to me of swearing on such occasions. Other people, most likely, utter pious ejaculations. For myself, the habits of the camp come over me, and prove too strong for every better feeling. After indulging myself with the luxury of a few oaths, which did not, so far as I could perceive, tend in the slightest degree to mend the matter, I thought it would not be amiss to grope in the snow for my lost guides. To my extreme surprise, I found, on making the experiment with my stick, that the soft snow in front of me was of enormous depth, or at least appeared so. In a second or two I heard a struggling, and a murmuring; and the words issued from the snow—'Help me, oh help!' It was as dark as pitch, and the cold was intense.

" 'Where are you, old girl?' cried I, addressing the speaker.

" 'Here, monsieur, here,' answered she; and then a lump of snow seemed to get into her mouth and stop her utterance.

" Just at that moment I had the pleasure to perceive one of the lanterns emerge from the snow about two yards in front, and the bearer after it. What had become of the other girl and the greyhounds, seemed a mystery. However, in due time the second lantern made its appearance; and then, turning a little to the right, I saw the two dogs standing on what was evidently a narrow bridge, which the young women had just contrived to miss. By following the track of the greyhounds, I easily found my way across; and on we went. Of course, I had long ago dismissed from my mind all idea of robbers and foul play of any kind, for the two girls were obviously as innocent as lambs, and had no fault but that of extreme silliness. Presently we got into a road, as we discovered from the hedges and trees on both sides;

but had not walked on it long before we were startled by an infernal noise behind. I had been in the East, and fancied it could be nothing else than a troop of jackals sweeping over the desert after a gazelle. Every moment the frantic yells came closer and closer. It was clearly a chase of some kind—of dogs or devils. We stood aside to let it pass; and, by lantern-light, caught a glimpse of some large animal darting through the snow, and several others in pursuit of it.

“*‘ Ils sont les loups, monsieur ! ’* cried the girls.

“The greyhounds hid themselves, trembling, behind the ample petticoats of their mistresses; and we all three, I fancy, felt extremely uncomfortable. At all events, I can answer for myself. The wolves had driven Monsieur Duff out of the heads of the girls, who repeated, again and again, ‘They are wolves, sir.’ We listened attentively. The yelling swept on, grew fainter and fainter, and at length ceased to be heard. We then pushed on, and, in a short time, had the satisfaction to see a few lights twinkling in the windows of Morges. I had swallowed a great deal of snow, which, every time I opened my mouth, blew into it; and was now longing for a sip of *eau de vie*, to melt my inner man, and set my blood in motion. This I promised myself as soon as we should enter the town, whatever might become of Monsieur Duff; but, to my extreme disgust, I found, what I ought in all reason to have expected, that every door was close shut, and every soul in the town asleep, save some few lone watchers, who sat by the bed of sickness or death. Presently we arrived at the house in which lay the remains of the unfortunate Monsieur Duff; and a very strange appearance it presented. A narrow staircase, sheltered by vast projecting eaves, led up to the entrance of the first floor; and on every step was a candle burning in a horn lantern. The girls mounted, and I followed them. By this time, we were thickly crusted with snow, which had frozen to our dress, and given us the appearance of three bears just rolled out of their den in the mountains. When I reached the door of Monsieur Duff’s apartment, I saw a lady sitting by a bed at the further extremity, and on either side a row of women, each with a candle in her hand; and as we entered they all rose simultaneously, and muttered, in a sepulchral voice, ‘*Monsieur Duff est mort !*’ For the moment, I almost fancied myself present at some melodrama in a theatre, so wild and fantastic did the whole scene appear. However, I marched forward towards the bed, where I hoped to obtain an explanation of the mystery. There, as I said, sat a lady, crying bitterly, with her right hand supporting her head, and her left arm grasped by the hand of a corpse, dressed in military uniform, and with a long pipe in its mouth. At first I was rather puzzled to determine whether I ought to laugh, which I felt strongly inclined to do, or to be sympathetic and sentimental. I decided in favor of the latter, and, addressing the lady in French, inquired whether I could do anything for her.

“‘*Ah, mon Dieu !*’ she exclaimed, ‘*Monsieur Duff est mort.*’

“‘*Je le vois bien,*’ said I; ‘who is Monsieur Duff, and why do you lament his death?’

“She was one of the tallest and most handsome French women I have ever seen; of most elegant figure, and polished manners. Raising her large, dark eyes, and casting on me a deprecating look, she replied,

“‘I loved Monsieur Duff.’

“‘And——’

“‘Was not his wife! I met him in Paris. He persuaded me to fly with him. We came to Switzerland; and here, in this house, he took to drinking brandy, and never paused till he died. Nothing I could say had any influence over him. Every day he plunged deeper and deeper into intoxication. Yesterday morning the post brought him an English letter, which I have here in my bosom, though I cannot read it. He glanced over its contents, and, drunk as he was, turned pale and trembling. He then drew a little miniature from his bosom, which he kissed several times, after which he called for a bottle of brandy, and, drinking off a large tumbler of it, fell back in his chair, stiff dead.’

“This short, sad recital was interrupted every moment by sobs and tears; and at the conclusion she took the letter from her bosom, and gave it me to read. The mystery was solved in a moment. It was from Monsieur Duff’s wife, who, in the most gentle and loving manner, reproached him for having deserted her and her children. There was not a single word of bitterness from beginning to end—nothing but expressions of the most tender love and unshaken fidelity. It pierced the hardened and corrupt heart of her husband, who had not, however, the courage to face the woman he had wronged. He preferred taking refuge in death. And there he now lay before me, a fine, tall, handsome figure; he had evidently not passed the prime of life.

“‘And why,’ I inquired, ‘is Monsieur Duff’s body laid out in this preposterous manner?’

“‘Is it not the way,’ she inquired, ‘in which all Englishmen are laid out after death! There is an old Swiss officer here, in Morges, who has been in the English service, and says it is always customary; and so I would not deprive poor Monsieur Duff’s body of the honor due to an Englishman.’

“‘That old officer is an ass,’ I exclaimed, ‘a fool—a dolt! No Englishman’s body is ever thus travestied after death.’

“‘What,’ cried she, ‘is it not in England the practice to put a pipe in the mouth of the corpse?’

“‘Far from it,’ I replied. ‘We treat death seriously in England; and this is making a farce of it.’

“I then ordered the pipe to be removed; the lady disengaged her arm from the grasp of the dead man, and I had Monsieur Duff decently laid out. On the rest of the story I need not insist.

I furnished the lady with the necessary money to return to Paris, where, as I found, she had respectable friends. I buried Monsieur Duff; and, the day after the funeral, met in the street an old officer with whom I was acquainted. He came up to me in a stiff and stately manner, and complained of my having called him a fool and an ass, for which he ought, he said, to demand satisfaction.

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, "it is a mistake; I never spoke disrespectfully of you in my life."

"What," inquired he, "did you not tell Monsieur Duff's lady that the man who had given her advice—"

"Ah, monsieur!" cried I, interrupting him, "say no more of that. Had I known it was you, I would not have objected had they put fifty pipes in his mouth. But come, who told you that such was the practice in England?"

"An officer of the Indian army."

"Ah! he was a wag. He meant no harm; but it was a mere joke."

"Ah, *le coquin!*" exclaimed my friend.

"Come," said I, "dine with me to-day at the chateau; there are several questions I wish to ask you about the deceased Monsieur Duff. I am desirous of writing to his unhappy wife, and should be glad to be able to say anything calculated to mitigate her sorrow." It was the first time he heard that the Frenchwoman was not his wife. My inquiries proved unavailing. Monsieur Duff had done nothing during his residence at Morges but drink, swear, and smoke; so I made the best I could of the matter. I erected a tomb over his remains, on which you may read these words, '*Ici git Monsieur Duff.*'"

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE APENNINES.

Spenser, in his "Faery Queen," presents us with numerous pictures of sunrise, which are all beautiful, fresh, and cool, like the lovely hour they describe; and I should like to borrow his pen, in order to convey some idea of the dawn I beheld amidst the scenery of the Apennines. One of the greatest delights of travelling is the early rising it necessitates, and the rapturous sensations inspired by the fresh face of nature. We left Nove before it was quite light, and quitted the level of the plain for the ascent of the mountains. Here, as soon as the presence of the day began to make itself felt, we got out to walk; and Carlotta, as usual, joining me and taking my arm, we preceded the rest of the party, as we both habitually walked very fast. We usually talked very fast, also; but on the present occasion there was something so delicious in the air, so serene and beautiful in earth and sky, that we were almost silent. Perhaps—I wish to put the matter sceptically—perhaps Carlotta's loveliness extended itself to the scene around, and imparted to it a charm it might not otherwise have possessed—I mean, for me. Yet, in itself, it was sufficiently fascinating. Immense old chestnut trees, covered with ripe fruit, stretched here and there in arches over the road, which was bordered on one side with soft grass, sloping away

towards the plain below; on the other with a matted wood, where the interspaces were carpeted with fallen leaves—red, brown, yellow, of every variety of shade and tint. Above and below us, on all sides, were chateaux, villages, farm-houses, convents, and churches, bathed in that delicious light which the dawn diffuses over the earth. The breeze was busy among the trees over our heads, and birds without number chirped and carolled as the growing light awakened them. In the east, streaks of clouds, extending in long bands one over the other, were already beginning to be flushed below with crimson, while their dark upper rims appeared to support so many layers of clear blue sky. Then a flood of rich saffron seemed to surge up into the firmament, mingling with the crimson below and the bright amethyst above.

"Oh!" exclaimed Carlotta, "what would this earth be without clouds? They are the very cradle and birth-place of poetry. See how they deck her countenance with the ornaments of a bride. How she blushes as they stretch and nestle over her like a nuptial veil. What infinite beauty! What sublimity! Ah! my friend, would it not be the extreme of happiness to live forever in these mountains, apart from the world, and cradled in delicious dreams born of the imagination?"

"Last night, Carlotta," said I, "you thought differently."

"True," answered she; "our feelings are the offspring of circumstances. I am happy now—I was unhappy then."

"What," exclaimed I, "when you was displaying the wonders of your voice, and surrounded by admirers!"

"To be admired," she replied, "is not to be happy. But look; the sun is kindling the whole east, and the Apennines are literally flaming with the reflection of heaven. Tell me, tell me! is earth not a paradise?"

"You would make it so, Carlotta," I replied, "if it had nothing but one barren moor stretching interminably round its whole circumference."

We had stood still in an open space between the trees to admire the view, and were now joined by Madame B——, with the English officer and his family. The landscape had rendered them all poetical. They remembered and recited scraps of poetry, English, and Italian; and we went on thus together in perfect good humor with the world and ourselves. Here and there, small clear streams, gushing from the rocks, were sparkling and flashing across the road; and anon we came to a cottage, whose inmates were still sleeping, and gathering strength to encounter the toils of the day.

Madame B—— was a widow; our new military friend had acknowledged himself to be a widower. Why could they not join their fortunes, and face the troubles of the world together? I saw that this idea had taken possession of Madame B——'s mind, for she always, when speaking to him, threw an additional sweetness into her voice, and smiled and signed alternately, just as she fan-

cied him to be sentimental or otherwise. And who has not noticed the infinite mysteries that lurk in the female voice? Who has not felt its witcheries? Who has not trembled as it has poured around him, operating like a spell for good or evil? Who has not marked some voice, harsh, perhaps, and untunable to others, grow soft at its approach, and swell into liquid sweetness, indescribably fascinating? Generally, throughout Italy, the women have not pleasant voices in conversation, especially those who sing most exquisitely. It is in England that the female voice appears to acquire perfection for the intercourse of life. Nowhere else is this daily household music so delicious. In Italy, especially, the women talk loud, and thus perhaps spoil their voices: originally, I suspect, none of the sweetest. It is the same in France, and every other country I have visited, save Turkey. Among the Turkish women you hear voices like those you have heard in England—soft, gentle, flexible—full of melody and sweetness. Madame B—— had not, in this respect, been favored by nature; but, such as her powers were, she determined to exercise them to the utmost upon the heart of our gallant friend the captain. But from his round jolly face I could discover no symptoms that any execution had been done upon his heart. In fact, he was too much in love with himself to have much affection to spare for any one else—except his own family, towards whom he was kindness itself.

There is one quality in mountain air which most persons, I dare say, have noticed—it makes one desperately hungry. This confession will, I dare say, lower me many degrees in the estimation of young ladies. But the truth must be told. In spite of Carlotta's voice, in spite of the landscape, in spite of everything, I found myself in possession of so ravenous an appetite that I scarcely knew how to pacify it till we should arrive at the place where we were to breakfast. Imagine me, then, oh, reader! going up to Carlotta, in one of the most romantic scenes in the world, and saying to her,

"Are you not hungry, Carlotta?"

"Yes, very," was her reply; "but, luckily, I have got some biscuits here in my bag."

She took some out, and gave me two or three; so we went on chatting and eating, to enable me to keep my temper till we reached the little roadside inn, where we all fully determined to make up for lost time. In the garden of the inn a round table had been placed beneath a spreading chestnut tree, which formed a green roof overhead; not the less pleasant because it was studded with ripe fruit which, while waiting, we picked and ate. Here the Milanese, the Dalmatian, and Semler, once more joined our party, and thus assisted us in keeping off the German Swiss, whose company I literally detested. They, therefore, breakfasted at another table by themselves. It is a sad thing to acknowledge that one looks at a landscape, and

everything else, with different eyes before and after breakfast. When you are hungry, you are savage, and nothing pleases you—you outrage earth and sky, and are angry with the breeze for blowing in your face. But when the hot rolls, coffee, butter, and honey are before you; when you have eaten a certain quantity; when you have sipped your coffee, your good humor returns, you are reconciled with the world, and you recline at your ease, and think of happiness and cigars. On the present occasion, everything around was calculated to please. Before and below us, the Apennines stretched out their arms into a vast amphitheatre of mountains, covered with waving woods, studded thickly with towns and villages, and overcanopied by a sky of the most brilliant blue. Close at hand were agreeable faces, and nice, dry, clean turf to recline upon. So as many of us as smoked stretched ourselves on the grass, lighted our cigars, and puffed up clouds of fragrance, which the ladies did not dislike in the open air. The reader will, of course, know what I mean by that drowsy, dreamy state of existence which is induced by smoking after breakfast or dinner. Your whole nervous system is brought into complete harmony. Not a single fibre is too tightly braced, or too relaxed; and, like the opium-eater of Lebanon, you fancy yourself in Paradise, or the Indies. But the happiness of one of our party, at least, was suddenly disturbed by the entrance of a man in military costume, who took a chair, and sat down by himself to breakfast. He wore the Austrian uniform, and appeared to eye us with so much attention that my Milanese friend became alarmed, and turned very pale. He did not doubt that he should be arrested in a few minutes, and marched back towards Milan. His lips, therefore, while they held the cigar, trembled visibly, though he puffed away fiercely in order to hide his agitation. To help him out as far as possible, I talked to him of things indifferent; and, with the aid of my friend the English captain, betrayed him occasionally into a laugh, which, however, was only one of those laughs that pass over the surface of the mind when it is filled with bitterness to the core. The Austrian ate on, occasionally playing with the pommel of his sword, but seldom withdrawing his eyes from us, not even while stirring his coffee. When breakfast was over, he also lighted a cigar, and, taking up his chair, he drew near us, politely requesting to be allowed to join our circle. This was the unkindest cut of all; for my friend the Carbonaro now felt sure it was all over with him, and looked incessantly round, with the utmost anxiety, to see in what direction he could best make a bolt of it. The Austrian, meanwhile, took no notice of his perturbation, but smoked and talked in the phlegmatic manner characteristic of his countrymen. Presently he rose to take his leave, and went away without having diminished the number of our circle.

From the Spectator.

GROWTH OF THE METROPOLIS.

THE Parliamentary Paper No. 614 forcibly calls for reflection on the good and evil likely to ensue from the rapid increase of the capital of the empire. According to this return, which appears under the authority of Mr. Mayne, the Police Commissioner, the following augmentations in houses, streets, and inhabitants, have taken place during the last ten years, within the limits of the Metropolitan Police District; that is, within the limits of a district extending to any place not exceeding in a direct line fifteen miles from Charing Cross—

Population in 1839, 2,011,056; in 1849, 2,336,960: increase of inhabitants in ten years, 325,904.

Number of new houses built since 1839, 64,058; number of new streets formed, 1,642; length of new streets, 200 miles. Number of houses building, July 1849, 3,485.

It may be thought that London cannot grow too big; that it may continue spreading round interminably, like the famed banyan tree of the East, every expansion of whose widening circuit yields grateful shade and shelter; or that, as the empire itself has acquired greatness by adding colony to colony and dependency to dependency, so may its capital progress, eating up hamlet after hamlet, vill after vill, and parish after parish, unstintedly. But this would be a delusive forecast of the destiny of the modern Babylon. Like all great consolidations of power, the British capital contains within itself the germs of disintegration. Already it has ceased to be a unity; it is no longer one and indivisible—a compact burgh, of which his worship the mayor can at night close the gates, raise up the portcullis, and carry home in his pocket the keys of the citizens till next morning. It is more of a constellation or cluster of cities, each having its separate district and conditions of existence—physical, moral, and political. The East-end is wholly different from and partly antagonistic to the West-end; on the opposite flanks, separated by the bed of the Thames, are vast masses of population alien to each other in speech, social culture, and occupation; next, at two opposite corners of the vast parallelogram, at the extremities of one diagonal line, are the remote and densely-peopled regions of Bethnal Green and Tothill Fields, while the crossing diagonal has Paddington and St. John's Wood at one end, balanced, and perhaps also partly fed and sustained, by Bermondsey and Rotherhithe at the other end; all these separate locales of inhabitants being nearly as diversely marked and *caste* as so many distinct nationalities. So that for any oneness of purpose, any concerted action or expression of sentiment or interest, the metropolis has become weaker and less consensaneous in force and outpouring than some of the second-rate or third-rate towns of the kingdom.

A second noticeable element of debility or break-up in the status of the capital, is of the

same nature as that usually held to portend death or disorder in an individual by too copious a flow of blood to the head. That the living streams which daily flood into the city have become too numerous and swollen for it to receive—that the heart is really not large enough for its great body and outlying members—are facts patent to all observers. For proof of this oppression on the metropolitan brain, it is sufficient to witness the intensity of action in the central confluence of business and traffic at mid-day; or traverse the adjacent approaches to the whirlpool of the Bank, the Exchange, Insurance-offices, Auction Mart, Capel Court, and the other foci of sale, transfer, and negotiation, and see the utter confusion, and all but impassable throng of men, horses, and vehicles, that choke up the thoroughfares. For all this pressure and jumble, from Temple Bar to Aldgate Pump, and from Holborn Bars to the India House, relief is immediately required; and on a much wider scale ought provision to be made for future increase. Neither the population nor trade of London is likely to diminish, but largely to augment for years, probably ages, to come. The world is only just entering with unanimity of impulse on the first stages of peaceful development. From the natural growth of the inland trade of the country, from the increase of foreign trade by the progress of industry and capital in the north and east of Europe, in the New World, and in the limitless regions of Australia and the Polynesian Islands, vast accessions must accrue to the crowd and traffic of the capital, for which accommodation must be provided. Neither subways below the streets nor atmospheric ways above them would be adequate to meet the contingency; for it is not only that the streets would be too few or too narrow for transit, but the central area of the city itself would be too confined a space for its business transactions; and this difficulty could hardly be more easily met in the city nidus than the insular bounds of Great Britain could be extended.

Therefore this urgency, growing out of the further increase of the trade and population of the metropolis, is likely, by diffusion, to operate a further diversion of its central energies. The precise course the relief needed will take, it may not be easy to foresee. Possibly a new London adjacent to the old may spring up for the aid of its parent; possibly Smithfield or Islington may become the site of a new Bank of England, new Royal Exchange, new India House, or new Jones Loyd and Co., Smith, Payne and Co., or new Colvin and Co., connected with and chiefly managing the trade of the northern and eastern counties; or the foreign commerce of London and navigation of the river may be relieved, as that of Liverpool and the Mersey are likely to be through Birkenhead, by the establishment of an outpost nearer to the mouth of the Thames, at Southend, the Naze, or Margate, for which railway communications offer inviting facilities. Whatever direction further progress may necessitate, enough has

been indicated to show that London comprises within itself elements of decomposition, or more correctly of distribution and tendency to form new centres of combination, that may perpetuate its imperial supremacy for an unassignable period of time.

Leaving, however, the dim future, let us resume the palpable present, by considering the great interests that have almost imperceptibly grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the metropolis.

Of these, that which is the most patent to observance, and most frequently dwelt upon, is the enormous increase in the ground-rental of the capital, which, within a century, has expanded into gorgeous affluence the patrician families of Cadogan, Portman, Grosvenor, Fox, and Northampton; and East of Temple Bar has enabled those lords of the soil the City Companies, as trustees of the poor, to riot in sumptuous banquets all the year round. Not dwelling on these familiar facts, we may remark that there are chattel interests that have swollen with the great "wen" into as prodigious development as the reality. Of this order are the banking firms; though some of these, as Child's, Fuller's, and others, are not of fungous or local growth—they struck their roots early, and with other houses have been fed by provincial and colonial progress, as well as that which is metropolitan. But the big brewers are strictly native—have drawn their nutriment from the soil, and are to the "manner born." Every new street, square, court, or alley, is as certain to create new demands for butts of Barclay and Bevan, Meux and Co., Whitbread and Co., or Hanbury and Co., as of batches of loaves from the bakers', or joints from the butchers'. The booksellers form a progressive and ancient fraternity; of a "Thomas Longman, stationer," a predecessor in the great house of the name, we read that he was fined for not serving the office of sheriff, above a century past. Intimately connected with type is the newspaper interest, which is closely identified with metropolitan demonstrations. In the provinces has been working a similar and almost contemporaneous, though not so potent, an impetus. The *Mercury* of Leeds, and other old country journals, are the natural adjuncts of the expanding wealth and population of their respective localities. But the great *Times* is the most impressive fact; allowing for the shrewd ability and untiring vigilance with which it has been conducted for half a century, still its prosperousness may be ascribed, in even a greater degree, to the multiplication of metropolitan people and buildings; for it may be safely affirmed, that not a ten-pound or a twenty-pound house is erected that does not bring a customer, or at least a fraction of a customer, to Printing House Square. Indeed, the remark applies to all the magnate interests enumerated, from those of bankers, brewers, and bakers, to booksellers and littérateurs; their rise has been spontaneous, and less of their own shaping of means to ends than of natural causes, as vessels rise by the swell of the tidal flood. Material impulse—

procreation and accumulation—have formed the basis and creative orgasm of their grandeur and elevation; to which may be added the auxiliary adjunct of the long peace, riveted on nations by the victory of Waterloo.

All interests, however, have not grown with the growth of London. Churches and chapels have multiplied; infant schools, national schools, and schools of the British and Foreign Society, have largely increased; but there has been no marked increase of great charitable, collegiate, or sanatory foundations. Still, the revenues of the Charterhouse, Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's School, Westminster School, and other old endowments, are known to have enormously augmented; and why the objects for which they were intended have not been *pari passu* multiplied, and what new channels have been found for the dissipation of the surplus incomes accruing, would doubtless open curious avenues for exploration, did time or space permit. The order of clubs too must be passed; indeed, the species or class of interests to which they pertain is not easy to define; and, besides, they are too recent and palpable an insertion in the metropolitan polypus to require exposition. So we hasten to a new topic.

The sage Lord Burleigh, much perplexed, shook his wise head, and wondered how London, with its gathering of some 100,000 people, could be "lodged and fed." That ditch, however, has been cleared, and the great difficulty now is, less in feeding even twenty times the population of the Elizabethan age, than in having them thoroughly cleaned and aired. But, in the unlooked-for vicissitude, it is singular to remark how material causes, unaided by human thought and contrivance, have operated to our deliverance. It would naturally have been anticipated, a hundred and fifty or two hundred years past, that the city—that is, the limited compartment within the ancient walls—would by this time have become the greatest concentration of pestilent venom, squalor, and populousness, imaginable. How opposite the actual result!—as superb and salubrious, more open, and less densely peopled, than any part of the metropolis! How could anybody have foreseen that the population would be fewer now than at the commencement of the last century, and that narrow, filthy streets, courts, and alleys, would be replaced by spacious areas, offices, Manchester warehouses, and noble public edifices? Yet so it is. In 1700, the city of London within the walls contained 139,000 inhabitants; in 1750, 87,000; in 1801, 78,000; in 1821, 58,400; in 1841, 54,626. So that the citizens have been undergoing a gradual displacement or extrusion outwards from the centre towards the circumference, to make way for mercantile and shipping conveniences, for dock-houses, clearing-houses, electric-telegraph houses, and other needs of commerce, science, and riches.

And the end is not yet come; there must be further evictions, and further local improvements, to meet growing wants. That which seems most urgently to press, is the disposal, living and dead,

of the poor. Where are they to be lodged, and where are they to be buried, are trying metropolitan questions. It has long been the opprobrium of civilization, that it has conferred little, if any, benefit on the laboring classes. The rich have become richer, more refined, and luxurious, happier, healthier, and more virtuous; but the masses continue, as they mostly have been, forlorn, depraved, and miserable. Yet this is a mitigable if not a curable malady, and, we trust, not among the irreversible conditions of humanity. In the first place, the rich and educated should do their duty; they should do those things that pertain not less to their own security and well-being, than to those of their less fortunate fellow-creatures. As a general rule, the poor, if left to themselves, will neither act nor contrive. Indigence is inert—sightless, thriftless, shirtless. Every age and every country attest these characteristics of extreme poverty. It is not the destitute, as is often remarked, but those raised a lift above destitution, that look about them—that are active, scheming, self-denying, and foreseeing. If these postulates are true—which reflection and experience lead us to believe they are—the course open to the affluent is plain and straightforward. *They must take charge of the poor*, not in the way of misplaced help or sympathy, but of a *directive and stirring intelligence*. Those who are blind must follow those who can see—those who are sluggish must yield to the impulse of the more energetic.

From the Spectator, 27th Oct.

THE LACHES OF REVOLUTIONISTS.

THOUGH a spirit of evil possesses the world, it is undoubtedly feebler than it was before our day; but all antagonist powers are also feebler. See the state of the political world at home and abroad; every influence that ought to be active and strong, paralyzed by unaccountable atrophy. Not a political sect in our own country retains the slightest vigor. The word "Reformer" implies no party in particular; and such persons as are types of the old party live upon memory. The Chartists are disorganized; and a mutual desertion has conveyed one of their leaders to the "Financial Reformers"—who are not financing at all, but are dabbling in constituency-making, and are in such case as to welcome Mr. Feargus O'Connor. The Tories are a tradition; the protectionists are an agricultural dinner; the Peelites are a supposition—a party taken for granted by way of argument; ministers hold office—no more—unloved, unfeared. As no set of men possesses any power, so also is there no policy; all ends in negation, and to think of realizing an opinion in deeds, is a joke. Anything truly great, anything largely beneficial, anything worthy of the national honor—a generous international policy, a comprehensive system of colonization, a satisfactory concession of power to the classes that claim it—any substantial and vigorous act of statesmanship, is to be spoken of only as a fancy verging on the ludicrous.

If we look abroad beyond national parties to the great political sects which contest the field of Europe, we note the same impotency. The republicans of France are an intelligent and active set; that party comprises a greater number of clever and energetic individuals than any other; yet it cannot make way, or even hold its ground, but, piercing through the revolution, the power of routine is superior to any other, and bears it down. In France there is no party able to effectuate its own opinions, but each is truckling to other parties, and trying to filch a modicum of its own measures out of a common hunt for prey. "Young Italy," which has shown much energy and more administrative ability than it was supposed to possess, cedes before the old power of absolutism in its basest form. In France and Germany the communists possess numbers, but their practical impotency is due to more than mere division of councils; although communism is the settled conviction of hundreds of thousands, perhaps of millions, it is still a dream and an opprobrium of wildness, and its leaders are laughing-stocks to the holders of power. And, in spite of all this defective cohesion of popular powers, absolutism itself is feebler than its wont; still the strongest, still the bloodthirsty tyrant, its decrees are issued with bated breath, and it is fain to simulate the liberalism that it strangles upon the gallows. Absolutism cannot settle itself again on its throne. Amid the conflict of powers incompetent to their own conclusions, the old organizations of bureaucracy and army are paramount; but they can only compel *ab extra*—they have no longer a hold upon subject minds; the absolutist kings do but possess their own dominions by military occupation—they do not reign, still less govern. Hence their sole resort is terror and sanguinary cruelty.

The spirit of evil, then, stalks the field of Europe, unvanquished because there is no power to lay it. Even old Absolutism cannot resume its quasi-sacred function as the irresistible vicar of Providence, ruling at least with a certain conscience and order. Liberalism, though it has the sanction of the whole intellect of Europe, is still more impotent. Neither can have its will of the nations. Now, it would be idle to deplore these facts and minutely to dwell upon them, if the scrutiny did not disclose the secret of the failure, and suggest the remedy. Let us take the case of liberalism, as that in which we sympathize; premising merely that the case of absolutism is unaccountably like it.

Let us see what the liberals have done, whether in France, Italy, or Germany—whether republicans, mere reformers, or communists. They have gradually acquired the means and opportunities of expressing their opinions; a process which has demanded incalculable courage, patience, discretion, and tact, especially in Italy. They have extended their opinions, and have made converts in the most unlikely places. In Italy, partly aided by the impolicy of the ruling powers, the liberals have been able to bring to their ranks the larger

portion of the nobility; and although the liberal party is divided into reformers like Massimo d'Azeglio, and republicans like Giuseppe Mazzini, the difference runs upon essentials less in Italy than in any other country, and might have been entirely superseded, had either of the two sections possessed the element of success which both neglected. In France, the liberals have gained almost the whole cultivated classes of the country; but they are immensely divided and subdivided. In Germany, the liberals have proselytized so ably that they have gained converts even among the official and royal classes, as Stadion and the Archduke John of Austria may testify: but they have not been able to guarantee their high converts against such frustration and mortification, that the Archduke John is thrust aside as royal lumber even by his brother princes, and Stadion has gone mad with thwarted anxiety for his country.

The Revolution of 1848, and the reaction of 1849, disclose to us the mistake which the liberals have made; they have turned their active energies too exclusively to the mere matter of opinion—to the development and propagation of opinion, and not to the creation of the tools for setting that opinion to work. They have completed half the preparation needed for a revolution, the other half has still to be begun. Although opinion must be developed, and must possess the leading minds, the vast numbers of every nation are beyond the pale of intellectual working. They receive opinions formed for them; they take them in the concrete; and they are swayed far less by the inherent force of any doctrine than by the force of habit, immediate tangible objects of desire, personal likings, and personal confidences. To complete a revolution, or to maintain a government, the leaders of any nation must act by and through these large masses. That may be done negatively or positively, according to the condition of the people. In barbarous India, the civilized and highly organized British act by nullifying the spontaneous impulses of the disorganized Hindoos—acting through their fears. So in peaceful Bulgaria, the Turk maintains his by fostering the tranquillity which the people love. Napoleon governed the French through their love of supremacy. But the act of swaying large masses is as distinct from the development of opinion as it is distinct from a mere mechanical organization. It demands personal intercourse between the representatives of an opinion, of an interest, or of a party, and the people to be influenced; it demands the existence of personal sympathies between those representatives and the people to be swayed. It demands a study not only of the opinions that are to be carried out, but also of the people upon whom and by whom those opinions are to be enforced—a study of their capacities and deficiencies, of their bent and likings, and degree of development. It is that branch of political study which the liberals of Europe have neglected; they have thought too exclusively of the propagation of opinion, and the organization of the opining classes: they have not developed

the art of moving, swaying, directing, and retaining the non-opining classes. Hence they have a mind without the body, a will without the corporal limbs. For nothing nationally great and stable can be performed without a vast power; and in these affairs of active politics, where the very question is one of vanquishing or superseding the throned and office-holding interests, which wield the enormous powers of treasury and army, nothing real and effective can be done without proportionate moral influence and physical might. You may deplore that necessity, but the fact is so; forgetfulness and neglect of it are the great laches of the liberals throughout Europe, and hard-earned knowledge of the truth should be the lesson taught to the defeated of 1849.

From the Spectator.

THE DRAMA OF THE CRIMINAL COURT.

SCANDAL is aroused in the usual manner by the applications which overwhelmed the sheriff for seats to witness the trial of the Mannings; to which people rushed as to a play. The hall of justice had become the theatre of Thespis. If human nature is prone to crime, in certain comparatively rare cases it is prone to flock to the contemplation of crime and its vicissitudes. Moralists have reprehended the indecorum long and often; but a fact so very stubborn implies not only that it is idle to think of obliterating the propensity, but that possibly the propensity may perform some useful function in the human economy.

It is said that people go "to gloat" over the shocking details; but we doubt that—rather they shrink with horror; why then go to be harrowed? Curiosity impels some; some profess a dutiful desire to gain every experience. But it is manifest that the attractive influence is common to all these varying forms, grave or gay, studious or trivial; and, on consideration, the motive does not appear to be recondite. It is the sympathy with all human vicissitude, and with the feelings called forth by vicissitude. Nor although the subject be crime does it follow that all the feelings are bad, or that even the questionable are altogether bad. Crime may be but the measure of some fierce suppressed passion; and then the numbers who are suppressing fierce passions under the mechanical calm of English usage take a hidden satisfaction in witnessing the existence of the same turbulent sensations in others. It is an indirect vent to their own feelings; and it is also a consolation to conscience, wounded by secret mistrust, to see that others fall where we stand our ground. If the sight of barbarous punishment provokes in some a perverse impulse to crime, so the spectacle of crime self-punished in its own consummation strengthens in the better sort the struggle against bad passion.

But the crime may be only the occasion for dragging to light other human incidents commonly hidden—the force of natural affection to bear with wrong, or to resist it; the self-relying sufficiency of courage to its own defence; the impotency of

mere artificial restraints to keep down passions inherent in the race. The criminal court is the practical and tangible test of half the fiction which has held man entranced since he learned to tell stories. Homer's heroes are thieves and vagabonds; Ovid's immortal book is a Newgate calendar in imaginative verse; the fabliaux of literature resurgent from the dark ages are annals of error; the chivalrous romances, in verse or prose, relate transactions most "objectionable" to the moral purist; the modern novel turns half upon crime, the so-called virtues often being the least virtuous. The worst of it is, that the lawless beings of whom we read thus are "truer to human nature" than the starched nonentities of the perished Tremaine, or the tamed, smooth, all-alike respectabilities of daily life. The respectables feel it; and they go to know themselves in the mirror of the criminal court and its practical romance.

The more so, since "nature" is banished from the stage, by the degeneracy of actors. It has been proposed, indeed, to transfer the sittings of the Central Criminal Court to the huge "legitimate" houses; which would be convenient in more ways than one. The judge, counsel, and other performers, would welcome the better ventilation; the orchestra would be at hand to accompany Mr. Charles Wilkins and other eloquent gentlemen in the chanting parts of their oratory; and the audience, better disposed in wider space, could be better kept in order. But the proposal has been almost superseded by the progress of the naturalistic drama, which has gone far beyond the introduction of the "real gig" in Thurtell's case, or the real victim in Alice Low's case. The greatest actor of the day is getting so perfect in naturalness, that Mr. Wallack has been laid up with lameness, and Mr. Stuart has been sent to the hospital with real wounds contracted in the fight between Macbeth and Macduff. This is bringing tragedy on to the stage all but perfect; it will be finished when Duncan and the grooms are really slaughtered. Or, if anti-Malthusians object to such inroads on the population, advertisements from managers "to persons about to murder" might invite them to accomplish their transactions on the stage, be tried, and convicted, en suite, all comfortably, just like a Gazza Ladra of real life.

Seriously, however, this dramatic interest taken by the public in real crime has its important use; it is a motive of sympathy with human passions and incidents, and thus it is a kind of natural affection; which stimulates vigilance far more than the best police regulations can do, and exercises a protecting watch over human weakness. The ruffian who inveigled his mistress into Dulwich Wood that he might murder her rather than marry her receives no sympathy; but the girl does, and it is far better that society should not feel indifferent to what befel her; yet indifference alone would close its ears to the details of her struggle with the pitiful rascal. Society sympathizes with the poverty-stricken madness of the artisan in Manchester who cut his wife's throat in a half-drunken fit of evil-

thinking, and tries to amend the circumstances that breed such semi-voluntary murderers. Society listens to the exclamations of still clinging fidelity to "my husband" which mingle with the woman's detail of her danger, and hears with comfort that the voice of affection and hopeful trust in the better passions can survive outrage, squalor, and the death-struggle itself.

From Punch.

OLD BAILEY LADIES.

FROM MISS LOUISA — TO MISS CHARLOTTE —
MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE—

I have just come home from the Old Bailey Dock in that horrid Newgate, and you *can't* think what a flutter I'm in. Dear me! If it isn't more exciting than the opera; and then, you know, love, what makes it more delightful, it's all true. But let me tell you all about it.

Our Charles knowing dear Mr. — (he is one of the — of the city of London) got tickets for myself and Arabella to hear the *whole* of the trials of those horrid, dreadful creatures, the Mannings. Coming late (for you know what a girl Arabella is; never ready when everybody else is) there was no room for us upon the bench, where I saw those girls the Pierreponts (who always push themselves everywhere); and so we were obliged to take a seat with the dreadful bloodthirsty creatures in the dock. I did n't much like it at first; but after half an hour or so, got quite reconciled to the situation, as it enabled us to see all the movements of each of the criminals' countenance—the monsters.

There were many ladies in court; as our *Post* says, "notabilities." I think I saw Madame Tus-saud; but then her visit was, of course, purely one of business.

When the creatures came into the dock, I was all in a twitter, and upon my word and honor, do you know, I felt for a moment as if murder was catching. The villain Manning was dressed in plain black; and looked such a wretch, the Sunday papers not making him half monster enough. (By the way, I'll send you his likeness in a locket, with, if possible, a bit of his hair, and then you can judge for yourself.) Mrs. Manning was very nicely dressed, indeed. When I looked at her, I thought the jury must find such a black satin gown not guilty—but they did n't. Besides the black satin, she had a plaid shawl of the Stuart pattern. Wore a very beautiful cap, that I have no doubt will be fashionable, with such beautiful lace lappets and lace ruffles that—no, I never! It did seem to me impossible that such hands, with such lappets, could commit a murder; but, then, such doubts made the sweetness of the interest.

Well, the trial went on, and I felt myself so much at home with the horrid prisoners that, once or twice, I caught myself about to offer my eau-de-cologne to the wretched culprit at the bar—but I did n't. As the witnesses were examined, if it was n't much better than a play, I'm not here, that's all. Mr. Sergeant Wilkins was a little hard

upon our sex ; but then you know, he was paid for it—and that explains everything.

Well, my dear, to be short, the judge summed up, and the jury retired, and the interest was delightful. They came in at last, and the judge began to pronounce sentence, when Mrs. Manning—well ! did n't she show her spirit !—called everybody a pack of wretches, and threw all the sweet and bitter herbs before her, upon the wigs of the lawyers. It was altogether a great deal finer than Grisi's *Norma*, and much more real than Mrs. Warner's *Lady Macbeth*. However, the judge went on, and sentenced the horrible criminal to be hanged ; and Mrs. Manning flounced out of the dock, telling 'em all to go and be ashamed of themselves.

Having broken the ice, if they are executed I think I shall go and see the sight. For if ladies make the Old Bailey fashionable, I don't see why they should n't patronize the new drop. It is so exciting ; and as I said before—so real.

Good bye, for I'm going to dress for dinner—but I would n't miss the post. Should there ever be another trial, you must come up to London, and go to Newgate with (my dear girl)

Your affectionate

Oct. 26th.

LOUISA.

P. S. Bonnets are coming out with bunches of artificial rue, *à la dock* ; if you want one, give an order for a Newgate chip.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

THE last accounts from California made mention, among other things, of the immigration of some Chinese into the country. They are said to be industrious, quiet and orderly.

In due course of time we may expect large accessions to our population on the Pacific coast from China, Hindostan and Japan. And it is curious to consider the ultimate effects which such infusions may produce upon our national character. On the Atlantic side we present a sort of reflex of Europe. Yet it must follow that our Pacific shore will take a decided hue and aspect from its Asiatic affinities and connections. One language, however ; one nationality ; the transfused spirit of one race, assimilating and blending the various elements of this cosmopolitan mass of humanity, will constitute an indissoluble unity, we may believe, and furnish the basis of the grandest structure of civilization that the world has ever seen.

In our progress westward, having reached the Pacific, it is strangely interesting to observe the meeting of the youngest with the oldest of the nations. We the pioneers of progress, the vanguard of the restless Caucasian family, having circled the earth at last, are now confronting the starting point of civilization. With the ideas and improvements of yesterday we are now to meet those representatives of remote antiquity among whom the human mind has been kept stationary for unknown centuries, and whose social

and political institutions, fixed in the rigid immobility of *castes*, bear at this day the original impress derived from the era of Confucius. Not less striking must be the contrast between our ideas of freedom and independence, and the Oriental instincts of passive obedience. We are accustomed to regard a government as a piece of machinery to be made or unmade at pleasure ; they behold it only to reverence its august sovereignty.

But all types of human civilization, all diversities of race, all contrasting characteristics of whatsoever kind, become enhanced by mutual contact and easy and friendly intercourse. The passion for gold, operating upon men of all nations, is drawing to California an immense population of the most heterogeneous kind. Yet although it is cupidity which brings the mass together, still cupidity itself must submit to the influences of civilization. The wants of a great society must soon give variety to the modes of industry ; and in that community of feeling which belongs to the social and political organization, the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon may mutually learn from each other, and be both the better for having met under such relations.—*Baltimore American*.

From the National Era

TO FREDERIKA BREMER.

WELCOME from thy dusky Norland,
Daughter of the Vikings bold !
Welcome to the sunny Vineland
Which they sought and found of old !

Soft as lapse of Silga's waters
When the moon of summer shines,
Strong as winter from his mountains
Roaring through the Northern pines,

Swan of Abo ! we have listened
To thy saga and thy song,
Till a household joy and gladness
We have known and loved thee long.

By the mansion's marble mantel,
By the log-warmed cabin's hearth,
Thy sweet thoughts and Northern fancies,
Meet and mingle with our mirth ;

And o'er weary spirits keeping
Sorrow's night-watch, long and chill,
Shine they like the sun of summer
Over midnight vale and hill.

Sweet eyes smile for us in Norland,
Household forms we love are there ;
In their bitter grief of parting,
And their bridal joy, we share.

We alone are strangers to thee,
Thou our friend and teacher art ;
Come and know us as we know thee,
Let us meet thee heart to heart !

To our household homes and altars,
We, in turn, thy steps would lead,
As thy loving hand has led us
O'er the threshold of the Swede.

Amesbury, 11th month, 1849.

J. G. W.



RUSSIAN BEAR. *I won't go home till morning,
I won't go home till morning,*

*I won't go home till morn—i—n—g,
Till KOSSUTH does appear.*

“May the Evening’s Diversion



RUSSIAN BEAR. *Oh, confound that Sublime Porte! what a headache it's given me!*

bear the Morning's Reflection!"

From the Spectator, 3rd Nov.

CANADIAN ANNEXATION.

Does national virtue find its sole expression in a money profit? If so, Canada might have her annexation; for England would have neither motive nor power to retain her. The annexationists of Montreal rest their manifesto mainly on a calculation of commercial advantage. Does that suffice? Prove a profitable balance in the ledger, and is that all that a nation should look to—or the chief thing? Unquestionably there are greater and higher objects. The bond of national unity depends upon several things—questions of race, social habits, political institutions, and more besides; but above all, on sympathy in upholding noble sentiments. Yes, simple as that tie may be, it is the true bond of nationality. The simple love of justice between man and man—whether the justice between crowned and uncrowned man on the plain of Runnymede, or the “fair play” between two combatants in the street—has been the sturdy sentiment which has guided England through many a contest, many a trouble, and many a perplexity, to be great and powerful. You cannot find the equation of that sentiment in gold.

We might ask Canada if she forgets her blood relationship, that she is leaving us for lucre; but, unhappily, we have done no little to forfeit that claim. We have forfeited it by the conduct of the minister whom the House of the English Commons suffers to rule over the colonies. Failing to strike out a policy which should be original, successful, and superior to all others—thwarted in his own sport with the colonies, Lord Grey is driven to desperate courses, and *their* welfare is sacrificed to his disappointed self-love and fantastic spleen: how, then, can *he* recall them from a mere commercial policy to more generous ideas? We have forfeited our claim by the conduct of the representative of this country, who has brought the crown and its imperial authority into disgrace by vacillation, trifling, and cowardice. More deplorable is it that we have forfeited the claim nationally, by our trading statesmanship—doubly trading, in the subserviency of our statesmen to trading ideas, in their traffic upon any cant of the day. Abroad, we have trifled with the highest national feelings; at home, we doubt, scoff, and prevaricate; putting trust only in what professes to be small, topical, and not elevated or dignified. How then can we recall Canada to her faith in noble sentiments or her sympathy with great ideas?

No; if she thinks she can gain by the transfer, we must let her turn adrift. The loss, indeed, will be hers, not exclusively, but chiefly. For though we are degraded by this subserviency to trading ideas, the United States are still more so; and any province joining them must consent to sink to the same level, or be cheated. The Montreal annexationists think that absorption in the Union will supersede border wars, and endow their province with lasting peace; forgetting the alarming wars which germinate in the anti-rent move-

ment of New York, and in the nullification controversy between north and south. They think that absorption will overrule and obliterate dissensions of race: it has obliterated nationality in Louisiana and Florida; it has not obliterated race in the Negro helotry; and the new province must make up its mind to sharing the dangers and guilt of that tremendous riddle. Canada must waive her blessed immunity from that contamination.

All this the colonists *might* be made to feel, if the public servants of England went to work in the right way. The more so since, of all provinces in the world, Canada is perhaps the one that has most uniformly exhibited the influence of feelings upon political views and sympathies. The “British” party has been brought to its present false position by an ultra-loyal affection for England, and her institutions—an affection perverted by bad administration. The French party has been noted for the degree in which it is swayed by feelings. Were the imperial government, then, to be represented in Downing Street and Montreal by men who could share and direct these ready sympathies, it would be possible to reawaken in the colony a noble nationality. England might say to her—“You have been treated harshly and unfairly: the pursuit of party objects in London has made the imperial parliament play fast and loose with your finance; a bad colonial minister has exasperated your factions; you have been so ill governed that your colonization stands still, and your border marks the confines between the prosperity of a republican state and the backwardness of an English dependency: all that is allowed: but we will treat you more generously; a man of elevated and generous feeling shall be your governor; your local statesmen shall be invited to grave and friendly council in London; we will take counsel with you upon the best way in which mother-country and colony can stand by each other, to uphold freedom, to develop each other’s greatness, and to serve mankind: go free if you will; but before you do so, let us see if we cannot be more happy, more exalted among the nations, more beneficent to our race, by remaining together.” We believe that a policy conceived and expressed in this spirit would meet with a hearty and a full response from Canada.

The annexationists admit that separation would not be practicable or desirable without the consent of England. “The consent!” who is to give it? What traitors are there amongst us, in high places, that the separatists count upon an official consent? Are we come to such pass that, to indulge the crotchets and foibles of splenetic and incompetent statesmanship, we must forego Lord Durham’s great effort “to perpetuate and strengthen the connection between this empire and the North American colonies, which would then form one of the brightest ornaments in her majesty’s imperial crown?” Is the attempt to be abandoned by the sovereign with the advice of her responsible ministers? The British public ought to learn what the executive means to do.

From the Examiner of 3 Nov.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S DISMISSAL OF THE BARROT MINISTRY.

If trouble, confusion, or disruption of the republic, ensue in Paris from the desire which the president has just manifested, and the step he has taken, to secure ministers of his own opinion and policy, the fault may be immediately his, but originally it lies with the leaders of the Assembly and its conservative majority. They resolved to have a chief of the republic with monarchic and hereditary pretensions. In a kind of spite, because they could not have a Bourbon of one branch or the other, they took a Bonaparte. To the authority and pride which surrounded the name of such a president, they added, for him, the still greater claim of the elect of the French people. And this very power, concentrated in the person of the president, they used in order to beat, to provoke, and to subdue, the first National Assembly. They defied its majority, and ruled in despite of it; M. Barrot himself snapping his fingers at that majority, and declaring that he ruled by the grace, not of the Assembly, but of the president and of the popular choice.

The precedent thus established by M. Barrot and the Conservative Club is now turned against him, and the club, and the majority in the present Chamber. We must say for Louis Napoleon, however, that he had not, up to this point, proved self-willed or indocile. He had in a thousand instances given up his personal will, passed over his personal friends, and notwithstanding his own liberal instincts and leanings, had allowed his ministers to be as illiberal in domestic policy, and as pusillanimous in foreign, as they could well be. No doubt his obsequiousness was induced or strengthened by the idea that such a conservative policy in Italy and elsewhere secured to himself personally the friendship, if not the protection, of the old sovereigns and dynasties of Europe, into whose ranks he might have hopes of one day entering.

The embassy of M. De Persigny to the northern courts has dissipated this illusion. His return with the conviction that not all the obsequiousness of the French government had made any sensible impression upon those monarchs, or won them to Bonapartist interests, has shown the president how he has been frittering away the first year of his hold of power, without making any tried friends at home or abroad, and without advancing his own cherished purpose one single step.

The manifest aim of Louis Napoleon in writing his famous letter on Roman affairs was that of seeking *eclat* for himself, and recommending himself as a chief of liberal ideas; and the Assembly, as manifestly, cushioned the letter not more for the sake of propitiating the Pope than for that of defeating the aim of Louis Napoleon. The Assembly and the Club of the Rue de Poitiers have sought to make but a moment's use of Louis Napoleon. The notion of his taking any firm or last-

ing position they have studiously set themselves against. They look to the ultimate restoration of the monarchy of some Bourbon or another; and they regard the present president as a stepping plank. It was not to be expected that he should be blind to this, or that he should tolerate what really is both a slight and a treachery. His present message to the Assembly is the result. It is at least open and sincere, and these are great merits. But its braggadocio about the 10th December, and the glories of the Napoleon name, bespeaks a grievous infatuation, and foreshadows but one result.

Fortunately for M. Molé, M. Thiers, and those other designing gentlemen, Louis Napoleon is not a deep politician; he cannot dissemble, smother his resentment, conceal his hopes, or prepare his revenge. It is curious to think how Louis Philippe in his place would have outwitted and disappointed those knowing politicians. Louis Napoleon is, however, incapable of playing Mazarin. He is more of a Condé, who slashed such network with the sword. The temper required in such matters is that which would unite, as Napoleon's did, the subtleness and dissimulation of the Italian politician with the firmness and daring of the French revolutionist. But such qualities do not descend with a name.

The most unpromising part of the president's *coup d'état* is the list of his ministry. This is the melancholy comment on the brag about the Napoleon name. With the exception of Rayneval, evidently appointed because he is too far off to send an immediate refusal, there is not a name to inspire either the army, the *bourse*, or the Assembly, those fitful powers and pulses of the public, with confidence. The president thinks that his personal unit placed before so many ciphers will make a respectable sum of authority. But this is another mistake; and the announcement of this ministry at first in the *non-official* column of the *Moniteur*, pretty clearly explains their position, and the president's misgivings.

Had the president attempted this in a recess, and happened to be free from the Assembly for even a few weeks, he might have thrown up some intrenchments, and got some party to rally round him. But, as it is, there is not time. The Assembly met on Friday, and will or may meet again to-day. It cannot be dissolved, cannot be prorogued. Changarnier, the commander of the military force of Paris, is far more in the interests of the Assembly than of the president; and, strange to say, this commander is bound by law to obey the president of the Assembly, not the president of the republic. All this promises one of those conflicts of authority of which the Red Republic was alone considered capable. These same Reds are also, no doubt, watching the quarrel betwixt two fractions of that party which conquered them, with considerable exultation. Already there are symptoms of the citizen class swerving from coercion and martial law to milder and more liberal sentiments. The insurgents of

Strasburg have been acquitted; those now in course of trial before the court of Versailles have, it is said, considerable chances of acquittal. Such a verdict at such a moment would create almost an *émeute* of joy and exultation amongst the republicans.

The opportunities are tempting, the moment dangerous. It was during the dispute between Louis Philippe and M. Barrot that the revolution of February grew into a great fact. It should be taken care that a similar dispute betwixt Louis Napoleon and M. Barrot, for pretty much the same cause, too, that of the chief of the state governing by himself, may not now lead to a similar result.

LOLA MONTEZ.

BE she Celt of Ireland or of Spain, with the fire of Milesian or of Mauritanian blood in her veins, Lola Montez is an anachronism. She belongs to the age of Archbishop Turpin or the Enchanter Merlin. She has the same disregard of time or place, of safety or appearances, as adventurous damsels of that indefinite age. She wanders forth to seek adventures, hating repose. Europe is her pleasure-ground. She sports with kings, and breaks with them at a freak; she rides off from her Medoro, and appoints him to meet her at breakfast in another kingdom; she accepts titles and fortune, and gives them back again, with the ease of the theatre and the chivalrous romance.

The *Assemblée Nationale*, which seems to perform in Paris the gossiping function of a *Belle Assemblée*, relates how she broke with her quasi-husband Mr. Heald, late of the Dragoon Guards—

Five days since, Mr. Heald called on the English consul, [at Barcelona,] and said to him, "I am come to ask your advice. I have some friends here who recommend me to abandon my wife; what ought I to do? I am afraid of being assassinated or poisoned. At Perpignan she stabbed me." He then showed a waistcoat stained with blood. The consul replied, "I am astonished that, after the attack you speak of, you had not laid a complaint before the police at Perpignan, and that you have since lived with her on such intimate terms. But if you wish to abandon your wife, I have no advice to give you." He offered, however, to *viser* his passport for any direction which he might think proper to take. On the same day the parties had quarrelled. On the following [the 18th] Mr. Heald sent to the English Consul for a new passport, and at half-past four o'clock he disappeared.

Forty-eight hours after his departure, he wrote to her from Mataro, imploring pardon. He besought her to allow him to return to her feet. He terminated his epistle thus—"If you have ever to complain of me, show me this letter, and it will be your talisman." Mrs. Heald set out next day by the railway, and some hours after brought back Mr. Heald.

What Paphian cestus does Lola wind round the blade of her poniard? There must be something very engaging about the terrible fair: kings are captive, and her Lancelot braves, not the blade of others, but her own, when he returns to her.

He flies to her arms in the warlike sense. All this implies a striking degree of piquancy. Would that the secret were known. We all remember how much the respectable Juno was indebted to a loan of the bewitching cestus belonging to a less regular fair, but the properties of that talisman are still undescribed. Lola seems to have the secret.

In the history of King Arthur, if we remember rightly, is a somewhat parallel case—that of a lady who is under a spell through which, at midnight, her favored cavalier is hacked and hewed by a self-acting sword: yet he braved his fate. So does Heald. How is it?

Why does the Red Indian recur to his wildness, the Arab to his desert, the dweller on the volcano to that very spot where the earthquake swallowed up his house and the flames blasted his vine?

What great things, among worse, this daredevilry has made men achieve! One had thought that it died out with Lady Hamilton or Sir Sidney Smith, with Murat or Pauline Bonaparte; but somehow it reappears occasionally. The *Penny Magazine* has not been immortal; Miss Edgeworth's novels are replaced on our shelves by *Jane Eyre*; Irishmen still continue their fights even as they fought in the days of Brien Boroihme; Mount Etna blazes at will; the stoutest ship learns that the winds are stronger; the cholera and the Lola make the grand tour.—*Spectator*.

From the Examiner.

LETTER TO LORD DUDLEY STUART ON THE RECEPTION DUE TO KOSSUTH.

A GREAT man never can be made greater by another; he places his own crown on his head. There are many who deem it a high honor to be elected by even a small constituency, whether for a seat in Parliament or some other post of office and profit. Perhaps they are right, in regard to themselves: but I never could comprehend how an illustrious man, by any possibility, can receive an honor, manifest as it is that he may confer one, even by a glance. By bearing a due respect and reverence to such a man, we honor not him but ourselves. We can raise only what is beneath or on a level with us; we cannot raise what we cannot reach. Even the executive power, whatever its denomination, in conferring a dignity or title, must be looked at as a windlass or pulley which lifts up an ornament to its proper place.

It is glorious to be either the voluntary advocate or the chosen defender of the unfortunate and oppressed. You are both, my lord, against kings and emperors, presidents and popes. England applauds you: but somewhat larger than England, larger than the seas that surround her, or the lands that lie beyond, applauds you too—your heart. Trees reach their full growth where there are few surrounding them; so do men. We might think you less if we saw a dozen such about you; and perhaps, if there were, you would be. As matters

stand, you cover the whole space they would partly occupy.

Kossuth, it is reported, is expected soon in England. God grant it! It may revive a sense of glory, long vitiated, and almost dead. Public men, indeed, will exclude him from their houses; their praises are reserved for Haynau, their tables are decorated for O'Ferral. But let us contend with America for the possession of the purest patriot on earth. Let us, who heretofore have taught her many things, teach her now in what manner she may gladden the heart of millions, and raise to herself on an imperishable basis a monument the most worthy of her wealth and virtue. Proposals have been offered to commemorate in bronze and marble the achievements of the Hungarians. So be it. But in what better or more befitting manner can it be done, than in the structure of a plain and simple mansion for the family of their president? No Blenheim is demanded, no column, no prancing horse, but simply a retired and quiet mansion, such as twelve or fifteen thousand pounds could erect and furnish. It would be more honorable for the Americans to contribute toward it in England than in their country; and if their contribution were the larger, as it probably will be, the prouder would be their superiority, over a nation with which they were never to be engaged in any other kind of contest.

I have little money; but I have several pictures; and, as my pride does not often step out of doors, I shall be delighted to indulge it in giving twenty of the best toward the adornment of the house which the only two free nations will erect for the greatest of all free men.

Testimonials to patriotism, true or false, and oftener false than true, have been prodigally exhibited in England recently. The spirit of party has breathed hotly over the land, and has blown foul bubbles into the air. Among the statues in our metropolis, how extremely few are erected to beneficent, to prudent, to temperate, or even commonly honest men! Subverters of law in their own country, disturbers of the public peace in its dependencies, adventurers, gamblers, debtors, defaulters, profligates, constitute the greater part, and almost the whole. Where are our philosophers, our poets, our patriots? In the centre of what square, at the termination of what avenue, stands Shakspeare? What temple is sanctified by Milton's purity? "Nature and nature's laws" announce their Newton; we look for him also in vain.

If jealousy and hatred of the truly great among ourselves have instigated us to substitute the false, let us avoid the sight of such as, coming too near, may inflict on us any uneasiness. Let us prove before the world at large that its virtuous men are dear to us at a distance, and that to them at least we will not be unjust. Parties, our worst seducers from the path of rectitude, are fused, flattened, hardened, and inert. Public virtue no longer is laughed at, as it was in the last century from the beginning to the end, but merely smiled at; sym-

pathies are moderate, antipathies are extinct. Not a minister of the crown would disembowel an oppositionist, or scourge his wife; scarcely three in five would commend, or countenance, the miscreant who should have driven from the seat of his government men festering under wounds received in defence of their families. But it is not to such people we lift our eyes and voices; it is neither to finality, nor to agitation. We plead before no intriguers, no coiners of counterfeit, no scramblers for tags and trumpery, no brawlers in streets, no whisperers in palace; we plead for the Hungarian defender of venerable institutions, cognate with our own, and bearing a strong family resemblance. It would be criminal to doubt either the ability or the resolution of the two wealthiest nations in the world to raise a few thousand pounds annually, in order to compensate the losses, and to support the dignity, of as pure and energetic a patriot as ever guided the councils of either.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Bath, October 18.

From the Evening Bulletin.

SHAKESPEARE READINGS.

WRITTEN AFTER MRS. KEMBLE'S LAST READING IN PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 5, 1849.

THANKS to the lady of the witching word,
For the new soul her wondrous voice has stirred—
For the awakened sense which lay asleep
In myriad breasts, till she disturbed the deep.
The feast is done—in awe and wonder, all
The guests go lingering from the banquet hall,
With thirst unslaked, and craving still to drink
New nectar from this fount's o'errunning brink.

A motley company these feasts create—
Motley in mind and mien, in garb and gait,
All grouped as guests before the crowned lord
Of England's letters, at his royal board.
See the sweet Quakeress, demure and prim,
Beside the belle in dazzling Paris trim;
The grave divine, in contrast dark, beside
The dandy gay—his tailor's boast and pride;
The massive matron, swelling near a place
Where beams a merry school girl's laughing face;
The gray old-fashioned veteran, hip to hip,
Beside an unfledged fop with sprouting lip.

These are thy guests, O Shakspeare! these the
souls,
Thy priestess with her godlike art controls,
Some come to pass an evening, or to meet
Again the friend they passed upon the street.
Some from pure love of Shakspeare, other some
To see his famed interpreter—they come
From divers motives, but I fear the mass
Come without any motive—some, alas!
Willing to change their gold, at *Fashion's* hint,
For the coined wonders of the Shakspeare mint.

Well, whatsoe'er the motive, there's a soul
Hidden behind it, subject to control.
Watch the effect, as the great reader's art
Ope's Shakspeare's mysteries to each waking heart.
The first low music of the matchless voice
To silence lulls, from force as well as choice.
Then comes a burst of passion, and the hall
Rings with applause from young and old—from all;
Mustachioed lips a cry of "Brava" raise,
And white lips patter a most dainty praise.

The play goes on ; soon comes a merry note,
And the loud laughter rings from every throat ;
The laugh subsides, the hall is hushed again,
And each gay heart beats to a sadder strain ;
The melting tones of woman's grief are heard—
The heart hangs breathless on each faltered word,
Each lip is quivering, dim is every eye,
As the sad voice recites its misery,
And soon a general burst of tears reveals
That every hearer has a soul, and feels !

Here shone an art Shaksperian, that could make
A various crowd such common feeling take,
'T was Shakspeare's self, in a fair woman's form,
That roused the mass to sense so true and warm :
Brought " whining school boy," " slipped pantaloons,"

Dandy and dame, to sympathy so soon ;
Made every selfish soul forget itself,
And lay its world a moment on the shelf.

The royal banquet 's done ; the queen departs,
To show elsewhere her own and Shakspeare's arts.
A noble mission ! to revive a taste,
Through modern clap-trap sadly run to waste.
Blest be the fortune that has led her here,
To fill the soul with a new atmosphere—
To show us gems from England's golden age,
Freed from the tarnish of the tainted stage.
She 's gone, but left no transient stamp impressed
On the roused bosom of each various guest ;
Critics in drab or black, young, aged, all
Go re-refined from the great festival ;
And wheresoe'er their paths through life may go,
In wealth or poverty, in joy or woe,
Shakspeare and Kemble, twin in soul, shall be
Shrined as one genius in each memory.

From the Knickerbocker.

MY BOY.

There is even a happiness
Which makes the heart afraid. Hood.

ONE more new claimant for
Human fraternity,
Swelling the flood that sweeps
On to eternity.
I who have filled the cup,
Tremble to think of it ;
For be it what it may,
I must yet drink of it.

Room for him into the
Ranks of humanity ;
Give him a place in your
Kingdom of vanity ;
Welcome the stranger with
Kindly affection,
Hopefully, trustfully,
Not with dejection.

See, in his waywardness,
How his fist doubles ;
Thus pugilistical
During life's troubles.
Strange that the Neophyte
Enters existence
In such an attitude,
Feigning resistance.

Could he but have a glimpse
Into futurity,

Well might he fight against
Further maturity ;
Yet it does seem to me
As if his purity
Were against sinfulness
Ample security.

Incomprehensible,
Budding immortal,
Thrust all amazedly
Under life's portal ;
Born to a destiny
Clouded in mystery,
Wisdom itself cannot
Guess at its history.

Something too much of this
Timon-like croaking ;
See his face wrinkle now,
Laughter-provoking ;
Now he cries lustily—
Bravo, my hearty one !
Lungs like an orator
Cheering his party on.

Look how his merry eyes
Turn to me pleadingly !
Can we help loving him—
Loving exceedingly ?
Partly with hopefulness,
Partly with fears—
Mine, as I look at him,
Moisten with tears.

Now then to find a name ;
Where shall we search for it ?
Turn to his ancestry,
Or to the church for it ?
Shall we endow him with
Title heroic,
After some warrior,
Poet, or stoic !

One aunty says he will
Soon " lisp in numbers,"
Turning his thoughts to rhyme,
E'en in his slumbers ;
Watts rhymed in babyhood—
No blemish spots his fame—
Christen him even so ;
Young Mr. Watts, his name !

NEW BOOKS.

Memorials of John Bartram and Humphrey Marshall, with Notices of their Botanical Contemporaries. By WM. DARLINGTON, M. D., LL. D., &c. With Illustrations.

Dr. Darlington's new work forms a volume of nearly six hundred pages, which the publishers have issued in a very handsome manner. It consists principally of an immense number of letters, the correspondence of Bartram with Collinson, Sir Hans Sloan, Kalm, Solander, Michaux, and other celebrated botanists, as well as those which passed between Marshall and Franklin, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Muhlenberg, and other equally well-known savans. It would be superfluous to praise a work like this. Its subjects and the name of the esteemed and accomplished author will commend it to the favor of a very wide circle of readers of botanical and antiquarian tastes, who will be glad to possess such memorials of such men.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

1. Fontenelle on the signs of Death, - - -	<i>Quarterly Review</i> , - - -	431
2. There and Back Again—Chap. xvi—xviii, - - -	<i>Tail's Magazine</i> , - - -	506
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ILLUSTRATION.—"May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection."

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

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Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the Spectator.

BERNARD BARTON'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

THERE is more of melancholy about the disappearance of the lesser than the greater stars of literature. The author whose works are for, "all time" is as much alive to posterity as he was to his contemporaries; the writer whose name is to dwindle away through a slow tradition, and only be preserved for the literary student in literary history, comes more home to the feelings of our common nature—"mentem mortalia tangunt." When accident or satire turns up a name once frequent in the world's mouth, but now forgotten save by those whose trade it is to remember such, a feeling arises akin to that which touches the mind of the wayfarer who lingers over the memorials of mortality in a country churchyard.

The feeling is deeper, or at least fuller, in the case of a contemporary who continually appeared before the public, whose subjects were generally associated with the common sentiments and common feelings of mankind, and whose treatment if deficient in art and study was always pleasing—not too homely for the refined, not too deep or lofty for the humble. Such was Bernard Barton; some of whose strains yet linger in the memory, and who was almost tenderly associated in many minds from his long connection with the *Annals*. Indeed, to their better spirit his own was appropriate, and they seem to have perished with it if not before him.

The genius of Bernard Barton was probably capable of achieving greater excellence than his poems exhibit. Although he cannot exactly be called the founder of a school, we think he was the first in point of time who practised the domestic or household style of poetry, where the common incidents of daily life, the things or circumstances that are familiar to all of us, and the sentiments which are colored by a high state of civilization, if they are not owing to it, are embodied in smooth and pleasing rather than strong and striking verse. If this style were carried to the pitch which the style is capable of, the founder might be entitled to the praise of an original poet. As he did not reach, and apparently did not aim at the highest excellence, his merit of priority was lost in a crowd of imitators; while Mrs. Hemans and (perhaps) Miss Landon, by adding the historical and romantic to their humbler themes, have attracted to themselves some of that reputation which rightfully belonged to Bernard Barton. But it must be owned, that if we judge from actual specimens, not from possible excellence, the style was not striking in itself. It was one of those ideas

which arise spontaneously in many minds under certain conditions of society, and is therefore rather to be considered as common to many a moderate than peculiar to one original mind. It is natural but obvious.

The biographical information in the present volume lets us into part of the secret of Bernard Barton's acquiescence in a pleasing mediocrity, instead of struggling for excellence. He had little literature and little leisure; his genius was discursive rather than concentrated; and he had the fatal gift of easy fluency. "He wrote in numbers for the numbers came;" or if they did not, he poured out his thoughts in prose—always agreeable, it would seem, and with a substratum of reality, but of necessity superficial, and dependent for attraction on the subject, or the felicity of the hour. His rapidity of composition, its injurious effects upon his poetical character, with the outline of his literary career, are well and succinctly told by the friend who arranged and added to the autobiographical papers which Bernard Barton left behind him.

In 1812, he published his first volume of poems, called "*Metrical Effusions*," and began a correspondence with Southey, who continued to give him most kind and wise advice for many years.

In 1818 Bernard Barton published by subscription a thin quarto volume—"Poems by an Amateur;" and shortly afterwards appeared under the auspices of a London publisher in a volume of "Poems," which, being favorably reviewed in the "*Edinburgh*," reached a fourth edition by 1825. In 1822 came out his "*Napoleon*," which he managed to get dedicated and presented to George the Fourth. And now being launched upon the public with a favoring gale, he pushed forward with an eagerness that was little to his ultimate advantage. Between 1822 and 1828 he published five volumes of verse. Each of these contained many pretty poems; but many that were very hasty, and written more as task-work, when the mind was already wearied with the desk-labors of the day; not waiting for the occasion to suggest, nor the impulse to improve. Of this he was warned by his friends, and of the danger of making himself too cheap with publishers and the public. But the advice of others had little weight in the hour of success with one so inexperienced and so hopeful as himself. And there was in Bernard Barton a certain boyish impetuosity in pursuit of anything he had at heart, that age itself scarcely could subdue. Thus it was with his correspondence; and thus it was with his poetry. He wrote always with great facility, almost unretarded by that worst labor of correction; for he was not fastidious himself about exactness of thought or harmony of numbers, and he could scarce comprehend why the public should be less easily satisfied.

One reason assigned by his biographer for the poet's "mistaken activity" was, that publishing

* Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton. Edited by his daughter. Published by Hall and Virtue.

was the sole event which varied the monotony of Bernard Barton's life. His career, indeed, was uneventful enough. He was born in 1784; lost both his parents in early life; was sent to a Quaker school at Ipswich, and on leaving it was apprenticed to a shopkeeper at Halsted in Essex, where "he stood behind the counter for eight years."

In 1806 he went to Woodbridge; and a year after married Lucy Jesup, the niece of his former master, and entered into partnership with her brother as coal and corn merchant. But she died a year after marriage, in giving birth to the only child, who now survives them both; and he, perhaps sickened with the scene of his blighted love, and finding, like his father, that he had less taste for the ledger than for literature, almost directly quitted Woodbridge, and engaged himself as private tutor in the family of Mr. Waterhouse, a merchant in Liverpool. There Bernard Barton had some family connections; and there also he was kindly received and entertained by the Roscoe family, who were old acquaintances of his father and mother.

After a year's residence in Liverpool he returned to Woodbridge, and there became clerk in Messrs. Alexander's bank—a kind of office which secures certain if small remuneration, without any of the anxiety of business; and there he continued for forty years, working till within two days of his death.

This took place suddenly, on the 19th February in the present year, from disease of the heart.

The volume before us contains the memoir from which we have already quoted, a selection from the correspondence of Bernard Barton, and a selection from his poems; forming altogether a volume of much interest. The memoir is one of the best things of the kind we have seen, both as regards judgment and execution. The poet and the man are thoroughly appreciated, and, what is rare when the biographer is a friend, are rated at their true value—the good qualities of each perceived, the failings not overlooked but touched gently. The facts of the life are narrated rapidly; the habits and peculiarities of the subject are presented as only personal knowledge can present them; and Bernard Barton is allowed to tell his own story when his letters are biographical. The selection from the poet's correspondence is perhaps a little overdone, some of the letters being on personal topics or matters of mere opinion: in general, however, they are full of character; especially those from Charles Lamb, who comes out genially rich, and from Bernard himself, who in his way is almost as rich as Lamb, and not unlike him—such as Charles might have been had fate made him a Quaker. This letter on fame, which explains itself, is a sober "Eliä."

9 mo. 1, 1846.

Many years ago I wrote some verses for a child's annual to accompany a print of Doddridge's mother teaching him Bible history from the Dutch tiles round their fireplace. I had clean forgotten both the print and my verses; but some one has sent me a child's penny cotton handkerchief, on which I find a transcript of that identical print, and four of my stanzas printed under it. This handkerchief

celebrity tickles me somewhat. Talk of fame! is not this a fame which comes home, not only to "men's business and bosoms," but to children's noses into the bargain! Tom Churchyard (an artist) calls it an indignity, an insult, looks scornful at it, and says he would cuff any urchin whom he caught blowing his nose on one of his sketches. All this arises from his not knowing the complicated nature and texture of all worldly fame. 'Tis like the image the Babylonish king dreamt of, with its golden head, baser metal lower down, and miry clay for the feet. It will not do to be fastidious; you must take the idol as it is—its gold scone if you can get it—if not, take the clay feet, or one toe of another foot, and be thankful, and make what you can of it. I write verse to be read; it is a matter of comparative indifference to me whether I am read from a fine bound book on a drawing-room table, or spelt over from a penny rag of a kerchief by the child of a peasant or a weaver. So, honor to the cotton-printer, say I, whoever he be; that bit of rag is my patent as a household poet.

Bernard Barton was a Quaker and a staunch one, but he was of far too genial a nature to care for the fopperies of the Friends, or to circumscribe salvation to a sect. His elder sister, his daughter, and other near connections, formally left "the meeting," and were baptized in the "steeple-house," with his regrets, but no other feeling. He himself did not scruple to attend the church service; and he graciously bore with the surveillance and remonstrances of the strictest of his sect. Besides its other features, his correspondence is curious for occasional glimpses of the arbitrary interference of Quakers with the personal conduct of one another. Here are his pleadings on the waistcoat and the bell.

9 mo. 12, 1846.

And now, my dear old friend of above twenty years' standing, I have two points on which I must try to right myself in thy good opinion—the swansdown waistcoat, and the bell with the somewhat unquakerly inscription of "Mr. Barton's bell" graven above the handle thereof. I could not well suppress a smile at both counts of the indictment, for both are true to a certain extent, though I do not know that I should feel at all bound to plead guilty to either in a criminal one. It is true that prior to my birthday, now nearly two years ago, my daughter, without consulting me, did work for me in worsted work, as they do now-a-days for slippers, a piece of sempstress-ship or needle-craft, forming the forepart of a waistcoat; the pattern of which being rather larger than I should have chosen had choice been allowed me, gave it some semblance of the striped or flowered waistcoats, which, for aught I know, may be designated at swansdown; but the colors, drab and chocolate, were so very sober, that I put it on as I found it, thinking no evil, and wore it first and week days all last winter, and may probably through the coming one, at least on week days. It is cut in my wonted single-breasted fashion; and as my collarless coat, coming pretty forward, allows no great display of it, I had not heard before a word of scandal, or even censure, on its unfriendliness. Considering who worked it for me, I am not sure had the royal arms been worked thereon, if in such sober colors, but I might have worn it, and thought it less fine and less fashionable than the velvet and silk ones which I have seen, ere now, in our gal-

From the Spectator.

DR. CHALMERS' PRELECTIONS.*

leries, and worn by Friends of high standing and undoubted orthodoxy. But I attach comparatively little importance to dress, while there is enough left in the tout ensemble of the costume to give ample evidence that the wearer is a Quaker. So much for the waistcoat; now for the bell! I live in the back part of the bank premises, and the approach to the yard leading to my habitat is by a gate opening out of the principal street or thoroughfare through our town; the same gate serving for an approach to my cousin's kitchen-door, to a large bar-iron warehouse in the same yard, and I know not what besides. Under these circumstances, some notification was thought needful to mark the bell appertaining to our domicile, though I suppose nearly a hundred yards off; and the bell-hanger, without any consultation with me, and without my knowledge, had put these words over the handle of the bell, in a recess or hole in the wall by the gate-side; and they had stood there unnoticed and unobserved by me for weeks, if not months, before I ever saw them. When aware of their being there, having had no concern whatever in their being put there, having given no directions for their inscription, and not having to pay for them, I quietly let them stand; and, until thy letter reached me, I have never heard one word of comment on said inscription as an unquakerly one; for I believe it is well known among all our neighbors that the job of making two houses out of one was done by contract with artisans not of us, who executed their commission according to the usual custom, without taking our phraseology into account. Such, my good friend, are the simple facts of the two cases.

We close our extracts from this agreeable volume with a story from the memoir, throwing light upon a prime minister as well as the poet.

In 1845 came out his last volume, which he got permission to dedicate to the queen. He sent also a copy of it to Sir Robert Peel, then prime minister, with whom he had already corresponded slightly on the subject of the income-tax, which Mr. Barton thought pressed rather unduly on clerks and others whose narrow income was only for life. Sir Robert asked him to dinner at Whitehall. "Twenty years ago," writes Barton, "such a summons had elated and exhilarated me—now I feel humbled and depressed at it. Why, but that I verge on the period when the lighting down of the grasshopper is a burden, and desire itself begins to fail." He went, however, and was sincerely pleased with the courtesy and astonished at the social ease of a man who had so many and so heavy cares on his shoulders. When the Quaker poet was first ushered into the room, there were but three guests assembled, of whom he little expected to know one. But the mutual exclamations of "George Airy!" and "Bernard Barton!" soon satisfied Sir Robert as to his country guests feeling at home at the great town-dinner.

On leaving office a year after, Sir Robert recommended him to the queen for an annual pension of 100*l.*; one of the last acts, as the retiring minister intimated, of his official career, and one he should always reflect on with pleasure. B. Barton gratefully accepted the boon. And to the very close of life he continued, after his fashion, to send letters and occasional poems to Sir Robert, and to receive a few kind words in reply.

THIS concluding volume of the edition of the Posthumous Works of Dr. Chalmers contains the lectures, notes, or commentaries, delivered by the great preacher of the Scottish Church from the Theological chair, on Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, and Hill's Lectures in Divinity. There are two modes, as Dr. Chalmers lays it down, of teaching that "most voluminous of all the sciences, theology." * * * "One method is for the professor to describe the whole mighty series of topics in written compositions of his own." Another, and our author thinks a better way, is to take certain classics in theology, to prescribe a given portion to be read and digested by the students at home, to subject them to examination in the lecture-room on what they have thus perused and mastered, and then for the professor to give "prelections" on the successive parts so read, as Dr. Chalmers has done in the volume before us.

The plan has this objection, if it is an objection—the student will not be surrounded by the theologico-literary atmosphere of his own day, nor will the latest novelties in theology be presented to his mind, unless the teacher add a kind of supplement to his commentaries. In other points of view the method is a very good one. The student has the printed text of an established classic before him to study at leisure, instead of listening to a spoken lecture that may be far from classical, and of which he, however attentive, can only carry a portion away. A full knowledge of his author will be secured by a proper examination of the pupils, especially if their teacher look into their note-books to see whether they have really made the species of analytical abridgment Dr. Chalmers recommended to his class. Any errors in the original author may be pointed out by the prelector, any obscurities cleared up, and any deficiencies supplied, even to the extent of whole topics if such should be omitted in the original.

No objection can be taken to Dr. Chalmers' choice of books. Butler shows the consistency of revelation with creation such as we see it, and the probability of the scriptural revelation; thus placing Christianity on the basis of nature. Paley rightly comes next in order, with historical and logical evidences in support of that Christianity whose possibility Butler had argued for, while he had shown the probability of some revelation. Hill, unfolding a professor's system of what may be called clerical theology, properly closes the series, and winds up with the professional, as it were, in opposition to the general character of the preceding writers.

In a scholastic sense, the execution is not equal

* Prelections on Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences of Christianity, and Hill's Lectures in Divinity. With two Introductory Lectures, and four Addresses delivered in the New College, Edinburgh. By the late Thomas Chalmers, DD., LL.D. (Chalmers' Posthumous Works, Volume IX.) Published by Hamilton and Adams, London; and Sutherland and Knox, Edinburgh.

to the plan. Probably it was some misgiving as to how far his previous habits and studies had fitted him for the task of unfolding an entire system of theology, that suggested to Dr. Chalmers the course we have described; since, however generally preferable his method may be, there was no reason why a man of ambition and ability should not have given a course of lectures adapted to his own times. Even in the humbler and more discursive path he has chosen, there is some want of the clearness and closeness of the well-trained scholar and divine. There is something of the platform orator in the manner in which he now and then needlessly heaps illustration upon illustration, and smothers an argument by avoidance or by words, rather than settles it in a close grapple. Occasionally he appears to be averse to "close quarters," and keeps firing long shots, as much round as at the mark. It should be observed, however, that these observations apply more to Paley's *Evidences* than to the other authors; and Dr. Chalmers' Notes on Paley are only fragments, the choicer matter having been used in other works. The peculiarities, though not adding to the value of the prelections in a scientific sense, have attraction from their display of the genius of the author, and his well-stored, various, and discursive mind. They also very often contain useful advice to the young divine; and, when impressed by Chalmers' earnest yet playful manner, they might be more serviceable in fact than they may seem in print. The following hints on preaching may be advantageously pondered by young pulpit orators; though they are not likely to repeat the good story that closes them.

I doubt if the literary or argumentative evidence is a befitting topic for the pulpit at all. The tendency of the youthful preacher, when warm from the hall, is to prepare and preach sermons on the leading topics of the Deistical controversy, and sometimes even to come forth with the demonstrations, the merely academic demonstrations, of natural theology. It is not stripping the expositions of the pulpit of evidence, and of sufficient evidence, even though the historical argument, or indeed any formal argument whatever, should form no part of them. If, as we believe, the main credentials of Christianity lie in its substance and contents, then you, in the simple unfolding of these contents, are in fact presenting them with the credentials, although you never offer them to their notice as credentials, but simply as truths which do in fact carry the belief by their own manifestation to the consciences of the people. In making demonstration of their guilt, in making proposal to them of the offered remedy, in representing the danger of those who reject the Saviour, in urging the duty of those who have embraced him—when thus employed, you are dealing with what I would call the great elements of preaching; and it is a mistake, that because not formally descanting on the evidence, you are therefore laboring to form a Christianity among your people without evidence. In the language of the Apostle, what you thus preach can commend itself to every man's conscience, and the resulting faith is neither the faith of imagination

nor of servile compliance with authority; but a faith which has a substantial and vindicable ground of evidence to rest upon, and not the less substantial and vindicable though not one word about the vindication ever passes betwixt you and the people whom you are the instrument of Christianizing.

The most striking example of the inapplicable introduction of an academic subject into the pulpit that I remember to have heard of, occurred many years ago in the west of Scotland; when a preacher, on receiving a presentation to a country parish, preached his first and customary sermon previous to the moderation of the call. The people were not, even from the first, very much prepossessed in his favor; and he unfortunately did not make ground amongst them by this earliest exhibition of his gifts, he having selected for the topic of his pulpit demonstration the immateriality of the soul. This had the effect of ripening and confirming their disinclination into a violent antipathy, which carried them so far, that they lodged with the Presbytery a formal complaint against him, containing a series of heavy charges; where, among other articles of their indictment, they alleged that he told them the soul was immaterial—which, according to their version of it, was tantamount to telling them that it was not material whether they had souls or no.

This passage is from the Notes on Hill; which are closer than those on Paley, probably for the reason already suggested. We, however, rate the commentary on Butler the highest. The clear, close logic of the bishop keeps Dr. Chalmers closer to his subject, and the *Analogy* may have been an old and familiar companion. He takes large views of its subject and treatment; his criticism is sounder and firmer; though he is more successful in impugning the evangelism than the logic of Butler. The last century was deficient, no doubt, in vital religion; but perhaps Dr. Chalmers may not have sufficiently discriminated between an argument addressed under an assumed state of things, and an opinion held absolutely. At the same time, it must be allowed that Butler and many of his contemporaries (very pious men too) did not partake of the views of the Puritans, or of the Methodists of the last century, and might not have gone the more sober length of some modern sects as to new birth and the instantaneous effects of grace.

Butler, in one brief paragraph of this chapter, exceeds the usual aim and limit of his argument, and aspires to an absolute vindication of the ways of God. He tells us that, in regard to religion, there is no more required of men than what they are well able to do and well able to go through. We fear that he here makes the first, though not the only exhibition which occurs in the work, of his meagre and moderate theology. There seems no adequate view in this passage of man's total inability for what is spiritually and acceptably good; for, by the very analogy which he institutes, the doctrine of any special help to that obedience which qualifies for heaven is kept out of sight. We are represented as fit for the work of religion, in the same way that we are fit, by a moderate degree of care, for managing our temporal affairs with tolerable prudence. There is no account made here of that peculiar helplessness which obtains in the mat-

ters of religion, and that does not obtain in the matters of ordinary prudence : yet a helplessness which forms no excuse, lying, as it does, in the resolute and by man himself unconquerable aversion of his will to God and godliness. There is nothing in this to break the analogies on which to found the negative vindication that forms the great and undoubted achievement of this volume, and with which, perhaps, it were well if both its author and its readers would agree to be satisfied. The analogy lies here—that if a man wills to obtain prosperity in this life, he may, if observant of the rules which experience and wisdom prescribe, in general make it good; and if he will to attain to blessedness in the next life, he shall, if observant of what religion prescribes, and in conformity with the declaration that he who seeketh findeth, he shall most certainly make it good. It is true that in the latter and larger case the condition is universally wanting; for man, in his natural state, has no relish and no will for that holiness without which we cannot see God. But to meet this peculiar helplessness, there has been provided a peculiar remedy; for God makes a people willing in the day of his power, and gives his Holy Spirit to them who ask it.

Dr. Chalmers oftener than once recurs to the topic: the Anti-Calvinism of Butler finds no favor in his eyes; and at last he seems to intimate, that, however eminent as a defender of the faith, the bishop personally was in a dubious way.

It were great and unwarrantable presumption to decide on the personal Christianity of Butler; but I may at least remark on the possibility, nay, I would even go so far as to say, the frequency of men able and accomplished, and zealous for the general defence of Christianity, being at the same time meagre and vague in their views of its subject-matter. I might state it as my impression of our great author, that when he does offer his own representations on the form and economy of that dispensation under which we sit, he seems to me as if not prepared to state the doctrines of our faith in all that depth and peculiarity wherewith they are rendered in the New Testament. That man achieves a great service who, by strengthening the outworks of our Zion, places her in greater security from the assaults of the enemy without; but that man, I would say, achieves a higher service who can unfold to the friends and disciples who are within, the glories of the inner temple. Now I will say of Butler, that he appears more fitted for the former than for the latter of these achievements. I would trust him more on the question who the letter comes from, than I would on the question what the letter says; and I do exceedingly fear, that living, as he did, at a period when a blight had descended on the church of England—at a time when rationality was vigorous but piety was languid and cold—at a time when there had been a strong revulsion from the zeal and the devotedness, and withal the occasional excesses, of Puritanism—I do fear, I say, that this illustrious defender of the repository which held the truth would have but inadequately expounded in all its richness and personal application the truth itself. I think it but fair to warn you, that up and down throughout the volume there do occur the symptoms of a heart not thoroughly evangelized, of a shortness and a laxity in his doctrinal religion, of a disposition perhaps to nauseate as fanatical those profound impressions of human depravity and the need of a Saviour, and

the virtue of his atoning sacrifice, and the utter helplessness of man without the Spirit of God, not to reform merely but to renew, not to amend but to regenerate, not to fan into vitality the latent sparks of virtue and goodness which may be supposed originally to reside in the human constitution, but to quicken him from his state of death in trespasses and sins, so that from a child of the world he may be transformed into one of the children of light, who, aforesaid alive only to the things of sense, becomes now alive to the things of faith—alive to God. There is nothing I feel less disposed to exercise than the office of a jealous or illiberal inquisitor upon one who has wielded so high the polemic arm in the battle of the faith. But I would caution you, when I meet with such an expression as that of the Holy Ghost given to good men, against the delusion of this preternatural aid being only given for the purpose of helping further onward those who have previously, and by dint of their own independent exertions, so far helped themselves. I would have you to understand that the intervention of this heavenly agent is the outset of conversion, and accompanies all the stages of it. He is not only given in large measure to good men, but He makes men good.

LIFE AND PEOPLE AT THE BERMUDAS.

THE Bermudas, named from Juan Bermudas, are thus described in a letter from Mr. Foote to the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser :

Great Britain has neglected nothing to increase their natural strength, and make the islands perfectly secure as a naval station. Every height or projecting headland is fortified and bristles with cannon; but the reef that encircles the whole group at the distance of from one to ten or more miles, constitutes their real substantial defence. There is but one entrance within this reef, practicable for sea-going vessels, and even when within, if the buoys marking the channel were removed, a vessel, unless enjoying the advantages of the very best pilotage, would almost inevitably strike on some sharp coral bank. As it is, no one ever thinks of taking in a vessel in the night.

Ireland's Island is a mass of soft white limestone, with an area of perhaps fifty or seventy-five acres, the whole of which is nearly covered with barracks for the troops, governmental offices and storehouses, and a few shops and dwelling houses. A mole, beautifully made of the limestone, about one thousand feet in length and a hundred yards or so from the shore, makes a small harbor, within which lies the hulk for the convicts. The precise number of the convicts now here, I could not learn; but there are probably over a thousand. They do not look like very desperate characters, and appear to have a pretty easy time. Their chief employment is getting out and dressing stone, at which they work in squads, under the eye of an overseer, about eight hours a day. They are lively and chatty, and many of them, I dare say, are better off than they ever were before in their lives. In their leisure hours they occupy themselves in reading such books as are furnished them, or in making toys and ornaments of various kinds, out of coral and a beautiful species of spar that is found abundantly in the hollows and cavities of the rock, and bears a very high polish. These they sell easily to visitors at a moderate price.

The troops stationed here are the 42d Highland-

ers—a fine body of men, but not as stalwart nor so martial in their bearing as the 93d, stationed in Canada a few years since—and two or three companies altogether of artillery and sappers and miners. Strict discipline is maintained, and the utmost vigilance is at all times observed. Some months ago, when Mitchell, the Irish patriot, was here, and there was insane talk in the States about rescuing him—a job that would have proved about as possible as sculling a boat up Niagara Falls—the guns were all shotted and manned, with fires lighted, ready for instant service if needed, on the approach of any vessel in the offing. Defended as the Bermudas are by nature and high art, they may be considered almost impregnable. Fortunately, war between the U. States and England is an almost impossible event, but if, by any misfortune, it should occur, these islands would be a perfect hornet's nest to us. With the exception of St. Helena, they are more isolated, that is, further removed from any other land, than any spot on the globe. The nearest land is Cape Hatteras, which is five hundred and eighty miles distant.

The precise number of islands and islets composing the group has never been distinctly ascertained, but is popularly said to be three hundred and sixty-five. Many of them, of course, are nothing but mere points of rock, a few yards square. Bermuda, the principal island, is some six or eight miles long, with an average breadth of perhaps a mile. The chief town or capital of the group, Hamilton, is on this island. We ran up to it, about six miles from our anchorage, the day after we arrived. The boats in use here are of a very peculiar construction, built of cedar, exceedingly light and buoyant, excellent sea-boats and sail like witches. The run up to Hamilton was delightful. The morning had been very warm, thermometer at 80° in the shade, but about 9 o'clock a fresh breeze sprang up, bringing with it light fleecy clouds, covering the whole group and the encircling reef, as if a vast pavilion had been specially raised, and radiant at times with the most gorgeous colors, as the sun's rays were refracted by the masses of vapor.

The island, as we sped merrily up the sound, was dotted all over with neat houses, all built of the soft limestone, and all, with scarcely an exception, of the most intense, brilliant white, even to the roofs, which were composed of thin slabs of stone. Some of these houses in the vicinity of Hamilton, embowered in shade, would be considered charming villas in any country. The town of Hamilton may have fifteen hundred inhabitants. The buildings make no architectural pretensions, but look comfortable, and altogether the town has a very inviting appearance. I saw here a very beautiful shrub that attains about the same height our lilacs do, bearing a very large flower, of the purest snow white in the morning. At noon the flower changes to a delicate pink, and at sunset it changes again to a crimson, shrivels up and falls. I did not hear its name. The oleander flourishes magnificently—some of them, in fact, are almost trees.

The great lion of the islands is a small pond artificially stocked with fish, about six miles from Hamilton. The drive to it is the most delightful that can be conceived. Imagine a road perfectly white and as smooth as the most nicely tended walk in a gentleman's garden—the walks within the fort at Michilimackinac are just like it—shaded by every variety of luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation, mod-

est white villas everywhere gleaming through the palmettoes, bananas, limes, or cedars, here skirting the beach on which the blue sea gently breaks, or rounding some easy swelling eminence, and you can have some idea of the drive to the Groopers' Pond. But no effort of the imagination can supply the soft, delicious atmosphere that it was luxury to breathe, while the delicate purple that it gave to every distant headland and rounded hill lent additional charm to the beautiful landscape.

We drew up by the side of a low stone structure about fifteen yards square, and here our driver told us was the pond. On the other side of the road the tiny waves of a shallow cove were leaving a light line of foam almost against our carriage wheels. A man came out of a neighboring house, unlocked a door in the wall, and we entered. Within the enclosure was a hole in the rock about thirty feet long by twenty wide, and twenty or thirty feet deep. Into this hole the sea found its way by fissures in the rock, and this was the famous pond. The water was clear as crystal, and floating in it were eight hundred *groopers*, of from five to fifteen pounds' weight each. The average, I should think, was not far from eight pounds. They rose to the surface of the water as we stepped upon the rim of their cup, and with prominent, codfish-like eyes and open mouths garnished with ugly looking teeth, watched all our movements. If one of our party made a splash in the water with his hand, instead of retreating, the fish would make a dash to seize his fingers. One gentleman drew out a fish that would weigh ten pounds, that had seized the crooked handle of his cane. A man's life, if in the pool with them, would be worth less than if thrown into a den of ravening panthers.

The fish are caught off the shore, which they visit at irregular intervals, and thrown into the pond, whence they are taken when required. When in the pond, there is no difficulty in catching any one that may be pointed out. All that is necessary is to wait till he is a little separated from his fellows, and then cast the hook before him. It matters little whether the hook be baited or not. It is sure to be caught at greedily. We saw several so caught, and for flavor and texture we can vouch that they are not surpassed by any fish that swims. We returned by a different road, one that skirted the sea nearly the whole distance, passing by the governor's house, the Lunatic Asylum, and many other places of local note. There was a gay party that evening at dinner at the Yacht Hotel in Hamilton.

DEVOTION.

I NEVER could find a good reason

Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
And all the bright joys of life's season
Be driven unheeded away.

Our cares would wake no more emotion,
Were we to our lot but resigned,
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
That leave scarce a ripple behind.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which looks upon all for the best;
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest.
That spirit 's the beam of devotion,
Which lights us through life to its close,
And sets like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose.

From the Examiner.

Shirley. A Tale. By CURRER BELL, author of "Jane Eyre." Three vols. Smith and Elder.*

THE peculiar power which was so greatly admired in *Jane Eyre* is not absent from this book. Indeed, it is repeated, if we may so speak of anything so admirable, with too close and vivid a resemblance. The position of Shirley and her tutor is that of Jane and her master reversed. Robert and Louis Moore are not quite such social savages, externally, as Mr. Rochester; but in trifling with women's affections they are hardly less harsh or selfish, and they are just as strong in will and giant in limb. The heroines are of the family of Jape, though with charming differences, having wilful as well as gentle ways, and greatly disdaining "masters." The expression of motive by means of dialogue is again indulged to such minute and tedious extremes, that what ought to be developments of character in the speaker become mere exertations of will and intellect in the author. And, finally, the old theme of tutors and governesses is pushed here and there to the tiresome point. The lesson intended is excellent; but works of art should be something more than moral parables, and should certainly embody more truths than one.

While we thus freely indicate the defects of *Shirley*, let us at the same time express, what we very strongly feel, that the freshness and lively interest which the author has contrived to impart to a repetition of the same sort of figures, grouped in nearly the same social relations, as in her former work, is really wonderful. It is the proof of genius. It is the expression of that intellectual faculty, or quality, which feels the beautiful, the grand, the humorous, the characteristic, as vividly after the thousandth repetition as when it first met the sense. We formerly compared the writer to Godwin, in the taste manifested for mental analysis as opposed to the dealing with events; and might have taken Lord Byron within the range of the comparison. As in *Jane Eyre*, so in *Shirley*, the characters, imagery, and incidents are not impressed from without, but elaborated from within. They are the reflex of the writer's peculiar feelings and wishes. In this respect alone, however, does she resemble the two authors named. She does not, like Godwin, subordinate human interests to moral theories, nor, like Byron, waste her strength in impetuous passion. Keen, intellectual analysis is her forte; and she seems to be, in the main, content with the existing structure of society, and would have everybody make the most of it.

As well in remarking on *Jane Eyre*, as in noticing other books from the same family, if not from the same hand, we have directed attention to an excess of the repulsive qualities not seldom rather coarsely indulged. We have it in a less degree in *Shirley*, but here it is. With a most delicate and intense perception of the beautiful, the

writer combines a craving for stronger and rougher stimulants. She goes once again to the dales and fells of the north for her scenery, erects her "confessionals" on a Yorkshire moor, and lingers with evident liking amid society as rough and stern as the forms of nature which surround them. She has a manifest pleasure in dwelling even on the purely repulsive in human character. We do not remember the same taste to the same extent in any really admirable writer, or so little in the way of playful or tender humor to soften and relieve the habit of harsh delineation. Plainly she is deficient in humor. In the book before us, what is stern and hard about Louis Moore is meant to be atoned by a dash of that genial quality. But while the disagreeable ingredient is powerfully portrayed in action, the fascinating play of fancy is no more than talked about.

Is there, indeed, in either of these books, or any of the writings which bear the name of "Bell," one really natural, and no more than natural, character—a character, we mean, in which the natural is kept within its simple and right proportions? We suspect it would be hardly an exaggeration to answer this question in the negative. The personages to whom Currer Bell introduces us are created by intellect, and are creatures of intellect. Habits, actions, conduct are attributed to them, such as we really witness in human beings; but the reflections and language which accompany these actions, are those of intelligence fully developed, and entirely self-conscious. Now in real men and women such clear knowledge of self is rarely developed at all, and then only after long trials. We see it rarely in the very young—seldom or ever on the mere threshold of the world. The sentient and impulsive preponderates, at least in this stage of existence; at the utmost, the intellectual only struggles to emerge from it. It is impossible to imagine that Shirley and her lover could have refined into each other's feelings with such keen intellectual clearness, as in the dialogues and interviews detailed, yet remained ignorant so long of what it most behooved them both to know. But even in the children described in this book we find the intellectual predominant and supreme. The young Yorkes, ranging from twelve years down to six, talk like Scotch professors of metaphysics, and argue, scheme, vituperate, and discriminate, like grown up men and women.

Yet in spite of this, and of the very limited number of characters and incidents in this tale as in the former, the book before us possesses deep interest, and an irresistible grasp of reality. There is a vividness and distinctness of conception in it quite marvellous. The power of graphic delineation and expression is intense. There are scenes which for strength and delicacy of emotion are not transcended in the range of English fiction. There is an art of creating sudden interest in a few pages worth volumes of common-place description. Shirley does not enter till the last chapter in the first volume, but at once takes the heroine's place.

* Reprinted by Harper and Brothers.

Louis Moore does not enter till the last chapter of the second volume, yet no one would dream of disputing with him the character of hero.

Story there is none in *Shirley*. The principal continuous interest of the book attaches to two brothers, and two girls with whom they are in love. The Gérard Moores, Robert and Louis, are of mixed descent, (from a Belgian mother and Yorkshire father,) and good family, but in reduced circumstances; the one a manufacturer in the West Riding, the other a tutor in a wealthy gentleman's family. The chosen of Robert is a distant relation whom he calls cousin, Caroline Helstone, a niece and poor dependant of the Vicar of Briarfield—her father having perished in dissolute courses, after grossly maltreating his wife, and driving her from her home and child. The beloved of Louis is the heroine, Shirley Keeldar, an orphan heiress just come of age, her own mistress, a relation of the family in which he is tutor, and herself heretofore his pupil. Robert's disputes with machine-breakers, (the time of the story is that of the reign of King Lud,) his struggles to bear up against the stagnation in trade consequent on the "Orders in Council," and his hesitation between the attractions of wealth in Shirley, and of love in Caroline, make up his part in the story. The elements of that of Louis are still simpler. They are no more than the struggles of a proud mind before it can stoop in poverty to confess its affection for a rich heiress. But the women will be the favorites with all readers. Both are charming. Caroline is a gentle, loving nature, who long loves hopelessly, and "never tells her love," though she lets it be seen. Shirley is, as the "wildly witty" Rosalind, clear, decisive, wilful, self-dependent, yet also most womanly and affectionate; too proud to woo her inferior in station, whom she nevertheless wishes to woo her. The staple of the three volumes is made up of the thinkings, sayings, and doings of these four persons; presented to us less in the manner of a continuous tale, in which incidents spring from character, and reflections are suggested by incidents, than in a series of detached and independent pictures, dialogues, and soliloquies, written or spoken. So instinct with life, however, are these pictures, dialogues, and soliloquies; so replete with power, with beauty, and with subtle reflections, that the want of continuity in the tale is pardoned. Tediousness is felt before the author's purpose comes distinctly in view; but when it does, the interest becomes enchaining. We could not lay down the third volume.

[We omit the extracts, as the book will be so generally read, and copy the conclusion of the Examiner's Review.]

In the predilection and general conclusions of the author of *Shirley* we will not pretend to concur. There is a large and liberal tolerance in them, and a rational acquiescence in the inevitable tendencies of society. But this acquiescence we suspect to be reluctant. There is a hankering, not to be suppressed, after the fleshpots of Egypt—a strong sym-

pathy with toryism and high church. The writer sees clearly that they are things of the past, but cannot help regretting them. The tone assumed to the dissenters and manufacturers is hardly fair. Their high qualities are not denied, but there is a disposition to deepen the shadows in delineating them. There is cordiality when the foibles of rectors and squires are laughed at, but when the defects of the commercial class are touched there is bitterness. The independence and manlier qualities of even that class are nevertheless appreciated, and some truths are told, though told too sharply, by which they may benefit. The views of human nature which pervade the volumes, notwithstanding the taste for dwelling on its harsher features already adverted to, are healthy, tolerant, and encouraging. A sharp relish for the beauties of external nature, no mean power of reproducing them, and occasional glimpses of ideal imagination of a high order, are visible throughout. The writer works upon a very limited range of rather homely materials, yet inspires them with a power of exciting, elevating, pleasing, and instructing, which belongs only to genius of the most unquestionable kind.

We have not hesitated to speak of the writer as a woman. We doubted this, in reading *Jane Eyre*; but the internal evidence of *Shirley* places the matter beyond a doubt.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WATCHER! who wakest by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on in their midnight train,
Stifling the tears for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break!
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger! afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearthstone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee:
There is one who can tell of a home on high—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy breast that the world may not know,
Wrestling the favor of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin;
Press on, press on, with the prayerful cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner! who sitt'st in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead;
Look up from the tomb with the tearful eye—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak
In thy vein of fire and thy wasted cheek,
Fear'st thou the shade of the darkened vale?
Seek to the Guide who can never fail;
He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

From the United Service Magazine.

SPORTING SCENES IN NEPAUL.

In submitting the following sketches of sporting life in the East, I have simply to premise that I have constantly resided in India during the last twenty years, and have been actively employed for some portion of that time in the Nepaul territory, which is an independent state, having a British representative at its court, with the title of Resident, aided by an assistant resident, and a medical officer, with an escort of 110 men. I have been induced, at the request of several friends, to make known some few incidents which have occurred to me personally, in the course of various sporting excursions in that unexplored territory of India, and I trust that the novelty and originality of the facts, to the faithful representation of which I confidently pledge myself, may be found of some interest, especially when it is considered that, from the nature of our treaties with the Nepaul government, and their extreme jealousy towards all Europeans, opportunities similar to those which have fallen to my lot have never been afforded to any other British officer.

The Terai, or more properly the Turiyane, a long belt, or strip, of low level land, lying along the border of the provinces of Oude and Bahar, consists for the most part of forests nearly seven hundred miles in length, and varying from ten to fifteen miles in breadth. The chief natural produce of the forest are the oak, the pine, the rattan, and the bamboo, all of enormous size, affording cover for almost every animal known in India, from the stately elephant to the savage tiger, the pursuit of which occasions much excitement, although often attended with considerable danger.

In many parts of the forests these animals abound, particularly the elephant, and as the death of one of these magnificent animals will form the principal subject of the present sketch, I will here offer a few remarks upon their nature, and the course pursued by the Nepaulese in obtaining possession of them, which differs greatly from the means employed for similar purposes by the British government in the Chittagong districts, where the elephants are taken by pitfalls and khedahs. The former method is objectionable, because of the enormous bulk of the animals. When falling into the trap, about seven out of ten of them are generally severely injured, and are thus rendered useless to the government. The khedah or enclosure ensures only the taking of small or half-grown male elephants. Remarkably fine and full grown females are frequently captured in this manner. In the Chittagong district are to be found by far the finest and the largest elephants caught in India, but the difficulty of acclimatizing them to upper India is so great that seldom more than four out of ten, when sent to the upper provinces, are preserved; change of food, and, what all natives declare to be a greater evil still, change of "pawnee," (water,) are supposed to be the main causes of premature mortality. The natives of India are firm believers

in water, and every kind of sickness or ailment is invariably laid to the charge of that element; and being great consumers of that beverage, they certainly ought, generally speaking, to be good judges. Be this as it may, the Chittagong elephants are decided water drinkers, and so are those in the upper country; we may therefore infer that the Chittagong water must be the better suited for these animals. It is, however, injuriously operative upon humanity, as witness the frightful enlargement of human legs in that district, arising from elephantiasis, a disease which causes a moderate-sized person's leg to become increased to the dimensions of a muscular Yorkshireman's thigh, his wretched toes appearing like a fringe to his bloated limb. The catching and taming of wild elephants furnish a large source of revenue to the Nepaul government. The mode of taking them is this: The Taroos, or elephant catchers, having marked down a wild herd of 300 or 400 elephants, the following preparations are made. About 200 Taroos collect together, mounted upon elephants, and accompanied by two large "taking elephants," highly fed, and kept always *musth*, (sensual,) and when in that state their ferocity is such, that no one but their keeper dares to approach them. The herd of wild elephants having been started, they get away trumpeting and whistling into the thickest part of the forest, hotly pursued by the mounted Taroos, each of whom is provided with three or more nooses, called the *moosack*, which is made of very strong raw hide, well soaked in oil, and so ingeniously contrived that, when once attached to the elephant, the hind legs are gradually drawn together at every step they take, until he is brought to a complete stand-still. The chase continues frequently for twenty miles at full speed, until, in fact, the wild herd becomes blown and brought to a stand. The danger then commences, from the wild ones dashing at their pursuers, in their turn causing the most intense excitement during half an hour, until the arrival of the two *musth* elephants, whose bulk prevents their keeping up with the more active ones, ridden by the Taroos. These two elephants, each having three keepers upon their backs, dash into the herd. Their appearance, accompanied by the powerful nauseous odor emitted by *musth* elephants, creates an immediate panic among the wild ones, and soon paralyzes their efforts of resistance. The active little Taroos now slide down from their steeds, and under cover of one of the *musth* elephants, who pushes himself forcibly against the wild one selected from the herd, they, in a most dexterous and daring manner, slip the *moosack* on to each of the hind legs, which performance occupies about three minutes. The noosed elephant is then allowed to depart, and he goes off evidently delighted; but as the noose becomes contracted at every stride, he finds his intended flight brought to a close, at a distance of sixty or seventy yards. After operating upon about fifty wild elephants in a similar manner, the Taroos permit the remainder of the

herd to abscond, and employ themselves in fastening the noosed elephants to separate trees, where they are detained from two to three weeks under the careful charge of the takers. If any of the captured show symptoms of violence, they are immediately punished most severely, by two of the large tame elephants, who belabor them unmercifully with their trunks. Two such thrashings effectually cure the most insubordinate, and at the expiration of six weeks, the once free and independent denizen of the forest has a keeper on his back, and becomes as quiet as if he had been in a state of subjection all his life.

As Chittagong is celebrated for the beauty and size of its elephants, so is Nepaul celebrated for the hardness and ugliness of her produce: a fatal peculiarity extended to the Nepaulese themselves. The full-grown female elephants seldom exceed seven feet and a half in height, but the males of forty years old, at which age they are considered to be full grown, are fine fellows, averaging from nine to eleven feet. The elephant whose death I am about to describe was eleven feet four inches in stature. His head and tusks are now in possession of the Earl of Derby, at Knowlsey Park, near Liverpool; and, as his lordship's splendid collection there is open to the public, any one wishing to satisfy himself of the *battering* required by an Indian elephant before he bites the dust can inspect the specimen to which I refer. I can well remember that he fought me for two hours before I killed him, and I had not made his acquaintance (on foot) ten minutes before I repented of my past folly in confronting him, and would, if he had allowed me, have most readily beaten a most ignominious retreat, gladly leaving him even my favorite guns to amuse himself. During my stay at Nepaul, I had upon various occasions been so fortunate as to kill sundry rhinoceroses, tigers, and bears, with some ease, and during a visit of ceremony to the Durbar, (court,) when Mr. Brian Hodgson was resident at Nepaul, to whom much credit is undoubtedly due for his persevering researches in zoology and ornithology, the rajah asked me, at an audience, if I thought I should be able to *kill* a wild elephant. I answered in the affirmative, when he added: "But I wish you to understand, that the one I allude to is a fearful *shetan* (devil): he has been *musth* for many years!" I must here observe, that an elephant when *musth* is mad, and while in that state is always *avoided*, and not driven away (as is generally but erroneously supposed) by the rest of the herd, and is thus consequently compelled to become a solitary, but very dangerous hermit. His highness added, that his elephant-catching had been entirely put a stop to by the animal in question, and that no one dared to go into that part of the forest in which he took up his quarters. I replied, that in elephant-shooting I had acquired but little practical experience, having at that time killed but one, an unfortunate wretch, about fifteen years old, who, either from stupidity or fright, would not get out of my way, and that I had brought him down with

the third shot. The rajah then said, that as he had given me permission (which was the first that had been granted to an English officer) to sport in his forests, I ought to endeavor to render an important service to Nepaul, and that I certainly should do so if I succeeded in destroying this elephant. I immediately undertook the trial, and promised to do my best; but, upon taking leave, the rajah said: "I am not quite in earnest about that elephant, and would rather you should not go near him; for, two years ago, I sent down a couple of guns, six-pounders, to destroy him, but the party, after firing two shots at, and missing him, had to run for their lives, leaving the two six-pounders, which the elephant amused himself by upsetting." I told his highness that, as the elephant had already destroyed so many human beings, (native reports had stated upwards of one hundred, though I considered the number to have been greatly over-rated,) I had made up my mind to encounter this animal. The rajah hereupon appointed two native chiefs, named Sirdar Bowance Sing, and Sirdar Delhi Sing, the reputed Nimrods of Nepaul, to accompany me. These two chiefs assured the rajah, on taking leave, that if I should not be able to destroy the famous "*Shikar Bassa Hatee*," they would do so; and we shall presently see to what extent these two valiant Sirdars fulfilled their promises.

We took our departure the following day, the Sirdars taking with them at least twenty guns each, English and Hindostanee. I had my own usual battery of two double-barrelled rifles, one single rifle, carrying a 3-oz. ball, and three first-rate double guns. We opened our sporting campaign at Hitounda, the half-way house from Nepaul to the British territory. Many deer, eleven tigers, and seven rhinoceroses, fell to my battery, the two Nepaul chiefs having shown a most religious horror of coming in contact with the last-named formidable animals. The Indian rhinoceros is certainly an ugly customer, evincing a great dislike to being disturbed in his muddy bath. Upon being compelled to move, he at once makes off to another swamp, and, if interfered with on his way, he invariably shows fight, and is not then to be despised; for when he once takes up a position, he will dispute it to the last with the most determined ferocity, neither giving nor receiving quarter. I was much amused, after killing my fifth rhinoceros, by being waited upon by the two chiefs in the afternoon, and after the usual compliments, informed by them that they had received orders from the Durbar, to the effect, that the court was surprised, from their own sporting qualifications, that they should allow an Englishman, in their own country, to kill so many rhinoceroses, without their having destroyed one; and, that if they were either unwilling to attempt, or incapable of achieving, such an enterprise, they were immediately to return, to be replaced by other chiefs, who would be more careful not to disgrace themselves as they had done. My chiefs were evidently in a great state of alarm, so I told them, if they

felt inclined to distinguish themselves I would soon procure them a favorable opportunity. They frankly confessed their incapability of profiting by my offers, but earnestly implored me to save their *hourmut* (honor). To this I acceded, and the next day intelligence was brought that there were four rhinoceroses within a mile of us. At their own request, I lent each of the chiefs one of my guns, as they had a firm impression that they were endowed with some kind of *jadoo* (witchcraft). We soon arrived at the head-quarters of the *ghindahs*. They were rolling in the mud, in the midst of a heavy swamp; and, finding themselves disturbed in the midst of their luxurious ablutions, they, as usual, got up, and made for another bath. I immediately intercepted them, and provoked two of the party to hostilities, when down they came to the charge. The brute that rushed at me I killed within six yards of the elephant Megreath, on which I was mounted, and which stood to the charge like a rock. I fortunately hit the rhinoceros in the only vital part, just under the foot of the ear, which is not easily accomplished. The other animal selected my friend Sirdar Delhi Sing's elephant, which immediately turned tail and bolted, but the rhinoceros was too quick for him, came up to the elephant in a few strides, and with his tusks cut the fugitive so severely on the stern—nearly severing his tail—that he attempted to lie down under the pain. But the rhinoceros was again too quick for him, and bringing his horn into play, he introduced it under the elephant's flank; the horn tightened the skin, and then with his two frightful tusks he cut the poor animal so severely, that his entrails came rolling about his legs, as he fell, undergoing the dreadful assaults of his antagonist. The Sirdar now threw himself out of the howdah, and scrambled up a tree, (which was close at hand,) like a galvanized monkey. The other Sirdar was going across country, at Melton pace, on his elephant. Having disposed of my rhinoceros, I pushed up to the rescue, fearing, indeed, the Sirdar had been killed. On approaching within twenty yards, the rhinoceros relinquished the fallen elephant, and turned to have a charge at me. I brought him on his knees the first shot, but he recovered, and fought me valiantly; and, in consequence of my elephant being a little unsteady, it was not until the fifth shot that he fell to rise no more. The poor mutilated elephant lived about two hours, and died in endeavoring to rise. I should at once have put it out of its misery, had the mahout not assured me, that if he could be got to the tents he should be able to recover it. From this account, it will be seen that the rhinoceros is armed with much more formidable tusks than the boar. These are the weapons he brings into such deadly operation, and not the horn, as many persons are led to believe.

Upon the day following this last event, whether out of revenge, or from an anxious desire to stand well with their sovereign, the two chiefs courageously proposed that we should go at once to destroy the Shikar Bassa, or famous wild elephant.

They both promised faithfully to support me, vowing to stand by, even to their toe nails, (a favorite Indian expression,) alleging that their honor was at stake, and without some such finale, they dare not show their faces at court again. I much doubted all these protestations, but thinking they might possibly be seriously anxious to retrieve the disgrace which fell upon them in the rhinoceros affair, I felt disposed to place confidence in them, and agreed to their proposal. They then informed me, they had been favored with a private and confidential communication from their deity, "Goruck," who had signified his gracious intention of supporting us, and would even condescend to protect an unbelieving Feringee upon such an occasion. I thanked them for Goruck's very kind intentions, but inwardly trusted with much greater confidence to a good ounce of lead well planted.

The morning dawned splendidly; we were all in excellent spirits, and the two chiefs, in appearance at least, were as brave as lions. While we were examining our guns and carefully arranging our ammunition, the savage Shikar Bassa elephant was marked down, having been discovered in his usual retreat. In order if possible to render Mr. Deity Goruck more wrathful, he had only the day before destroyed a Brahmin for firing a matchlock ball into his elephant's side; the Brahmin having been provoked to do so, by the elephant destroying and eating up two fields of rice for his own private amusement. I saw the poor priest's mangled remains close to his hut; not a vestige of humanity remained; so frightfully had the brute trampled on and kneaded his body that not a bone escaped uncrushed; legs, arms, and carcass, could only be compared to some disgusting, indescribable mass, well pounded and furnished with a skin covering. This exhibition excited my anger, and I vowed the destruction of the destroyer.

Of the birth and parentage of this famous outlawed wild elephant, for so many years the dread and terror of all the Nepal elephant catchers, I know little; but if a tenth part of the accusations bestowed by the Nepalese upon his ancestors be true, he must have been a very low caste fellow—a compound of flatulent fowls and home-fed pigs. However, it is certain he was a most powerful, well-grown beast, beautifully formed, head well set on and erect; and would have been altogether an invaluable animal, could he have been persuaded to present himself at court, and conduct himself properly. But he disdained such honors; he chose to remain lord paramount of the forest, and defied all comers to dispute it with him. He was supposed by the best judges to have been fifty years old, though triple that age in iniquity, and having set two generations of Nepalese at defiance, indulged himself in the recreation of destroying any one who was fool enough to venture within his beat. Upon our arrival at a small deserted village within three miles of the monster's headquarters, our camp having been pitched, I was visited by the two Sirdars, accompanied by several villagers, who furnished me with most terrific as-

counts of his ferocity ; and finding I was not easily alarmed, they evidently became so on my account, and endeavored by every possible argument to dissuade me from the encounter. I observed that their arguments were useless ; after coming so far to see the monster, I should not think of returning until I had made his acquaintance. I then appealed to them as chiefs and sportsmen, inhabitants of a nation notorious for its bravery, whether it would not be considered most disgraceful cowardice to retire now, without even firing a shot ! This appeal had the desired effect, and they then agreed, saying, " We can but die once, and if our respective time for doing so has arrived, we had better submit to it with honor." I gave them to understand that I did not at all approve of the dying part of their address, as I had no great personal aversion to life ; but on the contrary, I felt confident, that well armed as we were, and supporting one another, we might, and ought to, conquer the monster. They then tried a pathetic allusion to their wives and families, to which I rejoined, that I had no such incumbrances, and should matters come to the worst, a few yards of black crape would be no very heavy tax to a brace of anxious brothers in England. Finding further persuasions of no avail, they requested I would write a few lines to the resident, to state that they had said and done all in their power to deter me from my purpose, which I promised. I had in my establishment some old and well-trying Shikarees, (beaters,) men often tried, who had witnessed some startling occurrences during our intercourse with the animal kingdom. One of them, dubbed Jack, was a low caste fellow, but when under the influence of arrack, he was very courageous, and a firm believer in the transmigration of souls. I sent for Jack, who appeared as usual well impregnated, though his nervous system was somewhat influenced by the sudden epidemic of alarm, which had already attacked the natives of a higher caste. Jack could sport a little English, and after being duly informed as to what would be required of him, he said, " By gar, captin, dis dam job ; dis elerfent de divil ; kill captin sure enuf." Upon my asking him if he was prepared to stand by me, he vowed he would, simply remarking that by that time to-morrow, he should be a grazing bullock, and hoped he should have a good master.

At daylight the next morning I was up, and found some two hundred Tarooos had come in during the night. These men live entirely in the jungles, and speak a most unintelligible patois. Their appearance is of the wildest description, with hardly a vestige of clothing upon their bodies, and their long black hair plaited down to their waist ; but when in pursuit of their avocations, they roll it round their heads like a turban, and with a black blanket, and their bodies well greased, their toilet is made. These men, accustomed to almost daily encounters with wild elephants, have little fear, but they all expressed the utmost dread of this Shikar Bassa elephant, declaring their conviction of its being neither possible to take nor de-

stroy him. After a long consultation, it was decided that the operations should be commenced by the two famous tame male elephants employed in the taking expeditions. They were the finest animals of the kind I have ever seen, both being ten feet and a half at the shoulder, and in the highest condition. Their respective names were " Arang Bahadoor," and " Motee Persaud," the latter with only one tusk, but in other respects a most powerful elephant, and noted for his courage.

These elephants were so highly prized, that I pledged my word to the chiefs, that if either of them should get worsted in the attack, I would go to their rescue, and attack the wild elephant myself. This quieted their fears, at least so far as the animals were concerned.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 7th of March, 1844, we started from the tents, and at the expiration of an hour, we arrived at the place where this monster was to be found. Never shall I forget the scene ! Upon our coming within a few yards of his position, *Motee Persaud* was leading, when out rushed the wild elephant with a terrific whistle, and immediately commenced a furious attack upon *Motee*. The meeting of these two mountains of flesh was really grand. *Motee* stood the shock well, but in ten minutes, it was quite evident the wild one was master ; they crossed their tusks, and pushed at each other like infuriated rams. Upon *Motee* giving way a general shout was raised by some three hundred voices. I immediately got off my elephant, followed by my five gun carriers, and fired a three-ounce ball into the wild one's flank ; he gave a hideous roar, eased his purchase on *Motee Persaud*, and retired to his quarters. A general scamper now took place. Away went the chiefs and Tarooos (the former had never dismounted) with *Motee Persaud* at their heels, and after going about two miles at a rattling pace, *Motee* was secured with some difficulty and fastened to a tree. I now determined upon attacking the brute on foot, Jack and my other attendants standing by me, though much disappointed that I had not joined in the general fight. The enemy soon showed symptoms of the humor he was in by tearing down branches of the trees, and dashing them in all directions ; many of them were thicker than my body. Shortly afterwards about twenty tame buffaloes, which were grazing in the neighborhood, and probably disturbed by the Tarooos' elephants, came galloping across the plain near the monster's position. I saw him issuing from the forest, and in an instant he trampled one of the buffaloes to death, crushing every bone in his body ; he then lifted another off the ground with the greatest ease, driving his tusks through and through him, and throwing the carcass to some distance, quite dead. He once more retreated to his cover, and in a few minutes I advanced to the attack. When within a hundred yards of him, out he came with that peculiarly shrill whistle, which must be heard from a wild elephant to be appreciated. He made his appear-

ance with an enormous branch of a tree in his trunk, holding it well up over his head. His rush was splendid, and stopping at about sixty yards from me, he hesitated what to do; whisking the branch about, and kicking up the ground with his fore and hind feet with astonishing force, I certainly did not like his appearance, but it was now too late, so hostilities commenced. I first gave him the benefit of my old, well-tried double rifle, and discharged the right barrel as true as the branch he was holding to the centre of his forehead would allow me to direct it. The ball stung him sharply; he dropped the branch as if it had been a red hot poker; shook his enormous head, and roared violently. I now had a clear look at him; the hole made in his forehead by the ball annoyed him exceedingly; he turned up his trunk to examine the wound, sucked out the blood, and throwing it over his head and shoulders, appeared to experience considerable astonishment. I was not at all disposed to allow him much time for reflection, for fear he might prove too troublesome, and as he was standing still, I favored him with the left barrel, this time well planted just into the bump of his trunk, where it rises out of the head. As there was nothing to intercept my sight, this shot brought him upon his knees, in which position he remained just long enough to enable me to reload. On getting up he turned wildly about, looking for me, and upon discovering my position, came down towards me at an awful pace. Anticipating this movement, I had my three-ounce rifle prepared for his reception, and allowed him to come within twenty yards, when I sent the ball again into his forehead, which stopped him short; he began to stagger and roll about as if drunk, turned round three or four times, again felt over his bleeding forehead, sucking out pints of blood with his trunk, and showering it over his head and body, which, originally black, had now been changed to a deep scarlet.

The fight up to this time had been carried on in the dry bed of the Raptée river, without a bush between us, but with a dense jungle on either side, so finding him a much thicker-headed and more disagreeable antagonist than I had inwardly bargained for, I considered it prudent to retreat into the jungle on my right, taking up my position behind a large tree. Not many minutes had elapsed ere he missed me, and rushing down to the spot where he had last seen me, he began to hunt me out. Elephants possess a very keen sense of smell through the proboscis, but the blood was now streaming through the interior of that organ, which sadly perplexed his endeavors to sniff me out. By hard blowing he partially cleared the trunk, and discovering a clue to his opponent, came straight to the tree behind which I was concealed. I had no time to lose, I therefore treated him to a salute from the right and left barrels in rapid succession; the last shot, from his shaking his head at the first, glanced off the bone and scooped out his right eye, the pain of which drove him nearly mad. He spun himself round in intense agony; his roars

were appalling, and he ploughed up the ground with his feet to an extent that, if described, would appear an exaggeration to those who have not seen an elephant, particularly an enraged one, in the act of performing that operation. His small eye hung from its socket; I therefore determined to manœuvre on his blind side, and ply him well with lead. I had fought him for an hour and a half. Now a scorching sun and a fast, under such circumstances, are rather trying; indeed, I had almost had enough of it, and began devoutly to wish that the beast would either take to his heels, or allow me to take to mine. The beast, unfortunately, was in no such humor. It is a notorious fact, that when two wild elephants meet in a *musth* state, they never separate till one of them is destroyed. Their fight sometimes lasts a week, when the one which physically possesses the greatest capacity for fasting will destroy the other. Large male carcasses are thus frequently discovered by the elephant-catchers, and their tusks are turned to a profitable account.

I was now greatly exhausted and blown, retreating after every shot to a fresh tree, the elephant invariably following me up. In a hurry I took up a position behind a tree which I should not have selected had I not been so fatigued. My opponent being from his wounds slow in pursuit enabled me to recover my wind, and while doing so it struck me I had occupied a bad position, the tree not being much thicker than my body. I immediately retreated to another tree a few yards off, affording much better cover, and fortunate it was I did so, for I had barely taken up my new ground when the elephant again commenced hunting me up, and when within four yards of the tree I had just quitted, he stopped, and putting his trunk out, after clearing it and scenting for some minutes, made a terrific rush. But this was fortunately nearly his last. On coming up to the tree he made sure I was behind it, and encircling it with his trunk he endeavored to break it down. Failing in this, he half leaned, but in a very exhausted state, against the tree, and after two more efforts tore it up by the roots and cast it down. Evidently making sure that I was under it, he now knelt down and commenced driving his tusks into both sides of the tree, flattering himself that he was probing my carcass. I was only a few yards from him during this operation. Having considerably revived, I determined upon acknowledging his good intentions. Stepping from behind the tree I had occupied whilst he was employed in his humane undertaking, I fired four shots successively into his forehead, which, however, stunned him. On reviving, he stuck his tusks heavily into the ground, and remained motionless for some minutes. I began to hope he was dead, and retreated to another position to reload. My mouth was in a fearful state from thirst, my lips and tongue so cracked and parched, that they were bleeding profusely. The monster, to my disgust, again got up, but now very weak, and rolling about as if he had been indulging, *ad lib-*

itum, in gin and leaden bitters. He staggered back with some difficulty, reached a tree, which he leant against. Jack now, for the first time during the encounter, spoke, or rather shouted, "*By gar, captin, him going.*" I began to think so, and stepped out to within three yards of him. He made two very drunken attempts to come at me, and I plied him well with lead, so that he again reeled up against the tree. I retreated to reload, and had barely done so, when, to my great annoyance, I saw him moving again towards me, but now very feeble. He could hardly walk. I fired another shot at him, when he stopped, staggered, quietly drew his hind legs under him, then his fore, dropped his head heavily, and drove his tusks up to the roots in the ground, and then remained motionless. After waiting a quarter of an hour at least, during which time he never moved, we all agreed he was dead, and I proposed that Jack should go and ascertain the fact. To this Jack strongly objected. I then moved up and fired at the monster. The shot did not disturb him.

We now moved out, as I was convinced he was gone, and going some distance round we came up in his rear. I again proposed that Jack should go and pull his tail to ascertain if he was dead or merely feigning; Jack demurred, however, at this. I promised, however, to stand by him and protect him. He then declared that he, Jack, had been dead himself, at least six times during the encounter; and that if I wanted to kill him outright, I had better shoot him at once. After some trouble, I persuaded him to follow me, and on going within five yards of the elephant's rear, I took a clot of earth and threw it at him. I then again proposed that, to make all safe, Jack should pull his tail. Jack continued his opposition, but as I knew there was no danger, and only wished to get a gallop out of him after the excited state he had been in for some hours, I urged his obedience. Jack now became desperate, going sideways towards the elephant's tail, and when within pulling distance, turning his head away, laying hold of it—giving it a pull, and then bolting as if he had a Congreve in his trowsers. After this feat, Jack never stopped until he had placed two hundred yards between himself and the dead elephant, when he gallantly faced about, and finding he was not pursued, came back as fast as he could, entering immediately on his return into the pedigree of the deceased elephant, and favoring its mother and sisters with numerous epithets unfit for ears polite.

Thus died the savage Shikar Bassa elephant, for ten years the terror of that part of the Nepaul Forest, and for six months his carcass, despite the zeal and energy of vultures and jackals, afforded the villagers olfactory testimony that his remains were exceedingly disagreeable.

For killing this elephant I was presented in open Durbar, by the rajah and heir apparent, with a handsome Khillut, or dress of honor, which was

of great value, but which, of course, I was obliged, after wearing a few hours, to make over to the British Treasury in Nepaul, where all presents, according to the invariable custom at every British residency, are annually sold, and the proceeds placed to the credit of the Treasury.

FEEDING THE TIGER.—A magnificent dinner has been given to Haynau, the woman-whipper, at Vienna. The correspondent of the Times speaks of "that man of iron," as being seated next to the Servian patriarch, a man of silver—"silvery beard and hair." In such case a most unseemly juxtaposition of the metals. This Haynau, we read, was vehemently applauded by the small white hands of the fine ladies of Vienna. Innocent things! Did they reflect upon their sister-woman, scourged by the orders of the barbarian who, it is to be feared, was really born of woman—and fed at woman's breast? At Kuseburg, according to a letter from an Englishman, dated at Widdin, Sept. 11—this much-applauded Haynau, balked of his prey, in the escape of Bem and others, "ordered the lady of the house, who had treated them with courtesy, to be flogged. And she was afterwards dragged barefoot by the robbers as far as Hatseg." But the atrocity was not at its full. "Her husband, maddened by this outrage, blew out his brains with a pistol!" Wives of Vienna, another round of applause—another flourish of your snow-white kerchiefs, in honor of the man-monster of iron, "whose breast," continues the Times' correspondent, "down to his waist, was covered with stars"—ay, most malignant stars—with blood, and fire, and pestilence, in every baleful ray. We would rather do kneec-worship to the spots of a panther than even at a public feeding tolerate the stars of Haynau.—*Punch*.

THE SHIPPING INTEREST.—The time has not yet come for deciding how the last change in the navigation laws is to operate. In Liverpool complaints are uttered, more distressingly than ever. In the north of England, and in Scotland, neither the ship-builder nor the ship-owner appears to be suffering. On the condition of the seamen themselves, likewise, the new order of things seems to effect little change. Good men are readily hired, though not at reduced wages; and bad men we can well spare, whether they betake themselves to the other side of the Atlantic, or seek employment in the seaports of continental Europe. It must not, however, be assumed from all this, that the abandonment of a policy which for two hundred years kept England at the head of the maritime nations was a wise act. Europe is still prostrate from the effects of the madness which fell upon her in 1848. America has not had time sufficiently to improve the advantages which we offer to her; but she is getting rapidly a-head. She bids fair ere long to monopolize the steam communication between the eastern and western hemispheres, and her mercantile marine cannot fail to enlarge itself in proportion. On the whole, therefore, we are constrained still to look back upon the great measure of the bygone session with astonishment. It seems to have been one of the most gratuitous sacrifices to abstract principle of which history makes mention; and we shall be glad to find that the future does not bring with it grounds for a sadder feeling.—*Fraser*.

19*th*.—Speaking, to-day, of Mr. Waller, whom I had once seen at uncle John's, Mr. Agnew said he had obtained the reputation of being one of our smoothest versers, and thereupon brought forth one or two of his small pieces in manuscript, which he read to Rose and me. They were addressed to the lady Dorothy Sidney; and certainly for specious flatterie I do not suppose they can be matcht; but there is noe impress of real feeling in them. How diverse from my husband's versing! He never writ anie mere love-verses, indeede, soe far as I know; but how much truer a sence he hath of what is really beautifull and becoming in a woman than Mr. Waller! The lady Alice Egerton might have bene more justlie proud of y^e fine things written for her in Comus, than y^e Lady Dorothea of anie of y^e fine things written of her by this courtier-like poet. For, to say that trees bend down in homage to a woman when she walks under them, and that y^e healing waters of Tonbridge were placed there by nature to compensate for the fatal pride of Sacharissa, is soe fullesome and untrue as noe woman, not devided by conceite, coulede endure; whereas, the check that villanie is sensible of in the presence of virtue, is most nobly, not extravagantlie, exprest by Comus. And though my husband be almost too lavish, even in his short pieces, of classic allusion and personation, yet, like antique statues and busts well placed in some statelie pleasance, they are alwaies appropriate and gracefulle, which is more than can be sayd of Mr. Waller's overstrayned figures and metaphors.

20*th*.—News from home: alle well. Audrey Paice on a visit there. I hope mother hath not put her into my chamber, but I know that she hath sett soe manie trays full of spearmint, peppermint, camomiles, and poppie-heads in y^e blue chamber to dry, that she will not care to move them, nor have y^e window opened lest they should be blown aboute. I wish I had turned y^e key on my ebony cabinet.

24*th*.—Richard and Audrey rode over here, and spent a noisie afternoone. Rose had the goose dressed which I know she meant to have reserved for to-morrow. Clover was in a heat, which one would have thought he needed not to have bene, with carrying a lady; but Audrey is heavie. She treats Dick like a boy; and, indeede he is not much more; but he is quite taken up with her. I find she lies in y^e blue chamber, which she says smells rarelie of herbs. They returned not till late, after sundrie hints from Mr. Agnew.

27*th*.—Alas, alas, Robin's silence is too sorrowfullie explained! He hath bene sent home soe ill that he is like to die. This report I have from Diggory, just come over to fetch me, with whom I start, soe soone as his horse is bated. Lord, have mercie on Robin.

The children are alle sent away to keep y^e house quiete.

Saturday night; at Robin's bedside.—Oh, woe-fulle sight! I had not known that pale face, had I met it unawares. Soe thin and wan—and he hath shot up into a tall stripling during the last few months. These two nights of watching have tried me sorelie, but I would not be withholden from sitting up with him yet agayn—what and if this night should be his last! how coulede I forgive myself for sleeping on now and taking my rest! The first night, he knew me not; yet it was bitter-sweet to hear him chiding at sweet Moll for not coming. Yesternight he knew me for a while, kissed me, and fell into an heavie sleepe, with his hand locked in mine. We hoped the crisis was come; but 't was not soe. He raved much of a man alle in red, riding hard after him. I minded me of those words, "the enemy sayd, I will overtake, I will pursue,"—and, noe one being by, save the unconscious sufferer, I kneeled down beside him, and most earnestlie prayed for his deliverance from all spirituall adversaries. When I lookt up, his eyes, larger and darker than ever, were fixt on me with a strange, wistfulle stare, but he spake not. From that moment he was quiete.

The doctor thought him rambling this morning, though I knew he was not, when he spake of an angel in a long white garment watching over him and kneeling by him in the night.

Sunday evening.—Poor Nell sitteth up with mother to-night—right thankfulle is she to find that she can be of anie use: she says it seems soe strange that she should be able to make any return for my kindnesse. I must sleep to-night, that I may watch to-morrow. The servants are nigh spent, and are besides foolishlie afraide of infection. I hope Rose prays for me. Soe drowsie and dulle am I, as scarce to be able to pray for myself.

Monday.—Rose and Mr. Agnew came to abide with us for some days. How thankfulle am I! Tears have relieved me.

Robin worse to-day. Father quite subdued. Mr. Agnew will sit up to-night, and insists on my sleeping.

Crab howled under my window yesternight as he did before my wedding. I hope there is nothing in it. Harry got up and beat him, and at last put him in y^e stable.

Tuesday.—After two nights' rest, I feel quite strengthened and restored this morning. Deare Rose read me to sleep in her low, gentle voice, and then lay down by my side, twice stepping into Robin's chamber during the night, and bringing me news that all was well. Relieved in mind, I slept heavilie nor woke till late. Then, returned to y^e sick chamber, and found Rose bathing dear Robin's temples with vinegar, and changing his pillow—his thin hand rested on Mr. Agnew, on whom he lookt with a composed, collected gaze. Slowlie turned his eyes on me, and faintlie smiled, but spake not.

Poor dear mother is ailing now. I sate with her and father some time ; but it was a true relief when Rose took my place and let me return to y^e sick room. Rose hath already made several little changes for the better ; improved y^e ventilation of Robin's chamber, and prevented his hearing soe manie noises. Alsoe, showed me how to make a pleasant cooling drink, which he likes better than the warm liquids, and which she assures me he may take with perfect safetie.

Same evening.—Robin vext, even to tears, because y^e doctor forbids y^e use of his cooling drink, though it hath certainlie abated the fever. At his wish I stept down to intercede with the doctor, then closetted with my father, to discourse, as I suppose, of Robin's symptoms. Insteade of which, found them earnestlie engaged on y^e never-ending topick of cavaliers and roundheads. I was chafed and cut to y^e heart, yet what can poor father do ; he is useless in y^e sick-room, he is wearie of suspense, and 't is well if publick affairs can divert him for an odd half hour.

The doctor would not hear of Robin taking y^e cooling beverage, and warned me that his death woulde be upon my head if I permitted him to be chilled : soe what could I doe ? Poor Robin very impatient in consequence ; and raving towards midnight. Rose insisted in taking y^e last half of my watch.

I know not that I was ever more sorelie exercised than during y^e first half of this night. Robin, in his crazie fit, would leave his bed, and was soe strong as nearlie to master Nell and me, and I feared I must have called Richard. The next minute he fell back as weak as a child : we covered him up warm, and he was overtaken either with stupor or sleep. Earnestlie did I pray it might be y^e latter, and conduce to his healing. Afterwards, there being writing implements at hand, I wrote a letter to Mr. Milton, which, though the fancy of sending it soon died away, yet eased my mind. When not in prayer, I often find myself silently talking to him.

Wednesday.—Waking late after my scant night's rest, I found my breakfaste neatly layd out in y^e little antechamber, to prevent the fatigue of going down stairs. A handfulle of autumn flowers beside my plate, left me in noe doubt it was Rose's doing ; and Mr. Agnew, writing at y^e window, told me he had persuaded my father to goe to Shotover with Dick. Then laying aside his pen, stept into the sick-chamber for y^e latest news, which was good : and, sitting next me, talked of y^e progress of Robin's illness in a grave yet hopefulle manner ; leading, as he chiefie does, to high and unearthlie sources of consolation. He advised me to take a turn in y^e fresh ayr, though but as far as the two junipers, before I entered Robin's chamber, which, somewhat reluctantlie, I did ; but the bright daylight and warm sun had no good effect on my spiritts : on the contrarie, nothing in blythe nature seeming in

unison with my sadnesse, tears flowed without relieving me.

——What a solemne, pompous prigge is this doctor ! He cries " humph ! " and " aye ! " and bites his nails and screws his lips together, but I don't believe he understands soe much of physick, after alle, as Mr. Agnew.

Father came home fulle of y^e rebels' doings, but as for me, I shoulde hear them thundering at our gate with apathie, except insofar as I feared them distressing Robin.

Audrey rode over with her father, this morn, to make enquiries. She might have come sooner had she meant to be anie reall use to a family she has thought of entering. Had Rose come to our help as late in the day, we had been poorlie off.

Thursday.—May Heaven in its mercy save us from y^e evil consequence of this new mischance !—Richard, jealous at being allowed so little share in nursing Robin, whom he sayd he loved as well as anie did, would sit up with him last night, along with mother. Twice I heard him snoring, and stept in to prevail on him to change places, but could not get him to stir. A third time he fell asleep, and, it seems, mother slept too ; and Robin, in his fever, got out of bed, and drank near a quart of colde water, waking Dick by setting down y^e pitcher. Of course the bustle soon reached my listening ears. Dick, to doe him justice, was frightened enough, and stole away to his bed without a word of defence ; but poor mother, who had been equallie off her watch, made more noise about it than was good for Robin ; who, nevertheless, we having warmie covered up, burst into a profuse heat, and fell into a sound sleep, which hath now holden him manie hours. Mr. Agnew augureth favourablie of his waking, but we await it in prayerfulle anxietie.

——The crisis is past ! and y^e doctor sayeth he alle along expected it last night, which I cannot believe, but father and mother doe. At alle events, praised be Heaven, there is now hope that deare Robin may recover. Rose and I have mingled tears, smiles, and thanksgivings ; Mr. Agnew hath expressed gratitude after a more collected manner, and endeavored to check y^e somewhat ill-governed expression of joy throughout the house ; warning y^e servants, but especiallie Dick and Harry, that Robin may yet have a relapse.

With what transport have I sat beside dear Robin's bed, returning his fixed, earnest, thankfulle gaze, and answering y^e feeble pressure of his hand !—Going into the studdy just now, I found father crying like a child—the first time I have known him give way to tears during Robin's illness. Mr. Agnew presentlie came in, and composed him better than I coulde.

Saturday.—Robin better, though still very weak. Had his bed made, and took a few spoonfuls of broth.

Sunday.—A very different sabbath from y^e last. Though Robin's constitution hath received a shock it may never recover, his comparative amendment fills us with thankfulness; and our chastened suspense hath a sweet solemnity and trustfulness in it, which pass understanding.

Mr. Agnew conducted our devotions. This morning, I found him praying with Robin—I

question if it were for y^e first time. Robin looked on him with eyes of such sedate affection!

Thursday.—Robin still progressing. Dear Rose and Mr. Agnew leave us to-morrow, but they will soon come agayn. Oh faithful friends!

* * * *

From the United Service Magazine.

EAST OF EUROPE.

THE intelligence received during the past month from the east of Europe, has been of a character to increase, even more speedily and eminently than could have been anticipated, the dubious aspect of European affairs. The startling and imperative demands of the Emperor of Russia, for the extradition of the Hungarian and Polish political refugees, on the Turkish territory, contain in them the evidence of intentions so obviously hostile to the independence, and so insulting to the dignity of the Ottoman empire, that we are by no means surprised they should have awakened the liveliest indignation in the breast of the Turkish sovereign, and have met with his refusal of compliance. That they should have given rise to similar sentiments of reprobation in this country and in France, is also equally reasonable, not only on the score of the flagrant injustice of such demands, but as seriously militating against the interests of those two countries—interests intimately interwoven with the maintenance of the political existence and integrity of the sultan's power and dominions. The moment seized upon by the czar for such a step was doubtless conceived to be a most favorable one; too much so indeed to be lost—and one which, awaited through so many long years with watchful hope, might not present itself again so readily. Austria had been rescued only from dissolution by the Russian arms, she could no more now interpose with a good grace her ancient jealousies in that quarter; the events of Hungary had revealed her weakness; she was no longer virtually to be feared, while her stronger interests must prompt her even to join in such a demand. Prussia was in no much better case; scarcely recovered from her late conflict with herself, she was powerless to interfere, Germany was prostrate, a negation to itself, and could oppose no obstacle. France, involved in a difficult position in Italy, was paralyzed by those who placed her in it. England, would or could she venture alone to remonstrate or interpose? In such a state of things, it was worth while trying to fix the wished for quarrel on the Turk. Should it fall, the cozenage of diplomacy could again soften down all seeming asperities.

The firmness and ability of a Canning, however, may once more prove too much even for Muscovite astuteness, and our yet fortunately enduring friendly relations with France will no doubt induce a clear sense of the necessity of a firm coöperation at least, in the protection and

support of the sultan. This would indeed appear beyond a doubt, for the president of the republic with the majority of his council, in spite of the efforts of M. Molé and M. Thiers, have ranged themselves on the eastern question, on the side of justice and civilization, against the pretensions of the Russian emperor.

Although we give the czar credit for more shrewdness than to persist in his skilfully devised demands, and act up to the threats implied with them on this occasion, yet we consider them as the foreshadowing of an event which *must* come off, if not now, on a future day, and it is devoutly to be hoped we may always have a representative of the same material at the city of the sultan, and a minister at home as capable of appreciating his worth and of supporting his actions, as becomes the interest and dignity of the British empire.

The latest accounts from Vienna have stricken the heart of European civilization with shame and horror; the world speak its unmitigated censure of the government that could thus cement the structure of its restored order with such hecatombs of blood, and history will point to their names as the greatest blot upon her pages in the nineteenth century.

THE FLORIN.—The new two-shilling piece, known as "The Florin," is not about to be called in because of the omission of the words "Dei Gratia." The words in question were omitted by the consent of her majesty and the prince consort, by both of whom the original design, as drawn by Mr. Wyon, of the royal mint, was warmly approved. In consequence of the dissatisfaction expressed by a large portion of the public at the omission, the chancellor of the exchequer ordered a search for precedents of such omission. The result has been that some most interesting details on the subject of the coinage of these realms has been brought forth. It would appear that no example was discovered of the omission of the words before-mentioned from any silver coins, but many examples of the omission were found as regarded the copper coinage. The words "Fidei Defensor" have also been omitted. It further appears, that "Dei Gratia" was not used on any of the English copper money from the Restoration till 1797; and also that "Fidei Defensor" was not used for the whole of that period. Charles II., William III. and Mary, George I. and George II. omitted the words from copper coins. The rupee and other coins in India merely bear the words "Victoria Queen." It may now be added that the eminent personage at whose suggestion the omission was made in the florin, thought that the words "Victoria Regina" alone would give the coin a more emphatic character.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE WHITE SERPENTS AND THE IRON CHEST.

We then resumed our journey; and, having lunched and dined on the way, arrived in the evening at a lovely village, the name of which I entirely forget. It was situated, however, high up in the mountains; so that, as night came on, we felt the cold, biting air, just as one feels it in the Alps, and were right glad, on entering the inn parlor, to find a blazing fire on the hearth. Here we supped; and the captain and I sat talking by the chimney corner long after the rest of the company had retired to bed. He was a remarkably pleasant companion, full of stories and anecdotes, by his manner of relating which he amused me greatly. Most of them turned on incidents which had occurred during his residence in the Swiss chateau. But I can scarcely venture to tell them again, so much of the interest depended on his manner, on the tone of his voice, and on the earnest, half-confidential air he assumed during the narration. We had each just lighted a fresh cigar, and stirred the fire up into a rich, warm blaze, when, drawing his chair closer to mine,

"I will tell you a story," said he, "about my chateau, and the singular mistress of it. She was an old lady, proud of her birth, who remembered, with wonderful accuracy, the achievements of her ancestors, and could trace back her lineage beyond the earliest of the Crusades. Observing me to be rather addicted to astronomy, she took it into her head that I must also be an astrologer and a conjurer, and was fully persuaded that I was an adept in all the mysteries of the black art. She inhabited one wing of the chateau, the remainder of which she had let to me, at a rent much below its value, merely for the pleasure of having a neighbor with whom she could sometimes converse.

"One winter night, very late, my man Francois came into my study, to inform me that Madame la Comtesse wanted to speak with me. 'Show her in,' said I; and, with the word, I got up to receive her.

"She entered with a most stately air. I presented her a chair by the fire, and began, as an Englishman always does, to talk about the weather, and other agreeable things of that sort. This was evidently not the topic upon which the countess wished to converse. She therefore stopped me short, and said,

"Excuse me, monsieur; but I come to consult you on a subject of the utmost importance, which, with your permission, I will at once explain."

"I said I should be happy to hear whatever she had to communicate. She then proceeded:

"One of my ancestors was a distinguished knight who, having fought in the Holy Land, and amassed great treasure by plundering the infidels, proceeded afterwards to Constantinople, and there, in a certain church, now become a mosque, buried beneath a particular stone an immense treasure in gold and jewels. I have here in my hand a manu-

script, in which all the particulars of the transaction are related; but, unfortunately, it is imperfect, the name of the church and the mosque being no longer to be found in it."

"She then handed the manuscript to me, written in Arabic, and accompanied by a French translation. It was evidently very old, and probably dated as far back as the period of the Crusades. I glanced through it, and then inquired in what way I could be of service to her in this matter. It struck me that she desired I should make a pilgrimage to Constantinople, to recover this wealth for her. I was mistaken; her wish was very different. She only desired that, through my knowledge of the language of the stars, I should reveal to her the name of the mosque in which the treasure lay buried; upon which, old as she was, she would herself proceed to Constantinople, and there take the necessary steps for recovering possession of it.

"It was with much difficulty that I preserved my gravity; but I assured her that my intimacy with the stars was by no means so great as she imagined, and that it would be difficult, or, perhaps, impossible for me to discover the name of the mosque in question. I was resolved, however, to humor her, because convinced she must be mad.

"Well," said she, after a short pause, "we will discuss that matter another time. At present, I have a different favor to ask. In one of the vaults of this castle, I have a chest filled with gold and silver; and when I am absent, two small white serpents usually take their station on the lid, to protect the treasure. Lately, however, these faithful guardians of my property have disappeared; and I am now desirous that, during a visit which I must pay to Paris, you should take charge of the chest."

"Instead of the serpents?" I inquired, involuntarily.

"Yes," she replied, gravely. "Come, monsieur, follow me."

"So saying, she arose, and, taking up a candle from the table, proceeded towards the door; upon which I also arose, and followed her, fully persuaded that she required a straight-waistcoat immediately. Proceeding from room to room, traversing long corridors, ascending and descending staircases, moving beneath turrets and archways, we at length reached the vault, the door of which she opened with a large key, previously concealed beneath her apron. When we entered, she turned round and locked the door carefully behind us; then taking from her girdle three other keys, she inserted them in the chest, and turning them one after another, the lid flew open; and, sure enough, it was full of silver and gold.

"This," said she, "is what I wish you to take charge of for me."

"But, dear madame," said I, "it is dangerous to entrust all this property with a stranger. Have you no relative with whom you could more safely deposit the money?"

"I have a nephew," she replied, with a smile;

'but it is to see him that I am going to Paris—and for the rest, I can put entire confidence in you, if you will permit me.'

"'Well, madame,' I replied, 'if it affords you any pleasure, I shall be most happy to become the successor of the serpents. Tell me, however, before I do so, what amount of money the chest contains?'

"'Just fifteen thousand pounds sterling; neither more nor less.'

"I felt uneasy. It was impossible I should count the money; and, as there was clearly a flaw in her understanding, I could not be sure she would not, on her return, imagine she had left sixteen thousand, and call me to account for the difference. However, it was impossible, without rudeness, to escape from the difficulty; so I determined, at all hazards, to become the guardian of her treasure—and, having expressed myself to that effect, we quitted the vault.

"In two or three days the countess quitted the chateau. Whether or not she ever went to Paris is more than I can say. Weeks and months passed over, and I received no letter from her. I began to feel uneasy. She had disappeared in a mysterious manner; and should she in any way have come by her death, I might, for aught I know, have lain under the suspicion of having hastened her departure across the Styx.

"Spring came, and summer followed; and still no news of the countess. As I was sitting one fine evening in the park, on a camp-stool, at the foot of a huge linden tree, smoking a cigar, and puffing its fragrant clouds over the head of a huge St. Bernard dog that lay at my feet, I was made sensible of the approach of a stranger by Carlo's giving a sudden growl.

"'Be quiet, old fellow,' said I; and then looking up, I saw a dark, sinister-looking man at the distance of about ten paces. He did not wait to be questioned respecting his business.

"'I am come,' said he, looking respectfully at the dog, 'from Madame la Comtesse, and am desirous of saying a few words to you in private.'

"He was, as I now found, an Italian, and, as I conjecture, must have served many years among the brigands of the Apennines; for a more accomplished cut-throat, in appearance, at least, never crossed my path.

"'We may be private enough here,' said I, 'so you can explain your business at once.'

"He made no reply, but looked timidly at Carlo.

"'I see, friend, you are afraid of the dog,' I observed; 'but there is no necessity.'

"I then ordered Carlo to rise and go and lie down under another tree which I pointed out to him; which he immediately did, keeping his eyes, however, all the while fixed upon my visitor.

"The Italian now came close to me, said his name was Mazzio, and that he was come from the countess to remove and convey to Paris a chest with three locks which lay in a certain vault, known, as he said, to me.

"'But, friend,' said I, 'have you any written order?'

"He replied that he had not.

"'Then you shall not touch the chest,' said I 'nor any one else, till the countess herself arrives.'

"'But should the countess never make her appearance?' said he, with a significant grin.

"'Why, in that case, I will deliver it up to her lawful heir.'

"'That is to me, signor; I am her lawful heir.'

"'That may be; but I shall require you to prove it, before I deliver up my trust.'

"His lip quivered, he turned a little pale, and felt in his bosom, as if for a poniard. I was convinced he had murdered the countess, and was now come to get possession of his booty. But how he could have obtained a knowledge of the chest, it puzzled me to conjecture.

"'And where did you leave the countess?' I inquired; perceiving he was not inclined to break silence.

"'It does not signify,' said he.

"'But, friend,' I exclaimed, 'it does signify; and unless you explain at once, I shall take you into custody, under suspicion of having murdered her.'

"'No, you won't, signor,' replied the fellow, drawing a stiletto from under his waistcoat. 'I will silence you with that first.'

"He was a robust, brawny-looking ruffian, with a most unpleasant twinkle about the eyes; while I am not, as you see, a very powerful man. But I had an ally at hand, whose presence he had forgotten. As soon as Carlo noticed the change in the tone of our voices, he crept stealthily towards the spot, and the moment Mr. Mazzio drew forth his dagger, sprang and seized him by the collar, and had him at his full length on the ground in a twinkling. In the sudden surprise he dropped the stiletto, which I picked up, and then desiring Carlo to let go his hold, bade my worthy get up, and walk out of the grounds.

"'Or stay,' said I; 'I had better get you escorted.'

"I then whistled loudly; and Francois, and two or three sturdy Swiss grooms, came running towards us.

"'Seize this fellow,' said I. 'He is a robber and an assassin. We must get him hanged, if possible.'

"Signor Mazzio now became alarmed, and entreated me, for the love of Heaven, not to send him to prison.

"'The countess,' said he, 'is alive, and in good health, and will be here this very night. I am her nephew's valet; and, having accidentally overheard of the existence of the chest in the vault, it struck me I could make a better use of its contents than her ladyship. So now, do let me go! I should die if I were compelled to face her.'

"'Not quite so fast, friend,' said I; 'it will be time enough to let you go when I am perfectly sure of her safety. I shall, therefore, keep you

shut up in a strong room in the chateau; and as soon as I ascertain by the testimony of my own eyes, you shall have my permission to make yourself scarce if you please.'

"This was done; and, late in the same evening, the countess, to my great relief, did, sure enough, arrive. She was too much fatigued for me to think of touching upon the chest that night. But next morning, on my mentioning the subject, she observed with a smile—

"You are an English gentleman. That is enough. If I had remained absent seven years, I should have felt no apprehension for my property, had it been ten times as great; and, to convince you of the reality of my confidence, I shall not visit, nor unlock, the chest until a full year and a day after you have left this chateau, whenever that may be.'

"I returned her the keys, and have not the slightest doubt that she kept her word. Meanwhile, however, I ought to say I had suffered Signor Mazzio to effect his escape, though I was careful to relate to the countess what happened, that she might not afterwards receive him into her service, which she would, otherwise, have been very apt to do."

CHAPTER XX.—BEAUTY AND TRUTH.

Wherever the empire of Christianity extends, there is a peculiar beauty about the Sunday. The bustle of business, the toil of labor, the anxieties of the world, seem to have been withdrawn from the face of the earth, and a calm, sweet, serene atmosphere of peace to have been substituted for them. The very sun in great cities shines more brightly, because its rays are not obstructed by the smoke of furnaces, factories, and so on. Everybody feels that it is a day of rest; and whoever has a spark of religion in him, is deeply conscious that around him, on all sides, the sweet incense of prayer, from millions of lips, is ascending through the air, and purifying and sanctifying it. Oh! how precious is the repose of that day. The poor look forward to it as to a renewal of life, as to a season of special blessing, when they shall have leisure to recruit their strength of mind and body for encountering the toils and difficulties of the ensuing week. Then, too, they will surely hear the voice of glad tidings, "peace on earth, and good-will towards men." There is a solemn hush in the storm of worldly passions over the whole Christian world, amid which the still small voice of devotion is everywhere heard more or less distinctly. Let all those, therefore, who are toil-worn and oppressed, bless the divine institution of the Sabbath, which brings to many, if not to all, glimpses of a better world, and opens by the wayside fountains of hope and gladness to refresh them during their weary pilgrimage towards heaven.

On awaking in the morning I experienced all the delicious effects of sleeping on the summits of mountains. On throwing open the casement, which the chambermaid, unknown to me, had closed in the evening, I felt the in-rushing of the

cool air inexpressibly exhilarating. It was laden, also, with the sound of distant bells, which seemed to say, like the muezzin's voice from the minaret—"Arise, ye faithful, and pray; prayer is better than sleep!" And this, surely, is the conviction of universal humanity. The oldest of the Greek poets represents prayer as so many daughters of heaven, destined to move over the earth in the wake of crime, obliterating its footsteps as they go. All nations, in all ages, feeling their dependence on some unseen power, have dropped upon their knees instinctively, and turned up their faces towards heaven, in the hope of catching a blessing from thence. And never is human nature so grand or beautiful as in this attitude, which links, as it were, the two worlds together, brings down heaven to earth, or lifts up earth to heaven, fuses spirit and matter, and makes an imperfect material creature a fit companion for seraphs.

At the door of the breakfast parlor I met Carlotta.

"Do you go to mass to-day?" inquired she.

"I go to church," was my reply.

"And afterwards," exclaimed the captain, who was just then descending the stairs, "I trust we shall all go out into the woods, to enjoy one of the loveliest walks in Christendom."

"With all my heart," exclaimed Carlotta. "I love walking in woods, it is so refreshing to the spirit."

I know not how it was, but after breakfast, instead of accompanying Carlotta to mass, I went out with the Dalmatian and the Milanese for a walk. While the church bells were going busily, we went up one street and down another, talking, laughing, and enjoying the cheerful sunshine. The church-goers in that secluded village were not numerous, though they probably included all the inhabitants, old and young, who proceeded with cheerful and glad faces to offer up the tribute of their devotion to Heaven. At the bottom of a street, about half-a-mile from the church, we met a young lady proceeding thitherward, and leading a little girl, about nine years old, by her hand. When we had approached near enough to see her face distinctly, the words, "*Oh, Dio santo,*" burst from the lips of the Milanese. The Dalmatian and I were silent. We walked on and passed the lady, who moved, like a celestial vision, up the hill. Never since or before have I seen beauty so perfect. No Madonna ever painted by Raphael, no Aphrodite ever sculptured by the Hellenic chisel, could equal it. To enjoy another look we turned round, walked rapidly up the hill, and then came leisurely down again. This we repeated three times; and, as we last went by her, I thought I saw the lady smile, not with pity, or contempt, or scorn, but apparently with surprise. Her costume was in itself, to the last degree, graceful. It consisted of an amber-colored satin dress, open in front, with a rich lace chemisette over the bosom, and a fine full petticoat of white muslin. On her head was the Genoese veil, supported on the forehead by a

comb, and descending in waving folds almost to the feet. Her hair, the most exquisite auburn, fell loosely over her shoulders in large natural ringlets, unconfined below by anything; but, behind the comb, a singular ornament of plaited white satin, broad above but narrowing towards both ends, came down the side of the face, and was tied with white ribbon under the chin. Her eyes were of the richest and brightest blue; her features regular as those of Venus herself, harmonized by an expression of unearthly softness and serenity. Her look was upturned, her gait quiet, and there was an air of reverence about her, scarcely belonging to this every-day world. Not a glance, not a movement betrayed in her the slightest consciousness of her surpassing loveliness. She seemed as innocent as Eve before the fall. I quitted my companions, and followed her at a distance to the church. When I entered, she was already on her knees, with her arms crossed upon her breast; in the attitude of profound devotion. The light of one of the richly painted windows fell across her figure, illuminating it and surrounding it with a sort of glory. Her prayers found no vent in words. Silent as a statue, she looked up towards heaven, absorbed in ecstatic devotion, and forgetful evidently of all below. I paid no attention to the words of the mass—my eyes were fixed on her; and this I trust was pardonable, as I could never again hope to see anything so beautiful upon God's creatures. Some such vision must have dawned upon Raphael's mind, and formed the prototype of those virgins whose celestial loveliness still adorns the walls of churches and palaces, and imparts a charm, as it were, to the whole face of Europe. I would give much to know that woman's fate. Is she happy? Did she, or could she, find any one worthy of her; or did religion detach her from earth, and convert her into one of the brides of heaven? However this may have been, I felt that it was good for me to be there; and ever since, sleeping or waking, the image of that face beams upon my fancy, at times refreshing and invigorating it. The preacher that day was a Franciscan friar, clad in a loose brown hair-cloth shirt, with a rope about his waist. He was barefoot and bareheaded, and had a countenance of singular elevation and nobleness. His text was extraordinary: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." I felt in a moment that he was no ordinary man. He should have preached before statesmen—he should have addressed himself to the great ones of this world, to rouse them from their lethargy, and make them feel how awful a thing it is to sport with the destinies of the human race, and defraud their brethren of their birthright. I may, without the least risk of misemploying it, apply the epithet holy to that friar. He stood removed far above all the temptations and weaknesses of this earth. "I have no ambition," said he. "I ask in this world nothing, even of God himself, but my daily bread, and his merciful forgiveness. Did I say, nothing? Yes, I daily and hourly pray for one thing more, namely,

to behold this beloved land of Italy flooded with the light of knowledge—of that knowledge of the truth which maketh free, which lifteth man above chains and oppression, which rendereth him humble indeed, and, at an infinite distance, something like unto the God who made him. Oh! my brethren, pray for freedom—for the deliverance of Italy. Pray that he who teacheth the day-spring from on high to know its place, may roll away the darkness from the face of this country, and once more pronounce the revivifying words, 'Let there be light.' Religion, my brethren, is nothing without knowledge but a vile superstition, than which nothing is more displeasing to God. Our happiness here and hereafter consists entirely in the knowledge of Him who is the well-spring of all other knowledge. Toil, therefore, without ceasing, that you may become worthy to possess the light which lighteth man to liberty."

Much more to this effect did he say, in that sonorous, musical language of which even despotism cannot deprive the Italians. I could have embraced the friar with all my heart. I felt the yearnings of a brother towards him. He remembered, then, that Rome of old was a republic, and that all Italy shared the freedom of the Eternal City; and was content with bread and a hair-cloth shirt so that he might enjoy the privilege of diffusing sacred light around him like a star. Age and the love of truth had crowned him with majesty; and, doubtless, he has long ere this been gathered to his fathers, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

CHAPTER XXI.—SUNDAY IN THE WOODS—THE BRIGAND'S TRAGEDY.

I found the captain seated at the inn door, beneath a trellised roof of vines, smoking a huge cigar, with a bottle of rich wine before him.

"Here you are, my boy!" said he. "Come, let me fill you a bumper just to put you in a good humor for our long walk. Where are your lady friends? Gone to mass! It must be a charming thing that same mass, for my ladies, though Protestants, are off to enjoy it. But *ecco!* here they come. Well, ladies, are you peckish after mass, or shall we start at once?"

Everybody voted that we should lunch first, and then take our dinner out into the woods, where the captain, proud of his local knowledge, said he would show us a mountain tarn on the margin of which we could dine delightfully. I am sadly afraid the reader will take me for an Epicurean, from my constant reference to breakfasts, dinners, &c.; but he must excuse me. The meal forms part of the recollection of the place where it was eaten, and I cannot easily recall the one without the other. The Dalmatian and Milanese were found enjoying a nap in the garden; but the Hanoverian had disappeared, possibly preferring a lonely walk to our society. The Swiss were getting tipsy in a bower close at hand, from which clouds of smoke issued between the vine leaves,

mingled with a roar of bacchanalian songs, intermixed, occasionally, with ornamental oaths.

We started on foot, our dinner following us on an ass, driven by the son of the master of the inn. The captain's family consisted of a daughter aged sixteen and her governess, who were severally escorted by the Dalmatian and the Milanese. Madame B—— graced the captain's side; and, as usual, I walked with Carlotta, whose costume on this occasion was so curious, that I shall endeavor to describe it. Over a robe of purple velvet she wore a short pelisse of light blue silk, bordered with white fur. Her dress was fastened in front with agraffes of pearl, almost close up to the throat; these terminated with the glittering of a diamond necklace, which issued on both sides from beneath masses of luxuriant hair. At the wrists, long, full sleeves of lace shaded the fair, gloveless hand, which, in the sun, was covered with the furred lappet of the pelisse. Her delicate white bonnet, sufficiently large to shelter her face from the sun, was ornamented in the inside with a wreath of oak leaves and silver acorns, which produced the most extraordinary effect, especially when lighted up by her bright blue eyes. Carlotta's lips were the reddest in the world, and her teeth as white as ivory. When she spoke, therefore, and smiled, it was impossible to resist looking at her. Her chin was dimpled, and though there was habitually little color in her face, it became flushed with walking, and then looked radiant with joy and health.

Our walk through the trees was delicious. There was sufficient light and air to nourish, at the foot of the trees, a delicate turf, half grass, half moss, on which the foot fell almost noiselessly. It was like a Persian carpet. The trunks of the trees, of all forms and dimensions, supporting an impenetrable canopy of leaves, were thinned towards the edge of the glades, and allowed chequered patterns of sunshine to descend upon the green sward. The most solemn stillness prevailed around, till it was broken by our merry laugh, and the dialogues held by Giovanni with his ass, whom he alternately scolded and encouraged, to keep his courage up. In one place we had to cross a dark stream by means of stepping-stones. A little to our left, a patch of sunshine fell upon the water, which danced and glittered as it flowed along, like a liquid mirror rippled by the breeze. On the right it plunged beneath umbrageous trees, which barely allowed us to catch a glimpse of its meanderings, as it flowed silently towards the Mediterranean. Giovanni here took it into his head that the rivulet was too deep for the ass, which he accordingly wished to coax over the stepping-stones. The animal for a long time resisted. Ultimately, however, yielding to the logic of a stout cudgel, he undertook the task; but upon reaching a broad stone in mid-channel, stood still, obstinately determined neither to advance nor to retreat. We trembled for our dinner. Giovanni, a boy of about fourteen, now saw clearly he had made a false move. The stone was of considerable height,

the panniers were heavy, the ass obstinate, and his halter very weak. What was to be done? We were averse to cruelty—yet our appetites informed us forcibly that we must dine. Our Milanese cut the Gordian knot by snatching the cudgel from the hands of Giovanni, and dealing the ass so tremendous a blow on the crupper, that he could no longer hesitate, but plunging down into the stream, made his way to land in the best way he could. One or two bottles were cracked in the operation, and shed their rich contents into the stream, to our inexpressible disappointment. However, there was no help for it, so on we went till we reached the banks of the Tarn, literally a mountain gem: so beautiful was its situation, so magnificent the cliffs arising from it on all sides, save the narrow gap by which we had entered into the basin. Just figure to yourself a sheet of water about half-a-mile in circumference, with precipices, several hundred feet high, sloping upwards from its edge, and terminating in crags and pinnacles, in some places pointed as needles. Wherever a scrap of earth would allow vegetation to take root, there small trees and shrubs feathered the acclivity, trembling and waving their variegated foliage over the abyss. It was, doubtless, an ancient crater; and fiery lava had hissed and boiled where that peaceful lake now spread, glittering in the sun. We sat down on large stones close to the water's edge, and taking out our solid materials, with the bottles which remained, we set about enjoying ourselves after the true English fashion, the captain presiding, as his experience entitled him to do. There were roast fowls, and small birds, delicious cold salmon, preserved fruits, jellies, and pastry, with wines of every hue and flavor. Everybody contributed a good keen appetite; and Carlotta, in particular, made great way with the fowls, for which she entertained a great partiality. Madame B——, also, and the other ladies performed their parts well; nor did any of us shrink from the wine, which circulated in profusion, till we were all in the best humor in the world. I should observe that Giovanni was not excluded from our circle; and as, of course, he could not be separated from his companion, he also petitioned for the admission of the ass, which, as Giovanni expressed it, ate bread and drank wine like a Christian.

We all of us noticed a very extraordinary ledge of rock, projecting from between two pinnacles, above three hundred feet, at least, over our heads.

"That ledge," said Giovanni, "was not long ago the scene of a sad tragedy, which plunged the whole of this neighborhood into grief. There was a brigand in the mountains, who often disguised himself, and descended to our village to purchase provisions. On one of these occasions he saw a beautiful girl, the daughter of a vine-grower, who lives close to our house; and, being a lawless person, he determined to steal her away.

"It was not, however, so easy to put his design into execution; for the young girl seldom went

out after dark, and in the day time it would have been next to impossible to effect his purpose, there were so many persons stirring. But there is an old proverb, which says, 'Where there is a will there is a way.' The brigand descended at night to the village, bringing along with him a small ladder, which he had himself constructed. This he placed against one of the windows of our neighbor's house, and, climbing up hastily, forced open the casement, and entered a bed-room, which was that of the father and mother. Here he had the audacity to kindle a lamp, by means of a flint and steel which he had brought with him. He then drew a large pistol from his pocket, and, approaching the bed, determined to shoot them both should they awake. Sound sleep, however, preserved their lives. He then proceeded into the next room, where he found the young woman's brother, a stout young man of about five-and-twenty. He also was asleep, for it was past midnight. In the room adjoining, the brigand found the girl, over whose mouth he passed a tight bandage, tying it firmly behind the head. By doing this he awakened her, but she could not speak; and, holding the pistol to her head, he swore if she struggled he would shoot her on the spot. He then took her in his arms, and carried her, struggling, through her father and mother's bed-room; and, getting out through the window, descended the ladder, where he placed her on her feet, and, seizing her by the arm, forced her along. A neighbor, who happened at this moment to be looking out through her window, saw the young girl struggling hard with the brigand; and, in the contest, the bandage fell off her mouth. She then shouted with all her might, waked her father, mother, and brother, together with several neighbors, who all now rushed out to give chase. The brigand now once more snatched her in his arms, and succeeded in effecting his escape into the woods. How he forced her along is not known; but her cries directed the pursuit for some time. At length, however, she became silent, and it was feared that he had killed her. The night passed on and the dawn began to break, when the brigand and his shivering captive were seen high up among the rocks, making, as it was supposed, towards his cave. The pursuit now recommenced with fresh alacrity. Father, brother, and neighbors, climbed the rocks, spreading themselves so as to encompass the brigand on all sides, and to force him towards yonder precipice, where, it was thought, he must of necessity surrender. Powerful as he was, he gradually became exhausted, by being forced from time to time to carry his captive in his arms. His exertions, therefore, slackened; and the villagers approached nearer and nearer. In order to intimidate them, he drew one of his pistols, and fired. No one was hurt; but, with the second, he shot the brother, who fell, staggering, into his father's arms. The neighbors, now seeing that blood had been shed, likewise grew ferocious, and rushing towards the brigand, determined to take his life. He retreated

towards yonder ledge, and threatened them that, if they did not stand still, he would plunge over it, with the girl in his arms. They treated this as a vain menace intended to arrest their progress; but the girl, who had by this time learned the character of her captor, entreated them to desist. She shuddered, and shrunk back from the dreadful depth before her. Underneath, there were several hundred feet of rock, and a deep lake. The head, as you must feel, gentlemen, turns giddy even in looking up; you may easily conceive, therefore, what it must be to look down from that tremendous height. But the blood of the villagers was heated. They dashed forward, the brigand still waving them back with his hand, and uttering the most fearful threats and imprecations. Every instant, he drew nearer and nearer the edge of the abyss. His face grew pale with rage. He seized the girl by the hair of her head; he shook his clenched fist at his pursuers; he foamed at the mouth like a mad dog; and then, mustering up all his force and all his fury, plunged with the girl over the ledge; and, whirling about in the air, and bounding from crag to crag, they were presently dashed upon the slope which sinks yonder into the lake. Their bodies were immediately found, indescribably mutilated and disfigured; and the brother and sister, the only hopes of their parents, were buried in one grave. A hole in the mountain received the corpse of the brigand. The mother lost her senses, and may still every day be seen sitting at her door, asking the passers-by if they have seen Bianca, and if they can tell her when she will come back. Her husband lives to watch over her; and there is not an individual in the whole country round who does not pause to cast a pitying blessing upon Bianca's mother, and on the husband who so tenderly watches over her."

CHAPTER XXII.—DIALECTICS IN SMOKE.

The reader will, I trust, excuse me for not entering here into the military history of the Bocchetta, and telling him how the Imperialists forced it in 1746, and thus opened themselves a way to Genoa. All this sort of information may be obtained elsewhere. I only undertake to describe my own movements, with what I saw, felt and heard. It belongs to learned travellers to enter minutely into the annals of former generations, and relate the fortunes of all the cities and countries through which they passed. My task is a much humbler one, and I cheerfully abandon to them all the honor and profit to be derived from the grandiose style of writing. It will be understood that we did not remain all night on the borders of the tarn, but returned early to our inn, where we enjoyed the luxury of a hot supper. Some physicians, I believe, condemn this meal as the prolific parent of nightmare, apoplexy, and what not. But I like it, nevertheless, especially when it is eaten in company with pleasant people, whose voices, looks, and smiles impart to it a better relish than the finest sauce. On the present

occasion we had at immense treat, fresh trout and grayling, known to our neighbors by the poetic name of *ombre chevalier*—I suppose because of its darting through clear streams like a shadow. These delicate fish, nicely fried, and served up like Turkish cababs, hissing hot, appeared much to the taste of all present. The captain pronounced them magnificent; and Madame B——, in all such matters quite his echo, protested she had never tasted anything so good in her life. Carlotta was much of the same opinion. The rest of the party, no way inclined to get up a controversy on the subject, agreed with us to a tittle. So we ate, and were very merry, as people should be who have nothing on their consciences. It would be wrong, however, to grant a monopoly of praise to the fish, since the wine was no less deserving of commendation. It sparkled in the glasses like liquid amber, and diffused around a delicious aroma, enough of itself to intoxicate a poet. Let no one misunderstand me if I confess I love wine. Not for its own sake—God forbid!—but for that of the agreeable things to which it gives birth among pleasant people. It operates like moral sunshine on the human countenance; it adds fresh brightness to the brightest eyes; and, as it lies cradled in glittering crystal, appears half conscious of the ideas it is capable of inspiring. No philosopher, I admit, has yet discovered the way in which it impregnates the brain, and calls into being swarms of gorgeous fancies, flashes of fiery wit, modifications of grotesque and comic humor, that set the table in a roar. But though the metaphysics of the affair may baffle us, we cannot be at all mistaken respecting the plain matter of fact. Half the literature of the old world owes its charms to wine. How the poets revel in the subject! How they boast of those "*noctes cœnæque deorem*" over which the Falernian sheds its perfume, and where the Chian or Mærotic imparted fresh wings to the imagination! And yet, I dare say, they were all in reality as sober as quakers, and drank chiefly out of those fabulous bowls which were served up to the gods of Olympus.

It is to be hoped the reader, especially if a lady, is of a tolerant disposition; otherwise, I shall scarcely obtain forgiveness for my frequent introduction of cigars. But how can one draw a true picture if he omit the principal figure? And where smokers are assembled, your cigar, like the Zeus of the old Orphic hymn writer, is first, last, and middle. At all events, as soon as we began to feel ourselves comfortable after supper, the captain brought out his case, filled with choice *Los dos Amigos*, and politely handed it round. No one, of course, refused the proffered weed. Experience had taught us that the ladies were tolerant; so we all lighted at once, and were soon enveloped in an ambrosial cloud, as thick, if not as fragrant, as that in which *πατήρ θεῶν τε καὶ ἀνθρώπων* embraced Hera on Olympus.

Who that had seen us then, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, as serene, pacific, and dreamy as opium-eaters, would ever have

imagined the topic which Até threw in, like the apple of discord, among us. Military men are often great theologians, it being a rule in this world, that people always best like to talk about what they do not understand. Our captain possessed this fine quality, and being, of course, a Protestant, contrived—Heaven knows how!—to engage us all in a discussion on the comparative merits of the two churches. As might have been expected, the Carbonaro looked down with supreme contempt on all churches, and, indeed—which, however, is a very different thing—on all religions, also. He had been taught, poor fellow, to believe that complete liberty is only to be attained by emancipating the mind from all its preconceived notions, whether true or false; and his creed, accordingly, was the most compendious imaginable, since he believed nothing; but, like another person of our acquaintance, who shall here be nameless, he had not a metaphysical head, and therefore, though he argued a great deal, there was nothing in it. He had read "*Lametrie*," and the "*Système de la Nature*," peeped into Kant, and Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling, and amused himself occasionally with Vanini and Giordano Bruno. He had, accordingly, a great deal to say, and said it with an easy dogmatism, well calculated to impose upon the ignorant.

With this redoubtable young gentleman, the captain, in one of his airy mental excursions, came into collision. But materialism is an unfruitful and uninviting topic; and, to my very great relief, the Dalmatian adroitly shifted the ground of argument, and brought it round to the chances of Catholicism. He thought, not without some reason, that there is a fashion in religion as in other things, and that in the history of the world, faiths come in and out like ruffs and farthingales, though sometimes under new names; but Catholicism he maintained to be the creed best adapted to the wants of man in this world, made up as it is of mystery, dogmatism, and an incessant appeal to the sensibilities of our nature. Its mysteries are calculated to excite and keep alive our curiosity; its dogmatism subdues our will; its poetical character addresses itself to our imaginations, and transports us into a world of soft illusions infinitely delightful to the mind. "But, my dear sir," exclaimed the captain, "what signifies this if it be false? as I maintain it to be. It has had its day, however, and is now dying out. People fancy they see tokens of revival in England, France, and elsewhere, because a few mystical priests and clergymen, eager for ecclesiastical domination, are laboring to diffuse an artificial enthusiasm for niches, wax tapers, high altars, beads, copeas, and dalmatics. But does the history of mankind afford one single example of the resuscitation of an old creed? No, sir, a religion, once dead, is dead forever."

"But can a religion be dead," interposed Carlotta, "when it has an altar in every heart—when it places us, morning and evening, on our knees—when it begets hourly in us a fresh sense of

dependence on Heaven, and a constant desire to do whatever is best for those around us!"

"My dear young lady," replied the captain, "it is Christianity, not Catholicism, which does that."

"They are the same thing," said Carlotta.

"Exactly," exclaimed the Carbonaro.

Madame B—— felt much perplexed. In some respects, she liked the heretical captain; but as her understanding had always been in priestly leadingstrings, she thought that however pleasant he might be in this world, he would certainly be damned in the next. However, it was for this world, and not the next, that she desired to marry him; and therefore she dissembled her condemnation of his heresy, and adroitly led us back to more pleasant topics, for which I felt deeply indebted to her. It was, indeed, full time, since, with the exception of Carlotta, everybody had begun to wear a controversial aspect, and to look as fierce and threatening as two bulls before a herd of cows in a meadow. Even the influence of *Los dos Amigos* might not have sufficed to keep us friends. Man's religion or irreligion is his private property, and therefore he feels excessively sore when other people rudely trespass upon it. Indeed, we are as jealous of it as we are of our wives, and are quite as ready to resent an insult offered to it. Doubly valuable, therefore, was the politic interposition of Madame B——, and long may she enjoy the blessing which attaches to the peace-maker. Fresh cigars were lighted, fresh bumpers filled up; and when at last we parted for the night, it was as the best friends in the world. We had steered nicely between Scylla and Charybdis, and retired to bed not only whole in bones, but with whole tempers. It was a controversy spoiled.

As the reader is, of course, well acquainted with the Anabasis, he will remember with what rapture the Greek soldiers beheld, from the summit of certain mountains, the broad, glittering expanse of the Euxine, and how they rushed forward, brandishing their spears and clashing their shields, exclaiming "*Thalata! thalata!*" ("The sea! the sea!") I am not ashamed to say that I experienced something of the same delight when, from the summit of the Bocchetta, I caught the first glimpse of the Mediterranean. Inexpressibly bright and blue was its surface; but it was not its brightness, it was not its color, that acted like a spell on the imagination. It was the thousand associations that had been created in my mind ever since boyhood, that lent to the aspect of it so powerful a charm. All the glory of the Roman republic seemed to be unrolled upon its bosom. The galleys which bore the men who conquered the world, and put their democratic feet upon the necks of so many kings, had ploughed those waves, which roll as freshly now before the breeze as when the prows of the early consuls dashed through them in the rapture of youthful freedom.

We now descended rapidly into the valley which leads to Genoa, following nearly all day the course

of the river which has its *embouchure* near that city. I know not how it happened, but this was the least pleasant day of the whole journey. We had contracted something like a friendship for each other, and felt that we were here to part, some in one direction, some in another. The Milanese conspirator could not, moreover, forget what dangers and difficulties lay before him. Without a passport he could not enter Genoa; and how, without a passport, was he to embark on any ship or steamer? These embarrassing thoughts occupied his mind, and kept him silent. The Hanoverian and Dalmatian had each his peculiar cause of anxiety. Carlotta and her mamma were almost sad. The captain's family was not addicted to talking, so that the task of keeping up the ball was left entirely to him and me. He was an old traveller, and therefore always endeavored to make the most of his time. He formed no sudden likings or dislikings. He had a smile and a pleasant word for everybody, could discuss all commonplace topics with fluency, regarded everybody around him as a part of his amusement, and was intensely self-satisfied and comfortable whether, when they left him, they went east or west, to the antipodes or to the devil. It mattered not a jot to him; he had seen them, he had conversed with them, and when they vanished, he thought as little of the circumstance as the dispersion of a cloud in a summer sky. Of this philosophy he was proud; and some, perhaps, might have envied him. I confess I did not. I regret parting with people, especially if their company has given me much pleasure; and, therefore, with all the efforts I could make, I was unable to lose sight of the fact that our delightful little party would be broken up in a few hours, and that I should have once more to be thrown amongst entire strangers. About a mile from Genoa, the Milanese took his leave of us, shaking hands with more heartiness than I expected. He evidently felt much regret; and, as he went off, I sincerely wished success to him and his cause. Presently we rattled into the streets of Genoa, stopped in the inn yard, shook hands, took our leave of each other, and in ten minutes I found myself in a pleasant little bed-room overlooking the sea, the breeze from which was blowing softly in at the open windows.

CHAPTER XXIII. — COLUMBUS AND THE VIRGIN.

You have, of course, experienced that sudden collapse of the mind which follows upon the heels of protracted excitement. Everything above, around, and below you, seems flat, stale, and unprofitable. Your coffee is bad, your supper is worse, the smoke of your cigar smells like assa-fœtida. When you go to bed, you can't sleep, and your waking thoughts are like so many hellish dreams. I began to think what a fool I was to leave home, and travel thousands of miles by sea and land, just to see a river, a few old walls, columns, and a rabble of dirty Arabs. Could not I read about them, and be contented? And then, how cruel it was to leave my wife and children,

and the cholera committing frightful ravages along the frontier, and just upon the point of entering Switzerland. I should positively never see them again. For was not the plague always in Egypt? Did not the desert swarm with robbers? Were there not crocodiles in the Nile big enough to swallow me at a single mouthful? Were there not fevers of all shades and hues in Alexandria, in Cairo, and all the way up the valley? It would have been much better to have thought of these things in time. And then, would my constitution hold out? Was I not already immensely fatigued? Was I not thin? Was I not feverish? Was I not, in short, utterly bedeviled? In this pleasant frame of mind I went to bed, where, instead of enjoying sweet sleep, and getting comforted and refreshed, my torments were increased a hundred fold. No sooner had I extinguished the candle, than the enemy descended on me in myriads, in the shape of infernal mosquitoes, which stung me almost to madness. I battled with them manfully. I killed them, hundreds at a time, on my forehead and on my cheeks, till my hands and face were covered with blood. Still their numbers did not seem in the least to be diminished. They renewed the attack as long as there was a whole place left on my skin, and then stuck their stings into the wounds made by their predecessors. If I had known Sterne's chapter of curses by heart, I would gladly have levelled it against mosquitoes and all Genoa, which I pronounced all night long to be one of the avenues to Tartarus. Once I fancied it would be a fine stroke of northern policy to wrap my head in the sheet; but, besides that I should soon have been stifled on account of the heat of the room, large numbers of the foe insinuated themselves along with me under the fallacious covering, and appeared to sting me more at their ease. So, giving up all hope of sleep, and of remission from torment, there I lay, uttering all sorts of imprecations, till the dawn. Then, however, as if by magic, every little winged devil took its flight, and I enjoyed two or three hours of delicious sleep. When, very late in the morning, the chambermaid came to call me, she uttered a loud exclamation on seeing the state of my face, and begged a thousand pardons. It had been all her fault, she said; for, not remembering that I was a stranger, she had omitted to pull down the mosquito curtains, which had hung uselessly over my head all night. She desired me, however, to remain quietly in bed, and left the room. Returning presently, she brought along with her a cup of delicious coffee, and a thin, white, warm liquid, in a basin, in which she dipped a small bit of muslin, and bathed my forehead and face, which were dreadfully swollen. I forgot to inquire what the liquid was; but it almost immediately relieved the pain, and, in the course of half-an-hour, reduced the swelling considerably, so that I was, at all events, fit to be seen. I then got up and dressed, and, by eleven o'clock, was seated in a coffee-room smoking a cigar. A little, withered old man, who sat there smoking also, asked me if I

had ever been at Genoa before. I replied in the negative.

"Then," said he, "let me tell you of the only curiosity worthy of notice which this city contains. It is the portrait of Christopher Columbus, the most extraordinary man produced in these latter ages. I have traversed the Atlantic in his track; I have explored every island in the Gulf of Mexico; I have sailed from Cape Horn to Hudson's Bay; and my mind has all the while been filled with the image of Columbus, whose genius gave the new world to the old."

I thanked him sincerely for his information, and asked him where the portrait was to be found.

"I will take you to the house," said he; "it is at present in the possession of a priest, a very old friend of mine, who will have great pleasure in showing it to you."

"Shall we go at once?" I inquired.

"With all my heart!" cried the old sailor.

And forth we issued, puffing our cigars as we went. He inquired in what direction I was travelling; and, when I mentioned Greece and Egypt, he said he had been in both countries, had smoked a cigar on the Acropolis, bathed in the waters of Castalia, spent a night in the Catacombs, and drank from a bucket at the bottom of Joseph's well. He was now on a voyage to the Bermudas; but, as the ship would not sail in less than three days, he said it would afford him infinite pleasure to be useful to me in the mean time. When we had reached our point of destination, he handed me over to the priest, and went away to transact some business in a distant quarter of the city. The priest, a jolly old fellow, whose ample, portly figure, formed a complete contrast with that of his friend, took me straight up stairs, where he withdrew a curtain from a picture, which I found to be a portrait of a woman.

"Why," said I, "this is not Christopher Columbus, but the blessed Virgin."

"It is all one," answered he; "and for the rest, I have sold the picture of the great navigator, long ago, but thought you would like to see this fine work of art, which is also for sale."

"I don't buy pictures," said I.

"It does not signify," said the priest; "you may see all I have, as, if *l'illustrissimo* signor does not purchase himself, he may know some one who does."

I had gone to see Columbus, and not the Virgin Mary; who smiled on me, nevertheless, from the canvas, and in some sort reconciled me to my disappointment. I experienced, at that moment, the full fascination of art. A second look at that divine countenance shed a calm over my whole mind. It was full of sweetness, full of tranquil beauty; and a light beamed from the eyes which nothing but the touch of genius could bestow. I wished, from the bottom of my soul, I had been a picture-buyer, and could have afforded to take that gem with me to Egypt. I could have held converse with it by the way. It would have raised and purified my thoughts, and done me good in all

respects. I congratulated the priest on his possessing so fine a picture, and asked him if he knew the artist. He said he did not, but supposed it must be by some great master. I entirely agreed with him. The price he required for it, however, was very moderate. Other pictures he had, which, though not equally beautiful, were no less valuable, perhaps, in a commercial point of view. We conversed on his treasures for some time; and when I took my leave, he invited me to come again. He observed, moreover, if the sight of works of art delighted me, he would show me a church in which, to use his own expression, there was a picture worth all Genoa.

"Come to me to-morrow," said he, "and I will go with you. To-day I have some little business to transact, but I shall then be entirely at your disposal."

IMPRESSIONS OF ETON, SEPTEMBER 8, 1849.

ETON, amidst thy pleasant fields I stand
Unknown, unknowing; I can claim no part
In the long glories which thy name recalls,
The trophies and the thousand monuments
Which thou has reared for learning and mankind;
Nor do thy courts and towers to me bring back
A schoolboy's youth:—I am not of thy sons,
And yet I feel the genius of the place;
It breathes upon my brow and on my mind;
It spreads around me like an atmosphere;—
For all things are in unison:—the stream
Winding in its calm beauty through the meads,
This floor of softest grass, these waving trees;
While, opposite, from that majestic pile—
Windsor's and Britain's castellated pride—
The spirit of old monarchy looks down.
Nature and Art, the Present and the Past,
All recollections and all images,
The very aspect and the very air,
The visible objects and the historic forms
That crowd upon the fancy, have one voice,
And make one harmony. Illustrious spot!
I view thee, Eton, and I seem to see
Through the pervading influence of what spells,
What culture of the soul, they who are thine
Became what they have been and what they are.
All of refinement speaks, and polished skill
In sport or study; liberal thoughts and deeds;
And courtesy, and gentle courage born
Of honor, and the nicest sense of shame.
Well also with these structures may accord
Religion, mellowed by Humanity;
Tempering the sallies of a lavish mirth,
And passions in their quick development;
Hallowing their earthly reverence, which upholds
Or throne or altar, and th' inviolate line
Of fixed traditions in the British state.
Not here, methinks, not in such scenes as these,
Could rigid Science most delight to dwell,
Labored, exact, mechanical; not here
Should crabbed Erudition hold her seat,
Ponderous and harsh; not here be sought and found
The stern, untamed Sublimity, that draws
Its accents from hoarse waves and mountains hoar,
In savage grandeur and wild solitude;—
But Scholarship, in happier charms arrayed,
And Verse, that, like the silver Thames, flows on

"What is the subject?" I inquired.

"Artemis bathing in an Arcadian fountain," said he.

I looked in his face to observe the expression of it. It was full of calmness and dignity. He thought of Artemis as of a saint. I promised to call on him next morning, and went down to take a stroll on the Mola, and enjoy the fresh breeze from the Mediterranean. The view of the city—

But no; I will not describe it now; another time will do better, when I shall have seen it from all points, and have studied all its aspects. Genoa stands alone among Italian capitals, for the nature of its site, and the splendor of its palaces. It is, perhaps, the finest monument existing of almost imperial magnificence in decay.

Graceful, and clear, and smoothly musical.

Yet, by the margin of this placid tide,
Yet, in the shelter of these cloistered walls,
Tranquil, though unmonastic, have been nursed
Large aspirations, high and deep resolves,
And all that forms, or feeds, the heroic soul.
How many a generous and romantic boy,
Wrapt up in seeming idleness, hath sat
Beneath these shades, or in these waters dipped
His listless oar, blending and cherishing
Great hopes of fame, fond dreams of earliest love!
How, too, the long procession marches by
Of orators and statesmen; leaders cheered
By friends and foes in senates; chiefs renowned
In camp or court; and prelates of the church,
Worthy the honored mitres which they wore—
Here taught, here trained, here nurtured, here inspired;

Then, by the gratitude of after-days,
Rendering these precincts glorious, peopling them
With mighty shadows! Quiet reigns around,
But not desertion. Though vacation's hour
A while has scattered the light-hearted throng,
What names start up, what memories, e'en for me,
A stranger—nor without the thrill and glow
Of genial joy! For who that knows the lore
Of England, and the annals of her race,
Can look with cold and unadmiring eye
On Eton, and these schools, founded by kings,
By nobles fostered? Ah, what marvel then,
That Loyalty is here the boast and badge?
Or if the scions of such stock have linked
Their creeds and fortunes with the popular cause,
Democracy has worn a courtier robe,
And shown a chivalrous and gallant front,
Nothing of coarse or rude;—has loved to muse
On Greek republics, such as Athens was,
Or in his lofty visions Plato saw;
Or else hath striv'n to lift the struggling mass
To purer tastes, and soften human life
With Libraries and Galleries of Art,
Wide open to the sons of want and toil.

But my words wander; let me now evoke
One gloomier shape, where all to-day is peace;—
All, save those engines on their iron path,
Bringing the smoke and din of the vexed world,
Marring and disenchanting this fair scene.

J. S. B.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ANNALISTS OF THE RESTORATION.—NO. I.

MR. SECRETARY PEPYS.

THE minute examination of any one authentic work does more to familiarize us with the history of the period to which it refers, than the perusal of a hundred abridgments. It is probable that more graphic pictures of the bar of his time, and of the civic contests at a period of what soon became a death-struggle between political parties, are to be gleaned from Roger North's highly-colored narratives, than in any other way. A single sentence often implies a whole train of feelings scarcely suspected to have existed; and yet which, when exposed to view, give the explanation of secrets otherwise wholly unintelligible. We begin to understand—nay, to participate in—the passions that divided society in the days of the Charleses and the Jameses. We see the interior of courts and cabinets in a way in which it was not given to the historians—from whose works the public yet gleams its general knowledge of the facts of any particular reign—to see them. The Walpoles and the Herveys have betrayed secrets which the Smolletts, and Belshams, and the tribe of compilers, never dreamt of. The almost unlimited publication of private documents, which each day is disinterring from old family repositories, will compel the whole of our civil history to be re-written. Of the period of the Restoration, no man can be said to know anything who has not read the memoirs of Evelyn and Pepys.* Evelyn is many ways a more respectable man, and must remain a higher name in our literature. Pepys was, however, a much more entertaining fellow; and we doubt whether the revelation of his own character, strangely given us in his memoirs, is not almost as valuable a part of his work, as that which, in a more proper sense, adds to the materials of history.

We speak of the revelation being strangely given us. Lord Braybrooke has published three editions of the Memoirs,† each in some respects communicating information not to be found in the others, though the last is in every important respect infinitely the best. The "Diary," by which we chiefly know Pepys, was drawn up in the form of a journal—he noting down in a peculiar cipher the incidents of each day, important or unimportant as they might be. This short-hand seems to have answered its purposes of concealment; for, as far as we can learn from Lord Braybrooke's preface to the earlier editions, it does not appear to have been deciphered till some short time before its publication. That Pepys himself trusted to his disguise is plain, from an entry with which the journal closes:—

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my own

* "Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II. Edited by Richard Lord Braybrooke." 5 vols. London: Henry Colman. 1828.

† 1825—1828—1848.

journal, I not being able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes every time I take a pen in my hand, and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear; and therefore resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than what is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, I must endeavor to keep a margin in my book open to add here and there a note in short hand with my own hand.

We have thus become almost accidentally acquainted with what Pepys—indulging at the same time his habitual caution, and the garrulous propensity which was his very nature—thought he had effectually hidden. Of Pepy's "Correspondence," for which we are all indebted to Lord Braybrooke, and which exhibits another phase of his character, a great portion had a narrow escape of being altogether lost. Some seventy volumes of original papers that had belonged to Pepys are now deposited in the Bodleian Library, among Dr. Rawlinson's collection. How Dr. Rawlinson became possessed of these, Lord Braybrooke was unable to learn. It would appear, however, that his interposition saved them from destruction, and secured their preservation in a place of secure and convenient deposit.

Samuel Pepys was descended from the Pepyses of Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire. Our hero is said to have been of a younger branch. His father was a tailor, which may for a while have dimmed his pretensions in heraldic eyes; for we find him telling us of reading for the first time "Fuller's Worthies," and "being much troubled that, though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms, he says nothing at all of us, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk. But I believe, indeed, our family was never considerable." The father retired from trade in or about 1660, and resided for the rest of his life—some twenty years—at Brampton.

Samuel was born on the 23d of February, 1632. He appears to have passed from Huntingdon School to St. Paul's; where he continued till 1650, early in which year his name appears as a sizar on the books of Trinity College, Cambridge. In the next year he removed to Magdalene's, where he was elected into a scholarship. The only record of his college career is the following:—

October 21, 1652.

Pepys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill, for being scandalously over-served with drink the night before. This was done in the presence of all the fellows then resident.

JOHN WOOD, Regr.

In October, 1655, he married Elizabeth St. Michel. His wife was of French descent. Some account is given of her parentage in a letter addressed by her brother to Pepys—they were grandchildren of the high sheriff of Anjou in France, all of whose family were rigid Catholics. The father of Mrs. Pepys was disinherited on his conversion to Protestantism. Being deprived of any fortune from his family, he came over as gentleman-carver to Queen Henrietta Maria. This

would not seem a good place for a Protestant, and he was soon dismissed, having struck a friar who rebuked him for not attending mass. He soon after married an Irish widow, and then served against the Spaniards. While he was away, his wife and children were "inveigled by pretended devouts" into a Roman Catholic establishment, whence the future Mrs. Pepys, then only twelve or thirteen years old, and extremely handsome, was removed into the Ursulines, which was then considered the strictest convent in Paris." St. Michel, however, who was almost distracted at what had occurred, succeeded in recovering them. How Pepys and his wife became acquainted, is not recorded. The marriage seems to have been a sufficiently happy one, though nothing could easily be more rash. He was but twenty-three, and his wife fifteen, and neither of them had anything. Sir Edward Montague, afterwards first Earl of Sandwich, was, however, a relative of Pepys', and appears at all times to have been a faithful and anxious friend, and with him he was employed, probably as secretary. In 1658, he attended Sir Edward on his expedition to the Sound, and on their return was, through Montagu's interest, employed in some public office connected with the pay of the army.

He was afterwards appointed secretary to the two generals of the fleet, and went to Scheveling on board the flag-ship of his patron to bring home Charles the Second. Sir Edward was rewarded with an earldom. In the following summer, Pepys was nominated *Clerk of the Acts* of the Navy. In this office Pepys' great talents for business soon developed themselves. The age was a licentious one, and Pepys, though he escaped its vices, was one who enjoyed pleasure. We say, "though he escaped its vices;" but we say it with hesitation, as Pepys had an eye for female beauty, and gave frequent occasions to what may or may not have been causeless jealousy on the part of his wife; and Lord Braybrooke's suppression of parts of the "Diary" may have reference to stories of the kind, too good to be translated out of the secretary's own cipher. His attendance on the theatre was constant. However, his first object was a conscientious fulfilment of his duty; and Lord Braybrooke expresses amazement how he could have found time to despatch so much business as he did, and to make copies of the voluminous papers connected with the navy. "These papers afford," says Lord B., "the best evidence that he labored incessantly for the good of the service, and endeavored to check the contractors by whom the naval stores were then supplied, and to establish such regulations in the dock-yards as might ensure order and economy. He also strenuously advocated the promotion of the old-established officers of the navy, striving to counteract the undue influence exercised by the court minions, which too often prevailed on that unprincipled government over every claim of merit or service; and he resisted to the utmost the open system of

selling places practised in every department of the state in the most unblushing manner."

In Pepys there was a resolute heroism which showed itself in doing his duty in circumstances where others held aloof. When the plague came, and London was deserted, Pepys remained at his post. "The sickness thickens round us," said he, writing to Sir William Coventry; "you took your turn of the sword—I must not, therefore, grudge to take mine of the pestilence." During the fire of London Pepys again exhibited the calmest courage, and did more than any one else in rendering essential service. He sent persons from the dockyards to blow up the houses, and thus arrested the progress of the flames.

In the spring of 1668, when De Ruyter's successful enterprise against Chatham, in the preceding year, became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, the officers of the navy board naturally incurred the greatest share of the public indignation; they were accordingly summoned to the bar of the House of Commons. Upon this occasion the clerk of the acts undertook their defence, and, in a speech of three hours' duration, succeeded so well in proving that the blame neither rested with himself nor his colleagues, that no further proceedings were instituted against them.

In the summer of 1669, Pepys discontinued his journal, in consequence of increasing weakness of sight; and, though his eyes recovered, he never resumed it. We must, then, in judging of the journal, remember that it gives but the early years of his official life; and the clerk of the acts was a different man from the secretary of the admiralty of after days. His comparative youth, too, accounts for the temper of levity with which he regarded the sins and scandal of the most vicious court that had ever existed in England. In the course of 1669, Pepys obtained leave of absence from his office for a few months, and accompanied by his wife he visited France and Holland. His time was, even while abroad, devoted to the service of the department to which he belonged, and he occupied himself in obtaining information with respect to the Dutch and French navies. Shortly after his return he lost his wife. Through Pepys' life he had some misgivings of his wife's religion. Having been educated for some years of her early life in a French convent, he thought she might have retained some of the feelings towards Romanism that it had been the object of her instructors to inculcate; but shortly before her death she received the sacrament with her husband from the rector of the parish, and thus this doubt was dispelled.

In a few years afterwards the question was Pepys' own religion. Pepys had been a round-head when a boy, and he tells us of serious fear that he at one time entertained, after the Restoration, lest a schoolfellow should remember that on the day the king was beheaded he said, "Were I to preach on this occasion, my text should be, 'The memory of the wicked shall rot.' " The

fact that Pepys had been a roundhead, or called so when at school, was entirely forgotten; but, in general, malice dealt not with facts or half facts, but with absolute falsehoods, admitting of no explanation, nor of any other contradiction than such as arises from being able to prove the witnesses of the invented calumny unworthy of any credit. Pepys was returned as member to the House of Commons, but his seat was disputed, and the house thought itself entitled to examine some statements that personally affected Pepys. It was stated that he had an altar and a crucifix in his house. It was with difficulty extorted that the information on which the house was disposed to act had been given by Lord Shaftesbury. Sir J. Banks was also said to have seen the altar. Shaftesbury evaded and equivocated, denied the altar, but said he saw something like a crucifix, whether painted or carved he could not say, "his memory was so imperfect that, were he on his oath, he could give no testimony." Banks denied the thing altogether. One solitary word of truth there does not appear to have been in the accusation. The opposition to Pepys was allowed to drop, and he was allowed peaceably to retain his seat. Pepys' journal bears incontrovertible testimony to his attachment to the Church of England:—

In some of the earliest pages of his Diary how interesting are the accounts of his attendance on the worship of that church, when her rites were administered to a scattered flock by a few faithful and courageous men, who met for that purpose in secret and in danger, like the fathers of the primitive church under the tyranny of their heathen persecutors! After the Restoration, the confidential servant of the Duke of York, and the secretary of the admiralty to Charles II. and James II., saw, undoubtedly, how much his temporal interests would be promoted by his conversion to that faith which both those princes had embraced, and for the propagation of which the last of them, his immediate patron, manifested such a bigoted and fanatical enthusiasm. But there is no reason for believing that any such temptation ever entered into his mind; or, if it did, the reader will see, in the close of this memoir, the most satisfactory proofs that it was steadily and successfully resisted.—*Lord Braybrooke. Life of Pepys.*

In 1673, the Duke of York having resigned all his employments, Pepys was called into the king's immediate service as secretary for the affairs of the navy. In 1679, Pepys was again accused. It was the day of pretended plots and conspiracies. Pepys was accused of treasonable correspondence with France, and was committed to the Tower. One of his servants gave testimony that his master was a Roman Catholic, and that a foreign music master who lived in Pepys' house was a priest in disguise. The servant afterwards retracted all he said, and if other evidence of Pepys' innocence be required it is enough to say that Evelyn states his belief that the accusation was altogether groundless.

Another change in the constitution of the admiralty separated Pepys from it, but during this interval he attended Charles at Newmarket, and it was then and there that he took down in short hand

from Charles' own lips the romantic narrative of his escape after the battle of Worcester.

In the next year the king assumed the office of lord high admiral, and Pepys was constituted secretary for the affairs of the admiralty, which office he filled during the remainder of Charles' reign, and the whole of James II. When news came of the landing of William, James was sitting to Knelser for his picture; with entire composure he desired the painter "to proceed and finish the portrait, that his good friend might not be disappointed:—"

The history of the period from Mr. Pepys' commitment to the Tower to the abdication of James II., so far as the administration of the navy is concerned, and the part borne by him therein, will be found fully and elegantly detailed in his Memoirs published in 1690, which the reader may consult for his more ample satisfaction. From the perusal of this interesting little tract, as well as many parts of the work now published, it may be seen how erroneously the merit of restoring the navy to its pristine splendor has been assigned to James II. by his different biographers. Mr. Stanier Clarke, in particular, actually dwells upon the essential and lasting benefit which that monarch conferred on his country, by *building up and regenerating the naval power*; and asserts, as a *proof of the king's great ability*, that *the regulations still enforced under the orders of the admiralty, are nearly the same as those originally drawn up by him*. It becomes due, therefore, to Mr. Pepys to explain, that for these improvements, the value of which no person can doubt, we are indebted to him, and not to his royal master. To establish this fact, it is only necessary to refer to the MSS. connected with the subject, in the Bodleian and Pepysian Libraries, by which the extent of Mr. Pepys' official labors can alone be appreciated; and we even find in the Diary, as early as 1668, that a long letter of regulation, produced before the commissioners of the navy by the Duke of York, as *his own composition*, was entirely written by the Clerk of the Acts.—*Lord Braybrooke. Life.*

Pepys' attachment to James was too great to have it natural that he should continue to be employed after the revolution, and he passed into private life. Still till the time of his death he was consulted about all things that in any way related to the navy. In 1684, he was raised to the high station of President of the Royal Society. In 1703 he died. "I never," said the clergyman who attended him in his death illness—"I never attended any sick or dying person that died with so much Christian greatness of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality, or so much fortitude or patience, in so long and sharp a trial, or greater resignation to the will which he acknowledged to be the wisdom of God."

The "DIARY" is the record of ten years—from January, 1659–60, to May, 1670. In the earlier editions of the work Lord Braybrooke had considerably abridged the narrative; and even in the last edition there are omissions. The manners of our age will not permit much that, in days infinitely less licentious than those of the second Charles, was inoffensively and innocently spoken and written, and we doubt, accordingly, the fitness of any omissions

whatever. Allowance is made for the difference of manners which neutralizes whatever is mischievous; and a distrust of every part of the work is introduced, when an editor once begins to exercise his own discretion in determining how much or how little of the work he edits is to appear before the public. In the new edition of Pepys, the additions are very considerable—scarce a page where they do not occur; and, as in the original selections, all that bore on the general history of the country was studiously preserved, it now happens, that the matter, for the first time printed, and which was then omitted, is that which relates to Pepys himself, or to some passing incident of no seeming importance. To us these trifling traits of character—these transient indications of manners, are of more value than the more formal passages, if, indeed, anything in this most amusing and most unreserved journal can be called formal. There is not a single page of the new edition which it is not necessary to read, as the additions are often of but a few lines, and are not in any way distinguished by any difference of type. The new edition is, in truth, an absolutely new work. Lord Braybrooke's notes to it are also considerably more illustrative of the text than those in the former editions. Five-and-twenty years have not passed without having considerably increased his means of information on the subjects with which his notes are occupied.

The "Diary" commences at a time when it was manifest that the son of Cromwell had not the genius or the disposition to retain the sovereignty of England. Everything tended to a restoration. We may as well transcribe Pepys' two first entries, as they have the advantage both of exhibiting the posture of public affairs, and of showing his own character:—

1659-60.—Blessed be God, at the end of the last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking cold. I lived in Axe-yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.

The condition of the state was thus, viz., the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the army all forced to yield. Lawson lies still in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the parliament, nor is it expected that he will without being forced to it. The new common council of the city do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and the expectations of all. Twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed, that neither they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but, indeed, very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat certain. Mr. Downing master of my office.

Jan. 1st (Lord's day).—This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel

at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon upon these words—"That in the fulness of time God sent his Son, made of a woman," &c.; showing that, by "made under the law," is meant the circumcision, which is solemnized this day. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I staid at home the whole afternoon looking over my accounts.

The Downing here mentioned is described by Wood as "a sinner with all times and changes, skilled in the common cant, and a preacher occasionally." He was employed by Cromwell, and after the Restoration he became secretary to the treasury. Pepys' employment under him was in some way connected with the Exchequer. The Mr. Gunning whom he mentions, became afterwards Bishop of Ely. He had continued to read the liturgy at Exeter House, when the parliament was most predominant, for which Wood often rebuked him. Downing's changes of politics in those strange times, when no man could see his way, are not to be too harshly judged of. The fact itself was, probably, nothing more than that he served under the parliament, and afterwards under Charles. The temper in which it is recorded is, that of some writer of the day relating the fact in a tone that exhibits his own feelings, and not those of the person he describes. We mention this, because too much stress has been laid on Pepys' school-boy Roundheadism, and his being indebted to Downing for the humble office which he held, has been made the subject of absurd accusation against him. In spite of his schoolboy republicanism, which was but a transient fever of the mind, Pepys was, long before the Restoration, in spirit and in heart, a loyalist. In religion, he was at all times an episcopalian; and the thought of royalty and the church were at that time fixedly associated in men's minds. There is a striking entry, dated the 30th of January, 1659, (1660, as we would write,) for the first time printed, in Lord Braybrooke's last edition of the "Diary," which shows the true tone of Pepys' feelings:—"This morning, before I was up, I fell a singing of my song 'Great, good, and just,' &c., and put myself thereby in mind that this was the fatal day; now ten years since, his majesty died. There seems now to be a general cease of talk, it being taken for granted that Monk do resolve to stand to the parliament, and nothing else." The expectation, then, of the Restoration was dying away at the time when Pepys' thoughts were thus occupied. What Pepys calls his song, was the beginning of Montrose's verses on the execution of Charles, which he had set to music:—

Great, good, and just, could I but rate
My grief, and thy too rigid fate;
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
That it should deluge once again.
But, since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies,
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

The fluctuations of opinion everywhere, and the

watchful anxiety with which Monk's movements were regarded by all, during a period in which the fate of the nation seemed to depend on the part he might take, are nowhere so strikingly described as in this journal. His whole conduct, interpreted by the fact of his ultimately declaring for the Restoration, is, in the popular histories of England, described as if it were consistent, and as if the purpose which he accomplished was a part of his original design, and not like most of the acts of men, in whatever position, a compromise with circumstances which they but partially influence. We learn more of human nature, and more of actual fact, in these successive notices, drawn up without the key which after-events give. The joy of the city, when Monk declared for a free parliament, and when the rump was dethroned, is well told :—

11th February, 1659-60.—We were told that the parliament had sent Scott and Robinson to Monk this afternoon, but he would not hear them. And that the mayor and aldermen had offered their own houses for himself and his officers ; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along the streets cried, "God bless them !" and extraordinary good words. Hence we went to a merchant's house hard by, where I saw Sir Nich. Crisp, and so we went to the Star Tavern (Monk being then at Benson's.) In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen ! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King street seven or eight ; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks, and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suifedness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side.

Still all was doubtful. Something like monarchy is becoming the popular thought. Pepys' entry of the first of March following tells us—"Great is the talk of a single person, and that it would be Charles, George, or Richard* again. Great, also, is the dispute now in the house in whose name the new writs shall run for the next parliament ; and it is said that Mr. Prin, in open house said, 'In King Charles'." The entry of March the 6th contains the following :—"My Lord [Sir E. Montagu] told me that there was great endeavors to bring in the protector again ; but he told me, too, that he did not think it would last long if he were brought in ; no, nor the king neither, (though he seems to think that

he will come in,) unless he carry himself very soberly and well. Everybody now drinks the king's health without any fear ; whereas it was before very private that a man dare to do it."

Pepys' solution of Lambert's not being unwilling to go to the Tower is not bad :—"My Lord did seem to wonder much why Lambert was so willing to be put into the Tower, and thinks he has some design in it ; but I think that he is so poor that he cannot use his liberty for debts, if he were at liberty ; and so it is as good and better for him to be there than anywhere else."

In Dr. Beattie's "Life of Campbell the Poet," we remember something like this. An Irish patriot of 1798 finds himself comfortably boarded and lodged as a state prisoner. He is detained so long that a kind of intimacy grows up between him and his gaoler. The governor of the prison has a daughter, who listens indulgently to his stories of forfeited estates and chateaux in Ireland, inherited from his ancestors in the days of Milesius. The state prisoner gradually becomes a great man ; and as he is pretty sure to return each evening about dinner-time, is allowed to ramble where he pleases during the day. At last a real grievance comes—the order for his liberation—and O'Donovan is obliged to curtail his name of some dozen Celtic letters, which he had each day amused himself in explaining to the governor's daughter ; has to forget all about Milesius, and Finn M'Comhal, and the glories and victories of his ancestors, Christian and Pagan, and earn his bread, or cease to eat it, as if he were no better than a mere Saxon.

Pepys was not entrusted with the secret of Sir Edward Montagu, who had been in correspondence with the king and the Duke of York for some time ; nor were the movements of Monk and Montagu in concert, though all were plainly tending to the Restoration. When Montagu determined on taking Pepys on board with him in the vessel that was to bring back the king, the object of the voyage was not communicated to Pepys, nor perhaps was it quite distinctly before Montagu's own mind—it depended on so many calculations, and on so many contingencies that were beyond the reach of calculation. Pepys made his will, and left to his wife all he had in the world, except his books. In spite of his joyous anticipations connected with the purpose of the voyage, which he more than suspected, he had misgivings ; and he seems to have busied himself in reading signs in the heavens, and guessing what destiny was about, by watching the shiftings of the clouds, and the changes of the wind. "I took," says he, "a short, melancholy leave of my father and mother, without having them to drink, or say anything of business one to another. At Westminster, by reason of rain and an easterly wind, the water was so high that there were boats rowed in King street, and all our yards were drowned that no one could go to my house, so as no man has seen the like almost, and most houses full of water."

* Charles Rex, George Monk, Richard Cromwell.

Montagu also made his will, for we have an entry :—"Carried my Lord's will in a black box to Mr. W. Montagu, for him to keep for him." Still, in spite of a few misgivings, the omens were favorable, and Pepys soon gets into exulting spirits. Pepys had been a prosperous life hitherto, and there was now the dawn of higher prosperity. Competence, at least, was within his reach—probably wealth, and perhaps rank. The manners of the time were such as to us would appear strange—nay, shabby. Presents—bribes, in truth—were universal; and it seems astonishing how a system of corruption, extending itself to everything, and overspreading private and public life, did not leave society less sound at the core than it appears to have been. When Downing, Pepys' first master, went on an excursion to Holland, he took a civil leave of the poor clerk, who was trembling lest his master was about dismissing him. "I was afraid," says Pepys, "that he would have told me something of removing me from my office; but he did not; but that he would do me any service that lay in his power. So I went down, and sent a porter to my house for my best fur cap; but he coming too late with it, I did not present it to him; and so I returned and went to Heaven,* where I dined."

Pepys was now in the position to feel how much more blessed it is to receive than to give. He is appointed secretary to the two generals of the fleet, and we find him writing, in his secret cipher—"Strange how these people do promise me anything; one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine or a gun; and one offered me a silver hatband to do him a courtesy. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby." We have an entry of the 30th—"I was saluted in the morning with two letters from some one I had done a favor to, which brought me in each a piece of gold." Neither of the passages which we have last quoted are in the earlier editions of the "Diary;" and this may suggest to our readers how imperfect any acquaintance with the book derived from the former editions can be. An entry of April the 1st follows, the following sentence of which was first printed in 1848:—"April 1 (Lord's day).—This morning I gave Mr. Hill, that was on board with the vice-admiral, a bottle of wine, and was exceedingly satisfied with the power I have to make my friends welcome." Some parts of the entry, that may be of use with reference to general history, follow; but their value for this, or for any purpose, is diminished, by omitting anything illustrative of the character of the writer. The entire unreserve with which everything that passes through his mind is jotted down, is no inconsiderable part of the evidence that makes us rely entirely on his fidelity. Montagu soon ceased to have any secrets from Pepys; but the necessity of caution and secrecy still existed. When at sea, they learn that "All the news from London is, that things go on fur-

ther towards a king; that the Skinners' Company, the other day, at their entertaining of General Monk, had took down the Parliament Arms in their Hall, and set up the King's. My Lord and I had a great deal of discourse about the several captains of the fleet, and his interest among them, and had his mind clear to bring in the King. He confessed to me that he was not sure of his own captain to be true to him, and that he did not like Captain Stokes." We soon, however, have the fleet with the king. Pepys drew up the vote, and we have the letter which accompanied the official copies of it signed with his name :—"Sir—He that can fancy a fleet (like ours) in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud *Vive le Roys*, echoed from one ship's company to another, he and he only can apprehend the joy this enclosed vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it, and is your humble servant—S. PEPPYS."

The pecuniary distress of the royal family at the moment of the Restoration is mentioned :—

May 16, 1660. This afternoon Mr. E. Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition, for clothes and money, the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord. their clothes not being worth forty shillings, the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful that he called the Princess Royal and Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the port-manteau before it was taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.

On the 17th, Pepys was presented to the king, the Duke of York, and the princess royal.

May 23, 1660. We weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather, we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the king was standing with his hands on the back of a chair at the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France,

* "False Heaven, at the end of the Hall."—*Hudibras*.
A place of entertainment in Old Palace-yard.

where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy, (which was all the ship's company,) and so get to Fecamp, in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly that the people went into the rooms before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other.

Pepys is, however, occupied in one way or other for a month more, so as to have no opportunity of rejoining his family; and it is not until the 22nd of the following month that we have the entry—"To bed the first time since my coming from sea in my own house, for which God be praised." On the 8th of July we have the entry—"To Whitehall Chapel, where I got in with ease, by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs, and singing men in surplices, in my life. The Bishop of Chichester [King] preached before the King, and made a great flattering sermon, which I did not like, that the clergy should meddle with matters of state."

The 10th is an important day with Pepys. It was the day on which his patron obtained the title of Earl of Sandwich. It was more important on other accounts. "This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life." It had further interest. Pepys had an eye for pretty women, and that day he took his wife to "a great wedding of Nan Hartlib's to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring House, with very great state, cost, and able company. But among all the beauties there my wife was thought the greatest." "Home, with my mind pretty quiet; not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed."

On the 13th Pepys rises early, for he has business to do—he had been promised the patent place of Clerk of the Acts, and he had to pass his patent. This was difficult, for fees were to be paid to every one who had anything to do in preparing it; and it would seem that even a copying clerk, who had not been the person himself to copy it, was near interrupting all by insisting that it was not fairly written. However, Pepys gave him "two pieces, after which it was strange how civil and tractable he was to me." Pepys' fear was lest some sudden change should displace his patron from power, before the patent was passed. The business of the day, however, succeeded to his heart's content, and on that day he was a happy man. "It was," this faithful record states, "the first day I put on my black camlett cloak with silver buttons." The same entry concludes with a notice which shows to what the court was coming, and that another reign than that of the Puritans was what the English people had to prepare themselves for:—"Late writing letters, and great doings of musique, at the next house, which was Whally's; the King and the Duke there with Madame Palmer, a pretty woman that they had a fancy too, to make her husband a cuckold. Here at the old door, that did go into his lodgings, my

Lord, I, and W. Howe did stand, listening a great while to the musique." The whispering about Madame Palmer goes on, and there is more in the matter than Pepys has heard; the king, however, and not the duke, seems the favored lover. "There are factions," we are told, "private ones at court, about Mrs. Palmer, but what it is about I know not. But it is about the King's favor to her now that the Queen is coming." Our next meeting with Mrs. Palmer is as Lady Castlemaine. We are told of a patent for "Roger Palmer (Madame Palmer's husband) to be Earl of Castlemaine and Baron of Limbricke in Ireland; but the honor is tied up to the males of the body of this wife, the reason whereof everybody knows." Soon after we have an account that Lady Castlemaine, "being quite fallen out with her husband, did yesterday go away from him with all her plate, jewels, and other best things, and is gone to Richmond to a brother of her's; which I am apt to think was a design to get her out of town, that the King might come at her the better." This entry was in July. In the following January we have recorded a visit to Whitehall, "where I spent a little time walking among the courtiers, which I perceive I shall be able to do with great confidence, being now beginning to be pretty well known among them. Among other discourse am told how the King sups at least four times every week with my Lady Castlemaine, and most often stays till the morning with her, and goes home through the garden all alone, privately; and that so as the very sentries take notice of it and speak of it." In February he is told "that my Lady Castlemaine hath all the King's Christmas presents made him by the peers given to her, which is a most abominable thing; and that at the great ball she was much richer in jewels than the Queen and Duchess both put together." In a miscellaneous entry of the 25th of April, the greater part of which was suppressed in the earlier editions, we find a good deal worth preserving:—

April 25th, 1663. In the evening, merrily practising the dance which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton. but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing. At Westminster Hall this day I bought a book, lately printed, and licensed by Dr. Stradling, the Bishop of London's chaplain, being a book discovering the practices and designs of the Papists—a very good book; but forasmuch as it touches one of the Queen Mother's father confessors, the bishop, which troubles many good men and members of parliament, hath called it in, which I am sorry for it. Another book I bought, being a collection of many expressions of the great Presbyterian preachers upon public occasions, in the late times, against the King and his party, as some of Mr. Marshall, Case, Calamy, Baxter, &c., which is good reading now, to see what they then did teach, and the people believe, and what they would seem to believe now. I did fear that the Queen is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he not having supped once with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine, who hath

been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night; and, which is more, they say, is removed, as to her bed, from her own house, to a chamber in White Hall, next to the King's own, which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much.—Vol. II., New Edition, p. 134.

The course of the king's love is not, however, without eddies:—

3rd of June. In the Hall to-day Dr. Pierce tells me that the Queen began to be brisk, and play like other ladies, and is quite another woman from what she was. It may be, at any rate, the King like her the better, and forsake his two mistresses—my Lady Castlemaine and Stewart.

October 14th. My Lady Castlemaine, then, is in as great favor as ever, and the King supped with her the very first night he came from Bath, and last night, and the night before, supped with her, when there being a chine of beef to roast, and the tide rising into their kitchen, that it could not be roasted there, and the cook telling her of it, she answered, "Zounds! she must set the house on fire, but it should be roasted;"* so it was carried to Mrs. Sarah's husband, and there it was roasted.

The queen is dangerously ill; but the attentions to Lady Castlemaine are not discontinued:

Oct. 20, 1663. This evening, at my Lord's lodgings, Mrs. Sarah talking with my wife and I how the Queene do, and how the King tends her, being so ill. She tells us that the Queene's sickness is the spotted fever; that she was as full of the spots as a leopard, which is very strange that it should be no more known, but, perhaps, it is not so. And that the King do seem to take it much at heart, for that he hath wept before her; but, for all that, that he hath not missed one night since she was sick, of supping with my Lady Castlemaine, which I believe is true; for she says that her husband hath dressed the suppers every night; and I confess I saw him myself, coming through the street, dressing up a great supper to-night, which Sarah says is also for the King and her, which is a very strange thing.

Public calamities do not interfere with this infatuation:—

This day come news from Harwich, that the Dutch fleet are all in sight, near 100 sail, great and small, they think coming towards them, where they think they shall be able to oppose them; but do cry out of the falling back of the seamen, few standing by them, and those with much faintness. The like they wrote from Portsmouth, and their letters this post are worth reading. Sir W. Cholmly came to me this day, and tells me the court is as bad as ever; that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemaine, at the Duchesse of Monmouth's, and these were all mad in hunting of a poor moth. All the court afraid of a parliament; but he thinks nothing can save us but the King's giving up all to a parliament.

In reviewing a book of this kind, it is impossible to adopt any very systematic arrangement:—

21st (Lord's day.) To the Parke. The Queene coming by in her coach, going to her chapel at St. James' (the first time it hath been ready for her.) I crowded after her, and I got up to the room where

* Lord Sandwich's housekeeper.

her closet is, and there stood, and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the fryers in their habits, and the priests come in with their fine crosses, and many other fine things. I heard their musique too, which may be good, but it did not appear so to me; neither as to their manner of singing, nor was it good concord to my ears, whatever the matter was. The Queene very devout; but what pleased me best was, to see my dear Lady Castlemaine, who, though a Protestant, did wait upon the Queene to chapel. By and bye, after mass was done, a fryer, with his cowl, did rise up, and preach a sermon in Portuguese, which I not understanding, did go away, and to the King's Chapel, but that was done; and so up to the Queene's presence-chamber, where she and the king was expected to dine; but she staying at St. James', they were forced to remove the things to the King's presence, and there he dined alone; and I with Mr. Fox very finely; but I see I must not have too much of that liberty, for my honor sake only, not but that I am very well received.

There was a report of Lady Castlemaine's becoming Roman Catholic. "I heard," says Pepys, "for certain, that Lady Castlemaine is turned Papist, which the Queene for all do not much like, thinking that she do it not for conscience sake." The date of this entry is 22nd December, 1663. There is a letter from Monsieur de Lionne to Louis XIV. of this date, which says, "*Le Roy d'Angleterre estant tant prié par les parents de la dame d'apporter quelque obstacle a cette action, repondit galamment, que pour l'ame des dames il ne s'en meloit point.*"

We have a scene in which Pepys exhibits his own character in his descriptions, not alone of the beauty, but of the dress of the ladies:—

By and by, the King and Queen—the Queen, in a white laced waistcoat, and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *a la negligence*, mighty pretty, and the King rode hand-in-hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, rode amongst the rest of the ladies, but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she did light, did anybody press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but she was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humor, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of; and yet she is very handsome, but very melancholy. Nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queene's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing, which it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked, and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life, and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress; nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

There are amusing stories of the jealousies

* Lord Braybrooke—note in the new edition. Lord Braybrooke gives, in an appendix, extracts from this correspondence; but the letter to which he refers is not given.

between these ladies—more amusing of their loves. One is “how Lady Castlemaine, a few days since, had Mrs. Stewart to an entertainment, and at night began a frolique that they two must be married, and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service and ribbands, and a sack-posset in bed, and flinging the stocking; but in the close it is said that my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the king came and took her place.” A few days after Pepys had first heard this story, it was told him again by a person likely to be acquainted with the fact, and we have the following record:—“Pickering tells me that the story of my Lady Castlemaine’s and Stewart’s marriage is certain, and that it was in order to the king’s coming to Stewart, as is believed generally.” The etiquette of the French, and it would seem of the English court, was that the king’s mistress should be a married woman, and hence the parody of the marriage ceremony. The Duke of York was also for a while a captive to the fair Stewart’s charms; yet, in spite of Pepys’ stories, she seems to have escaped the snares and scandal of this abandoned court with but slight damage to her reputation. When the queen was dangerously ill, and her death appeared certain, the prevalent belief was that Charles intended to marry her, and there was afterwards a report that he still had the same intention, and was about to obtain a divorce from the queen. This fear, it was said, led the chancellor, Lord Clarendon, to make up a match between her and the Duke of Richmond. “I hear,” says Pepys, “how the King is not so well pleased of this marriage between the Duke and Mrs. Stewart as is talked; and that the Duke by a wife did fetch her to the Beare, at the Bridgefoot, where a coach was ready, and they are stole away into Kent without the King’s leave, and that the King saith he will never see her more; but people do think that it is only a trick.” Again, “Pierce told us the story how in good earnest the King is offended with the Duke’s marrying, and Mrs. Stewart sending the King his jewels again. As he tells it, it is the noblest romance and example of a brave lady that ever I read of in my life.” An after entry tells us of the formidable enemy of beauty whose sting has been disarmed by modern science:—

March 26, 1668. This noon sent to Somerset-House to hear how the Duchess of Richmond do; and word was brought that she is pretty well, but mighty full of the small-pox, by which all do conclude that she will be wholly spoiled, which is the greatest instance of the uncertainty of beauty that could be in this age; but then she hath the benefit of it, to be first married, and to have kept it so long, under the greatest temptations in the world from a king, and yet without the least imputation.

It would seem, then, either that the former statements of Pepys had less of truth in them than he thought at the time, or that strange misconstructions were given to what was but girlish gayety and lightheartedness. Through Pepys’

work we have several notices of the pictures of Mrs. Stewart. Of one by Cooper he tells us—“There I did see Mrs. Stewart’s picture, as when a young maid, and now just done before her having the small-pox; and it would make a man weep to see what she was then, and what she is like to be by people’s discourse now.” The lady, however, was still lucky—she escaped without the injury that was apprehended, and reappeared at court in more than her former beauty.

In the “Diary” we have minute accounts of the Plague, and its gradual progress. It comes in strangely—like the measured tones of a death-bell—among statements of every kind of frivolity and dissipation. We have the first notices of alarm when it is known in London that it is in Amsterdam—the quarantine regulations—the gradual increase of the bills of mortality—the flight of everybody that could leave London. In one place we have him conversing on some ordinary matter of business when they come close by the bearers with a body dead of the plague, and then follows the entry, “Lord! to see what custom is, that I am come to think nothing of it.” Pepys himself removed his family to Woolwich, and we have a letter from him to Lady Carteret, dated from that place:—

The absence of the court and emptiness of the city takes away all occasion of news, save only such melancholy stories as would rather sadden than find your ladyship any divertisement in the hearing; I having stayed in the city till about 7,400 died in one week, and of them above 6,000 of the plague, and little noise heard day nor night but tolling of bells; till I could walk Lumber-street, and not meet twenty persons from one end to the other, and not 50 upon the Exchange; till whole families (10 and 12 together) have been swept away; till my very physician, (Dr. Burnet,) who undertook to secure me against any infection, (having survived the month of his own being shut up,) died himself of the plague; till the nights (though much lengthened) are grown too short to conceal the burials of those that died the day before, people being thereby constrained to borrow daylight for that service; lastly, till I could find neither meat nor drink safe, the butcheries being everywhere visited, my brewer’s house shut up, and my baker with his whole family dead of the plague.

The death-bells did not interfere with the marriage festivals; there was marrying and giving in marriage in these as in all times, and there were all the incidents of courtship as in the days that were, and the days that will be; but the days that have passed have left no other chronicler half so observant and so amusing as Pepys. In the first volume of “The Diary,” Oct. 20, 1660, we are introduced to Lady Jemima Montagu, the daughter of Pepys’ patron. “I dined with my lord and lady; he was very merry, and did talk very high how he would have a French cook, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange; but he is become a perfect courtier; and among other things, my lady saying she could get a good merchant for her daughter Jem. He answered that

he would rather see her with a pedlar's pack at her back, so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen."

In July, 1665, we have the young lady's actual wedding. "Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing." The first mention of it is on the last day of the previous June. We find Pepys talking of removing his wife to Woolwich, on account of the plague:—"She is lately learning to paint with great pleasure and success. All other things well, especially a new interest I am making by a match in hand between the eldest son of Sir G. Carteret and Lady Jemima Montagu." Pepys seems to have been the great negotiator in this arrangement. He goes to Sir G. Carteret's—"Received by my Lady Carteret and her children with most extraordinary kindness, and dined most nobly. I took occasion to have much discourse with Mr. Philip Carteret, (the intended bridegroom,) and find him a very modest man; and I think, verily, of mighty good nature and pretty understanding." "It is mighty pretty to think how my poor Lady Sandwich between her and me is doubtful whether her daughter will like the match or no, and how troubled she is for fear of it, which I do not fear at all, and desire her not to do it; but her fear is the most discreet and pretty that ever I did see." A few days afterwards we have Lady Sandwich buying things for my Lady Jemima's wedding. This, it would appear, was before the young people had actually even seen each other; but not before the Carterets had paid all manner of attentions to the young lady. "Lord! to see how kind my Lady Carteret is to her. Sends her most rich jewels, and provides bedding and things of all sorts most richly for her, which makes my lady [Lady Sandwich] and me out of our wits almost, to see the kindness she treats us all with, as if they would buy the young lady." Such is the happy Pepys' exclamation—the same Pepys who, in speaking of another marriage a few days before, describes "the father-in-law and husband contracting for the bride, though a pretty woman, as if they had been buying a horse." The account of the courtship is so peculiar and so amusing, that we must give the entries as we find them:—

July 14th, 1665. I by water to Sir G. Carteret's, and there find my Lady Sandwich buying things for my Lady Jem's wedding; and my Lady Jem is beyond expectation come to Dagenhams, where Mr. Carteret is to go to visit her to-morrow; and my proposal of waiting on him, he being to go alone to all persons strangers to him, was well accepted, and so I go with him. But, Lord! to see how kind my Lady Carteret is to her! Sends her most rich jewels, and provides bedding and things of all sorts most richly for her.

15. Mr. Carteret and I to the ferry-place at Greenwich, and there staid an hour crossing the water to and again to get our coach and horses over; and by and by set out, and so towards Dagenhams. But, Lord! what silly discourse we had as to love-matters, he being the most awkward man ever I met with in my life as to that business. Thither we come, and by that time it begun to be dark, and

were kindly received by Lady Wright and my Lord Crewe. And to discourse they went, my Lord discoursing with him, asking of him questions of travel, which he answered well enough in a few words; but nothing to the lady from him at all. To supper, and after supper to talk again, he yet taking no notice of the lady. My Lord would have had me have consented to leaving the young people together to-night, to begin their amours, his staying being but to be little. But I advised against it, lest the lady might be too much surprised. So they led him up to his chamber, where I staid a little, to know how he liked the lady, which he told he did mightily; but, Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did. So I bid him good night, and down to prayers with my Lord Crewe's family.

16th (Lord's Day). Having trimmed myself, down to Mr. Carteret; and we walked in the gallery an hour or two, it being a most noble and pretty house that ever, for the bigness, I saw. Here I taught him what to do; to take the lady always by the hand to lead her, and telling him that I would find opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these compliments, and also take a time to do the like to Lord Crewe and Lady Wright. After I had instructed him, which he thanked me for, owning that he needed my teaching him, my Lord Crewe come down and family, the young lady among the rest; and so by coaches to church four miles off; where a pretty good sermon, and a declaration of penitence of a man that had undergone the church's censure for his wicked life. Thence back again by coach, Mr. Carteret having not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand, coming or going, which I told him of when we come home, and he will hereafter do it. So to dinner. My Lord excellent discourse. Then to walk in the gallery, and to sit down. By and by my Lady Wright and I go out, (and then my Lord Crewe, he not by design,) and lastly my Lady Crewe come out, and left the young people together. And a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright's most innocently come out afterwards, and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration; which made us without have good sport to laugh at.

17th. Up all of us, and to billiards; my Lady Wright, Mr. Carteret, myself, and everybody. By and by the young couple left together. Anon to dinner; and after dinner Mr. Carteret took my advice about giving to the servants £10 among them. Before we went, I took my Lady Jem. apart, and would know how she liked this gentleman, and whether she was under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed, and hid her face awhile; but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered that she could readily obey what her father and mother had done; which was all she could say, or I expect.

But, Lord! to see how all these great people here are afraid of London, being doubtful of everything that comes from thence, or that have lately been there, so I was forced to say that I lived wholly at Woolwich. So anon took leave, and for London.

"Lady Jemima hath carried herself with mighty discretion and gravity, not being forward at all in any degree, but mighty serious in her answers. The young man could not be got to say one word before me or Lady Sandwich of his adventures; but, by what he afterwards relates to his father and mother and sisters, he gives an account that pleases them mightily. All their care now is to

have the business ended, and they have reason, because the sickness puts all out of order, and they cannot safely stay where they are."

The day of the very marriage comes—the 31st of July. Pepys is "up and very betimes at Deptford, and there finds Sir G. Carteret and my lady ready to go." Pepys is in his glory, "Being," he says, "in my new colored silk vest and coat, trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine."

There is unluckily, however, some blundering about the ferry and the coach that is to meet them—wind and tide will not wait, or vary their courses to gratify impatient people, and the canonical hours will be soon over. What is Pepys to do? There is great danger that the young people will be married before he can come, and that they will not see his new coat—he, too, will not see their dresses. Pepys' party have the license and the wedding-ring—it is sent on—they at last have crossed the ferry, and drive hard with six horses; they are, however, only in time to meet the bridal party returning from church, "which troubled us, but however that trouble was soon over, hearing it was well done, they both being in their old clothes, my Lord Crewe giving her, there being three coachfuls of them." "In their old clothes!" What an incident for the son of the old tailor to record! "In their old clothes!" We are tempted to lay down the record. The fact is, Pepys himself was the only one of the company worth looking at. "The young lady mighty sad, which troubled me; but yet I think it was her gravity in a little greater degree than usual."

All saluted her, but I did not till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I had saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were; but in such a sober way as never almost anything was in so great families; but it was much better. After dinner company divided, some to cards, others to talk. My Lady Sandwich and I up to settle accounts, and pay her some money. And mighty kind she is to me, and would fain have had me gone down for company with her to Hinchinbroke; but for my life I cannot. At night to supper, and so to talk; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too. And so after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtains drawne with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial. Thus I ended this month with the greatest joy that ever I did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honor, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money; and at last live to see the business ended with great content on all sides.

But we must lay down this pleasant book—the very pleasantest almost that we have ever taken up. To Pepys himself, to his wife, to his theat-

rical acquaintances, some of whom his wife did not altogether approve of, we must find or make other opportunities of introducing our readers. We must see him at his excellent dinners—we must assist at his philosophical soirées—we must go with him to his office, and witness him, in spite of all his frivolities, the best man of business of his time. The period that followed the Commonwealth, and preceded the Revolution, is that of all English history which is best worth studying; and the "Diary" of the annalist whose work we have been examining, does more to explain the second fall of the Stuarts than all the state documents of the period put together. A dissolute and dishonest government England will not long endure.

THE *Detroit Commercial Bulletin* gives a description of an invention by Mr. A. A. Wilder, for ascertaining the leeway of a vessel as correctly as the variations of the wind are at present ascertained by a vane and a dial on shore. It consists of a tube four inches in diameter, running down from the binnacle of a vessel to the keel, through which passes a rod, and to which is attached, immediately under the keel, a vane, about eight inches deep and two feet long. This being in dense water, is sure to be operated upon by any leeway the vessel may make; indicated by the needle at the top of the rod, placed upon a plate on which the degrees are marked, situated between the two compasses in the binnacle.

THE following is an act of submission addressed by the Père Ventura to the Archbishop of Paris; it relates to a letter of the good father which was published in the *Living Age*.

I, the undersigned, having learned to-day only, by the *Giornal Romano*, that my "*Discours pour les Morte de Vienne*," pronounced and printed at Rome at the end of November, 1848, has been placed among the number of prohibited works; knowing what the church has a right to expect from an obedient child in such a case, particularly if he is an ecclesiastic; deeming myself obliged to give an example of perfect obedience to the judgment of the Apostolic See; having always declared that I desired to subject all my writings to the sovereign pontiff, and being anxious to prove the truth of such declaration, without being constrained or counselled by any one, but yielding solely to the sentiments which are suited to every true Catholic, I here freely, and of my own movement, declare that I fully except the said decree of condemnation against the writing mentioned above, without restriction or reservation.

Furthermore, I regret and condemn all and every of the doctrines, maxims, expressions, and words that in that writing, or in any other of mine, have been found, or may be found, in contradiction to the tenets of the Holy Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church. Finally, I declare that I hope, with the aid of divine grace, to die in that holy church in which I was born, and in which I have lived, ready for that object to endure everything and make every sacrifice.

JIOACCHINO VENTURA.

Of the order of the regular Theatin clerks.

Montpellier, Sept. 8.



SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE I.—Blisworth Station. *The north train (Peterborough Line) coming in, the north train (Lincoln Line) going out; the Birmingham train waiting to come in, the York train waiting to go out; several cross-country trains coming, going, waiting to come, waiting to go; a few pilot engines running about playfully; a goods' train across the Line, several horses being put into horse-boxes, and kicking on the platform—Luggage scattered about—Porters rushing to and fro—a Station-Master in several places at once, and bells ringing at intervals.*

Unprotected Female (descends hastily from north down train. To Elderly Gentleman.) Do we change carriages here?

Elderly Gentleman (distractedly.) Two portman-teaus, black leather bag, hat-case. Hollo! that's mine!

[Darts after Young Gentleman carrying bag.]

Unprotected Female (to Elderly Gent.) Are you a guard?

Elderly Gent. Go to the dev—(turns and recognizes Female.) No—my trunk—my trunk!

[Rushes wildly in two directions after two parties. Struggle.]

Unprotected Female. Oh! somebody—(Train begins to move. Screams.) Stop! I'm going on! (Is about to tumble under wheels, is stopped by Porter.) Oh—do we change?

Porter (to Elderly Gent.) Yon's your train—There, ma'am. (Points to Lincoln train. Old Gent. rushes towards it.) No—not yourn, sir:—this here lady's: that's yourn. (To Elderly Gent., pointing to Peterborough train. Unprotected Female rushes towards it.) No, no, ma'am. T' other side for you.

Unprotected Female. There's my bag in the carriage. Oh, dear! dear!

Porter. Which carriage?

Stout Clergyman. This—quick!

[Porter goes towards it.]

Unprotected Female. No—no—That's his—Oh, where's mine! Oh, dear!—

Station-Master. Now, ma'am, look sharp. South train going on.

Unprotected Female. Here—Peterborough—South train!

[Springs towards it.]

Station-Master (pulling her back.) No, ma'am. Lincoln. What luggage, ma'am?

Unprotected Female. Two boxes—two cases—four parcels—and two little—Oh! That's my carriage, I'm certain.

[Rushes to a carriage, and plunges under seat.]

Commercial Traveller does the same—their heads come into violent contact.

Commercial Traveller. Confound—

Unprotected Female. No, it is n't—and two little boys—a leather one and a carpet one.

Porter (ringing bell.) Now then. London—London—

Unprotected Female. Oh, where, where?

Porter. What is it, ma'am?

Unprotected Female. London, sir!

Porter. Peterborough Line, or Lincoln Line, or Birmingham Line, ma'am? Euston Square or Shoreditch? Now, look sharp!

Unprotected Female (gradually going distracted.) Oh, I don't know!

Elderly Gent. (from train in motion, stretching wildly from carriage.) Hollo! That's my bag on the platform. Stop!

Guard (shutting door violently.) All right!

Unprotected Female (wildly.) My luggage—Oh, dear! my little boys!—Oh—do—somebody!

Station-Master. Lost little boys! Here, quick—lots of little lost boys here—

[Rushes into lost luggage department, followed by Unprotected Female.]

Here you are! [Produces several little boys.

Unprotected Female. Oh, no—I'm not. Oh, Johnny! Oh, Billy! and my boxes!

[Bell outside, and voice, "Now then, Peterborough train south."]

Unprotected Female (passionately adjuring Station-Master.) Oh, do—sir—put me in somewhere!

Station-Master. This way—not a minute to spare—forward the babies—here—(Shoves Unprotected Female into carriage.) York train!—all right!

[Shuts door violently.]

Unprotected Female (screaming from window.) But I'm going to London!

Guard. All right.

[Train moves on—general confusion Tableau—Scene closes.]

From Bentley's Miscellany.

STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE. S

BY MRS. ROMER.

"Thereby hangs a tale."

It is scarcely possible for any race of people to be more strongly imbued with superstition than the Egyptian Mohammedans. Their belief in supernatural influences is unlimited; and not to mention the inexplicable witchcraft of the Evil Eye, the different descriptions of spirits supposed by them to be allowed to wander upon earth, and interfere with the actions of mankind, exceed in variety the category of kelpies, wraiths, and bogles, which the Scottish peasantry formerly pinned their faith upon. Besides the legions of viewless *ginn* (or *genii*) for whose propitiation all manner of deferential observances are in use, and the *ghools* which are believed to haunt cemeteries, and feed upon the ghastly tenants of the grave, there are *efreets*, a term equally applied to malicious demons, and to the ghosts of murdered persons, which latter are religiously believed by the Egyptians to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," and wander restlessly round the scene that witnessed the destruction of their earthly part. Woe to the luckless mortal who should come in contact with an *efreet* during its nocturnal perambulations, for one touch of that shadowy form would turn him into a demonic! Such, at least, is the faith of the ignorant Egyptians; and that being the case, it is not to be wondered at that they invariably fly with terror from any habitation that has acquired the unenviable reputation of being possessed by a haunting spirit.

Mrs. Poole, in her "Englishwoman in Egypt," has given an interesting account of her sojourn, during the commencement of her residence in Cairo, in a house where a murder had been committed, and which was reputed to be haunted—of the vexations to which she was subjected by the strange noises that were nightly heard, and the consequent terrors of her servants—of the curious methods that were resorted to in order to lay the ghost—and of the impenetrable mystery that involved its final disappearance. When I was in Egypt, Mrs. Poole had removed to another habitation, therefore I had no opportunity of seeing the haunt of her unearthly visitant; but it was my lot to visit in a house in the environs of Cairo, similarly circumstanced, where, although I did not see the ghost, I heard all about it. It is of that house that I am now about to treat.

About three miles from Cairo, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the vice-regal residence of Shoubra, at a place called Minieh, (which, however, must not be confounded with the distant town of Minieh, known to all travellers going up the Nile,) situated in the midst of verdant fields, and just near enough to Mohammed Ali's *rus in urbe* to benefit by the superior cultivation, and the shady avenues that surround that luxurious retreat, there is a pretty country-house, at present in the possession of the English vice-consul,

but which, for several years before he became its proprietor, had remained uninhabited. Notwithstanding the advantages of its position, it had been completely deserted, for popular belief had marked it out as a place accursed—a spot haunted by an *efreet*—and among a people so credulously superstitious as the Mohammedans, no one was to be found either sufficiently *esprit fort* to laugh at the story, or sufficiently courageous to tempt the demon by disputing the locality with it. The tenement would soon have fallen to ruins, had not Mr. Walne, wisely disregarding the public rumor, ventured upon becoming its tenant, and testing in his own person the truth of the strange stories that were circulated concerning its supernatural occupant. He caused the forsaken mansion to be thoroughly repaired and comfortably fitted up; and from the moment of his installing himself there, he has continued to divide his time equally between it and his official residence in Cairo.

I had the pleasure of visiting him at Minieh, and heard from his own lips the circumstances that had attached so unenviable a reputation to his pretty retirement. Certainly nothing could look less like the idea I had formed to myself of a haunted house than that cheerful, commodious habitation, with its cool, airy chambers, and its elegant *deewan*, (or reception room,) adorned with *faisceaux* of valuable Memlook arms, and blending the evidences of oriental usages with European comfort. I looked in vain for any of those gloomy features which are supposed to characterize localities identified with tales of horror; everything was serenely bright; and the haunting spirit of the place, I should have pronounced to be—the spirit of courteous hospitality!

Mr. Walne told me, although he had so far prevailed over the terrors of his Egyptian servants as to have succeeded in inducing them to live in the house, yet that no earthly consideration would tempt any one of them to set foot after dark in that portion of it which composed what had formerly been the women's apartment, or harem. It was in the harem that a fearful crime had been perpetrated by the last Moslem possessor; and it is in the harem that the spirit of the victim is said nightly to wander and bemoan itself. That strange noises were heard there, he admitted to be the case, for his own ears had repeatedly testified to the truth of the assertion; but he accounted for those nocturnal sounds in so rational a manner, that perhaps, in the interest of my story, I ought to keep back the natural causes he assigned for the so-called supernatural visitation. As, however, I honor truth more than I admire romance, I shall hint that his firm conviction was, that the restless ghost was neither more nor less than a legion of rats and mice which had accumulated to an extraordinary extent during the years that the house had been shut up; and that, when it once more became inhabited, they had retreated to the apartments not occupied by his household, (the harem,) where their nightly gambols produced noises which were religiously

believed by his servants to emanate from the awful world of shadows.

The story which gave rise to that belief is as follows, and is curiously characteristic of the manners of the people among whom it occurred:—

Among the superior officers attached to the staff of Ibrahim Pasha, when he commanded the Egyptian army in Syria, was a Bey named Masloum, holding the rank of *Bimbashi*, or colonel, a man of distinguished bravery, and a personal favorite of the Prince Generalissimo, whose confidence he possessed, and over whose mind he exercised great influence. Masloum Bey was still young, and had been married only a few months previous to the opening of the Syrian campaign; but although passionately attached to his youthful wife, he did not deem it advisable to take her with him to the seat of warfare. With the jealous vigilance of a Mohammedan husband, he left her in charge of his mother when he could no longer watch over her himself, first having removed his harem to a country house at Minieh, and strictly enjoining that there it should remain in complete seclusion during the whole period of his absence.

So far from feeling wounded at the distrust evinced by these precautions, the fair Nefeseeh gloried in the jealousy from which they proceeded; for, in common with Mohammedan wives, she would have conceived herself slighted by her husband, had he treated her with that holy confidence which it is the pride of a Christian matron to obtain and to deserve; and—such is the moral debasement consequent upon the system of female education pursued in the East—she would have been wholly unable to distinguish between such a confidence and apathy the most offensive. Therefore, when Mebroukeh, her mother-in-law, exclaimed, “Oh, well hast thou been named Nefeseeh,* my soul! for thou art more precious in the sight of thy husband than every other earthly good; and, like the miser who buries his treasure that none else may see it, he would fain hide thee even from the light of the sun!” Nefeseeh, with a feeling of exultation at being thus valued, submitted with cheerful alacrity to the restrictions imposed upon her, which limited her recreations to rides upon the *homar alee* (or high ass) in the secluded environs of Minieh, and occasionally a visit to Cairo to lay a votive offering upon the shrine of the Seyyideh Zeyneb,† and to supplicate for the intercessions of the Saint with the Most High for safety and protection to Masloum Bey.

But scarcely had Nefeseeh had time to weary of the monotonous dulness of her existence, ere Mebroukeh sickened of a fever and died, and the

young and experienced creature was left to her own guidance, and to rely upon herself alone. At first, the natural sorrow she felt for the loss of one whom she had both loved and revered as a mother, absorbed her too completely to leave her a thought for aught else—but grief dwells not long with the young; and in a few weeks Nefeseeh began to think that there would be no harm in extending her rides, and that there were other motives for going out besides praying at the mosque of the holy Zeyneb, or carrying palm-branches to the great cemetery that skirts the Desert, to adorn her mother-in-law's grave. But timid and ignorant, she knew not how to make use of the liberty she had acquired, or to extend the sphere of her enjoyments; and although each day she sallied forth with her negress slave and her *Saises*, under the superintendence of old Hussein, the one-eyed eunuch of Mebroukeh, determined to ride through the gay bazaars and thoroughfares of Cairo, and to visit the hareems of her friends, the tyrannizing force of habit restrained her, and involuntarily, as it were, she stopped short at the cemetery, and, dismounting from her donkey, took her accustomed station by the tomb of Mebroukeh.

It is a strange, solemn place, that great city of the dead, so thickly peopled, yet so silent: the throng, the hum, the thrift of busy Cairo on one side, the awful stillness of the barren desert on the other—fit emblems of life and eternity, with the inevitable grave between! Turbaned headstones and white rounded cupolas rise over the thousand tombs that stretch in dreary confusion along the skirts of the desert, each day adding some new habitation to that vast Necropolis; and beyond them, placed in the desert itself, rise those graceful monuments of Arabian splendor, the tombs of the Memlook sultans, their fretted domes and delicate arches, and tall minarets clustering in airy pomp over the dust of the foreign mercenaries whose ambition grasped at, and appropriated, the inheritance of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. The very names of the Circassian rulers of Egypt are now almost forgotten in the land they made their own, even as their mausolea are fast crumbling into decay. In another century, dome, and arch, and minaret, will have mingled with the desert sands and be swept into oblivion; and the traveller will ride over the lonely spot, heedless of the “fiery dust,” once instinct with life, that slumbers beneath, and never dreaming that under those heaps of rubbish rest a whole dynasty—a warlike and voluptuous race, who burst the bonds of slavery, and made themselves kings of the antique territory where Joseph governed and Moses legislated!

Little thought Nefeseeh of those brilliant deserts, as her eyes wandered listlessly over the picturesque outlines of their tombs; still less did she think, or know, of that race of intellectual Titans who had founded the Great Pyramids that loomed in the distance. One of the painful peculiarities of the actual race of Egyptians is their

* Nefeseeh is the Arabic for *precious*.

† The Seyyideh Zeyneb (our Lady Zeyneb) was the daughter of Ali, and the grand-daughter of the Prophet, and is the object of as much reverential devotion to Mohammedans as the Madonna is to Catholic Christians. The mosque containing the tomb of the saint is resorted to on Wednesdays, when the male votaries place sprigs of myrtle upon the shrine, and the women's offerings consist of roses, jasmine, and the fragrant blossoms of the henna tree.

profound ignorance of the ancient glories of their country; one of the humiliating characteristics of Mohammedan women in general, is their absolute want of all such mental culture as would arouse them to investigation and inquiry on subjects which interest the intellectual portions of the civilized world. To them the past is a blank—the future, nothing—the present, a narrow circle of puerile occupations, in which the tastes and requirements of mere animal existence predominate. To them the Region of Intellect is a *Terra Incognita* which they never dream of exploring. To read and write a very little—to embroider—to compound those delicate violet-sherbets and rose-conserves, which the inmates of the most distinguished hareems in Cairo reserve for their own peculiar care—to dance with the wanton allurements of a Ghawazee—and to excel in those feminine arts of personal adornment, by which a husband's sensual preference is to be propitiated—such are the attainments that constitute a thoroughly accomplished Mohammedan woman. But of that higher moral education which exalts the mind, purifies the heart, and spiritualizes the affections, they are as ignorant as the beasts of the field.

Nefeseeh was not in advance of the generality of her countrywomen in the development of intellectual resource; and while seated in that solemn place, surrounded by so many incentives to reflection, she languidly fanned away the flies with a green palm-branch, her thoughts took no bolder flight than wondering whether Masloun Bey would return home before the Moolid-en-Nebbi,* or whether he would remain absent another year; whether her new *shintyani* (trousers) should be composed of Aleppo satin or of the Caïreen silk called *Devil's-skin*; mixed up with reflections half-tender, half-indignant, upon the protracted duration of her temporary widowhood, and the inutility of ordering new clothes when there was no husband near to admire her—no Fantasia† to go to, or to give. How long was she thus to be debarred the pleasures of her age and station!

In the midst of these cogitations her attention was attracted towards a young man seated at some little distance, whose eyes were evidently riveted on her person. He wore the elegant dress of an Effendi, but his observation of her appeared to be connected with an occupation which she had never yet seen exercised by an Egyptian Effendi, or even a scribe. With a portable desk before him, upon which rested a large open book, and an apparatus in no way resembling the reed-pen and inkhorn of an eastern scribe, (it was a palette and a box of colors,) he appeared, when he withdrew his eyes from the place she occupied, to be intent upon noting down something, every now and then looking up from the page to her form, and then resuming his task.

* The great annual festival in honor of the birth of the Prophet.

† The Arabs denominate every entertainment given in the harem a fantasia.

His hands were much whiter than those of her countrymen, and his complexion many degrees fairer—so fair, as to have appeared almost effeminate, had not a well-formed light brown moustachio imparted a certain degree of manliness to his youthful countenance.

Nefeseeh's curiosity was aroused, and she felt that before she quitted the cemetery she must ascertain the nature of the stranger's employment. Looking round first, to be certain that no observer was within ken, she directed her negress, Naïmé, to approach near enough to the Effendi to peep over his shoulder and glance at the contents of his book. The girl immediately obeyed; but, with that address peculiar to the sex in all parts of the world, instead of at once advancing towards the point of attraction, she moved off in a contrary direction with an air of the most unconscious carelessness, and after describing a considerable circumbendibus, stole softly upon him from behind, and cast her eyes furtively over his open book.

A shrill cry, smothered in a moment, caused the young man to start and look round, and as his eyes met those of the intruder, the ejaculation of "Bismillah!" (In the name of God the merciful, the compassionate) burst from Naïmé's lips, and throwing a handful of salt into his face—the common method of neutralizing the effect of the Evil Eye—she scampered away with all the speed of terror.

"Fly, oh my mistress!" she exclaimed, as she regained the side of Nefeseeh; "truly, the Effendi is not a man, but a sorcerer—he is casting a spell over us! When I looked over his shoulder, I beheld, oh, wonderful! no writing in his book, but you, my mistress—you yourself there, and your slave, Naïmé, by your side!"

"Wonderful!" repeated her mistress; "God is great! Can I be there, and here too?"

"And when I looked in his face, it was strange and beautiful to behold—the blueness of his eyes dazzled me! the fire that darted from them scorched me up!" continued Naïmé.

At these words, Nefeseeh arose and advanced a few paces toward the stranger; but Naïmé, grasping her dress, exclaimed, in affright,

"Whither are you going, oh, my mistress!" "Look not upon those eyes, as you love your soul!"

"I must see what thou hast seen, ya Naïmé! The man is doubtless a magician. I will ask him to show me Masloun, my husband."

And heedless of the danger she was incurring had any one beheld her accosting a man, Nefeseeh was quickly at the side of the stranger. Luckily, there was no one in sight, and her imprudence produced no fatal results.

She cast her eyes with a strange mixture of eagerness and terror over the page which had thrown her slave into such a tremor, but prepared in some measure by Naïmé's declaration for what she was to see, her senses stood the shock of beholding a very striking and spirited drawing, representing herself and her negress seated among

the tombs, with which the artist—for such he was—had enriched his sketch-book.

For a moment she stood in rapt astonishment, gazing upon the sketch; then, turning her flashing black orbs (all that the discreet boorkoo permitted to be revealed of her face) upon the stranger, she found his eyes fixed in most undisguised admiration upon her own.

“*Mashallah!*” burst from her lips, while something of fascination seemed to emanate from the “*unholy blue*” of those bold eyes, that chained her to the spot in a state of feeling vibrating between fear and delight. The young man at length withdrew his gaze, and turning over the leaves of his book, drew her attention to a sketch of Mohammed Ali, and another of Abbas Pasha, both of them such admirable likenesses, that Nefeseh at once recognized them.

“*Wonderful!*” she exclaimed, clapping her hands; “*truly this is magic, oh man! Canst thou, in like manner, show me my husband, Masloun Bey, the Lion of War, the companion of Ibrahim Pasha in Syria, for my soul is sick at his absence, and languishes to behold him!*”

Unhesitatingly, but in terms so respectful that they inspired confidence, the stranger assured her that his art would enable him to show her the image of Masloun Bey; but for this achievement a day or two must be allowed him, and even then, he ventured to suggest, the cemetery would be a perilous place to attempt a second interview; it was open to the public; to-day it was deserted, another day would it be so?

While he yet spoke, Naïmé, rushing up to her mistress, seized her by the skirt of her anteree, and dragging her away, declared that the old eunuch was waking from his nap, and, in another moment, would be in quest of her; and Nefeseh, hurrying away, contrived to regain her usual place, before Hussein became aware of her absence; and when he rejoined her, she was fanning herself as deliberately with the green palm branch, as though nothing had occurred.

They mounted their donkeys and returned to Minieh. Once or twice, on her way home, Nefeseh turned her head round, and beheld the Effendi following at a considerable distance; on reaching the gate of her residence she again glanced back, and there he was, stationed at the foot of a tree, evidently watching her movements. No sooner had she entered, than she ascended to the terraced roof, and saw the stranger advance near enough to take a scrutinizing view of the premises, and then turn back and retrace his steps to Cairo.

The following day was Thursday, the eve of the Mohammedan Sabbath, when it is the custom for the friends of the dead to flock to the cemeteries, and adorn the tombs of their kindred with green palm branches; the succeeding one, the Sabbath itself, the day on which, in accordance with Moslem customs, the distribution of bread and meat to the poor takes place at the graves of certain wealthy individuals who have left bequests to that effect. On both of those occasions Nefeseh was there,

and she could see that the young artist was there also, but amidst so many lookers on there was no possibility of accosting him with safety. The first day her patience was sorely chafed by this obstacle, but on the second it waxed so faint that she would certainly have committed herself by some imprudence, had not a circumstance accidentally facilitated the doing that on which her mind was bent.

A rich bey was on that day buried, and the funeral ceremonies terminated by a buffalo being slaughtered at his grave, and the flesh divided among the clamorous poor assembled there. When this disgusting spectacle commenced, there was a general rush towards the spot, and in the confusion caused by the crowd hurrying thither from all sides, the artist contrived to approach Nefeseh near enough to whisper, “*Can you read?*”

“*Yes!*” was the brief reply. In the next moment a slip of paper was thrust into her hand, and he was gone.

Thus ran the scrap:—“*Your wish has been obeyed, but the image of the Lion of War can only be revealed to you in his own harem. Can you trust your negress to assist in bringing this to pass? If so, send her forth this evening to the end of the road that leads to Shoubra, order her to obey my directions in all things, and leave the rest to me.*”

The imprudent Nefeseh, carried away by her wishes, impelled by a mingled feeling of curiosity to behold the image of her absent husband, and of dangerous longing to see more of the stranger, whom she suspected to be a Frank as well as a magician, returned home, not to hesitate, but to resolve. Naïmé was easily prevailed on to do her mistress’ bidding, and that evening beheld her sally forth on her unhallowed mission.

Night came on; the lamp was lighted in the harem; old Hussein slumbered at his post, and Nefeseh, wondering and alarmed at the protracted absence of her slave, roamed backwards and forwards from the latticed windows to the staircase, listening for her coming. At last the outer door was beaten upon, the eunuch, with his one eye but half open, lazily roused himself to undo the fastenings, and as the muffled form of Naïmé glided in, Nefeseh rushed forward, seized her by the hand, and dragged her into her room, venting her agitation in angry reproaches for her dilatoriness. At the same moment Hussein locked the harem door upon them, and leaving his mistress and her hand-maiden to finish their dispute, bore away the key to its nightly place under his pillow, and was soon asleep again.

“*What said the Frank magician to thee? Where is the image of my husband?*” were the eager inquiries of Nefeseh, as soon as Hussein was out of hearing.

Without uttering a word, Naïmé produced from under her wrappings a roll of paper, which she opened out, and placed before her mistress; and while Nefeseh bent over it, and saw that the pictured scroll represented the interior of a tent, with

an Egyptian Bey reclining upon cushions, and a Ghawazee wantonly dancing before him, her attendant deliberately unfastened her face-veil, and divested herself of her muffings.

A jealous pang shot through the young wife's bosom, as she gazed upon the drawing; then, with an angry flush, looking up, she beheld standing before her, not Naïmé, but—the Frank stranger!

He had inveigled the negress into a house near Shoubra, and there, having plied her with candied *hashhish*, a condiment which no Egyptian can resist, he took advantage of the delirium produced by that intoxicating preparation, to induce her to lend him her *tob*, her *habbarah*, and her *boorkoo*, with which he effectually disguised himself; and then locked her up, intending to return and liberate her before the fumes of the *hashhish* were dissipated. And thus did that rash Christian boldly violate the sanctity of Masloum Bey's harem.

But in the middle of the night a strange, unwonted noise was heard at Nefeeseh's gate. The hand of some one, evidently in terror, beat violently upon it, and a shrill female voice, in piercing accents, cried—"Open quickly, oh Hussein! It is I, Naïmé. I have been bewitched, robbed, locked up by an accursed Frank sorcerer, a son of the Evil One! By your eyes! open, I say, and save me!"

Hussein, aroused, and now fully awake, answered through the door—"Begone, fool! what dirt wouldst thou make me eat with thy lies? Naïmé is safe in the harem and asleep. Pass on thy way, and let us sleep too."

"I tell thee, oh Hussein! that I am Naïmé. Open the door and be convinced. I have been plundered and locked up, and have escaped out of a window, and here I am, half naked, and well nigh mad; or, if thou wilt not believe my words, go to the harem and believe thine eyes, for thou wilt not find Naïmé there."

Thus adjured, Hussein unbarred the door, and opened it just wide enough to enable him to see, by the clear moonlight, Naïmé crouching on the threshold, with barely sufficient covering on her limbs to answer the purposes of decency.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" he exclaimed, stretching out his hand, and dragging her in: "what devilry is this? Thou art Naïmé indeed, and, yet, with this hand, I locked thee in the harem with thy mistress at nightfall!"

"Wallah!" ejaculated the negress, in a tone of dismay; "then the Frank is with my mistress!"

Hussein hastily lighted a *fenos*, drew forth the key of the harem, took down his sabre, and then mounted the staircase leading to the women's apartment, followed by Naïmé.

Locked in—unable to escape, for there was but one outlet to the harem, and of that Hussein held the key—the windows secured by iron bars, that precluded all attempts at egress, Nefeeseh and her companion heard the voices and the sound of approaching footsteps, with the terrible conviction that they were lost; but desperation lent them energy. When, therefore, Hussein unlocked the

door, and perceiving a man within, rushed at him with his drawn sword, both of the delinquents precipitated themselves upon him, and while Nefeeseh clung round the old eunuch, and effectually impeded his movements, the young Frank easily disarmed him, and, obeying the instinct of self-preservation, rushed down stairs and out of the house, leaving his victim to meet alone the consequences of their transgression.

With the generous heroism of woman, Nefeeseh continued to detain and to struggle with the old man, until convinced that the fugitive had made good his escape; then, relinquishing her grasp, she fell at Hussein's feet, embraced his knees, covered his hands with tears, and kissing them in token of humility, she besought him to have mercy upon her, and not betray her to her husband. She protested her innocence of all connivance in the stranger's fraudulent entry into the harem; showed him the picture that had led to such fatal consequences, and appealed to Naïmé for the truth of what she advanced. For a length of time he remained absolutely steeled against her despair, but at last a sullen promise was extracted from him, that he would remain forever silent upon the events of that night; and Nefeeseh once more breathed freely.

How did he keep his promise?

Masloum Bey was one evening seated with Ibrahim Pasha in a kiosk built by the prince at the hot springs on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, near Tiberias, where the head-quarters of the Egyptian army were then established. There had been wine and wassail, and dancing girls to enliven the leisure of the voluptuary and his favorite, and the faces of both were flushed with excess, when, in a pause of the entertainment, it was announced, that a horseman had arrived bearing a letter for Masloum Bey.

He quitted the presence, and found in the ante-room one of his own saises, who had ridden night and day from Cairo, with a despatch from Hussein the eunuch. A few brief lines told him the history of Nefeeseh's frailty, and his own dishonor.

Masloum Bey reëntered the kiosk, prostrated himself before the prince, and, confiding to him the substance of Hussein's letter, entreated for leave to return immediately to Egypt, promising that his absence from the army should not exceed six weeks, the time necessary for the journey thither and back again. Ibrahim Pasha not only granted his favorite permission to return home, but, well knowing that vengeance was the motive that impelled him thither, gave him a *carte blanche* for everything he might do during his stay in Egypt; and, thus furnished, Masloum Bey lost not a moment in commencing his journey.

It is a weary ride, that long, long route from the land of Galilee to the banks of the Nile; and Masloum's thoughts were turbulent companions to him on the way; but at last, after many a restless day and night passed in the saddle, the minarets of Cairo greeted his longing eyes. And soon he entered its narrow, picturesque-looking streets, and

directing his horse's steps towards the bazaar of the carpenters, stopped at the workshop of one of the artisans there, and having purchased a ready-made coffin, which he desired should be sent after him to his house at Minieh, spurred onwards home.

It was high noontide when Masloun Bey alighted at his own gate. Nefeseesh was within the harem, and heard not his approach; she seldom left it now. Although unsuspecting of Hussein's treachery, her mind was racked by many fears and anxieties; what had become of the Frank whose reckless audacity had so cruelly compromised her? She knew not that he had secured himself against all the fatal penalties consequent upon the imprudence he had committed, by a hasty flight from Cairo; and, although she would have given the world to ascertain his fate, she dared not allude to him either to Hussein or Naïmé. Humiliated by the presence of those two servants, yet not daring to part with them, lest by so doing she should arouse their resentment, and cause them to betray her, her days were passed in silence and gloom, her nights in unavailing tears. The sight of the cemetery, connected as it was with her imprudence, had become odious to her—even the shrine of the holy Zeyneb failed in bringing comfort to her aching heart, for she no longer dared to pray there for the return of Masloun Bey! Absorbed in these painful thoughts, Nefeseesh sat supinely in her harem, while Naïmé stood by, fanning the flies away, when the curtain before the entrance was violently drawn aside, and Masloun Bey entered!

With a cry of surprise Nefeseesh arose, and would have prostrated herself at her husband's feet; but as she cast herself forward to do so, he unsheathed his sabre, and receiving her on the point of it, ran her through the body. Not a word had been uttered by either—scarcely a look exchanged—so rapidly was the fatal deed accomplished! Hussein stood by, gazing with hardened malice upon the scene; Naïmé rushed out of the house in frantic terror, and stopped not until she arrived at the *cadi's*.

Calm and implacable, Masloun Bey stood look-

ing on until the last quivering of Nefeseesh's limbs told him that she was dead. Then composedly desiring Hussein to have the coffin he had purchased brought in, he placed the bleeding corpse of his wife within it, summoned his household, and desiring them to carry the body to the cemetery, walked before it thither with his bloody sword in his hand, and saw it consigned to the earth without a prayer being recited, or a tear shed over it.

On his return home, Masloun Bey found the officers of justice, who had been apprised of the murder by Naïmé, waiting to arrest him; and by them he was conveyed to the citadel of Cairo, where criminals are tried. But upon being confronted with the *cadi*, he produced the *carte blanche* given to him by Ibrahim Pasha, which empowered him to do whatever he chose with impunity within a given time, and the judges were obliged to discharge him!

And he returned forthwith to Syria, triumphing at the manner in which he had vindicated the honor of a betrayed husband; and laying his ensanguined sword at Ibrahim Pasha's feet, swore by the soul of the Prophet that it should be cleansed from those foul stains in the best blood of the prince's enemies.

The house of Minieh remained for a considerable period uninhabited after the dreadful tragedy that had been enacted in it. After a time, it fell successively into the hands of several occupants, but none of them remained there long: strange unearthly sounds disturbed the rest of every tenant of the harem, and, connected with the all-known history of Nefeseesh's murder, gave rise to the popular belief that her spirit haunted the tenement, and would admit of no human fellowship there. At last it became utterly abandoned by the native Mohammedans; and, as I have already stated, fell into the possession of its present worthy occupant, whose faith in *rat-traps* as the most effectual method of laying the ghost of Masloun Bey's wife, is a very unromantic termination to my Story of a Haunted House.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.—There are two points in which it is seldom equalled, never excelled—the classic chasteness and delicacy of the features, and the smallness and exquisite symmetry of the extremities. In the latter respect, particularly, the American ladies are singularly fortunate. I have seldom seen one, delicately brought up, who had not a fine hand. The feet are also generally very small and exquisitely moulded, particularly those of a Maryland girl; who, well aware of their attractiveness, has a thousand little coquettish ways of her own of temptingly exhibiting them. That in which the American women are most deficient is roundness of figure. But it is a mistake to suppose that well-rounded forms are not to be found in America. Whilst this is the characteristic of English beauty, it is not so prominent a feature in America. In New England, in the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and in the central valley of Virginia, the female form is, generally speak-

ing, as well rounded and developed as it is here; whilst a New England complexion is, in nine cases out of ten, a match for an English one. This, however, cannot be said of the American women as a class. They are, in the majority of cases, over-delicate and languid; a defect chiefly superinduced by their want of exercise. An English girl will go through as much exercise in a forenoon, without dreaming of fatigue, as an American will in a day, and be overcome by the exertion. It is also true, that American is more evanescent than English beauty, particularly in the south, where it seems to fade ere it has well bloomed. But it is much more lasting in the north and north-east; a remark which will apply to the whole region north of the Potomac, and east of the lakes; and I have known instances of Philadelphia beauty as lovely and enduring as any that our own hardy climate can produce.

Mackay's Western World.

From the Spectator.

FAU'S ANATOMY FOR ARTISTS.*

OF all works on anatomy intended for the student of art, the one before us combines in the highest degree the most desirable qualities—fulness and compactness, naturalness and clearness, accuracy and vitality, comprehensiveness and practically intelligible classification. We know of no writer who can give the artist so sufficient an idea of the human frame, its structure and motions, as M. Fau, aided by the admirable illustrations of M. L  veill  . Many works have been more voluminous and penetrating, but they serve to mislead by confusing the mind. Others have been more simple and synoptical, but they are meagre. In regard to the plates, some have been natural enough, like the illustrations to Bell's book; but they are the ragged and mangled image of the dead subject as it appears under the mutilations of the dissecting-knife, uncleared of the non-essential accidents that obscure the essential details to the artist, and entangle the eye, as it were, in a disordered skein of useless waste-stuff. Others, like the useful little volume of Sharpe, or the intelligent and symmetrical drawings of Kirk, are cleared from this rubbish, but are mechanical and unlike nature—are diagrams rather than representations. Cowper, the surgeon, devoted a portion of his vast volume to the service of the art, for which he evidently had a strong feeling; but, unlike the portion of his work devoted to the phenomena of gestation, the artistic portion is heavy, unartistic, and diagramlike. Da Vinci's useful book on painting, with its sketches of action, fails for want of the specific in the anatomical details. Even in the dissecting-room the student is too apt to find that the demonstrator does not enter into the needs of the artist, but is a guide who leads him into a maze of physiological minutiae that have little bearing on external symmetry. On the other hand, the study of anatomy on the surface of the living figure is excessively obscured by the outer and formless integuments, which conceal and often disguise the alterations of muscular form in the action of the more complex parts; insomuch that the observer has the utmost difficulty to connect the vague intermingling undulations of surface with the bundles of fibres exhibited by the knife or the exact diagrams of the anatomical illustration. The study of the separate muscles, their origin, insertion, and use, all separately, is a very confusing and slow process towards an idea of the living movement and the composition of living attitude. The desideratum has been, some synoptical work which should bring all these phenomena, all these causes, effects, and obscuring influences, into one view;

and such is the function performed by MM. Fau and L  veill  . Their work is a master-key, opening to the student a general view of anatomy; and to the more profound inquirer, who may desire to carry the study further, it furnishes a simple and consistent clue to guide him on his way.

The student, whether amateur or professional, will understand the excellence of the instrument now placed within his reach, from a brief description of the companion volumes—for they are two. This is in itself a very good arrangement. An octavo size is too small for prints; a quarto size is inconvenient for reading; and the union of text and prints in one volume occasions much inconvenience and hinderance in turning the leaves backwards and forwards. In the present work, the general text is placed in the octavo volume; the plates, with the simple explanatory text, are placed in a quarto atlas or portfolio, which can lie open by your side while you are reading.

In the text volume, M. Fau begins by a general glance at the nature of man, modified as he is by climate, race, and temperament; a general view of the organization; a similar view of the bony structure. The mechanism of the articulations is described with reference to the uses and effects of the several kinds on movement and contour; and a chapter is devoted to the outward contour, especially in regard to the skin, and to the varieties of proportion in different individuals, in different ages, and in the two sexes. The first book thus gives the student a general idea of the human form, the essential causes of its modifications or varying aspects, and the leading characteristics of sex, age, or condition.

The second book describes in greater detail the structure of the skeleton; the mode in which the fleshy structure is, as it were, built upon it, thus reciprocally modified in the outward aspect by the bony frame beneath; and the structure and uses of the muscle. In the myological part, the clear style and eymmetrical mind of the author conduce to an order and lucidity of the highest kind. He first describes the general form as it appears in the well-developed living model; explaining how the leading muscles are situated; how their swelling affects the contour; how the bones protrude, or, lying between the origination of abruptly bellying muscles, are to be sought in hollow depressions and grooves. He explains how the swelling of the muscles or the play of the looser parts is bound down by the ligaments and aponeurotic coverings, in dividing grooves, in fixed compacted bodies, or in vague depressions. He traces the muscles where they are lost beneath these stiff natural "stays" or the laxer folds of skin and fat. He then describes how these forms are to be traced in the undeveloped structure of childhood; how they become caricatured in the more pronounced forms of old age or hidden by its wrinkles; and still more fully, how they are modified by the altered relations and temperament of the female figure. Then he explains how the forms are altered by movement, gentle or violent,

*The Anatomy of the External Forms of Man; intended for the Use of Artists, Painters, and Sculptors. By Dr. J. Fau. Edited with Additions by Robert Knox, M. D., Lecturer on Anatomy, and Corresponding Member of the Academy of France. With an Atlas, containing twenty-eight Drawings from Nature; lithographed by M. L  veill  , Pupil of M. Jacob. Published by Baill  re, London and Paris.

—how these muscles start forth in energetic swelling, and those are lost in the depressions of relaxation or deflection; how some are thrust forth by the subjacent muscles or bended bones, and others prevented from rising under the surface by the aponeurotic confinements. In this manner he treats face and head, trunk, arms, and legs; and then the whole is reillustrated by a general anatomical version of the Laocöon. The descriptions are at once plain and graphic, excellently enabling the student to catch the characteristics and identify the forms in their altering condition or posture. Many an amateur student will hail with delight an account that makes clear to him the anatomical structure and mechanism of the living figure through all its disguises of integuments and accidents. The obscurity becomes translucent, the tangled confusion order, the perplexity clear intelligence. Under this treatment, even the superficial anatomy of the scapular region, that "pons asinorum" of the young artist, is made clear to the understanding.

The drawings of M. Léveillé are not less admirable than the arrangement and writing of the author. First there are three prints, containing as many views, back, front, and side, of the male figure; beside each figure is an outline diagram, showing the subjacent skeleton in the same attitude. Then there are views of the female figure, back and front; beside her a child on a sort of pedestal, and below the child a diagram outline displaying the infantile skeleton. These are all drawn with surpassing clearness, so as to display the characteristics as they appear in common nature, without trivialities or confusing accidents. The bones follow, in many prints; drawn with so much delicacy and force as almost to supply the place of the real material bone in making out the relation of parts, and surpassing the real bone in clearness. The myology of the head, trunk, and limbs, is exhibited in a variety of postures, by many prints, in a double series of figures, side by side: one figure shows the part (a limb, say) as it appears in nature, with the bone delicately traced as if it were seen through; the companion figure shows the limb with the skin and fatty integuments cleared away except at the edge, where a sectional view of the skin shows the relation of the muscular outline to the living outline. The muscles are drawn with great delicacy, force, and tact, so as to combine natural aspect with perfect clearness; the shading lines fall into the main direction of the fibres; the aponeurotic coverings and tendons are represented by a light surface, very analogous to their actual aspect, which is heightened in effect rather than caricatured. The perfectness of the drawing is preserved by a very skilful system of numbering the parts, not on the surface but at the edge, with direction-lines pointing to the part indicated, but

so delicate as not to interfere with the pictorial effect. An anatomical version of the Laocöon completes the series.

The translation is not free from some defects, whether philological or technical. Such a word as "méplat" to indicate a flattened surface is scarcely English; and the English student may be a little "tripped up" by an unusual use of terms—as in the distribution of the terms ischium, innominatum, and ileum, in the pelvic, or as they are here called, the "pelvian" bones; a distribution not quite like to that which he has been accustomed in elementary works. Nor, however creditable some portions may be to the taste and intelligence of the English editor, is the additional matter sufficiently digested or matured to add to the value of the work. Nevertheless, Dr. Knox has done the greatest service to the study of art in this country, by placing Dr. Fau's book within the reach of the English reader.

The Days when we had Tails on us. With 14 Colored Illustrations. Dedicated to the Officers of the British Infantry. Newman & Co.

This facetious and amusing *brochure* will no doubt attain, if it has not done so already, the object desired by its author. With us, as with our Gallic neighbors, "*le ridicule tue*," and assumes frequently a greater power to induce the amendment of errors and follies, than the graver efforts of reason. We could feel disposed to descant upon the inferences which might be deduced from the latter fact as singularly illustrating a prominent feature in the character of the present day. To return, however, to the author's lament on the lost "tails," or, as a contemporary tersely calls it, "the Shell Jacket Nuisance;" that such a mandate as the circular memorandum of the 30th June, 1848, should have been at all promulgated, cannot surprise; seeing the antecedents which have at various times distinguished the sagacity of those from whom such thoughts proceed. Indeed, it only confirmed us at the time in our long-entertained opinion, that the want of an intuitive genius for things military was a peculiar feature in our national character. We see it in the dress of our soldiers, we see it in the Barrack Square, in the pencils of our artists who attempt the delineation of a military episode—and "the Duke" has more than once alluded to such a want in higher quarters. Doubtless, however, these things will amend progressively. We are as yet only in the transition state in these matters, and much time will be required with a people of our peculiar constitution of thought, to accept the conviction of the long-established imperfection of our notions. If these affected the length only of "tail" to our officers' jackets, they would yet be innocent, but they have importunately graver tendencies. Some consolation appears, however, at hand for the late indignant curtailment. A rumor is abroad that her majesty has signified her wish that this singular innovation upon decency should be set aside, and the blue frock again substituted. How cheering this must be at the approaching season!—*U. Service Magazine.*

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazine*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

From the Spectator.

MISS PARDOE'S FRANCIS THE FIRST.*

THIS work has a critical advantage over the writer's *Louis the Fourteenth*, in its greater wholeness. The materials have been better digested; unity is consequently more closely preserved; and, in the main, the reader has the true subject and nothing else. As a merely amusing book, it is perhaps scarcely equal to its predecessor; because the materials for piquant scandal and attractive gossip are far less rich, and Miss Pardoe is hardly equal to the true historical style. In a certain sense, too, the subject lacks novelty. The great events in the first half of the sixteenth century, pregnant as they were with future consequences, and the close connection which existed between the three remarkable monarchs then at the head of European affairs, have rendered the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Francis the First, and the Emperor Charles, more or less known to the reader of either of them, from the manner in which the interests and actions of each affected those of the others. Hume, in his history of Henry the Eighth, has traced the outline of the French king's reign, with such a critical perception of the essential points, and such felicitous comprehension of narrative, that it is surprising how little he has really left to be told beyond the filling up of the story. Robertson, in his *Charles the Fifth*, of necessity entered more fully into French affairs; and, independently of French histories, we have at least one life of Francis the First. These narratives, however, rather treat of the monarch and his statesmen than the man and his favorites. Miss Pardoe aims at combining all; and so far as plan and painstaking go, she has not been unsuccessful. The drawback is, that the first story has been told already, and there does not exist enough of original materials at once trustworthy and graphic to enable the second to be exhibited in the detailed manner which she has adopted, and which is probably best fitted for the theme, unless it be handled in a way very different from that of our modern lady historians.

It is an objection to an elaborate book of this character, especially when partaking more of history than memoirs, that the author is not altogether able to perceive the political philosophy of the period, or its social and individual characteristics. In a political sense, Francis was really the first King of France; for although all the great fiefs or principalities were annexed to the crown before his succession, he was the first monarch who actually ruled the French nation, and wielded its full power. His reign, too, was a great turning-point

of French history; that is, had Francis been a better or a more prudent man, the character of the people would probably have been better also. We do not mean that he could create or change a national character—that is beyond a monarch's or even a poet's power. But Francis was the type of the Frenchman; unfortunately, with a leaning to the worse side. His handsome and manly person, as preserved by the pencil of Titian, exhibits the comeliness, the grace, the style of the Gallic cavalier; while the taste of the monarch or the artist stopped short of that gaudiness in apparel and that self-display which throw the air of the theatre over the French gentleman. The gallantry of Francis, his love of glory, his courage, carried to the verge of rashness and never directed by prudence, appealed to the hearts of his subjects; for the king was what many of them were in degree, and what all would wish to be. His taste and munificence struck the fancy of a people who possess an innate love for splendor; his indifference to cost set them a bad example; and, unfortunately, that bad example hit them on a weak point. His patronage of literature and the arts flattered the vanity of his people, while it appealed to their higher qualities. His generosity and confidence, albeit verging on the theatrical, captivated men who are always taken by a "coup," whether of state or stage. His occasional vengeance, not so much for injury as for opposition, and the cruelty which developed itself in his religious persecutions, especially towards the close of his life, when he hoped to propitiate God by torturing his creatures, showed that if he had not the traits of the monkey, which Voltaire ascribed to his countrymen, he had some of the tiger. These personal qualities strongly developed were what enabled Francis to preserve internal peace in France during his reign, and overwhelm all opposition; for courage and capacity as great in degree, but of a different kind, might have failed to overawe the parliaments and burgesses, and to keep the still unbroken feudal nobility loyal. Had his shining talents been checked and balanced by those of a more solid character—had he even been somewhat touched by parsimony and hypocrisy—it would have been better for the nation, and probably for posterity. The expenses of his wars and of his court ruined the finances and impaired the wealth and industry of France; the example of his licentiousness corrupted the morals of court and people; his religious persecutions roused the lurking cruelty of his countrymen. He died in time, scarcely in time perhaps, to escape the direct consequences of his ambition, his vices, and his weaknesses: he bequeathed to his successors and his country a century of civil and religious warfare;

* Reprinted by Lea & Blanchard. Philadelphia.

from whose cruelty, devastations, and anarchy, the despotism of Louis the Fourteenth was a refuge.

Miss Pardoe justly observes, that it has been too much the fashion to look at the splendid qualities of Francis the First, and to overlook the vices both of the man and the monarch. We think, however, his reputation has been built upon the national type of those qualities already alluded to, and the lower theoretical standard of morality in his own and succeeding ages compared with that of our day, as much as upon the enforced servility of writers. The facts were accessible to her predecessors; it is only the judgment that was in fault: if Voltaire and other Frenchmen of the last century were terrified from passing a true opinion on French history, foreign writers were secure. It is more extraordinary that the immediate punishment of the monarch by means of his vices themselves has been overlooked. His yielding disposition to favorites, especially to women, and his love of pleasure at any cost of time or money, were his two great defects; and grievously did he pay for them. Military glory was a great object of his life: but the defeat and surrender of Pavia, the reverses and disgraces that clouded the close of his career, overshadowed the glories of Marignano, and severely punished the obstinacy and neglect which caused them. The possession of the Milanese was almost a passion with Francis: he not only lost it, but lost it disgracefully, by the cruelties and corruption which his neglect permitted. The affronts he offered to Bourbon, and the injustice he allowed his mother and his chancellor to exercise against that popular and successful soldier, were bitterly revenged by the defeat of Pavia, the captivity of Madrid, and the stain which his (politically necessary) violation of treaty and oaths left upon the honor of Francis. When it is remembered to what an extent he carried his notions of kingly prerogative and his idea of the personal supremacy of a king, we may judge how the iron entered his soul when he sank before the fortune and ability of his rebel subject.

This is Miss Pardoe's account of that striking scene; a little colored by the taste of the litterateur, but effective.

The battle had scarcely lasted throughout an hour, and already it was decided. A few feet of that field which he had confidently hoped would insure to him the undying glory of a conqueror, were all that remained to Francis; but even for these few feet he still contended gallantly. With his own hand he had cut down the Marquis de St. Angelo, the last descendant of Scanderbeg, and unhorsed the Chevalier d'Andelot, besides dealing vigorous blows upon others of less note during the earlier period of the battle; and now, when he fought rather against hope than from any anticipation of success, his aim continued as true, and his hand as steady, as though an empire still hung on the result of his prowess.

He was already bleeding profusely from three wounds, one of which had traversed his forehead and caused him acute pain, when his horse was shot under him, and he fell to the ground beside six of

his assailants, all of whom had been struck down by his own sword on the same spot. Enfeebled as he was, he succeeded in disengaging himself from his dead charger; and once more leaping into the saddle of a led horse, which had been prepared in the event of such an emergency, he turned one long and regretful glance upon the chivalrous little group who had so lately formed his best bulwark, but who were now scattered over the plain in a desperate attempt to evade the troops of Bourbon; and striking his spurs into the flanks of the animal, he galloped off in the direction of the bridge across the Ticino, ignorant that former fugitives had destroyed it after they had effected their own passage. At the moment in which he made this unfortunate discovery, he was encountered by four Spanish riflemen, who at once sprang to his bridle, and prevented all further attempts at escape. Providentially they had expended their ammunition; but one of the number, fearful that a prisoner whose high rank was apparent from the richness of his costume, should elude their grasp, struck the panting horse of the king over the head with the stock of his rifle, and thus precipitated both the animal and his rider into a ditch by the wayside.

This cowardly act was scarcely accomplished, when two Spanish light-horsemen, Diégo d'Abila and Juan d'Urbieta, arrived upon the spot; and, being struck by the extreme richness of the king's apparel, and the order of St. Michael with which he was decorated, they at once agreed that the captive was no common prize, and insisted upon their proportion of the ransom-money. The situation of Francis was perilous in the extreme, for we have already stated that the gallant and veteran Maréchal de la Palice had been wantonly murdered under precisely the same circumstances; but, as

There's a divinity doth hedge a king,

so did that special Providence preserve the defeated monarch in this fearful crisis of his fate. Horsemen were heard approaching rapidly; the rattling of armor and the clang of weapons announced a numerous party; and in the next instant, M. de Pompérant, the friend and confidant of Bourbon, and M. de la Motte des Moyers, a gentleman of his household, at the head of a troop of men-at-arms, checked their horses beside the group. One glance sufficed to assure them both that the wounded and exhausted man, from whose brow the blood was still streaming over his glittering surcoat, was the French monarch; and, putting aside the wrangling soldiers, M. de Pompérant sprang from his horse, and threw himself at the feet of the king, beseeching him not further to endanger his existence by a resistance which was alike hopeless and desperate.

Faint and subdued alike by fatigue, suffering, and bitter feeling, Francis leant for an instant upon his sword, as if in deliberation. "Rise, sir," he said at length; "it is mockery to kneel to a captive king. I am ready to share the fate of the brave men who have fallen with me. To whom can I resign my sword?"

"The Duke de Bourbon is on the field, sire," murmured Pompérant, with averted eyes.

"Not so, sir," replied the monarch, haughtily, as he once more stood proudly erect. "This sword is that of France; it cannot be intrusted to a traitor. Rather would I die a thousand deaths than that my honor should be so sullied."

"The Viceroy of Naples, sire," was the next timid suggestion.

"So let it be," said the monarch, coldly; "he has, at least, not disgraced his own. To M. de Lannoy I may deliver it without shame."

This concession made, La Motte galloped back to the field, to announce the surrender of the French king, and to summon the Neapolitan viceroy; not omitting at the same time to spread the welcome intelligence as he went, and to inquire for the Duke de Bourbon. Thus, only a brief time elapsed ere large bodies of men were on their way to the spot, where Francis, still attended by Pompérant and guarded by the six troopers, remained calmly awaiting their arrival. The first general who reached it was the Marquis del Guasto, who approached the monarch with an air of respectful deference; to which Francis replied with a courtesy as dignified as it was frank; immediately addressing him by name, and expressing a hope that he had escaped unhurt. The immediate care of the marquis was to disperse the crowd of soldiers who were rapidly collecting about the person of the king; after which he resumed his position, a little in the rear on his right hand; and after the hesitation of a moment, Francis, with a faint smile and a steady voice, again spoke.

"I have one favor to claim at your hands, M. del Guasto," he said. "Fortune has favored your master, and I must submit; but I would fain pray you not to conduct me to Pavia. I could ill brook to be made a spectacle to the citizens who have suffered so much at my hands. Allow me to become, for a time at least, your own guest."

"I am at the orders of your majesty, and deeply sensible of the honor that is conferred upon me," replied the favorite of Charles. A fresh horse was then led forward; the stirrup was held by Del Guasto, bareheaded; and Francis once more mounted, and, escorted by the troop of the Spanish general, traversed the camp, in order to reach the quarters of his new host.

Medical aid was instantly procured; his wounds were dressed; and it was discovered that, in addition to the hurts which he had received, his cuirass was indented in several places by balls, one of which had been so well aimed, and had entered so deeply into the metal, that his life had only been preserved by a relic which he wore suspended from a gold chain about his neck, and against which the force of the ball had expended itself.

The operations of the surgeons were scarcely completed ere the Marquis de Pescara entered the tent; who saluted the King coldly but respectfully, and he was shortly followed by Lannoy, to whom Francis, with the mien rather of a conqueror than a captive, at once tendered his sword. The viceroy bent his knee as he received it; and having deferentially kissed the hand by which it was tendered, immediately presented the king with another weapon. The next general who appeared was Bourbon, still in complete armor, with his visor closed, and carrying his reeking sword unsheathed in his hand. As he approached, the king inquired his name; to which Pescara replied that it was Charles of Bourbon; upon which Francis stepped a pace backward, as if to avoid his contact, and Pescara advancing at the same moment, demanded the duke's sword. Bourbon at once delivered it up; and then raising his visory cast himself upon his knees before Francis, and humbly craved permission to kiss the royal hand. The indignant monarch coldly and proudly refused to receive this act of homage; and his scorn so deeply wounded the ex-connétable, that he exclaimed, bitterly, and

almost reproachfully. "Ah, sir, had you but followed my advice, you had never been here and thus; nor so much of the best blood of France reeking upon the plains of Italy."

For a moment Francis fixed his eyes sternly upon the prostrate figure before him, and then raising them to heaven, he said impatiently, "Patience—only grant me patience, since fortune has deserted me——"

This trying interview was terminated by Pescara, who intimated to the king that he must within an hour hold himself in readiness to mount, as he should have the honor of escorting him to Pavia before nightfall. The lip of the monarch quivered for a second, and his cheek blanched, but he was too proud to reiterate a request which had been disregarded; and the Imperialist generals had no sooner withdrawn than he occupied himself in writing to his mother the celebrated letter which has been so often declared to have consisted only of the brief and emphatic sentence, "*Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur*;" but which Sismondi affirms, on the authority of a MS. chronicle of Nicaise Ladam, King-at-arms of Charles V., and the parliamentary registers of the 10th of November, to have been as wordy and diffuse as his ordinary epistles, and to have merely contained a version of the phrase of which modern historians have represented it entirely to consist.

Miss Pardoe's style varies a good deal with its subject. To the philosophy of politics or government she cannot rise; and her narrative of tactics and strategy is none of the clearest. She is more at home in individual exploits, tales of gallantry, or courtly scenes and processions; but she sometimes injures these by the arts of the fictionist, and introduces dialogues that could not have been reported, as if she were writing an historical romance. That she does not always invent the speeches or conversations she uses, is nothing to the purpose, when they suggest the idea of obvious untruth, or flatten the force and dignity of the character. The knighting of Francis by Bayard, after the battle of Marignano, is an example. The points in the speech of the knight is all that were required.

On the Friday evening, the same upon which this letter was written, the whole camp was loud with rejoicing, and the bearing of each separate leader was warmly discussed; when it was generally admitted that Bayard was the hero of the two days, as he had ever been in the field of honor; and Francis himself was so fully impressed with the same conviction, that before the night set in, he resolved, previously to creating knights with his own hand, to receive knighthood himself at that of Bayard: the romantic tastes in which he loved to indulge having caused him to overlook the fact that every monarch of France was necessarily understood to be a knight even from the cradle.

Nevertheless, the ceremony must have been an imposing one, as the young king stood upon the battle-field where he had subdued his enemies, in the midst of the brave and devoted chivalry of a great nation: the dead, who had fallen in his cause, yet unearthed; the living, who had fought beside him, still at their post; the gallant men who survived the conflict marshalled about him, girding with their strength the proud group clustered about their

youthful and fearless and victorious sovereign; the banners of their beloved France streaming upon the air, and the weapons which had so well and so recently done their duty gleaming on all sides; feathers streaming, proud war-horses champing the bit, and the artillery-men leaning upon their guns, now dark and silent.

Mistaken as the act may have been, and worse than superrorogatory in a powerful monarch, the scene must nevertheless have been one to make high hearts leap, and bold brows flush, as Francis called Bayard to his side, and, with the noble and endearing courtesy familiar to him, declared his intention of being there and then knighted, by the hand of a warrior esteemed one of the most renowned not only of his own nation but of all Christendom; and despite the disclaimers of his astonished subject, he persisted in his determination.

"In good sooth, sire," then exclaimed Bayard, who would have held further objections to the command of his sovereign as discourteous and irreverent, "since it is your royal pleasure that this should be, I am ready to perform your will, not once, but many times, unworthy as I am of the high office to which you have appointed me;" and grasping his sword proudly and firmly, he continued, as the young king bent his knee, "May my poor agency be as efficacious as though the ceremony were performed by Oliver, Godfrey, or Baldwin; although, in good truth, you are the first prince whom I have ever dubbed a knight; and God grant that you may never turn your back upon an enemy." Then brandishing his good weapon, and glancing sportively at it, as the last rays of evening flashed upon his polished blade, he apostrophized it as though it were a thing of life, which could participate in his own hilarity of spirit, exclaiming, "Thou art fortunate indeed to-day, that thou hast been called upon to confer knighthood upon so great and powerful a monarch; and certes, my trusty sword, thou shalt henceforth be carefully guarded as a relic, honored above all others; and shalt never be unsheathed again, save it be against the Infidel!" Then, lowering the point with reverence, he thrust it back into its scabbard, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the excited army.

We end our quotations with the close of the career of Francis himself; in which, indeed, is also to be read the moral of his life; for he died at little more than fifty, the victim of his own excesses.

The flame and the wheel were still in full operation in France, when, in January, 1547, news arrived at St. Germain-en-Laye, where the court was then sojourning, of the death of Henry VIII.; an event which produced the most fatal effect alike upon the moral and physical temperament of the French king. He had long indulged a hope that Henry, whose rupture with the Emperor had rendered it necessary for him to strengthen his position, would be desirous of entering into a closer alliance with himself; while at the same time the similarity, not only of their ages, but also in many respects of their several characters, combined with a consciousness that the disease under which he was then suffering was daily becoming more virulent, filled him with alarm. He felt a conviction that his own end was approaching; and he became nervous and depressed. He commanded that a solemn funeral service should be performed at the cathedral of Notre Dame in honor of the deceased

monarch; a ceremony which took place with great pomp; and then, in order to divert the melancholy that was rapidly gaining upon him, accompanied by a slow fever, which robbed him of all rest, Francis, who could no longer brook a moment of inaction, removed to La Murette, a country-house which he had recently embellished, on the borders of the forest of St. Germain. There he sojourned for a whole week; but his mind was in so unsettled a state that he could not long remain upon one spot; and he accordingly repaired to Villepreux; where an increase of his fever induced him to travel the following day to Dampierre, near Chevreuse; and thence he pursued his way in order to pass the period of Lent at Limours. Throughout the whole of this time he was accompanied by the court; but even his favorites now sought in vain to arouse him from the lethargy into which he was rapidly falling. Nowhere could he find peace; and after having spent three days at Limours, he once more removed to Rochefort, where he endeavored to amuse himself by hunting. To this violent exercise, however, his strength was no longer equal; and every evening his fever increased to a degree which alarmed those about him so greatly that they urged his return to St. Germain-en-Laye.

After some difficulty, the physicians succeeded in obtaining his consent to this measure, by representing that he could travel slowly, and indulge in his favorite pursuit by the way; and he accordingly left Rochefort for Rambouillet, where he had decided to remain only one night; but the game proved so plentiful, and the sport so exciting, that he was induced to change his resolution. Two or three days were consequently spent in field sports, in which once more Catharine de Medici participated; but the fever of the king, which had hitherto been intermittent, became, by reason of this perpetual exertion, continuous; and his malady increased so rapidly that it was found impossible for him to proceed further.

Once apprized of his danger, Francis summoned the dauphin to his sick bed, and conversed with him at intervals for several hours; giving him the most wholesome advice concerning the future government of the kingdom over which he must so soon be called upon to rule; and consequently, like many other monarchs, he, in this supreme moment, gained in almost every particular the system which he had himself pursued. He recommended him to diminish the public taxes under which the nation was then groaning; to be guided in all things by the Cardinal de Tournon and the Admiral d'Annebaut; and, above all, to exclude from his confidence the Connétable de Montmorency and the family of the Duke de Guise. He then received the sacraments of the church; and his persecutions of the Protestants had apparently convinced him so thoroughly of his own salvation, that he expired peacefully, while the ashes of his victims were still floating between earth and heaven.

From the Spectator.

HERMAN MELVILLE'S REDBURN.*

MR. MELVILLE'S present work is even more remarkable than his stories "founded on fact"

*Redburn: his First Voyage. Being the Sailor-Boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son of a Gentleman in the Merchant Service. By Herman Melville, author of "Typee," "Omoo," and "Mardi." In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Published by Bentley.

descriptive of native scenery and life in the islands of the Pacific. In *Typee* and *Omoo* there was novelty and interest of subject. Everything was fresh and vigorous in the manners of the people, the character of the country and its vegetation; there were rapidity, variety, and adventure in the story, with enough of nautical character to introduce the element of contrast. In *Redburn, his First Voyage*, there are none of these sources of attraction; yet, with the exception of some chapters descriptive of common-place things, the book is very readable and attractive. It has not the reality, or more properly the veracity, of Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, nor the comprehensiveness and truthfulness of delineation which distinguish some of Cooper's novels that only aim at a simple exhibition of a sea life without strange adventures or exciting dangers: *Redburn*, though merely the narrative of a voyage from New York to Liverpool and back, with a description of the characters of officers and crew, is, however, a book both of information and interest. We get a good idea of life at sea, as it appears at first to the boy novice and afterwards to the more experienced seaman. The hardships and privations of the crew, the petty tyranny, the pettier greatness, with the tricks and frauds practised in a common merchant vessel on the raw hands, are well exhibited, without exaggeration. As *Redburn* sails in a vessel that carries passengers as well as cargo, the evils resulting from the indifferent regulations of emigration ships, and the practical disregard at sea of such regulations as exist, are exhibited in a scarcity among the poor emigrants, the effect of a slow passage, and in a fever produced by the scantiness and quality of the diet. Mr. Melville's character as an American is also a source of variety. The scenes on shore at New York, in the pawnbroker's and other places, indicate that the Atlantic cities of the Union are not much freer from vice and profligacy, if they are indeed from distress, than the seaports of Europe. At Liverpool many things are fresh to the American that are common to us, or which we ignore without intending it—as the low haunts and lodging-houses of sailors.

The plan of the book is well designed to bring out its matter effectively; though the position and reputed character of *Redburn* as "the son of a gentleman," contrived apparently for the sake of contrast and the display of a quiet humor, is not always consistently maintained. At the commencement of the book, *Redburn's* father is dead, the family reduced, and the hero is cast upon the world to choose a means of living. His father's travels, some sea pieces, and a real glass ship in a glass case, (all rather tediously described,) combine with the enthusiasm and ignorance of youth to determine him to the sea; and he starts for New York, with enough money to pay his passage thither, a letter to a friend, and a gun, the gift of his elder brother, who had nothing else to bestow upon him. The friend furnishes *Redburn* with a day's board and lodging, and gets him a

ship, the captain taking him at low wages; he vainly tries to sell his gun, and has at last to pawn it; his wardrobe is none of the amplest, and by no means adapted to marine work; he is utterly ignorant of all that relates to the sea, the ship, or the service. The idea of throwing a simple and innocent-minded lad, just fresh from home, into the midst of the roughness, rudeness, and startling novelty of a ship, may be found in *Peter Simple*; but the circumstances of poor *Redburn* are so different from those of the well-connected midshipman, and the nautical incidents and characters have so little in common, that the story has the effect of originality. The quiet humor arising from the contrast between the frame of mind of the boy and his position and circumstances, as well as the sharp reflections his freshness and home education induce him to make, bear some resemblance in point of style to *Marryat*; but it may arise from the nature of the subject.

There is nothing very striking in the incidents of *Redburn*—nothing, in fact, beyond the common probabilities of the merchant service in almost every vessel that sails between Great Britain and America; the characters, or something like them, may doubtless be met in almost every ship that leaves harbor. Nor does Mr. Melville aim at effect by melodramatic exaggeration, except once in an episodic trip to London: on the contrary, he indicates several things, leaving the filling up to the reader's imagination, instead of painting scenes in detail, that a vulgar writer would certainly have done. The interest of *Redburn* arises from its quiet naturalness. It reads like a "true story"—as if it had all taken place.

The best idea of the book, however, is obtained by extracts. The following are among the hero's earlier experiences.

By the time I got back to the ship, everything was in an uproar. The pea-jacket man was there, ordering about a good many men in the rigging; and people were bringing off chickens and pigs and beef and vegetables from the shore. Soon after, another man, in a striped calico shirt, a short blue jacket, and beaver hat, made his appearance, and went to ordering about the man in the big pea-jacket; and at last the captain came up the side, and began to order about both of them.

These two men turned out to be the first and second mates of the ship.

Thinking to make friends with the second mate, I took out an old tortoise-shell snuff-box of my father's, in which I put a piece of Cavendish tobacco, to look sailor-like, and offered the box to him very politely. He stared at me a moment, and then exclaimed, "Do you think we take snuff aboard here, youngster? no, no, no time for snuff-taking at sea; don't let the 'old man' see that snuff-box; take my advice, and pitch it overboard as quick as you can."

I told him it was not snuff but tobacco; when he said, he had plenty of tobacco of his own, and never carried any such nonsense about him as a tobacco-box. With that he went off about his business, and left me feeling foolish enough. But I had reason to be glad that he had acted thus; for if he had not, I think I should have offered my box to the chief mate, who, in that case, from what I after-

ward learned of him, would have knocked me down, or done something else equally uncivil.

As I was standing looking around me, the chief mate approached in a great hurry about something; and seeing me in the way, cried out, "Ashore with you, you young loafer! There's no stealings here; sail away, I tell you, with that shooting-jacket!"

Upon this I retreated, saying that I was going out in the ship as a sailor.

"A sailor!" he cried; "a barber's clerk, you mean: you going out in the ship! what, in that jacket? Hang me, I hope the old man has n't been shipping any more greenhorns like you—he'll make a shipwreck of it, if he has. But this is the way nowadays; to save a few dollars in seamen's wages, they think nothing of shipping a parcel of farmers and clodhoppers and baby-boys. What's your name, Pillgarlic!"

"Redburn," said I.

"A pretty handle to a man, that!—scorch you to take hold of it; hav' n't you got any other?"

"Wellingborough," said I.

"Worse yet. Who had the baptizing of ye? Why did n't they call you Jack, or Jill, or something short and handy? But I'll baptize you over again. D'ye hear, sir, henceforth your name is Buttons. And now do you go, Buttons, and clean out that pig-pen in the long-boat; it has not been cleaned out since last voyage. And bear a hand about it, d'ye hear; there's them pigs there waiting to be put in: come, be off about it, now."

Was this, then, the beginning of my sea career? set to cleaning out a pig-pen the very first thing!

But I thought it best to say nothing; I had bound myself to obey orders, and it was too late to retreat. So I only asked for a shovel, or spade, or something else to work with.

"We don't dig gardens here," was the reply; "dig it out with your teeth."

After looking around, I found a stick, and went to scraping out the pen; which was awkward work enough.

The pig-pen being cleaned out, I was set to work picking up some shavings which lay about the deck, for there had been carpenters at work on board. The mate ordered me to throw these shavings into the long-boat at a particular place between two of the seats. But as I found it hard work to push the shavings through in that place, and as it looked wet there, I thought it would be better for the shavings as well as myself to thrust them where there was a larger opening and a dry spot. While I was thus employed, the mate, observing me, exclaimed, with an oath, "Did n't I tell you to put those shavings somewhere else! Do what I tell you, now, Buttons, or mind your eye!"

Stiffing my indignation at his rudeness, which by this time I found was my only plan, I replied, that that was not so good a place for the shavings as that which I myself had selected; and asked him to tell me *why* he wanted me to put them in the place he designated. Upon this he flew into a terrible rage, and without explanation reiterated his order like a clap of thunder.

This was my first lesson in the discipline of the sea, and I never forgot it. From that time I learned that sea-officers never give reasons for anything they order to be done. It is enough that they command it; so that the motto is, "Obey orders, though you break owners."

This account of a first adventure aloft is a piece of truthful and powerful description.

It happened on the second night out of port during the middle watch, when the sea was quite calm and the breeze was mild.

The order was given to loose the main-skysail, which is the fifth and highest sail from deck. It was a very small sail, and from the forecastle looked no bigger than a cambric pocket-handkerchief.

Now, when the order was passed to loose the skysail, an old Dutch sailor came up to me and said, "Buttons, my boy, it's high time you be doing something; and it's boy's business, Buttons, to loose de royals, and not old men's business, like me. Now, d'ye see dat little fellow way up dare? dare, just behind dem stars, dare? well, tumble up now, Buttons, I zay, and looze him; way you go, Buttons."

All the rest joining in, and seeming unanimous in the opinion that it was high time for me to be stirring myself and doing boy's business, as they called it, I made no more ado, but jumped into the rigging. Up I went, not daring to look down, but keeping my eyes glued, as it were, to the shrouds, as I ascended.

It was a long road up those stairs, and I began to pant and breathe hard before I was half way; but I kept at it till I got to the Jacob's ladder—and they may well call it so, for it took me almost into the clouds; and at last, to my own amazement, I found myself hanging on the skysail-yard, holding on might and main to the mast, and curling my feet round the rigging as if they were another pair of hands.

For a few moments I stood awe-stricken and mute. I could not see far out upon the ocean, owing to the darkness of the night; and from my lofty perch the sea looked like a great black gulf, hemmed in all round by beetling black cliffs. I seemed all alone; treading the midnight clouds; and every second expected to find myself falling—falling—falling, as I have felt when the nightmare has been on me.

I could but just perceive the ship below me, like a long, narrow plank in the water; and it did not seem to belong at all to the yard over which I was hanging. A gull, or some sort of sea-fowl, was flying round the truck over my head, within a few yards of my face; and it almost frightened me to hear it, it seemed so much like a spirit, at such a lofty and solitary height.

Though there was a pretty smooth sea and little wind, yet at this extreme elevation the ship's motion was very great; so that when the ship rolled one way, I felt something as a fly must feel walking the ceiling; and when it rolled the other way, I felt as if I was hanging along a slanting pine-tree.

But presently I heard a distant hoarse noise from below; and though I could not make out anything intelligible, I knew it was the mate hurrying me. So in a nervous, trembling desperation, I went to casting off the gaskets or lines tying up the sail; and when all was ready, sung out as I had been told, to "hoist away." And hoist they did, and me too along with the yard and sail; for I had no time to get off, they were so unexpectedly quick about it. It seemed like magic: there I was, going up higher and higher; the yard rising under me as if it were alive, and no soul in sight. Without knowing it at the time, I was in a good deal of danger; but it was so dark that I could not see well enough to feel afraid—at least on that account, though I felt frightened enough in a promiscuous way. I only held on hard, and made good the say-

ing of old sailors, that the last person to fall overboard from the rigging is a landsman, because he grips the ropes so fiercely; whereas old tars are less careful, and sometimes pay the penalty.

After this feat I got down rapidly on deck, and received something like a compliment from Max the Dutchman.

Some of the occurrences give rise to reflections or suggestions on nautical matters; and there are some terrible pictures of vice and poverty in Liverpool, pointed by contrast with the American's experience at home, where absolute death by hunger and privation (the Americans say) cannot occur. We will, however, take a different sample to close with—a case of spontaneous combustion.

Of the three newly-shipped men, who in a state of intoxication had been brought on board at the dock-gates, (at Liverpool,) two were able to be engaged at their duties in four or five hours after quitting the pier; but the third man yet lay in his bunk, in the self-same posture in which his limbs had been adjusted by the crimp who had deposited him there.

His name was down on the ship's papers as Miguel Saveda; and for Miguel Saveda the chief mate at last came forward, shouting down the fore-castle-scuttle, and commanding his instant presence on deck: but the sailors answered for their new comrade, giving the mate to understand that Miguel was still fast locked in his trance, and could not obey him; when, muttering his usual imprecation, the mate retired to the quarter-deck.

This was in the first dog-watch, from four to six in the evening. At about three bells in the next watch, Max the Dutchman, who like most old seamen was something of a physician in cases of drunkenness, recommended that Miguel's clothing should be removed, in order that he should lie more comfortably: but Jackson, who would seldom let anything be done in the fore-castle that was not proposed by himself, capriciously forbade this proceeding.

So the sailor still lay out of sight in his bunk, which was in the extreme angle of the fore-castle behind the bowsprit-bits—two stout timbers rooted in the ship's keel. An hour or two afterwards, some of the men observed a strange odor in the fore-castle, which was attributed to the presence of some dead rat among the hollow spaces in the side planks; for, some days before, the fore-castle had been smoked out, to extirpate the vermin overrunning her. At midnight, the larboard watch, to which I belonged, turned out; and instantly, as every man woke, he exclaimed at the now intolerable smell, supposed to be heightened by the shaking up of the bilge-water from the ship's rolling.

"Blast that rat!" cried the Greenlander.

"He's blasted already," said Jackson, who in his drawers had crossed over to the bunk of Miguel. "It's a water-rat, shipmates, that's dead; and here he is;" and with that he dragged forth the sailor's arm, exclaiming, "Dead as a timberhead!"

Upon this the men rushed toward the bunk, Max with the light, which he held to the man's face.

"No, he's not dead," he cried, as the yellow flame wavered for a moment at the seaman's motionless mouth: but hardly had the words escaped, when, to the silent horror of all, two threads of greenish fire, like a forked tongue, darted out between the lips; and in a moment the cadaverous face was crawled over by a swarm of wormlike flames.

The lamp dropped from the hand of Max, and went out; while, covered all over with spires and sparkles of flame that faintly crackled in the silence the uncovered parts of the body burned before us, precisely like a phosphorescent shark in a midnight sea.

The eyes were open and fixed, the mouth was curled like a scroll, and every lean feature firm as in life; while the whole face, now wound in curls of soft blue flame, wore an aspect of grim defiance and eternal death—Prometheus, blasted by fire on the rock.

One arm, its red shirt-sleeve rolled up, exposed the man's name, tattooed in vermilion, near the hollow of the middle joint; and as if there was something peculiar in the painted flesh, every vibrating letter burned so bright that you might read the flaming name in the flickering ground of blue.

"Where's that damned Miguel?" was now shouted down among us from the scuttle by the mate, who had just come on deck, and was determined to have every man up that belonged to his watch.

"He's gone to the harbor where they never weigh anchor," coughed Jackson. "Come you down, sir, and look."

Thinking that Jackson intended to beard him, the mate sprang down in a rage; but recoiled at the burning body, as if he had been shot by a bullet. "My God!" he cried, and stood holding fast to the ladder.

"Take hold of it," said Jackson at last to the Greenlander; "it must go overboard. Don't stand shaking there like a dog; take hold of it, I say; But stop;" and smothering it all in the blankets, he pulled it partly out of the bunk.

A few minutes more, and it fell with a hubbly among the phosphorescent sparkles of the damp night sea, leaving a corruscating wake as it sank.

This event thrilled me through and through with unspeakable horror; nor did the conversation of the watch during the next four hours on deck at all serve to soothe me.

But what most astonished me, and seemed most incredible, was the infernal opinion of Jackson, that the man had been actually dead when brought on board the ship; and that knowingly, and merely for the sake of the month's advance, paid into his hand upon the strength of the bill he presented, the body-snatching crimp had knowingly shipped a corpse on board of the Highlander under the pretence of its being a live body in a drunken trance. And I heard Jackson say, that he had known of such things having been done before: but that a really dead body ever burned in that manner, I cannot even yet believe. But the sailors seemed familiar with such things; or at least with the stories of such things having happened to others.

From the Spectator.

M'LEAN'S TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.*

MR. M'LEAN entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1820-'21, when it had just been strengthened by a coalition with its rival, the North-western Company. With the exception of a five or six months' trip to England in 1842-'43, he continued actively engaged in the service for a

* Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By John M'Lean. In two volumes. Published by Bentley.

quarter of a century. In spite of promises, he passed the greater part of that time in an inferior position; the range of his service extending from Labrador and the shores of Hudson's Bay to New Caledonia on the further side of the Rocky Mountains, amid the head waters of Fraser's river, and from the boundaries of the United States to beyond the 60th degree of latitude, on the banks of the Mackenzie river. After some twenty years' service, and, as he alleges, unfair treatment in delaying his promotion, Mr. M'Lean was appointed a chief trader; the income from which post in 1841, was £200. per annum. Even this fortune was not enjoyed in comfort. He was hardly treated by Governor Simpson, and in fact degraded, being superseded in a district to which he was appointed; he therefore resigned, in 1844.

Not much of new geographical information is furnished by Mr. M'Lean's volumes, except as regards the interior of Labrador; in that country he was stationed for several years, and he explored it from Esquimaux Bay in the Straits of Belleisle to the Bay of Ungava. The chief value of the book consists in its picture of life in the Hudson's Bay service—the hardships to be undergone, the privations to be endured, the dangers to be encountered in the conduct of the everyday business of the company, in a region where a journey involves an irksome and risky navigation, a laborious portage, in winter excessive cold, and in summer great heats with frequent attacks of mosquitoes and other insects. In the remoter districts, bodily hardships are not alone to be encountered. The passions of the intoxicated or superstitious and sometimes the justly-provoked Indian, are to be met by a ready resolution and a high hand; which, however, are sometimes possessed in vain, and the Company's servants fall victims to violence or treachery. Yet such is the ennui in the dreary solitude or monotonous routine of the "forts" or stations in the higher latitudes of the interior, that hardship and danger are welcomed as reliefs from the blank *tædium vitæ* in the Hudson's Bay territory.

When all this is considered, it may fairly be a matter of wonder that persons with great energy, a capital constitution, since no others could stand the service, and some education, without which they could not discharge its duties, are readily found to embark in such an employ. The first reason probably is, that they are "caught young." The second, that delusive notions are entertained of the service. The "liberality" of the Company has been a standing theme with British and American travellers, who have only seen the principal forts, or whose reception has been prepared for in consequence of official orders and when the travellers have been known to contemplate print. Hence, the Company have had a higher reputation for the good living to be found in their service, the comparative easiness of the life, and the general liberality of their treatment, than late inquiries would seem to show that they deserve. The brother of the Arctic discoverer Simpson left the service in disgust; and infused many complaints of his own

ill-usage and that of others into the Life of his brother, with rather fierce attacks upon Governor Simpson; but there was a tone about his style that induced mistrust. Mr. Fitzgerald lately examined the history and general character of the Company; testing their professions and conduct by scattered rays of evidence; and left an ill impression as the result of his inquiry. Mr. M'Lean comes with a particular narrative of his own hard treatment, various statements of partiality and injustice as regards other officers, and an account of the Company's neglect of the moral and physical wellbeing of the Indians, and their opposition to Protestant missionaries, all which contrasts remarkably with the panegyrics we have so frequently heard. These, indeed, are only explainable on the consideration we just threw out—that the favorable reports originated with writers who visited only the principal or show places, and got about as true an idea of the state of affairs at the lesser interior stations as a traveller in Russia, escorted by the imperial authorities, would have of the true state of things there. Some allowance is to be made for the fact that Mr. M'Lean is smarting under the sense of long neglect—of, as he alleges, an unfair preference to favored rivals, and a long course of ill-treatment; but many of the facts hardly admit of color, and do not refer to himself.

Any judgment on these controversial matters, however, is best formed by a perusal of the volumes. Our extracts will chiefly relate to the adventurous part of the narrative. The following is an example of the unpleasantnesses to which the Hudson's Bay "travellers" are exposed.

I had a still more narrow escape in the month of March ensuing. I had been on a visit to the post under my own immediate charge, termed headquarters par excellence; returning to the post alone, I came to a place where our men, in order to avoid a long detour occasioned by a high and steep hill coming close to the river, were accustomed to draw their sledges upon the ice along the edge of a rapid. About the middle of the rapid, where the torrent is fiercest, the banks of the river are formed of rocks rising almost perpendicularly from the water's edge; and here they had to pass on a narrow ledge of ice, between the rock on the one side and the foaming and boiling surge on the other. The ledge, at no time very broad, was now reduced, by the falling in of the water, to a strip of ice of about eighteen inches or little more, adhering to the rock. The ice, however, seemed perfectly solid, and I made no doubt that with caution I should succeed in passing safely this formidable strait.

The weather having been very mild in the fore part of the day, my shoes and socks had been saturated with wet, but were now frozen hard by the cold of the approaching night. Overlooking this circumstance, I attempted the dangerous passage; and had proceeded about half-way, when my foot slipped, and I suddenly found myself resting with one hip on the border of ice, while the rest of my body overhung the rapid rushing fearfully underneath. I was now literally in a state of agonizing suspense: to regain my footing was impossible; even the attempt to move might precipitate me into the rapid.

My first thought indeed was to throw myself in,

and endeavor by swimming to reach the solid ice that bridged the river a short distance below; a glance at the torrent convinced me that this was a measure too desperate to be attempted: I should have been dashed against the ice, or hurried beneath it by the current. But my time was not yet come. Within a few feet of the spot where I was thus suspended in *sublimis*, the rock projected a little outward, so as to break the force of the current. It struck me that a new border of ice might be formed at this place, under and parallel to that on which I was perched: exploring cautiously, therefore, with a stick which I fortunately had in my hand, all along and beneath me, I found my conjecture well founded; but whether the ice were strong enough to bear me, I could not ascertain. But it was my only hope of deliverance: letting myself down therefore, gently, I planted my feet on the lower ledge, and, clinging with the tenacity of a shell-fish to the upper, I crept slowly along till I reached land.

Familiarity, if it does not always breed contempt, at least diminishes surprise. When some of the geological conclusions respecting the vegetable and animal remains were promulgated, they seemed so strange as to induce the idea of a totally different state of things—an unnatural nature, as it were. More extensive observation of causes in actual operation with reference to geological phenomena, have lessened the feeling, by showing that similar occurrences are taking place contemporaneously, if upon a less scale. This land-slip is an example.

As we ascended the river, the scenery became beautifully diversified with hill and dale and wooded valleys, through which there generally flowed streams of limpid water. I observed at one place a tremendous land-slip, caused by the water undermining the soil. Trees were seen in an inverted position, the branches sunk in the ground and the roots uppermost; others with only the branches appearing above ground; the earth rent and intersected by chasms extending in every direction; while piles of earth and stones, intermixed with shattered limbs and trunks of trees, contributed to increase the dreadful confusion of the scene. The half of a huge hill had tumbled into the river and dammed it across, so that no water escaped for some time. The people of Dunvegan, seeing the river suddenly dry up, were terrified by the phenomenon; but they had not much time to investigate the cause: the river as suddenly reappeared, presenting a front of nearly twenty feet in height, and foaming and rushing down with a noise of thunder.

The following passage of the Peace River through the Rocky Mountains is curious from the circumstance of the stream being navigable; in such situations it is generally too precipitous for use.

The Rocky Mountains came in view on the 8th October, and we reached the portage bearing their name on the 10th; the crossing of which took us eight days, being fully thirteen miles in length, and excessively bad road, leading sometimes through swamps and morasses, then ascending and descending steep hills, and for at least one third of the distance so obstructed by fallen trees as to render it all but impassable. I consider the passage of this portage the most laborious duty the Company's servants have to perform in any part of the territory;

and, as the voyageurs say, "He that passes it with his share of a canoe's cargo may call himself a man." * * *

After passing the portage, the Rocky Mountains reared their snow-clad summits all around us, presenting a scene of gloomy grandeur that had nothing cheering in it. One scene, however, struck me as truly sublime. As we proceeded onward, the mountains pressed closer on the river, and at one place approached so near that the gap seemed to have been made by the river forcing a passage through them. We passed in our canoes at the base of precipices that rose almost perpendicularly above us on either side to the height of 3,000 or 4,000 feet! After passing through these magnificent portals, the mountains recede to a considerable distance; the space intervening between them and the river being a flat, yielding timber of a larger growth than I expected to find in such a situation.

Mr. M'Lean's station in Labrador was an experiment made with the view of discovering whether the country had sufficient fur-bearing animals to justify the establishment of a series of posts. Independently of his own adventures, Mr. M'Lean gives some account of Governor Simpson's obstinacy and mismanagement, and the beneficial effects to the Company from his own advice; but we will pass these for a hairbreadth escape by sea.

After seeing my couriers off, I left Mr. Erlandson with two men to share his solitude, and reached the sea without experiencing any adventure worth notice. Proceeding along the coast, I was induced one evening by the flattering appearance of the weather to attempt the passage of a deep bay; which being accomplished, there was little danger of being delayed afterwards by stress of weather. This step I soon had cause to repent. The sea hitherto presented a smooth surface; not a breath of wind was felt, and the stars shone out brightly. A few clouds began to appear on the horizon; and the boat began to rise and fall with the heaving of the sea. Understanding what these signs portended, we immediately pulled for the shore; but had scarcely altered our course when the stars disappeared, a tremendous noise struck upon our ears from seaward, and the storm was upon us. In the impenetrable obscurity of the night not a trace of land could be discovered; but we continued to ply our oars, while each succeeding billow threatened immediate destruction.

The horrors of our situation increased; the man on the look-out called out that he saw breakers ahead in every direction; and escape appeared to be next to impossible. My crew of Scottish Islanders, however, continued their painful exertions without evincing by a murmur the apprehensions they must have felt. The crisis was now at hand. We approached so near to the breakers that it was impossible to avoid them; and the men lay on their oars, expecting the next moment would be their last.

In such a situation the thoughts of even the most depraved naturally carry them beyond the limits of time; and by these thoughts, I believe, the soul of every one was absorbed; yet the men lost not their presence of mind. Suddenly, the voice of the look-out was heard amid the roar of the breakers, calling our attention to a dark breach in the line of foam that stretched out before us, which he fancied to be a channel between the rocks. A few desperate strokes brought us to the spot; when, to our

unspeakable joy, we found it to answer the man's conjecture; but so narrow was the passage that the oars on both sides of the boat struck the rocks; a minute afterwards we found ourselves becalmed and in safety. The boat being moored, and the men ordered to watch by turns, we lay down to sleep as we best could, supperless, and without having tasted food since early dawn.

A good many sketches of the various tribes of Indians are scattered through the book; of which we will spare room for one, descriptive of an entertainment by the Indians of New Caledonia, for the germs it contains of lyric and dramatic poetry.

In the beginning of the winter we were invited to a feast held in honor of a great chief, who died some years before. The person who delivered the invitation stalked into the room with an air of vast consequence, and strewing our heads with down, pronounced the name of the presiding chief, and withdrew without uttering another syllable. To me the invitation was most acceptable; although I had heard much of Indian feasts, I never was present at any.

Late in the evening we directed our steps towards the "banqueting-house," a large hut temporarily erected for the occasion. We found the numerous guests assembled and already seated round "the festive board;" our place had been left vacant for us; Mr. Dease taking his seat next to the great chief Quaw, and we, his Meewidiyazees, (little chiefs,) in succession. The company were disposed in two rows; the chiefs and elders being seated next the wall, formed the outer, and the young men the inner row; an open space of about three feet in breadth intervening between them. Immense quantities of roasted meat, bear, beaver, siffieu or marmot, were piled up at intervals, the whole length of the building; berries mixed up with rancid salmon oil, fish-roe that had been buried under ground a twelvemonth, in order to give it an *agreceable* flavor, were the good things presented at this feast of gluttony and flow of oil. The berry mixture and roes were served in wooden troughs, each having a large wooden spoon attached to it. The enjoyments of the festival were ushered in with a song, in which all joined:—

I approach the village,
Ya ha he ha, ya ha ha ha;
And hear the voices of many people,
Ya ha, &c.
The barking of dogs,
Ya ha, &c.
Salmon is plentiful,
Ya ha, &c.
The berry season is good,
Ya ha, &c.

* * * * *

The gormandizing contest ended as it began, with songs and dances; in the latter amusement, however, few were now able to join. Afterwards ensued a rude attempt at dramatic representation. Old Quaw, the chief of Neckaslay, first appeared on the stage, in the character of a bear—an animal he was well qualified to personate. Rushing from his den, and growling fiercely, he pursued the huntsman, the chief of Babine portage, who defended himself with a long pole; both parties maintained a running fight, until they reached the

far end of the building, where they made their exit. Enter afterwards a jealous husband and his wife, wearing masks (both being men). The part these acted appeared rather dull; the husband merely sat down by the side of his "frail rib," watching her motions closely, and neither allowing her to speak to nor look at any of the young men. As to the other characters, one personated a deer, another a wolf, a third a strange Tsekany. The bear seemed to give the spectators most delight.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—A gentleman who, in the year 1826 or 1827, travelled with Sir Walter Scott in the Blucher Coach from Edinburgh to Jedburgh, relates the following anecdote illustrative of his punctilious regard for his word, and his willingness to serve all who placed confidence in him, particularly those engaged in literary pursuits:—"We had performed half the journey," writes our informant, "when Sir Walter started as from a dream, exclaiming, 'Oh, my friend G——, I have forgotten you till this moment!'" A short mile brought us to a small town, where Sir Walter ordered a post chaise, in which he deposited his luggage, consisting of a well-worn short hazel stick, and a paper-parcel containing a few books; then, much to my regret, he changed his route, and returned to the Scottish capital.

"The following month I was again called to Edinburgh on business, and curiosity induced me to wait on the friend G—— apostrophized by Sir Walter, and whose friendship I had the honor to possess. The cause of Sir Walter's return, I was informed, was this:—He had engaged to furnish an article for a periodical conducted by my friend, but his promise had slipped from his memory (a most uncommon occurrence, for Sir Walter was gifted with the best of memories) until the moment of his exclamation. His instant return was the only means of retrieving the error. Retrieved, however, it was; and the following morning Mr. G—— received several sheets of closely-written manuscript, the transcribing of which alone must have occupied half the night."

The kindness of Sir Walter's nature procured him friends—his literary genius only admirers, although certainly the warmest admirers ever author possessed. Admiration, however, was sometimes in his case not freely bestowed, and perhaps not consciously felt. He was fond of relating the following anecdote of what he called a pure and sincere compliment, being not at all intended as such, but, as the reader will perceive, meant more as reproach than praise:—Shortly after the disclosure of the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*, the "mighty Minstrel" called on the late Mrs. Fair of Langlea, an eccentric old lady, who had lived through more than half of the last century, and who furnished Sir Walter with many a good tale and legend of days gone by. "The old lady opened on me thus," to use his own words; "Sir Walter, I've been lang wanting to see you. It's no possible that ye hae been writing in novels a' thae lees! Oh dear me, dear me! I canna believe 't yet; but for a' that, I ken I hae 'een Dandy Dinmont somewhere; and Rebecca, oh she's a bonny, well-behaved lassie yon; but Jennie Deans I like the best!"

"There," said the pleased baronet, "call ye that a common compliment?"

From the North British Review.

Aspects of Nature, in Different Lands and Different Climates, with Scientific Elucidations. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated by Mrs. Sabine. In 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 650.

WHEN we contemplate the natural world in our own fatherland, as seen from different stations on its surface, and at different seasons of the revolving year, it presents to us but a single aspect, however diversified be its forms, and however varied its phenomena. Like the race which occupies it, the scenery within each horizon has its family likeness, and the landscape from each spot its individual features, while the general picture of hill and dale, and heath and forest, have their similitude in the character and costume of the people. During the daily and annual revolutions of our globe, the sun sheds his varying lights and hues over the more permanent and solid forms of nature, and carries in his train those disturbing elements which give an interest to each passing hour, and invest the seasons with all the variety which characterizes them. The external world may thus lose for a while its normal aspect—what is fixed may for an instant be displaced, and what is stable subverted; but amid all the new and returning conditions of the year, whether the god of day gives or withdraws his light—whether the firmament smiles in azure or frowns in gloom—whether the lightning plays in its summer gleams, or rages in its fiery course—whether vegetation dazzles with its youthful green, or charms with its tint of age, or droops under the hoary covering of winter—under all these expressive phases of its life, nature presents to us but one aspect characteristic of the latitude under which we live, and the climate to which we belong.

The inhabitant of so limited a domain, even if he has surveyed it in all its relations, has no adequate idea of the new and striking aspects in which nature shows herself in other lands, and under other climates. Even in the regions of civilization, where her forms have, to a certain extent, been modified by art, and her creations placed in contrast with those of man, she still wears a new aspect, often startling by its novelty, and overpowering by its grandeur. To the fur-clad dweller among ice and snow, the aspects of nature in the temperate and torrid zones must be signally pleasing. The rich and luxurious productions of a genial and fervid climate, and the gay coloring of its spring and its autumn, must form a striking contrast with the scanty supplies of a frozen soil, and the sober tints of a stunted vegetation; and the serf or the savage who has prostrated himself before a petty tyrant, in his hall of wood or of clay; or the worshipper who has knelt on the sea-shore, or offered incense in the cavern or in the bush, must stand appalled before the magnificent temples of Christian or of pagan opulence, and amidst the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" of civilization. Nor is the aspect of the arctic zone less curious

and interesting to the southern eye. On her regions of eternal snow, which the summer sun is unable even to thaw, the tracks of commerce and the footprints of travel are unseen. The shadow of man and of beast alone variegates the winding-sheet of vegetable life; mountains of fire, and plains of sulphur, stand in curious juxtaposition to precipices of ice and accumulations of snow, and from the glacier margin of the ocean are detached the gigantic icebergs, which, drifting to the southern seas, and raising only their heads above the waves, often threaten the tempest-driven mariner with destruction. To these singular aspects of arctic nature we may add one still more singular—the one long day of light, and the one long night of darkness, which alternately cheer and depress its short-lived and apparently miserable population.

The inhabitants, both of the old and new world, who occupy populous cultivated plains, are no less startled with nature's aspect, when they enter the lofty regions of the Himalaya and the Andes, or cast their eye over the trackless deserts of Africa, or the elevated plateaus of central Asia and America, or the Patagonian desert of shingle, or the grassy Llanos of Orinoco and Venezuela, or the endless forests of the Amazons. The phases of the material world are there altogether new. Even the European, whose horizon is a circle, and the shepherd of the Landes, who is elevated on stilts in order to watch his flocks, would stand aghast in the boundless desert of Sahara, which no foliage colors, and no moisture bedews; and the crystal or the chamois hunter of the Alps, who has paced the flanks of Mont Blanc, or the peasant who slumbers at its base, would view with mute admiration the peaks of Dwalaghiri or Pinchincha; while the naturalist, who had been amused with the eruptions of Vesuvius and of *Ætna*, would stand unnerved beside the outbursts of *Cotopaxi* or *Hirouæa*.

Nor are these striking aspects of nature confined to the structure of the inorganic world; they are displayed to us with no inferior interest in the diversified phenomena of animal and of vegetable existence. Although organic life is universally distributed throughout the earth, the ocean, and the air, yet under different latitudes it exhibits very opposite aspects. The vital functions are nearly suspended in the gelid regions of the poles, where man is almost driven into hybernation like the brutes; while in the zones of the tropics we recognize the high pulse and the florid plethora of a rank and luxuriant existence. Within the vessels that heat has expanded, the sap of life flows with a more genial current, and the noble forms of mammiferous life bound with a light and elastic step over the thick carpet of flowers which nature annually weaves under a tropical sun and a cloudless sky.

But it is not merely on the surface of the earth, and within the aqueous and aerial oceans which cover it, that nature displays her most interesting phases. Everything that we see around us—the

soil and its productions—the jungle and its denizens—the ocean and its life, are all of modern origin. Man himself, as the representative of his race, is but an upstart in the chronicle of time. The primeval antiquities of our planet, and the records of its ancient life, lie buried in the crypts beneath us. Its history is engraven on walls of stone, in characters which long baffled his ingenuity; but the geologist and the naturalist have at last deciphered them. He whose power is infinite could have called the earth into being in the very instant which preceded the creation of man; but that power has been exercised through other agencies, and in conformity with material laws; and long cycles of years have thus been required to prepare the earth for the reception of beings intellectual and immortal. To read that history, to study these antiquities, and to contemplate with wonder and awe the subterranean aspects of nature, is a privilege which none who understands it will renounce, and a duty which none who enter upon it will decline.

The aspects of nature around us, and above us, and beneath us, while they are a never-ending source of instruction and enjoyment, cannot fail to prepare the mind for nobler studies, and for higher destinies.

There is, doubtless, no living philosopher who could conduct us, with the same safety and interest as Baron Humboldt, over these wonderful fields of the material world. With his own eye he has seen the grand phenomena which he records. He has trodden the deserts and the Llanos of the far west; he has climbed its volcanic cones, and breathed the vapors which they exhale; he has swept over its cataracts, and threaded its forests; and with the profound knowledge of a naturalist and a philosopher, he has described what he saw with all the precision of truth, and with all the eloquence of poetry.

In the work which we have placed at the head of this article, its author "has sought to indicate the unfailling influence of external nature on the feelings, the moral dispositions, and the destinies of man," and viewing the "soothing influence of the contemplation of nature, as peculiarly precious to those who are oppressed with the cares or the sorrows of life," he dedicates his work more especially to them, and invites them, while "escaping from the stormy waves of life," "to follow him in spirit to the recesses of the primeval forests, over the boundless surface of the steppe, and to the higher ridges of the Andes." Enjoying, "in his eightieth year, the satisfaction of completing a third edition of his work, and remoulding it entirely afresh, to meet the requirements of the present time," he "hopes that these volumes may tend to inspire and cherish a love for the study of nature, by bringing together, in a small space, the results of careful observation, on the most varied subjects, by showing the importance of exact numerical data, and the use to be made of them by well considered arrangement and comparison, and by opposing the dogmatic half-knowledge and arrogant scepticism, which have

long too much prevailed in what are called the higher circles of society."^{*}

In the *first* volume of his work, Baron Humboldt treats of the *steppes and deserts of the earth*—of the *cataracts of the Orinoco*, and of the *nocturnal life of animals in the primeval forests*; and in the *second*, he discusses the *physiognomy of plants*, describes the *structure and mode of action of volcanoes in different parts of the globe*, treats of the *vital force*, and concludes with a description of the *plateaux of Casamarca, the ancient capital of the Inca Atahualpa, and the first view of the Pacific Ocean from the crest of the Andes*. These different treatises, as we may call them, are concise and popular, for the perusal of the general reader, and are followed by copious annotations and additions, for the use of those who wish to investigate more profoundly and extensively the subjects to which they relate.

The widely extended, and apparently interminable plains, which have received the name of steppes, deserts, Llanos, pampas, prairies, and barrens, present themselves to the traveller under all the zones into which our globe has been divided; but in each they have a peculiar physiognomy, depending on diversity of soil, of climate, and of elevation above the sea. The heaths in the north of Europe, with their purple blossoms, rich in honey, extending from the point of Jutland to the mouth of the Scheldt, are regarded by our author as true steppes, though their extent is small, when compared with the Llanos or pampas of South America, or the prairies of the Missouri, or the barrens of the Coppermine river, on which the shaggy buffalo and the musk ox range in countless herds.[†]

The desert plains in the interior of Africa are parts of a sea of sand, separating fertile regions, or enclosing them like islands. On these desolate plains neither dew nor rain descends; and except in the oases, to which malefacots were sent in the later times of the Cæsars, vegetable life is wholly extinct. Herds of antelopes, and swift-footed ostriches, roam through these vast regions; and though the verdant shores of the watered oases are frequented by nomadic tribes, the African desert must be regarded as uninhabitable by man. Bordering nations cross it periodically, by routes which have been unchanged for thousands of years, and by the aid of the camel, *the ship of the desert*, the adventurous merchant is enabled to cross it from Tafflet to Timbuctoo, and from Moorzouk to Bornou. The extent of these vast plains, lying partly within, and partly in the vicinity, of the tropics, is three times as great as that of the Mediterranean Sea.

The most extensive, if not the loftiest steppes, on the surface of the globe, occur in the temperate zone, on the plateau of central Asia, which lies between the gold mountains of the Altai and the

^{*}This observation is entirely inapplicable to the "higher circles of society" in England.

[†]The Indians sometimes kill from 600 to 700 buffaloes in a few days, by driving the wild herds into artificial enclosures.

Kuenlun. They extend from the Chinese wall to beyond the celestial mountains, and towards the sea of Aral, through a length of many thousand miles. About thirty years after his journey to South America, our author visited an extent of 2800 miles of these Asiatic steppes. Sometimes hilly, and sometimes interrupted by dispersed groups of pine forests, they exhibit a far more varied vegetation than those of the new world. The finest parts of these plains, inhabited by pastoral tribes, are adorned with flowering herbaceous plants of great height; and while the traveller is driving in his Tartar carriage over their pathless surface, the thickly crowded plants bend before the wheels, and such is their height, that he is obliged to rise up and look around him, to see the direction in which to move. "Some of the Asiatic steppes are grassy plains; others are covered with succulent evergreen articulated soda plants; and many glisten from a distance with flakes of exuded salt, which cover the clayey soil, not unlike in appearance to fresh fallen snow."

Dividing the very ancient civilization of Thibet and Hindostan from the rude nations of Northern Asia, these Mongolian and Tartarian steppes have in various ways exercised an important influence on the changeful destinies of man. "Compressing the population towards the South, they have tended, more than the Himalaya, or the snowy mountains of Sirinagur and Ghorka, to impede the intercourse of nations, and to place permanent limits to the extension of milder manners, and of artistic and intellectual cultivation in Northern Asia."

But in the history of the past, (says our author,) it is not alone as an opposing barrier that we must regard the plains of central Asia. More than once they have proved the source from which devastation has spread over distant lands. The pastoral nations of these steppes—Moguls, Getae, Alani, and Usuni—have shaken the world. As in the course of past ages, early intellectual culture has come, like the cheering light of the sun, from the east, so at a later period, from the same direction, barbaric rudeness has threatened to overspread and involve Europe in darkness. A brown pastoral race, of Tukiish or Turkish descent—the Hiongnu, dwelling in tents of skins, inhabited the elevated steppes of Gobi. Long terrible to the Chinese power, a part of this tribe was driven back into central Asia. The shock or impulse thus given passed from nation to nation, until it reached the ancient land of the Finns, near the Ural mountains. From thence Huns, Avari, Ghazares, and various admixtures of Asiatic races, broke forth. Armies of Huns appeared successively on the Volga, in Pannonia, on the Marne, and on the Po, desolating those fair and fertile fields, which, since the time of Antenor, civilized man had adorned with successive monuments. Thus went forth from Mongolian deserts a deadly blast, which withered, on Cisalpine ground, the tender, long cherished flower of art!—Vol. i., p. 6.

The great steppe of South America displays itself to the traveller's eye when he looks south-

ward, on quitting the mountain valleys of Caracas. It occupies a space of 256,000 English square miles, stretching from the coast chain of the Caracas to the forests of Guiana, and from the snowy mountains of Merida to the great Delta at the mouth of the Orinoco. To the south-west, a branch is prolonged to the unvisited sources of the Guaviare, and the lonely mountains to which the excited fancy of the Spanish soldiery gave the name of Paramo de la Suma Paz—the seat of perfect peace. The Pampas of Buenos Ayres are of such extent "that while their northern margin is bordered by palm trees, their southern extremity is almost continually covered with ice. In these grassy plains, troops of dogs, descended from those introduced by the colonists, have become completely wild. They live socially, inhabiting subterranean hollows, in which they hide their young, and often attacking man with a bloodthirsty rage. When the society becomes too numerous, some families migrate and form new colonies."

The absence of human inhabitants from the South American steppes has given free scope for the development of the most varied forms of animal life; "a development limited only by their mutual pressure, and similar to that of vegetable life in the forests of the Orinoco, where the *Hymenæa* and the gigantic laurel are never exposed to the destructive hand of man, but only to the pressure of the luxuriant climbers which twine around their massive trunks. Agoutis, small spotted antelopes, cuirassed armadillos, which, like rats, startle the hare in its subterranean holes, herds of lazy chiguire, beautifully striped viverræ, which poison the air with their odor, the large maneless lion, spotted jaguars, (often called tigers,) strong enough to drag away a young bull after killing him;—these and many other forms of animal life wander through the treeless plains."

Thus, almost exclusively inhabited by these wild animals, the steppe would offer little attraction or means of subsistence to those nomadic native hordes, who, like the Asiatics of Hindostan, prefer vegetable nutriment, if it were not for the occasional presence of single individuals of the fan palm, the mauritia. The benefits of this life-supporting tree are widely celebrated; it alone, from the mouth of the Orinoco to north of the Sierra de Imatara, feeds the unsubdued natives of the Guaranis. When this people were more numerous, and lived in closer contiguity, not only did they support their huts on the cut trunks of palm trees as pillars, on which rested a scaffolding forming the floor, but they also, it is said, twined from the leaf-stalks of the mauritia cords and mats, which, skillfully interwoven and suspended from stem to stem, enabled them in the rainy season, when the Delta is overflowed, to live in the trees like the apes. The floor of these raised cottages is partly covered with a coating of damp clay, on which the women make fires for household purposes, the flames appearing at night from the river to be suspended high in air. The Guaranis still owe the preservation of their physical, and perhaps also their moral independence, to the half-submerged marshy soil, over which they

move with a light and rapid step, and to their elevated dwellings in the trees—a habitation never likely to be chosen from motives of religious enthusiasm by an American Stylites. But the mauritia affords to the Guaranis not merely a secure dwelling-place, but also various kinds of food. Before the flower of the rich palm tree breaks through its tender sheath, and only at that period of vegetable metamorphosis, the pith of the stem of the tree contains a meal resembling sago, which, like the farina of the jatropa root, is dried in thin, bread-like slices. The fermented juice of the tree forms the sweet intoxicating palm wine of the Guaranis. The scaly fruits, which resemble in their appearance reddish fir cones, afford, like the plantain and almost all tropical fruits, a different kind of nutriment according as they are eaten, after their saccharine substance is fully developed, or in their earlier or more farinaceous state. Thus, in the lowest stage of man's intellectual development, we find the existence of an entire people bound up with that of a single tree, like the insect which lives exclusively on a single part of a particular flower.—Vol. i., pp. 15–17.

Since the discovery of America the Llanos have become habitable, and towns have been built here and there on the banks of the streams which water them. Huts formed of reeds bound by thongs, and covered with skins, have been placed at the distance of a day's journey from each other; and innumerable herds of oxen, horses, and mules, estimated at a million and a half thirty-five years ago, roam over the plains, exposed to numberless dangers. Under a vertical and never clouded sun, the carbonized turf cracks and pulverizes, and when the dust and sand are raised by opposing winds in the electrically charged centre of the revolving current, they have the form of inverted cones like the waterspouts of the ocean.

The lowering sky sheds a dim, almost straw-colored light on the desolate plain. The horizon draws suddenly nearer; the steppe seems to contract, and with it the heart of the wanderer. The hot, dusty particles which fill the air, increase its suffocating heat; and the east wind, blowing over the long heated soil, brings with it no refreshment, but rather a still more burning glow. The pools, which the yellow fading branches of the fan palm had protected from evaporation, now gradually disappear. As in the icy north the animals become torpid with cold, so here, under the influence of the parching droughts, the crocodile and the boa become motionless, and fall asleep deeply buried in the dry mud. Everywhere the death-threatening drought prevails, and yet by the play of the refracted rays of light producing the phenomenon of the mirage, the thirsty traveller is everywhere pursued by the illusive image of a cool, rippling, watery mirror. * * * Half-concealed by the dark clouds of dust, restless with the pain of thirst and hunger, the horses and cattle roam around, the cattle lowing dismally, and the horses stretching out their long necks and snuffing the wind, if haply a moister current may betray the neighborhood of a not wholly dried up pool. More sagacious and cunning, the mule seeks a different mode of alleviating his thirst. The ribbed and spherical melon-cactus conceals under its prickly envelope a watery pith. The mule first strikes the prickles aside with his forefoot, and then ventures warily to ap-

proach his lips to the plant, and drink the cool juice. But resort to this vegetable fountain is not always without danger, and one sees many animals that have been lamed by the prickles of the cactus. When the heat of the burning day is followed by the coolness of the night, even then the horses and cattle cannot enjoy repose. Enormous bats suck their blood like vampires during their sleep, or attach themselves to their backs, causing festering wounds, in which mosquitoes, hippoboscæ, and a host of stinging insects niche themselves.—Vol. i., pp. 17, 18.

When the rainy season arrives, the aspect of the Llano is entirely changed. Sweet odors are exhaled from its previously barren surface. Grasses in great variety spring up around; the mimosæ unfold their drooping leaves, and the water plants open their blossoms to the sun. Mud volcanoes burst out from the moistened clay, and a gigantic water-snake or crocodile often issues from the spot. In describing the phenomena of the rainy season, our author has introduced some very brief notices of the attacks made upon brood mares and their foals in the swollen streams, and of the battles which take place between the electrical eels and the wild horses; but as we have already given a full account of these and other interesting phenomena in a review of his *Kosmos*, we must refer our readers to that article. Cruel though they be, we read with pleasure the details of battles, when Nature has supplied the combatants with the weapons of destruction, and with the ferocious instinct to use them; but we turn with pain from those scenes of blood, in which man is the hero and the victim.

As in the steppes tigers and crocodiles fight with horses and cattle, so in the forests on its borders, in the wildernesses of Guiana, man is ever armed against man. Some tribes drink with unnatural thirst the blood of their enemies; others apparently weaponless, and yet prepared for murder, kill with a poisoned thumb-nail. The weaker hordes, when they have to pass along the sandy margins of the rivers, carefully efface with their hands the traces of their timid footsteps. Thus man in the lowest stage of almost animal rudeness, as well as amidst the apparent brilliancy of our higher cultivation, prepares for himself and his fellow-men increased toil and danger. The traveller wandering over the wide globe by sea and land, as well as the historic inquirer searching the records of past ages, finds everywhere the uniform and saddening spectacle of man at variance with man. He, therefore, who amid the unreconciled discord of nations seeks for intellectual calm, gladly turns to contemplate the silent life of vegetation, and the hidden activity of forces and powers operating in the sanctuaries of nature, or obedient to the inborn impulse which for thousands of years has glowed in the human breast, gazes upwards in meditative contemplation on those celestial orbs which are ever pursuing, in undisturbed harmony, their ancient and unchanging course.—Pp. 25, 26.

In his section on the Cataracts of Orinoco, Baron Humboldt proposes to describe “in particular two scenes of nature in the wilderness of Guiana—the celebrated cataracts of the Orinoco, the *Atures* and *Moxeyres*,” which few Europeans

had seen previous to his visit. At the mouth of the Orinoco, where its milk-white waters bedim the bright blue of the Atlantic, its width is less than that of the river Plate or the Amazons. Its length is only 1120 geographical miles; but at the distance of 560 miles from its mouth, its breadth, when full, is 17,265 English feet, or nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; and the height to which it here rises above its lowest level is from 30 to 36 feet. After pursuing a westerly and then a northerly course, it runs again to the east, so that its mouth is nearly in the same meridian as its source! Near the mouths of the Sodomoni and the Guapo stands the grand and picturesque mountain of Duida, and among the cocoa groves to the east of it are found trees of the *Bertholletia excelsa*, the most vigorous and gigantic of the productions of the tropical world. From this region the Indians obtain the materials for the long blow-pipes out of which they discharge their arrows. The plant, from which they obtain tubes about eighteen feet long, from knot to knot, is a grass, a species of the *arundinaria*, which grows to the height of thirty or forty feet, though its thickness is scarcely half an inch in diameter.

Between the third and fourth degrees of latitude, Humboldt observed in the Atabapo, the Temi, the Tuamini, and the Guainia, the "enigmatical phenomenon of the so-called *black-water*." The color of these rivers is a coffee-brown, which, in the shade of the palm groves, passes into *ink-black*, though in transparent vessels the water has a golden yellow color. This black color of the water is ascribed by our author to its holding in solution carburetted hydrogen, "to the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation, and to the quantity of plants and herbs upon the ground over which the rivers flow." The *ink-blackness* mentioned by Humboldt, arises, as he states, from the groves of palm when reflected from the aqueous surface, a phenomenon which we have frequently seen even under a more remarkable aspect in the lakes which exist in the Grampian range near the banks of the Spey. When these lakes, seen from above, reflect from their unruffled surface only the purple flanks of the hills covered with heath or with pine, the light which reaches the eye is exceedingly faint, and almost inappreciable, not only from the darkness of its tint, but from the smallness of its angle of incidence upon the reflecting surface. Under these circumstances, the lake literally is as black as *ink*; but if the slightest breeze forms a ripple on a portion of its surface, the inclined faces of the tiny waves reflect the light of the sky or of the clouds, and the portion of the lake thus disturbed has the appearance of *milk*, so that the sheet of water seems to be formed of ink and of milk in immiscible proximity. The slight coffee-brown color of some of our own streams, is obviously occasioned by the peaty soil over which they flow.

The phenomenon exhibited on the banks of this remarkable river (the Orinoco) cannot fail to command the admiration of the traveller. Near the

mouth of the Guaviare and Atabapo grows the noblest of the palms, "the Piriguan," whose smooth and polished trunk, about sixty-five feet high, is adorned with the most delicate flag-like foliage, and bears large and beautiful fruit like peaches, which, when prepared in a variety of ways, affords a nutritious and farinaceous food to the natives. At the junction of the Meta, there rises from the middle of a mighty whirlpool an isolated cliff, called the *Rock of Patience*, as voyagers sometimes require two days to pass it; and opposite the Indian mission of Carichano, the eye of the traveller is riveted on an abrupt rock, El-Mogote de Cocuyza, a cube with vertically precipitous sides, above 200 feet high, and carrying on its surface forests of trees of rich and varied foliage. Like a Cyclopean monument in its simple grandeur, this central mass rises high above the tops of the surrounding palms, marking the deep azure of the sky, with its sharp and rugged outlines, and uplifting "its summit high in air, a forest above the forest." In the lower parts of the river near the sea, great natural rafts, consisting of trees torn from the banks by the swelling of the river, are encountered by the boatmen, whose canoes are often wrecked by striking against them in the dark. These rafts, which are covered like meadows with flowering water plants, remind the traveller of the floating gardens of the Mexican lakes.

As the Orinoco imparts a black color to the reddish white granite which it has washed for a thousand years, the existence of similar black hollows, at heights of nearly 200 feet above the present bed of the river, indicates the fact, "that the streams whose magnitude now excites our astonishment, are only the feeble remains of the immense masses of water that belonged to an earlier age of the world." The very natives of Guiana called the attention of our author to the traces of the former height of the waters. On a grassy plain, near Uruana, stands an isolated granite rock, upon which are engraven, at a height of more than eighty feet, figures of the sun and moon, and of many animals, particularly crocodiles and boas, arranged almost in rows or lines. The natives believe that these figures were carved when their fathers' boats were only a little lower than the drawings.

The cataracts, or Raudal of Maypures, are not, like the falls of Niagara, formed by the descent of a mass of water through a great height, nor are they narrow gorges through which the river rushes with accelerated velocity. They consist of a countless number of little cascades, succeeding each other like steps, sometimes extending across the entire bed of the river, and sometimes in a river 8500 feet wide, leaving only an open channel of twenty feet. When the steps are but two or three feet high, the natives can descend the falls, remaining in the canoe. When the steps are high, and stretch across the stream, the boat is landed and dragged along the bank by branches of trees placed under it as rollers.

In descending from the village of Maypures to the Rock of Manimi in the bed of the river, a wonderful prospect opens to the traveller's view.

A foaming surface, four miles in length, presents itself at once to the eye. Iron-black masses of rocks, resembling ruins and battlemented towers, rise frowning from the waters. Rocks and islands are adorned with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical forest; a perpetual mist hovers over the waters, and the summits of the lofty palms pierce through the cloud of spray and vapor. When the rays of the glowing evening sun are refracted in these humid exhalations, a magic optical effect begins. Colored bows shine, vanish, and reappear; and the ethereal image is swayed to and fro by the breath of the sportive breeze. During the long rainy season the streaming waters bring down islands of vegetable mould, and thus the naked rocks are studded with bright flower-beds, adorned with melastomas and droseras, and with small silver-leaved mimosas and ferns. These spots recall to the recollection of the European those blocks of granite decked with flowers which rise solitary amid the glaciers of Savoy, and are called, by the dwellers in the Alps, "jardins," or "courtils." In the blue distance the eye rests on the mountain chain of Cunavami, a long extended ridge, which terminates abruptly in a truncated cone. We saw the latter glowing at sunset as if in roseate flames. This appearance returns daily. No one has ever been near the mountain to detect the precise cause of this brightness, which may perhaps proceed from a reflecting surface produced by the decomposition of talc or mica slate.—Vol. i., pp. 224, 225.

The Raudal of Atures is, like that of the Maypures, a cluster of islands, between which the river forces its way for ten or twelve thousand yards, a forest of palms rising from the middle of its foaming waters. Near the southern entrance of this cataract, and on the right bank of the river, stands the celebrated *Cave of Atarupe*. It consists of a cavity or vaulted roof, formed by "a far overhanging cliff," and is the vault or cemetery of an extinct nation.

We counted (says our author) about 600 well preserved skeletons, placed in as many baskets, woven from the stalks of palm leaves. These baskets, which the Indians call *mapires*, are shaped like square sacks, differing in size according to the age of the deceased. Even new-born children had each its own mapire. The skeletons are so perfect, that not a bone or a joint is wanting. The bones had been prepared in three different ways; some bleached, some colored red with onoto, the pigment of the *bixa orellana*, and some like mummies, closely enveloped in sweet-smelling resin and plantain leaves. The Indians assured us that the custom had been to bury the fresh corpses for some months in damp earth, which gradually consumed the flesh; they were then dug up, and any remaining flesh scraped away with sharp stones. This the Indians said was still the practice of several tribes in Guiana. Besides the mapires, or baskets, we found urns of half-burnt clay, which appeared to contain the bones of entire families. The larger of these urns were about three feet high, and nearly six feet long, of a pleasing oval form, and greenish color, having handles shaped like snakes and crocodiles, and meandering or labyrinthine ornaments round the upper margin. These ornaments are

quite similar to those which cover the walls of the Mexican palace at Mitla. They are found in all countries and climates, and in the most different stages of human cultivation—among the Greeks and Romans, as well as on the shields of some of the natives at Tahiti, and other islands of the South Sea—wherever the eye is gratified by the rhythmical recurrence of regular forms. * * * * * Our interpreters could give us no certain information as to the age of these vessels; that of the skeletons appeared for the most part not to exceed a century. It is reported among the Guareca Indians, that the brave Atures being pressed upon by the cannibal Caribs, withdrew to the rocks of the cataracts—a melancholy refuge and dwelling-place, in which the distressed tribe finally perished, and with them their language. In the most inaccessible parts of the Raudal there are cavities and recesses which have served, like the Cave of Atarupe, as burying-places. It is even probable that the last family of the Atures may not have been long deceased; for (a singular fact) there is still in Maypures an old parrot, of whom the natives affirm that he is not understood because he speaks the Ature language.—Vol. i., pp. 229, 230.

Leaving this interesting cave at nightfall, and carrying along with him several skulls, and an entire skeleton, our author could not avoid tracing a melancholy contrast between the extinct race, whose mouldering relics he bore, with the ever new life which springs from the bosom of the earth:—

Countless insects poured their red phosphoric light on the herb-covered ground, which glowed with living fire, as if the starry canopy of heaven had sunk down upon the turf. Climbing bignoniads, fragrant vanillas, and yellow flowering banisterias adorned the entrance of the cave, and the summits of the palms rustled above the graves. Thus perish the generations of men! Thus do the name and the traces of nations fade and disappear! Yet when one blossom of man's intellect withers—when in the storms of time the memorials of his art moulder and decay—an ever new life springs forth from the bosom of the earth; maternal nature unfolds unceasingly her germs, her flowers, and her fruits; regardless though man, with his passions and his crimes, treads under foot her ripening harvests.—Vol. i., p. 231.

The third aspect of nature to which Baron Humboldt directs our attention is the *Nocturnal Life of Animals in the Primeval Forest*. The wooded region which lies between 8° of north and 19° of south latitude is one connected forest having an area twelve times greater than that of Germany. This vast surface is watered by systems of rivers, whose tributaries sometimes exceed in the abundance of their waters the Rhine or the Danube; and it is to the combination of great moisture with a tropical heat that these forests owe the luxuriant growth of their trees. So rank indeed is their vegetation, that particular parts of the forest are impenetrable; and the large American tigers, or panther-like jaguars, often lose themselves in their dense and impenetrable recesses. Being thus unable to hunt on the ground, they actually live on the trees, and become the terror of the families of monkeys, and of the prehensile-tailed viverræ.

On the sandy bank of the Rio Apure, closely bordering upon the impenetrable forest, our author and his party bivouacked, as usual, under the open sky, surrounded by fires to keep off the prowling jaguars. Their hammocks were suspended on the oars of their boat, driven vertically into the ground, and the deep stillness which prevailed was broken only from time to time by the blowing of the fresh-water dolphins. Soon after eleven o'clock, however, such a disturbance began to be heard in the adjoining forest that sleep became impossible during the rest of the night.

The wild cries of animals appeared to rage throughout the forest. Among the many voices which resounded together, the Indians could only recognize those which, after short pauses in the general uproar, were first heard singly. There was the monotonous howling of the *alouates*, (the howling monkeys,) the plaintive, soft, and almost flute-like tones of the small *sapajous*, the snarling grumbings of the striped nocturnal monkey, (the *nictipithicus trivirgatus*, which I was the first to describe,) the interrupted cries of the great tiger, the cougar, or maneless American lion, the peccary, the sloth, and a host of parrots, *parraquas*, and other pheasant-like birds. When the tigers came near the edge of the forest, our dog, which had before barked incessantly, came howling to seek refuge under our hammocks. Sometimes the cry of the tiger was heard to proceed from amidst the high branches of a tree, and was then always accompanied by the plaintive piping of the monkeys who were seeking to escape from the unwonted pursuit. If we ask the Indians why this incessant noise and disturbance takes place on particular nights, they answer with a smile, that "the animals are rejoicing in the bright moonlight, and keeping the feast of the full moon." To me it appeared that the scene had originated in some accidental combat, that the disturbance had spread to other animals, and that the noise was thus more and more increased. The jaguar pursues the peccaries and tapirs, and these pressing against each other in their flight break through the interwoven tree-like shrubs which impede their escape; the apes on the tops of the trees, frightened by the crash, join their cries to those of the larger animals; the tribes of birds who build their nests in communities are aroused, and thus the whole animal world is thrown into a state of commotion. Longer experience taught us that it is not always the celebration of the brightness of the moon which breaks the repose of the woods. We witnessed the same occurrence repeatedly, and found that the voices were loudest during violent falls of rain, or when the flashing lightning, accompanied with loud peals of thunder, illuminated the deep recesses of the forest.—Vol. i., pp. 270, 271.

Scenes like these form a striking contrast with the deathlike stillness which prevails within the tropics "during the noontide hours of a day of more than usual heat." At the remarkable "Narrows" of Baraguan, where the Orinoco forces itself through a pass 5690 feet wide, our author had occasion to spend a day, when the thermometer in the shade was so high as 122° of Fahrenheit. There was not a breath of air to stir the fine dustlike sand, and under the influence of the mirage the outlines of every distant object had wave-like undulations.

The sun was in the zenith, and the flood of light which he poured down upon the river, and which flashed sparkling back, owing to a slight rippling movement of the waters, rendered still more sensible the red haze which veiled the distance. All the naked rocks and boulders around were covered with a countless number of large thick scaled *iguanas*, gecko-lizards, and variously spotted *salamanders*. Motionless, with uplifted heads and open mouths, they appeared to inhale the burning air with ecstasy. At such times the larger animals seek shelter in the recesses of the forest, and the birds hide themselves under the thick foliage of the trees, or in the clefts of the rocks; but if, under this apparent entire stillness of nature, we listen for the faintest tones which an attentive ear can seize, we shall perceive an all-pervading rustling sound, a humming and fluttering of insects close to the ground and in the lower strata of the atmosphere. Everything announces a world of organic activity and life. In every bush—in the cracked bark of the trees—in the earth, undermined by hymenopterous insects, life stirs audibly. It is, as it were, one of the many voices of nature, heard only by the sensitive and reverent ear of her true votaries.—Vol. i., p. 272.

The second volume of the "Aspects of Nature" commences with an instructive section "On the Physiognomy of Plants," which our author prefaces with some highly interesting observations on the universal profusion with which life is everywhere distributed. The information which is here conveyed to us has a high value at all times, but a very peculiar one at present, when a great degree of probability attaches to the opinion that organic atoms floating in our atmosphere are the cause of that dreadful pestilence which is now ravaging our land. In the dense and lower strata of our atmosphere we are accustomed to observe the general prevalence of life, and travellers inform us that even on the polar ice the air is resonant with the cries and songs of birds and with the hum of insect life. In the upper and more ethereal regions, 18,000 feet above the sea, Humboldt and Bonpland found butterflies and other winged insects which were involuntarily carried upwards by ascending currents of air; and the same creatures are carried by storms from the land to great distances at sea. M. Boussingault, when ascending the Silla of Caraccas, saw whitish shining bodies rise from the valley to the summit of the Silla, 7555 feet high, and then sink down to the neighboring seacoast. This phenomenon continued for an hour, and the white bodies, though considered at first to have been small birds, turned out to be agglomerations of straws or blades of grass, belonging to the genus *vilfa tenacissima*, which abounds in the Caraccas and Cumana. Creatures still more wonderful are detected in the atmosphere by the aid of the microscope—minute animalculæ, (the *rotifera* and *Brachionæ*), motionless and apparently dead, lifted up by the winds in multitudes from the surface of evaporating waters, and carried about by atmospheric currents till the descending dews restore them to the earth, "dissolving the film or envelope which incloses their transparent

votating bodies, and probably by means of the oxygen which all water contains, breathing new irritability into their dormant organs."*

The celebrated Prussian naturalist, M. Ehrenberg, has discovered, by microscopic observations, that the dust or yellow sand which falls like rain on the Atlantic, near the Cape de Verde Islands, and is sometimes transported to Italy, and even the middle of Europe, consists of a multitude of silicious shelled microscopic animals. "*Perhaps*," says Humboldt, "*many of them float for years in the upper strata of the atmosphere, until they are brought down by vertical currents, or in accompaniment with the superior current of the trade-winds, still susceptible of revivification, and multiplying their species by spontaneous division, in conformity with the particular laws of their organization.*"

But besides creatures fully formed, (continues Humboldt,) the atmosphere contains innumerable germs of future life, such as the eggs of insects and the seeds of plants; the latter provided with light hairy and feathery appendages, by means of which they are wafted through the air during long autumnal wanderings. Even the fertilizing dust or pollen from the anthers of the male flowers, in spaces in which the sexes are separated, is carried over land and sea by winds and by the agency of winged insects to the solitary female plant on other shores. Thus, wherever the glance of the inquirer into nature penetrates, he sees the continual dissemination of life either fully formed or in the germ. * * * We do not yet know where life is most abundant—whether on continents or in the unfathomed depths of the ocean. Through the excellent work of Ehrenberg, we have seen the sphere of organic life extend, and its horizon widen before our eyes, both in the tropical parts of the ocean, and in the fixed or floating masses of ice of the Antarctic seas. Silicious shelled polygastrica, and even coccinodiscæ with their green ovaries, have been found alive enveloped in masses of ice only twelve degrees from the pole; the small black glacier flea and Podurellæ inhabit the narrow tubular holes examined by Agassiz, in the Swiss glaciers. Ehrenberg has shown that on several microscopic infusoria others live as parasites; and that, in the Gallionellæ, such is their prodigious power of development, or capability of division, that in the space of four days an animalcule invisible to the naked eye can form two cubic feet of the Bilin polishing slate! In the sea, gelatinous worms, living or dead, shine like stars, and by their phosphoric light change the surface of the wide ocean into a sea of fire. Ineffaceable is the impression made on my mind by the calm nights of the torrid zone on the waters of the Pacific. I still see the dark azure of the firmament, the constellation of the ship near the zenith, and that of the cross declining towards

* By means of a drop of water Fontana revived a rotifer which had been two years dried and motionless. Baker resuscitated paste eels which Needham had given him in 1744. Doyere has recently shown by experiment that rotiferæ come to life, or pass from a motionless state to a state of motion, after having been exposed to temperatures of from 11° to 113° of Fahr. Payen has shown that the sporules of a minute fungus, (*oidium aurantiacum*.) which deposits a ruddy feathery coating on a crumb of bread are not deprived of their power of germination by an exposure of half an hour to a temperature of from 183° to 207° of Fahr., before being strewed on fresh and perfectly unspoiled dough.

the horizon, shedding through the perfumed air their soft and planetary lustre; while bright furrows of flashing light marked the track of the dolphins through the midst of the foaming waves. Not only the ocean but also the waters of our marshes hide from us an innumerable multitude of strange forms. The naked eye can with difficulty distinguish the Cycloidias, the Euglenes, and the host of Naiads, divisible by branches like the Lemna or Duckweed, of which they seek the shade. Other creatures inhabit receptacles where the light cannot penetrate, and an atmosphere variously composed, but differing from that which we breathe: such are the spotted ascaris which lives beneath the skin of the earthworm, the Leucoptera, of a bright silvery color, in the interior of the shore Naiad, and a Pentastoma which inhabits the large pulmonary cells of the rattlesnake of the tropics. There are animalculæ in the blood of frogs and of salmon; and even, according to Nordmann, in the fluids of the eyes of fishes, and in the gills of the bleak.—Vol. ii., pp. 5-7.

It is impossible to peruse this interesting extract without noticing its connection with the remarkable discovery recently made by Dr. Brittan, that in the discharges from cholera patients there are found minute cellular bodies, having the aspect and character of fungi; that the same bodies exist in the air and water of infected districts; and that they are never found in persons or places where the pestilence does not prevail. These bodies vary from the five hundredth to the ten thousandth of an inch in diameter; the smallest occurring in the air, the larger in the vomit, and the largest in the dejections of the patient. Admitting, what yet requires a more extensive induction to prove it, that these bodies are always found in cholera localities, and never elsewhere, it still remains to be proved that they are the cause of cholera. Various facts, however, have been long known, which render such an opinion highly probable. The Ergot, the *Spermoedia Clarus*,* for example, a fungus which is found abundantly in rye, is a poison which exercises a peculiar action in contracting the uterus. When it composes a considerable portion of rye bread, it produces one of the most terrific diseases to which man is subject. The ergot is produced within the seeds of various grasses, such as *Secale Agrostis*, *Dactylis*, *Festuca*, *Elymus*, &c.; and is rather supposed to be a diseased condition of the grasses, than a distinct fungus. But however this may be, its effects upon the human frame are terrible. Nausea and vomiting are followed by numbness in the extremities, which, after being wasted with excruciating pains, eventually fall off at the joints, withering and becoming black and hard as if they were charred. This disease, called the Dry Gangrene, has been at different periods epidemic in Sologne, a tract of wet, clayey land lying between the Loire and Cher. The fingers, or toes, or feet, or legs, or even the thighs, drop off at the joints. According to Duhamel, it destroyed nineteen out of twenty of the persons infected; and, strange to

* The *Sphacelia segetum* of Klotzsch, and the *Fusaria Poæ* of Sowerby. It is called Ergot, from its resemblance to a cock's spur.

say, the sufferer in one case survived, though his thighs fell off at the hips! But it is not merely in rye that this poison is generated. When wheat, rice, or any other grain is prematurely cut down, or has become mouldy or musty from age, or from the place where it has been stored;—or when it has been mixed with the seeds of poisonous plants, such as the *Raphanus Raphanistrum*, and the *Lolium temulentum*, the most excruciating diseases have been occasioned by its use.

But the most remarkable case on record of the frightful effects of damaged grain, poisoned no doubt by some deleterious fungus, is recorded in the Philosophical Transactions, for 1762,* by Dr. Charlton Wollaston, and by the Reverend Mr. Bones, minister of the parish. John Downing a poor laboring man, who lived at Wattisham, near Stowmarket, in Suffolk, had fed his family, a wife and six children, on what is called clog-wheat, or laid wheat, which had been gathered and thrashed separately. The pickle was discolored, and smaller than that of the sound wheat. On Sunday morning, the 10th of January, the eldest girl complained of a violent pain in the calf of her left leg. In the evening, another girl felt the same pain. On Monday, the mother and another child; and on Tuesday, all the rest, except the father, were similarly affected. The sufferers shrieked with pain. In a few days the legs turned black and mortified. The mortified parts separated from the sound part, in most of them, two inches below the knee; in some lower, and in one child, at the ancle. Three lost both legs: and one child both feet. The following was the state of their legs on the 13th April:—

"Mary, the mother, aged 40, the right foot off at the ancle; the left leg mortified; a mere bone, but not off.

"Mary, aged 15, one leg off below the knee; the other perfectly sphacelated, but not yet off.

"Elizabeth, aged 13, both legs off below the knees.

"Sarah, aged 10, one foot off at the ancle.

"Robert, aged 8, both legs off below the knees.

"Edward, aged 4, both feet off at the ancle.

"An infant, four months old, dead.

"The father was attacked about a fortnight after the rest of the family, and in a slighter degree, the pain being confined to the two fingers of his right hand, which turned blackish, and were withered for some time, but are now better; and he has in some degree recovered the use of them."

During this calamity, the family were in other respects in good health. They ate heartily, and slept well, and were free from fever. "One poor boy, in particular, looked as healthy and florid as possible; and was sitting on the bed quite jolly, drumming with his stumps!"

"I have always been used," says Dr. Wollaston, in concluding his extraordinary narrative, "to read *Lucan's* description of the effects of the bite of the little serpent *Seps* as fabulous, or at least

greatly exaggerated. But I have now been an eye-witness to almost the whole scene of horror so finely painted in the following lines:

Plagæ proxima circum
Fugit rapta cutis, pallentiaque ossa retextit:
Membra notant sanie: Suræ fluxere: sine ullo
Tegmine poples erat: femorum quoque musculus omnis
Liquitur, et nigra distillant igitina tabe.

Phars., Lib. ix. v. 767.

An effect equally strange has been observed in America, on men and animals when fed on maize that has been overrun with parasitic fungi. Deer, dogs, apes, and parrots were intoxicated by it. Fowls laid eggs without shells. Swine cast their bristles, while in man it occasioned only baldness and loosening of the teeth.

In the passage which we have quoted from Humboldt, we see the process by which deleterious elements of a microscopic kind, and even those of a large size, are raised in the atmosphere and distributed over the globe by currents in the lower and upper regions of the air;—but these and other elements equally deleterious may be lifted up or even torn from the surface of the earth, by processes not generally referred to. When electricity passes from one body to another, it carries off the matter of the first body in an extreme state of subdivision, and deposits it upon the other;—and when, in the ascending stroke, lightning passes from the earth into the atmosphere, it carries up into the air the imponderable elements of the metalliferous rocks and ground from which it issued. Iron, sulphur, and carbon, have been actually transported by lightning, and deposited on the surfaces which were struck by it; and when we consider the prevalence of electricity at every season and in every clime, and its constant transmission from the crust of the earth into the asperincumbent atmosphere, we can see no difficulty in understanding how the elements of all metallic bodies may be diffused through the air, and distributed, according to laws of which we know nothing, by the magnetic or other currents which surround the earth. Inorganic matter, too, in a minute state of subdivision, is thrown off from the hardest bodies by friction, by change of temperature, and by ordinary combustion, as well as in volcanic action; so that there are powerful causes constantly at work, the tendency of which is to pollute the air we breathe, and the water we drink, with ingredients that, when accumulated and combined by particular causes, may prove injurious to health, and be destructive of animal and vegetable life.

Although the characteristic physiognomy of different parts of the earth's surface depends on a great variety of external phenomena, yet our author is justly of opinion that the principal impression made upon the traveller, is by the magnitude and constant presence of vegetable forms. Animals, from their smaller size and their repeated absence from the eye, form but a small part of a landscape, while trees, from their greater size and their occurrence in extended groups, fill the eye with a living mass of vegetation. Their great age, too, combined with their magnitude,

* Vol. III., part II., pp. 523, 524.

influences the imagination, and gives them a monumental character, equally interesting to the antiquarian and the naturalist. The colossal Dragon tree at Oratava, in Teneriffe, is 79 feet round its root, and 48 as measured by Humboldt further up. Mass is reported to have been said at a small altar erected in its hollow trunk, in the 15th century. Trees, 32 feet in diameter, have been observed at the mouth of the Senegal river; and Golberry found in the valley of the two Gaguacks, trunks which were 32 English feet in diameter near the roots, with a height of only 64 feet. Adanson and Perotet assign an age from 5150 to 6000 years to the *Adansonia* which they measured, but calculations made from the number of annual rings, give shorter periods. According to Decandolle, the yew (*Taxus baccata*) of Brabonne, in Kent, is 3000 years old: the Scotch yew of Fortingal, from 2500 to 2600 years; those of Crowhurst, in Surrey, 1450 years old, and those of Ripon, in Yorkshire, 1200. Endlichen observes, that a yew tree in the churchyard of Grasford, in North Wales, which is 52 feet in circuit below the branches, is 1400 years old, and that another in Derbyshire, has the age of 2086 years. In Lithuania lime trees have been cut down with 815 annual rings, and 87 feet in circuit, and Humboldt states that in the southern temperate zone, some species of *Eucalyptus* attain the enormous height of 245 feet. The largest oak tree in Europe is near Saintes, in Lower Charente. It is 64 feet high, 29½ in circuit near the ground, and 23 feet five feet higher up. "In the dead part of the trunk, a little chamber has been arranged, from 10 feet 8 inches to 12 feet 9 inches wide, and 9 feet 8 inches high, with a semicircular bench cut out of the fresh wood. A window gives light to the interior, so that the sides of the chamber, which is closed with a door, are clothed with ferns and lichens, giving it a pleasing appearance. Judging by the size of a small piece of wood which has been cut above the door, and in which the marks of 200 annual rings have been counted, the oak of Saintes would be between 1800 and 2000 years old."

It has been found from ancient and trustworthy documents of the 11th century, that the root of the wild rose tree at the crypt of the Cathedral of Hildeheim, is 1000 years old, and its stem 800. After the cathedral had been burnt down, Bishop Hezilo inclosed the roots of this rose tree in a vault which still exists, and he trained the branches of it upon the walls of the crypt built above the vault, and reconsecrated in 1061. The stem, which is now living, is 26½ feet high, and 2 inches thick. The most remarkable example of vegetable development is exhibited in the *Fucus gigantea*, a submarine plant, which attains a length of from 400 to 450 feet, surpassing the loftiest coniferæ, such as the *Sequoia gigantea*, and the *Taxodium sempervirens*.

The aspect or physiognomy of Nature is, according to Humboldt, determined by about sixteen or nineteen different forms of vegetation, of

which he proceeds to give very interesting descriptions from observations made during his travels both in the new and old continents, in regions between the 60th degree of north, and the 10th degree of south latitude. These forms, which decrease and increase from the equator to the poles, according to fixed laws, he thus enumerates:—

Palms.	Lianes or Twining Rope
Plantains or Bananas.	Plants.
Malvaceæ and Bombacæ.	Aloe form.
Mimosæ.	Graminæ.
Ericæ or Heath form.	Ferns.
Cactus form.	Liliacæ.
Orchideæ.	Willow form.
Casuarinæ.	Myrtacæ.
Needle Trees.	Melastomacæ.
Pothos and Aroidæ.	Laurel form.

The *Palms* have been universally regarded as the loftiest, noblest, and most beautiful of all vegetable forms. Their gigantic, slender, ringed, and occasionally prickly stems, sometimes 199 feet high, terminate in an aspiring and shining foliage, either fan-like or pinnated, with leaves frequently curled like some of the grasses. In receding from the equator they diminish in height and beauty. The true climate of palms is under a mean annual temperature of from 76° to 81½°. The date variety lives, but does not thrive, in a mean temperature of from 59° to 62½°. In some species of the flower, sheath opens suddenly with an audible sound.

The *Palms* are everywhere accompanied by *Plantains* or *Bananas*, groves of which form the ornaments of moist localities in the regions of the equator. Their stems are low, succulent, and almost herbaceous, and are surmounted by long and bright green silky leaves, of a texture thin and loose. Noble and beautiful in shape, they adorn the habitation of man, while they form the principal article of his subsistence under the torrid zone.

The *Malvaceæ* and *Bombacæ* have trunks enormously thick;—leaves large, soft, and woolly, and superb flowers often of a purple or crimson color. The *Buobab*, or monkey bread tree, belongs to this group. It is 32 feet in diameter, but moderately high, and it is probably the largest and most ancient organic monument on our planet. The Mexican hand tree, (*cheirostemus platanoides*.) with its long curved anthers projecting beyond the fine purple blossom, causing it to resemble a hand or claw, belongs to this group. Throughout the Mexican States, this one highly ancient tree is the only existing individual of this extraordinary race, and is supposed to be a stranger planted about five centuries ago by the kings of Toluca.

The *Mimosæ*, including the acacia, *deacanthos*, *gleditschia*, *porleria*, *tamarindus*, &c., are never found in the temperate zone of the Old World, though they occur in the United States. They frequently exhibit that umbrella-like arrangement of the branches which is seen in the Italian stone-pine. The deep blue of the tropic sky sees

through their finely divided foliage, has an extremely picturesque effect. The irritability of the African sensitive plant is mentioned by Theophrastus and Pliny. The most excitable is the *Mimosa pudica*, and next to it the *Dormiens*, the *somnians*, and the *somniculosa*.

The *Ericæ* or *Heaths* appear to be limited to only one side of our planet, covering large tracts from the plains of Germany, France, and Britain, to the extremity of Norway. They adorn Italy, and are luxuriant on the Peak of Teneriffe; but the most varied assemblage of species occurs in the south of Africa. They are entirely wanting in Australia, and of the 300 known species, only one has been discovered across the whole of America, from Pennsylvania and Labrador to Nootka and Alaska.

The *Cactus* form is almost wholly American, and Humboldt observes, that "there is hardly anything in vegetable physiognomy which makes so singular and ineffaceable an impression on a newly arrived person as the sight of an arid plain thickly covered like those of Cremona, New Barcelona, with columnar and candelabra-like elevated cactus stems." The forms of the cactus are sometimes spherical, sometimes pointed, and sometimes they are shaped like tall polygonal columns, resembling the pipes of an organ. In the arid plains of South America, the melon cactus supplies a refreshing juice to the animal tribes, though the plant is half-buried in the sand, and encased with prickles. The columnar cactus carries its stems to the height of 30 or 32 feet, dividing into candelabra-like branches like the African *Euphorbia*. The cactus wood is incorruptible, and well fitted for oars.

The *Orchidæ* are remarkable for their bright green succulent leaves, and for the colors and shape of their flowers, sometimes resembling insects, and sometimes birds. The taste for this superbly flowering group of plants became so general, that the brothers Loddiges had in 1848 cultivated 2360 species, and at the end of 1848, Klotzsch reckoned the number of species to be 3545.

The *Casuarinæ* form, leafless and gloomy, with their string-like branches, embrace trees with branches, like the stalks of an equisetaceous plant. It occurs only in India and in the Pacific.

The *Needle Trees*, or *Conifera*, including pines, thuas, and cypresses, are rare in the tropics, and inhabit chiefly the regions of the north. There are 312 species of *coniferæ* now living, and 178 fossil species found in the coal measures, the bunter sandstone, the Keupfer, and the Jurassic formations. Of the 114 species of the genus *Pinus* which are at present known, not one belongs to the southern hemisphere. The following are the heights of some of the plants of this tree:—

<i>Pinus Grandis</i> , in new California,	224 feet.
<i>Pinus Fremontiana</i> , do. do.,	224 "
<i>Dacrydium cupressinum</i> , New Zealand,	213 "
<i>Araucaria excelsa</i> , Norfolk Island,	224 "
— <i>imbricata</i> , Chili,	234-260 "
<i>Pinus Lambertiana</i> ,	224-239 "

<i>Pinus Douglassii</i> ,	245 feet.
<i>Pinus Trigona</i> ,	300 "
<i>Pinus Strobus</i> , New Hampshire,	250-266 "
<i>Sequoia Gigantea</i> , New California,	300 "

As a contrast to these lofty trees, Humboldt mentions the small willow tree, (*Salix arctica*), as being only two inches high. The *Tristicha hypnoides* is only $\frac{1}{100}$, or less than $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch, and yet provided with sexual organs, like our oaks and most gigantic trees. The needles of some of the pine trees vary from five inches to a foot in length. The roots of the *Taxodium distichum*, which is sometimes 128 feet in height and 30 in girth, presents the curious phenomenon of woody excrescences, conical and rounded, and sometimes tabular, which project from 3 to 4½ feet from the ground, and when they are very numerous they have been likened by travellers to the grave-tablets in a Jewish burying-ground. The stumps of white pines exhibit a very singular degree of vitality in their roots. After they have been cut down, they continue for several years to produce fresh layers of wood, and to increase in thickness, without putting forth new shoots, leaves, or branches.

The *Pothos* forms, or *Aroidiæ*, belong to the tropics. These plants clothe parasitically the trunks of aged and decaying forest trees. Their stalks are succulent and herbaceous, and support large leaves. The flowers of the *aroidiæ* are cased in hooded sheaths, and some of them during the development of the flower exhibit a very considerable increase of vital heat, about 40° above that of the atmosphere, the increase being, in some, greater in the male than in the female plant. The vital heat which Dutrochet observed to a small extent in other plants, and even among fungi, disappeared at night. Leaves of great size, suspended on long fleshy leaf-stalks, are found in the *Nymphæacæ* and *Nelumbonæ*. The round leaves of the magnificent water plant, the *Victoria Regina*, discovered in 1837, by Sir Robert Schomburgk, in the river Berbice, are six feet in diameter, and are surrounded by turned-up margins from three to five inches high, their inside being light green, and their outside a bright crimson. The flowers, which have an agreeable perfume, are white and rose-colored, and fifteen inches in diameter, with many hundred petals. About 20 or 30 blossoms may be seen at the same time, within a very small space. According to Poppig, the *Euryale Amazonica*, which he found near Tefe, had leaves six feet in diameter. The largest known flowers, however, belong to a parasitical plant, the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, discovered in 1818, by Dr. Arnold, in Sumatra. It has a stemless flower, three English feet in diameter, surrounded by large leaf-like scales. "The flower weighs above 14 pounds, and, what is very remarkable, has the smell of beef, like some of the fungi."

The largest flowers in the world, says our author, apart from composite, (in the Mexican *Helianthus*

* At three feet above the ground a stem of this tree was 57½ feet in girth.

Annuus,) belong to *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, *Aristolochia*, *Datura*, *Barringtonia*, *Gustavia*, *Carolinea*, *Lecythis*, *Nymphæa*, *Nelumbium*, *Victoria Regina*, *Magnolia*, *Cactus*, and the *Orchideous* and *Liliaceous* plants.

The *Lianes*, or tropical twining rope plant, correspond with the twining hops and grape-vines in the temperate latitudes. In the tropical region of the south these climbers render the forests so impenetrable to man, accessible to and habitable by the monkey tribe, and by the *cercopithecæ* and small tiger-cats, who mount them and descend by them with wonderful agility, and pass by their help from tree to tree. In this manner whole herds of gregarious monkeys often cross streams which would otherwise be impassable. On the Orinoco, the leafless branches of the *Bauhinias*, often 40 or 50 feet long, hang down perpendicularly from the lofty top of the *Swietenia*, and they sometimes stretch themselves in oblique directions, like the cordage of a ship. Among the twining plants we may mention the *Passifloras*, with their beautiful and many colored blossoms, and the *aristolochia cordata*, which has a crimson-colored flower seventeen inches in diameter. In South America, on the banks of the river Magdalena, there is found a climbing *aristolochia*, with flowers four feet in circumference, which the young Indians draw over their heads in sport, and wear as hats or helmets. Many of the twining plants have a very peculiar aspect, occasioned by the square shape of their stems, by flattenings not produced by external pressure, and by ribband-like wavings. Adrian Jussieu has exhibited, in very beautiful drawings, the cruciform and Mosaic figures seen in cross sections of the *Bignonias* and *Banisterias*, arising from the mutual pressure and penetration of the circumtwining stems.

Regarding the form of *Gramineæ* as "an expression of cheerfulness and of airy grace, and tremulous lightness, combined with lofty stature," our author considers the *Aloe* form "as characterized by an almost mournful repose and immobility." The groves of bamboo, both in the East and West Indies, form avenues and walks, shaded and overarching. "The smooth polished, and often lightly waving and bending stems of these singular grasses, are frequently taller than our alders and oaks. Their glassy polish is owing to the quantity of silex in their bark, which, by a species of extravasation, as in the gouty secretions of the human frame, form that singular substance called *tabasheer*, which may be heard rattling within the joints of the bamboo, when the plant has been cut down." We have ourselves frequently opened these joints, and taken out this beautiful opalescent and dichroitic mineral, which is blue by reflected, and yellow by transmitted light. We have been informed, on high authority, that in severe storms, forests of bamboo in India have been set on fire, by the mutual friction or collision of their flinty stems.* The genus *Bambusa* is

entirely wanting in the new continent, where it is replaced, as it were, by the *guadua*, about 60 feet high, discovered by Humboldt and Bonpland. The *Bambusa* flowers so abundantly, that in Mysore and Orissa the seeds are mixed with honey, and eaten like rice. Dr. Joseph Hooker mentions it as a rare property of one of the *gramineæ*—the *trisetum subspicatum*—that it is the only Arctic species he knows which is equally an inhabitant of the opposite Polar regions.

The form of *Ferns*, like that of grasses, is "ennobled in the northern parts of the globe." The number of species amounts to 3250.

Arborescent ferns, when they reach a height of above forty feet, have something of a palm-like appearance, but their stems are less slender, shorter, and more rough and scaly, than those of palms. Their foliage is more delicate, of a thinner and more translucent texture, and the minutely indented margins of the fronds are finely and sharply cut. Tree ferns belong almost entirely to the tropical zone, but in that zone they seek by preference the more tempered heat of a moderate elevation above the level of the sea, and mountains two or three thousand feet high may be regarded as their principal seat. In South America the arborescent ferns are usually found associated with the tree which has conferred such benefits on mankind by its fever-healing bark. Both indicate by their presence the happy regions where reigns a soft perpetual spring.—Vol. ii., p. 28.

The *Liliaceous* plants, which have their principal seat in Africa, are distinguished by their flag-like leaves, and superb blossoms. They are represented by the genera *Amaryllis*, *Ixia*, *Gladiolus*, and *Pancratium*. In Africa they are assembled into masses, and determine the aspect and character of the country; whereas, in the new world, the superb *alstromeriæ* and species of *pancratium*, *Hæmanthus* and *crinum* are dispersed, and are less social than the *Iridæ* of Europe.

The plants of the *Willow* form, represented generally by the willow itself, and on the elevated plains of Quito, and in so far only as the shape of the leaves, and the ramifications are concerned, by the *Schinus molle*. There are 150 different species spread over the northern hemisphere, from the Equator to Lapland. There is a greater similarity in the physiognomy of this tribe in different climates than even in the *Coniferæ*. From the catkins of the male flower of some Egyptian species, a medicine called willow water (*aqua salicis*) is distilled, and much used. On the banks of the Orange river in Africa, the leaves and young shoots of the *S. hirsuta* and *mucronata* form the food of the hippopotamus.

The *Myrtaceæ*, with their elegant forms, and their stiff, shining, small leaves, studded with transparent spots, give a peculiar character to the Mediterranean islands, the continent of New Holland, and the intertropical region of the Andes, partly low, and partly about 10,000 feet high.

* Our author has forgotten, for he is well acquainted with the subject, to notice these singular facts concerning

Tabasheer, and the silicious character of the bamboo. Our readers will find ample details respecting the optical and physical properties of *Tabasheer*, in a paper, by the author of this article, in the *Phil. Trans.* for 1819, p. 283.

Trees belonging to the group of *Myrtaceæ*, "produce partially, either where the leaves are replaced by leaf-stalk leaves, or by the peculiar disposition or direction of the leaves relatively to the unswollen leaf-stalk, a distribution of stripes of light and shade, unknown in our forests of round-leaved trees." This optical effect surprised the earlier botanical travellers, but our distinguished countryman, Mr. Robert Brown, showed that it was owing to the leaf-stalks of the *Acacia longifolia*, and *A. suaveolens*, being expanded in a vertical direction and from the circumstance that the light, instead of falling on horizontal surfaces, falls on, and passes between vertical ones.

The other forms to which our author attaches importance, in reference to the physiognomic study of plants, are the *Melastomaceæ*, comprising "the genera *melastoma* (Fothergilla and *Tococca* Aubl.) and *Rhexia*, (*Meriana* and *osbeckia*)," which have been superbly illustrated by Bonpland; and the *Laurel* form group, embracing "the genera of *Laurus* and *Persea*, the *ocotæ*, so numerous in South America, and (on account of physiognomic resemblance) *Calophyllum*, and the superb aspiring *Mannea* from among the *Guttiferae*."

This interesting chapter of "The Aspects of Nature" is closed with some of those general views which our author never fails to clothe with the richest drapery of language and sentiment. After suggesting as an enterprise, worthy of a great artist, to study the aspect and character of all these vegetable forms, not only in hot-houses,* and in botanical descriptions, but in their native grandeur in the tropics, and pointing out the value to the landscape painter, of "a work which should present to the eye, first separately, and then in combination and contrast, the leading forms which have here been enumerated," he concludes the subject in the following manner:—

It is the artist's privilege, having studied these groups, to analyze them, and thus in his hands, the grand and beautiful form of nature which he would portray, resolves itself, (if I may venture on the expression,) like the other works of men, into a few simple elements.

It is under the burning rays of a tropical sun that

* Would it not be an enterprise worthy of the wealth and liberality of our public-spirited nobility and country gentlemen, to fill their hot-houses and green-houses, not with the rare plants, which all their neighbors have, but with groups of plants from particular zones, or regions of the globe, or belonging to different natural families or classes. Forest trees, and arborescent plants, which have been acclimated in our island, might in like manner be gathered into local groups, and in the private collections of a single county, botanists, landscape painters, artists, gardeners, and amateurs, might study the whole flora of the globe. A subdivision of labor has now become necessary in every department of intellectual culture. Omnis-science in philosophy or science is knowledge in a state of extreme dilution, useless to the world, and gratifying only to the vanity of its possessor. The piles upon which rest the temple of science could never have been driven had they been endowed with many heads; he that has driven one to the rock beneath, may rest from his labor, and be sure that his works will follow him. A subdivision of toil in the collection of objects of natural history, of antiquities, and of art, would do much to promote the advancement of these important branches of secular knowledge.

vegetation displays its most majestic forms. In the cold north the bark of trees is covered with lichens and mosses, whilst between the tropics the *Cymbidium* and fragrant vanilla enliven the trunks of the *Anacardias*, and of the gigantic fig-trees. The fresh verdure of the *Pothos* leaves, and of the *Dracontias*, contrasts with the many colored flowers of the *Orchideæ*. Climbing *Bauhinias*, *Passifloras*, and yellow flowering *Banisterias*, twine round the trunks of the forest trees. Delicate blossoms spring from the roots of the *Theobroma*, and form the thick and rough bark of the *Crescentias* and the *Gustavia*. * * *

In the tropics vegetation is generally of a fresher verdure, more luxuriant and succulent, and adorned with larger and more shining leaves than in our northern climates. The "social" plants, which often impart so uniform and monotonous a character to European countries, are almost entirely absent in the equatorial regions. Trees almost as lofty as our oaks are adorned with flowers as large and as beautiful as our lilies. * * *

The great elevation attained in several tropical countries, not only by single mountains, but even by extensive districts, enables the inhabitants of the torrid zone—surrounded by palms, bananas, and the other beautiful forms proper to these latitudes—to behold also those vegetable forms which, demanding a cooler temperature, would seem to belong to other zones. Elevation above the level of the sea gives this cooler temperature, even in the hottest parts of the earth; and *Cypresses*, *Pines*, *Oaks*, *Berberries* and *Alders*, (nearly allied to our own,) cover the mountainous districts, and elevated plains of Southern Mexico, and the chain of the Andes at the equator. Thus it is given to man in those regions to behold, without quitting his native land, all the forms of vegetation dispersed over the globe, and all the shining worlds which stud the heavenly vault from pole to pole.

These, and many other of the enjoyments which nature affords, are wanting to the nations of the North. Many constellations, and many vegetable forms—and of the latter those which are most beautiful, (palm-tree ferns, plantains, arborescent grasses, and the finely divided feathery foliage of the *mimosas*,) remain forever unknown to them. Individual plants, languishing in our hot-houses, can give but a very faint idea of the majestic vegetation of the tropical zone. But the high cultivation of our languages, the glowing fancy of the poet, and the imitative art of the painter, open to us sources whence flow abundant compensations, and from whence our imagination can derive the living images of that more vigorous nature which other climes display. In the frigid north, in the midst of the barren heath, the solitary student can appreciate mentally, all that has been discovered in the most distant regions, and can create within himself a world, free and imperishable, as the spirit by which it is conceived.—Pp. 29-31.

The chapter which closes with the preceding passage is followed by a dissertation of much interest, "on the structure and mode of action of Volcanoes in different parts of the globe." Although the multiplication of voyages and travels has exercised a greater influence on the study of organic nature, viz., of botany and zoology, than upon the study of the inorganic bodies which compose the crust of the earth, yet each zone of the earth derives a peculiar physiognomy from the living

forms, which are either fixed or movable upon its surface. But we find on either hemisphere, from the equator to the poles, the same kind of rocks associated in groups, and the traveller "often recognizes with joy the argillaceous schists of his birthplace, and the rocks which were familiar to his eye in his native land." Geological science, however, has derived great advantages from its study under different climates. Although in any single and extensive system of mountains we find, more or less distinctly represented, all the inorganic materials which form the solid carpentry of the globe, yet observations in distant regions are necessary in studying the composition, the relative age, and the origin of rocks. Our knowledge of the structure and form of volcanoes was, till the end of the last century, drawn principally from Vesuvius and *Ætna*, though the basin of the Mediterranean afforded better means of studying the nature and action of these fiery cones. Among the Sporades trachytic rocks have been upraised, at three different times, in three centuries. Near Methone, in the Peloponnesus, a "monte nuovo," seen by Strabo and by Dodwell, is higher than the new volcano of Jorullo in Mexico, and Humboldt found it "surrounded with several thousand small basaltic cones, protruded from the earth, and still smoking." Volcanic fires also break out at Ischia, on the Monte Epomeo; and, according to ancient relations, lavas have flowed from fissures, suddenly opened, in the Lelantine plain, near Chalcis. On the shores of the Mediterranean, too, on several parts of the mainland of Greece, in Asia Minor, and in Auvergne, and round the plain of Lombardy, there are numerous examples of volcanic action. From these facts our author has drawn the conclusion, "that the basin of the Mediterranean, with its series of islands, might have offered to an attentive observer much that has been recently discovered, under various forms, in South America, Teneriffe, and the Aleutian Islands, near the polar circle." "The objects to be observed," he continues, "were assembled within a moderate distance; yet distant voyages, and the comparison of extensive regions, in and out of Europe, have been required for the clear perception and recognition of the resemblance between volcanic phenomena and their dependence on each other."

In different parts of the globe we find assemblages of volcanoes in various rounded groups, or in double lines, and we have thus the most conclusive evidence that their cause is deeply seated in the earth. All the American volcanoes are on the western coast opposite to Asia, nearly in a meridional direction, and extending 7200 geographical miles. Humboldt regards the whole plateau of Quito, whose summits are the volcanoes of Pinchincha, Cotapaxi, and Tunguragua, as a *single volcanic furnace*. The internal fire rushes out sometimes by one and sometimes by another vent; and in proof of the fact that there are subterranean communications between "fire emitting openings," at great distances from each other, he mentions the circumstance, that in 1797, the volcano

of Pasto emitted a lofty column of smoke for three months continuously, and that it disappeared at the very instant, when, at the distance of 240 miles, "the great earthquake of Riobamba, and the immense eruption of mud called 'Moya' took place, causing the death of between thirty and forty thousand persons." In proof of the same fact, he adduces the sudden emergence from the sea near the Azores of the island of Sabrina, on the 30th of January, 1811, which was followed by those terrible internal commotions which, from May, 1811, to June, 1813, shook almost incessantly the West India islands, the plains of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the opposite coast of Venezuela or Caraccas. In the course of a month after this, the principal city of that province was destroyed. On the 30th April, 1811, the slumbering volcano of the island of St. Vincent broke forth, and at the very moment the explosion took place, a loud subterranean noise, like that of great pieces of ordnance, which spread terror over an area of 35,000 square miles, was heard at the distance of 628 miles from St. Vincent. The phenomena which accompanied the celebrated earthquake at Lisbon, on the 1st November, 1755, lead to the same conclusion. At the very time it took place, the lakes of Switzerland, and the sea upon the Swedish coast, were violently agitated; and at Martinique, Antigua, and Barbadoes, where the tide never exceeds thirty inches, the sea suddenly rose upwards of *twenty feet*.

In the remaining portion of this interesting chapter, our author directs our attention chiefly to the phenomena which accompanied the last great eruption of Vesuvius, on the night of the 22d October, 1822. It had been supposed by several writers that the crater of Vesuvius had undergone an entire change from preceding eruptions; but our author has shown that this is not the case, and that the error had arisen from the observers having confounded "the outlines of the margin of the crater with those of the cones of eruption, accidentally formed in the middle of the crater, on its floor or bottom, which has been upheaved by vapors." During the period from 1816–1818, such a cone had gradually risen above the south-eastern margin of the crater, and the eruption of February, 1822, had raised it about 112 feet above the north-west margin. This singular cone, which from Naples appeared to be a true summit of the mountain, fell in with a dreadful noise on the eruption of the 22d October, 1822, "so that the floor of the crater, which had been constantly accessible since 1811, is now almost 800 feet lower than the northern, and 218 lower than the southern edge of the volcano."

In the last eruption, on the night of the 23d to the 24th October, 1822, twenty-four hours after the falling in of the great cone of scorice, which has been mentioned, and when the small but numerous currents of lava had already flowed off, the fiery eruption of ashes and rapilli commenced: it continued without intermission for twelve days, but was greatest in the first four days. During this period the detonations in the interior of the volcano

were so violent, that the mere concussion of the air (for no earthquake movement was perceived) rent the ceilings of the rooms in the palace of Portici. In the neighboring villages of Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata, and Bosche tre Case, a remarkable phenomenon was witnessed. Throughout the whole of that part of the country the air was so filled with ashes as to cause in the middle of the day profound darkness, lasting for several hours; lanterns were carried in the streets, as had often been done in Quito during the eruptions of Pinchincha. The flight of the inhabitants had never been more general. Lava currents are regarded, by those who dwell near Vesuvius, with less dread than an eruption of ashes, a phenomenon which had never been known to such a degree in modern times; and the obscure tradition of the manner in which the destruction of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, took place, filled the imaginations of men with appalling images.* The hot aqueous vapors which rose from the crater during the eruption, and spread themselves in the atmosphere, formed, in cooling, a dense cloud, surrounding the column of fire and ashes which rose to a height of between nine and ten thousand feet. * * * * * Flashes of forked lightning, issuing from the columns of ashes, darted in every direction, and the rolling thunders were distinctly heard, and distinguished from the sounds which proceeded from the interior of the volcano. In no other eruption had the play of the electric forces formed so striking a feature.

On the morning of the 26th October, a surprising rumor prevailed, that a torrent of boiling water was gushing from the crater, and pouring down the slope of the cone of ashes. Monticelli soon discovered that this was an optical illusion. It was in reality a flow of dry ashes, which, being loose and movable as shifting sand, issued in large quantities from a crevice in the upper margin of the crater.—Pp. 229, 230.

Owing to the thunderstorm noticed in this extract, an abundant and violent fall of rain took place, and as the rain is heaviest above the cone of ashes, torrents of mud descend from it in every direction; and when the summit of the volcano is in the region of perpetual snow, the melting of the snow produces very disastrous inundations. At the foot of volcanoes, too, and on their flanks, there are frequently vast cavities, which, having a communication by many channels with mountain torrents, become subterranean lakes or reservoirs of water. When earthquakes, as happens in the Andes, shake the entire mass of the volcano, these reservoirs are opened, discharging water, fishes, and mud. On the 19th June, 1698, when the Carguairazo, to the north of Chimborazo, and upwards of 19,000 feet high, fell in, an area of nearly thirty square miles was covered with mud and fishes!

Vesuvius, and other similar volcanoes, have permanent communications, by means of their craters, with the interior of the earth. They alternately break forth and slumber, and often "end by becoming solfataras, emitting aqueous vapors,

* The thickness of the bed of ashes which fell during the twelve days was little above three feet on the slope of the cones, and only about eighteen inches on the planes. This is the greatest fall of ashes since the eruption of Vesuvius, which occasioned the death of the elder Pliny.

gases, and acids." There is, however, another and a rarer class, which are closely connected with the earliest revolutions of our planet. Trachytic mountains open suddenly, emit lava and ashes, and close again perhaps forever. The gigantic mountain of Antisana on the Andes, and Monte Epomeo in Ischia, in 1302, are examples of that phenomenon. Eruptions of this kind sometimes take place in the plains, as happened in Quito, in Iceland, at a distance from Hecla, and in Eubœa in the Lelantine fields. Many of the islands upheaved from the sea belong to the same class. The communication of the external opening with the interior of the earth is not permanent, and as soon as the cleft or opening closes, the volcanic action wholly ceases. Humboldt is of opinion that "veins or dykes of basalt, dolerite, and porphyry, which traverse almost all formations, and that masses of syenite, augitic porphyry, and amygdaloid, which characterize the recent transition and oldest sedimentary rocks—have probably been formed in a similar manner."

That the earth is a melted mass at no very great depth below its surface, is placed beyond a doubt, not only by the preceding facts, but by a great mass of observations collected by Humboldt and Arago, on the increase of temperature as we descend into the bowels of the earth. "The primitive cause of this subterranean heat is, as in all planets, the process of formation itself, the separation of the spherically condensing mass from a cosmical gaseous fluid, and the cooling of the terrestrial strata at different depths by the loss of heat parted with by radiation. * * * * * Elastic vapors press the molten oxydizing substances upwards through deep fissures. Volcanoes might thus be termed intermitting springs or fountains of earthy substances; that is, of the fluid mixture of metals, alkalis, and earths, which solidify into lava currents, and flow softly and tranquilly, when being upheaved they find a passage by which to escape."

Our author concludes this instructive section with a speculation which he himself characterizes as bold; the object of which is to explain, by means of the internal heat of our globe, the existence, in a fossil state, of the tropical forms of animals and plants in the cold regions of the globe. This hitherto unexplained fact has been ascribed to various causes—to a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic by the approach of a comet, and to a change in the intensity in the sun's light and heat. We have been led to suppose that, as the two poles of maximum cold are nearly coincident with the magnetic poles, they may partake in their revolution, and thus make the warm and the cold meridians, which are now proved to exist, occupy in succession every position on the earth's surface; and that variations in the forces or causes by which that cold is produced, may produce a still further variation of temperature.*

Everywhere, (says our author,) the ancient world shows a distribution of organic forms at vari-

* Edinburgh Transactions, vol. ix., pp. 211, 212.

ance with our present climate. * * * * It may be that, in the ancient world, exhalations of heat issuing forth from the many openings of the deeply-fissured crust of the globe, may have favored, perhaps, for centuries, the growth of palms and tree-ferns, and the existence of animals requiring a high temperature, over entire countries where now a very different climate prevails. According to this view of things, the temperature of volcanoes would be that of the interior of the earth; and the same cause, which, operating through volcanic eruptions, now produces devastating effects, might, in primeval ages, have clothed the deeply fissured rocks of the newly oxydized earth, in every zone, with the most luxuriant vegetation.

If, in order to explain the distribution of tropical forms whose remains are now buried in northern regions, it should be assumed that the long-haired species of elephant now found enclosed in ice, was originally indigenous in cold climates, and that forms resembling the same leading type may, as in the case of lions and lynxes, have been able to live in wholly different climates; still this solution of the difficulty presented by fossil remains cannot be extended so as to apply to vegetable productions. From reasons with which the study of vegetable physiology makes us acquainted, palms, musaceæ, and arborescent monocotyledones, are incapable of supporting the deprivation of their appendicular organs, which would be caused by the present temperature of our northern regions; and in the geological problem which we have to examine, it appears to me difficult to separate vegetable and animal remains from each other. The same mode of explanation ought to comprehend both.—*Volk ii.*, pp. 239, 241.

The next chapter of the "Aspects of Nature" is one of seven pages, entitled, "The Vital Force, or the Rhodian Genius." It was first printed in Schiller's *Horæ* for 1795, and contains "the development of a physiological idea in a semi-mythical garb." In an earlier work, our author had defined the vital force as "the unknown cause which prevents the elements from following their original affinities;" and he endeavors to illustrate this position by the following story:—A picture, called the Rhodian Genius, was brought to Syracuse from Greece, and was supposed to be the work of the same artist who cast the Colossus of Rhodes. It was placed in the Gallery of Paintings and Sculpture, and excited much difference of opinion, both respecting its author and its object. On the foreground were youths and maidens, handsome and graceful, but unclothed, and expressing in their features and movements only the desires and sorrows of an earthly habitation. Their arms outstretched to each other indicated "their desire of union;" but they turned their troubled looks towards a halo-encircled Genius who stood in the midst of them. On his shoulder was a butterfly, and in his hand a lighted torch. Though childlike in his form and aspect, a celestial fire animated his glance, and he gazed as with the eye of a master upon the gay throng at his feet. The object of the picture became a problem, which philosophers and connoisseurs strove to solve. "Some regarded the

Genius as the personification of Spiritual Love forbidding the enjoyment of sensual pleasure; others said, that it was the assertion of the Empire of Reason over Desire." A collection of pictures having arrived from Rhodes, there was found among them the companion or pendant of the Rhodian Genius. The Genius was still the central figure; but his head was now drooping. The butterfly was no longer on his shoulder; and his torch was inverted and extinguished. "The youths and maidens pressing around him had met and embraced. Their glance, no longer sad and subdued, announced, on the contrary, emancipation from restraint, and the fulfilment of long-cherished desires."

The companion picture afforded no clue to the solution of the problem; and in this crisis of baffled ingenuity and disappointed curiosity, Dionysius ordered the picture, along with a faithful copy of the Rhodian Genius, to be carried to the house of Epicharmus, a Pythagorean philosopher, who fixed his eyes upon the picture, and thus addressed his disciples:—

As living beings are compelled by natural desires to salutary and fruitful union, so the raw materials of inorganic matter are moved by similar impulses. * * * Thus the fire of heaven follows metal—iron obeys the attraction of the loadstone—amber rubbed takes up light substances—earth mixes with earth—salt collects together from the water of the sea—and the acid moisture of the Stypteria, as well as the flocculent salt of Trichitis, love the clay of Melos. In inanimate nature, all things hasten to unite with each other, according to their particular laws. Hence no terrestrial element is to be found anywhere in its pure and primitive state. Each, as soon as formed, tends to enter into new combinations, and the art of man is needed to disjoin and present in a separated state substances which you would seek in vain in the interior of the earth, and in the fluid ocean of air and water. In dead inorganic matter, entire inactivity and repose reign, so long as the bands of affinity continue undissolved, so long as no third substance comes to join itself to the others; but even then the action and disturbance produced are soon again succeeded by unfruitful repose.

It is otherwise, however, when the same substances are brought together in the bodies of plants and animals. In these the vital force of power reigns supreme, and regardless of the mutual animosity or enmity of the atoms recognized by Democritus, commands the union of substances which, in inanimate nature, shun each other, and separates those which are ever seeking to enter into combination.

Now come nearer to me, my friends; look with me on the first of the pictures before us, and recognize in the Rhodian Genius, in the expression of youthful energy, in the butterfly on his shoulder, and in the commanding glance of his eye, the symbol of vital force animating each individual germ of the organic creation. At the feet are the earthy elements desiring to mix and unite conformably to their particular tendencies. The Genius, holding aloft his lighted torch with commanding gesture, controls and constrains them, without regard to their ancient rights, to obey his laws.

Now view with me the new picture which the

Tyrant has sent to me for explanation; turn your eyes from the image of life to that of death. The butterfly has left its former place and soars upwards, the extinguished torch is reversed, the head of the youth has sunk, the spirit has fled to other spheres, and the vital force is dead. Now the youths and maidens joyfully join hands, the earthy substances resume their ancient rights; they are free from the chains that bound them, and follow impetuously after long restraint the impulse to union. Thus inert matter animated awhile by vital force passes through an innumerable diversity of forms, and perhaps in the same substance which once enshrined the spirit of Pythagoras, a poor worm may have enjoyed a momentary existence.—Vol. ii., pp. 255-257.

The closing chapter of Baron Humboldt's work contains an account of the Plateau of Caxamarca, the ancient capital of the Inca Atahualpa, and describes the first view of the Pacific Ocean as seen from the crest of the Andes. After mentioning the Quina (or fever bark*) producing forests in the valleys of Loxa, and the alpine vegetation and mountain wildernesses of the Paramos, our author describes the gigantic remains of the ancient artificial roads of the Incas of Peru, which formed a line of communication through all the provinces of the empire, extending more than a thousand English miles. The road itself is 21 feet wide, and above a deep understructure was paved with well cut blocks of blackish trap porphyry. Station-houses, of hewn stone, are built at nearly equal distances, forming a kind of caravanseraí. In the pass called the Paramo del Assuay, the road rises to the height of 15,526 feet, almost equal to that of Mont Blanc. Across the wide and arid plains between the Pacific and the Andes, and also over the ridges of the Cordilleras, these two great Peruvian roads, or systems of roads, are covered with flat stones, or "sometimes even with cemented gravel, (Macadamized.)" The roads crossed the rivers and ravines by three kinds of bridges, "viz., those of stone, wood, and rope, and there were also aqueducts for bringing water to the caravanserais and to the fortresses." As wheel-carriages were not then used upon roads, they were occasionally interrupted by long flights of steps, provided with resting-places at suitable intervals. Along with their grand artificial paths, the Peruvians possessed a highly improved postal system. These splendid remains of the Incas, however, have been wantonly destroyed, and Humboldt mentions that, in one day's journey, they were obliged to wade through the Rio de Guancabamba twenty-seven times, while they continually saw near them the remains of the high-built roads, with their caravanserais. In the lower part of the same river, which, with its many falls and rapids, runs into the Amazons, our author was amused with the singular contrivance of a "Swimming Post," for the conveyance of correspondence with the coast

of the Pacific. A young Indian, who usually discharges this important duty, swims in two days from Pomahuaco to Tomependa, carrying the few letters from Truxillo, which are intended for the province of Jaen de Bracamora. The letters are carefully placed in a large cotton handkerchief, which he winds round his head in the manner of a turban. He then descends the Rio de Chamaya, (the lower part of the Guancabamba,) and then the Amazons. When he reaches waterfalls, he quits the river and makes a circuit through the woods. In this fatiguing voyage the Indian sometimes throws one arm round a piece of a very light kind of wood, and he has sometimes the advantage of a swimming companion. They carry no provisions, as they are always sure of a hospitable reception in any of the scattered huts surrounded with fruit trees, which abound in the beautiful Huertas de Pucara and Cavico. Letters thus carried are seldom either wetted or lost and Humboldt mentions, that soon after his return from Mexico to Europe, he received letters from Tomependa, which had been bound on the brow of the swimming post. The "Correo que nada," as he is called, returns by land by the difficult route of the Paramo del Paredon. Several tribes of wild Indians, who reside on the banks of the Upper Amazons, are accustomed to travel "by swimming down the stream sociably in parties." Humboldt had an "opportunity of seeing in this manner in the bed of the river the heads of 30 or 40 persons, (men, women, and children,) of the tribe of the Xibaros, on their arrival at Tomependa."

When the travellers approached the hot climate of the basin of the Amazons, they were delighted with the splendid orange trees, sweet and bitter, of the Huertas de Pucara. "Laden with many thousands of their golden fruit, they attain a height of from 60 to 64 feet, and instead of rounded tops or crowns, they have aspiring branches like a laurel or bay tree."

Not far hence, (says Humboldt,) near the Ford of Cavico, we were surprised by a very unexpected sight. We saw a grove of small trees, only about 18 or 19 feet high, which, instead of green, had apparently perfectly red or rose-colored leaves. It was a new species of *Bougainvillæa*, a genus first established by the elder Jussieu from a Brazilian specimen in Commerson's herbarium. The trees were almost entirely without true leaves, as what we took for leaves at a distance proved to be thickly crowded bracteæ. The appearance was altogether different in the purity and freshness of the color from the autumnal tints which, in many of our forest trees, adorn the woods of the temperate zone at the season of the fall of the leaf. * * * We often found here the *Portieria hygrometrica*, which, by the closing of the leaflets of its finely pinnated foliage, foretells an impending change of weather and especially the approach of rain, much better than any of the Mimosaceæ. It very rarely deceived us.—Vol. ii., pp. 279, 280.

As night was closing upon our travellers, when they were ascending the eastern declivity of the Cordilleras, they arrived at an elevated

* *The Cinchona Condaminia (officinalis.)* This beautiful tree, though only six inches in diameter, often attains a height of sixty feet. The bark was introduced into Europe in 1632 or 1640.

plain where the argentiferous mountains of Gualgayoc, the chief locality of the celebrated Silver Mines of Chota, afforded them a remarkable spectacle. The cerro of Gualgayoc, an isolated mass of silicious rock, stands like an enchanted castle, separated by a deep ravine from the limestone mountains of Cormolatsche. It is traversed by innumerable veins of silver, and terminated on the N. W. by a nearly perpendicular precipice. "Besides being perforated to its summit by many hundred galleries driven in every direction, this mountain presents also natural openings in the mass of the silicious rock, through which the intensely dark blue sky of those elevated regions is visible to a spectator standing at the foot of the mountain. These openings are popularly called windows," and "similar ones were pointed out to us in the trachytic walls of the volcano of Pinchincha."

On their way to the ancient city of Caxamarca, Humboldt and his companions had to cross a succession of Paramos at the height of about 10,000 feet above the sea, before they reached the Paramo de Yanaguanga, from which they looked down upon the fertile valley of Caxamarca, containing in its oval area about 112 English square miles. The town stands almost as high as the city of Quito, but being encircled by mountains, it enjoys a far milder climate. The fort and palace of Atahualpa exist only in a few ruins. The warm baths of Pullamarca, at which the Inca spent a part of the year, have a temperature of 156° Fahrenheit, and are seen in the distance. The town is adorned with a few churches, a state prison, and a municipal building, erected upon part of the ruins of the palace. On the porphyritic rock upon which the palace stood, a shaft has been sunk which formerly led into subterranean chambers, and to a gallery said to extend to the other porphyritic dome of Santa Polonia. The room is yet shown where Atahualpa was imprisoned for nine months from November, 1532, and the mark on the wall is still pointed out to show the height to which he offered to fill the room with gold in bars, plates, and vessels, if set free. In order to avoid being burnt alive, the Inca consented to be baptized by his fanatical persecutor, the Dominican monk, Vincente de Valverde. He was strangled publicly in the open air, and at the mass for the dead the brothers Pizarro were present in mourning habits.* The population of Caxamarca did not, at the time of our author's visit, exceed seven or eight thousand inhabitants.

* It is with some reluctance that, in imitation of Humboldt, we throw into the obscurity of a note, a specimen of court etiquette at the palace of the Incas. "In conformity," says our author, "with a highly ancient court ceremonial, Atahualpa spat, not on the ground, but into the hand of one of the principal ladies present;—"all," says Garcilaso, "on account of his majesty."—Vol. II., p. 314. When the possessors of a little brief authority thus degrade their office and their race, we feel that they have withdrawn themselves from the sphere of human sympathies, and we almost forget the cruelties of the Spaniards when we find them perpetrated against bipeds like Atahualpa.

After leaving the sea, the travellers ascended a height about 10,000 feet high, and were "struck with the sight of two grotesquely shaped porphyritic summits, Aroma and Cunturcaga, which consisted of five, six, or seven solid columns, some of them jointed, and from thirty-seven to forty-two feet high." Owing to the distribution of the often converging series of columns of the Cerro Aroma placed one above another, "it resembles a two-storied building, which, moreover, is surmounted by a dome or cupola of non-columnar rock."

It had been the earliest wish of our author to obtain a view of the Pacific from the crest of the Andes. He had listened as a boy to the adventurous expedition of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the first European who beheld the eastern part of the Pacific Ocean, and he was now about to gratify this longing desire of his youth. When they had reached the highest part of the mountain by the Alto de Guanamarca, the heavens suddenly became clear, and the western declivity of the Cordilleras, covered with quartz blocks fourteen feet high, and the plains as far as the seashore near Truxillo, "lay beneath their eyes in astonishing apparent proximity. We saw for the first time the Pacific Ocean itself, and we saw it clearly. * * * The joy it inspired was vividly shared by my companions, Bonpland and Carlos Montufar," * * * and the sight "was peculiarly impressive to one who like myself owed a part of the formation of his mind and character, and many of the directions which his wishes had assumed, to intercourse with (George Forster) one of the companions of Cook."

In the preceding analysis of the "Aspects of Nature," we have found it very difficult to do justice either to the author or to ourselves as reviewers. Owing to the great length of the "annotations and additions," which extend to more than twice the length of the original chapters which form the text, we have been under the necessity of incorporating the information contained in both, partly in our own language, and partly in that of the author, and have therefore found it impossible to give such copious and continuous extracts as the reader might have desired. This difficulty, too, has been greatly increased by the admixture of scientific with popular details, and by the use of technical terms which the general reader will sometimes find it difficult to interpret. Regarding the work, however, as one of great value from its science, and great interest from its subject, and as possessing that peculiar charm of language and of sentiment which we look for in vain in similar productions, we cannot withhold the expression of our anxiety that the popular matter in the "annotations and additions" should be incorporated with the original text, and the technical and parenthetical references in the text, either converted into foot notes, or transferred to the "annotations." We should thus have a work truly popular, without losing any of its scientific accuracy.

The translation of Mrs. Sabine is like her translation of *Kosmos*, admirably executed. We are never offended with the harshness of a foreign idiom, and we never discover that the author and the translator are different persons.

We have thus endeavored to give our readers some account of a work full of wisdom and knowledge, written by one of the most distinguished writers and philosophers of the present day, and well fitted to draw our attention to a subject with which every person ought to be familiar. To live upon a world so wonderfully made, without desiring to know its form, its structure, and its purpose—to eat the ambrosia of its gardens, and drink the nectar of its vineyards, without inquiring where, or how, or why they grow—to toil for its gold and its silver, and to appropriate its coal and its iron, without studying their nature and their origin—to tremble under its earthquakes, and stand aghast before its volcanoes, in ignorance of their locality, of their powers, and of their origin—to see and handle the gigantic remains of vegetable and animal life, without understanding when and why they perished—to tread the mountain range, unconscious that it is sometimes composed wholly of the indestructible flinty relics of living creatures, which it requires the most powerful microscope to perceive—to neglect such pursuits as these, would indicate a mind destitute of the intellectual faculty, and unworthy of the life and reason with which we have been endowed. It is only the irreligious man that can blindly gaze upon the loveliness of material nature, without seeking to understand its phenomena and its laws. It is only the ignorant man that can depreciate the value of that true knowledge which is within the grasp of his divine reason; and it is only the presumptuous man who can prefer those speculative studies, before which the strongest intellect quails, and the weakest triumphs. "In wisdom hast Thou made them all," can be the language only of the wise; and it is to the wise only that the heavens can declare the glory of God, and that the firmament can show forth his handiwork. It is the geologist alone who has explored them, that can call upon the "depths of the earth to praise the Lord;" and he "who breaketh the cedars of Lebanon," who "shaketh the wilderness," who "divideth the flames of fire," who "causeth the hinds to calve," and "maketh bare the forest," has imperatively required it from his worshippers, "that in his temple every one should speak of his glory."

From the Examiner.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.
Edited by his son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A., Curate of Plumland, Cumberland. Six vols. Vol. I. Longman and Co.

THE first remark upon the subject of this book is suggested by its title-page. The professional career of the son of Robert Southey is likely to end where it began, unless he receives promotion from that party in the state which his father

always strongly opposed. Mr. Cuthbert Southey had taken orders before his father died, and remains still where he then was, with the duties and pittance of a hard-working curate. One would be tempted to ask if he had shown any marked incapacity of intellect or character, but that evidence has been some time before the world of his excellence in both. Mindful of the manner in which church patronage is distributed, we must plainly say of this neglect that it is the reverse of creditable to its authors. It is notorious that the matter was brought before the last ministry, and that among those who then refused a helping hand to lift Southey's son out of a shabby curacy, were men who had offered to raise Southey himself, while their party was yet profiting by his genius, to the empty rank of a baronet. Is it too late for their successors to redeem this reproach by an example of generous homage to the memory of a powerful and honorable opponent?

No one will question that such epithets are justly given to Southey, and that the respect and admiration of all who honor virtue and genius belong to him in his grave. Few men have written so much, and written so well. Few men have passed through a long life, almost always in the public eye, with a more honorable and unstained character, or purposes more free from blame. We may grieve that he so completely threw off the opinions with which he started in his ardent youth; but those were days when opinions of the most resolute men were shaken. Southey at least never forfeited his station or his title to esteem. He did not become a hack, or a party tool; nor did the dignity of literature ever suffer in his person.

This is hardly the time—with so brief a section of his life as yet before us—to speak of the various public claims of Southey. But some things we may say with little dread of dispute. His prose is of the best in the language. It is clear, vigorous, and manly; with no small prettinesses in it, but full and muscular as that of our older and stronger race of writers; and often sparkling with a current of quaint grave humor which is singularly fascinating. His larger poems, however judgments may differ concerning them, are at least written on solid principles, and with a sustained power of art. We are not very certain, indeed, if it might not be put as a good test of the pure love of poetry in any man, that he should like those *Madocs* and *Rodericks* and *Kehamas* and *Joans of Arc*. For a man may adore Wordsworth as a devotee to Wordsworth's system, and may be greedy for Lord Byron as for any other of the stronger stimulants; but if he admires these poems of Southey, it is as efforts of unmixed imagination—as a child might admire whose fancy is only to be touched by the wonderful and beautiful; with the addition that he has a mind to feel the great and elevating thoughts they embody, and thoroughly to appreciate the simplicity which is their groundwork. We take Southey to be a real poet in the sense of Ariosto;

and as to his shorter poems, we apprehend that no difference of opinion is likely to exist, now or in any time to come. They are as fine as anything in the language. His range of literary pursuit was extraordinary, and his unwearied diligence recalled the nobler and severer days of English study.

This first volume of this biography occupies the period 1774—1798, conducting Southey to his twenty-fifth year. It records his early life in Bristol and its neighborhood; his childish companions, privations, and enjoyments; his career at school and at college; his days of doubt and disbelief, excluding him from the church; his speculative opinions, excluding him from his aunt Tyler's house and protection; his unsuccessful attempts to be a doctor, which his tastes forbade, to be a lawyer, which he abandoned for the same reason, and to get a small official employment, to which his republicanism was the impassable bar; his friendships with Grosvenor Bedford, Coleridge, Lovell, Burnet, and Charles Wynne (who gives solid proof of his friendship, as the volume closes, in a voluntary gift of 160*l.* a year;) his marriage and scheme of pantisocracy; his voyage to Lisbon with his uncle Hill, the chaplain of the embassy there; his various ardent and impossible aspirations; and his plans to support himself by lectures, epics, and tragedies, ending in an engagement to write songs for the *Morning Post* at a guinea a week. The volume leaves him living at a pretty little village near Bristol, loving his wife very much, his impracticable opinions considerably softened, publishing letters from Spain and Portugal, preparing *Madoc*, editing the *Annual Anthology*—in short, fairly embarked in those studies of literature which he continued to love sufficiently through life, to find in them a full indemnification for all life's chances and accidents.

Parson Hill describes him best at the pantisocratical period of his life. "He is a very good scholar, of great reading, of an astonishing memory: when he speaks, he does it with fluency; with a great choice of words. He is perfectly correct in his behavior, of the most exemplary morals, and the best of hearts. *In short, he has everything you would wish a young man to have, excepting common sense or prudence.* Were his character different, or his abilities not so extraordinary, I should be the less concerned about him." There is much truth here; and the general impression we receive from these records of him is more favorable even to his consistency than most readers may be prepared to admit. We see that that absence of "common sense and prudence" of opinion does not naturally cohere with the general character of his intellect and tastes. Charges of inconsistency are seldom wise or just, and still more seldom are they generous. We believe in Southey's case (as in others) that he was thrown off his balance, at the critical period of mental development, by the enthusiasm awakened throughout Europe by the first French revolution, and that his exuberant zeal for liberty

and equality, was in reality a departure from the natural habits and disposition of his mind. His discontent with Godwin, his evident dislike of his ways of thinking, which often breaks out in these early days, is proof to us that he was himself unprepared to pursue to their lawful (or unlawful) issues those extreme opinions of which Godwin was the steady champion. Let us add, too, that to have written *Wat Tyler*, (which, curiously enough, is not mentioned in the volume before us, though it was certainly written in 1794,) is rather an evidence to us that Southey did not understand what a republican was, than any proof of his own republicanism. A man may be a republican, and conscientiously respect the rights of property: whereas that notorious production (which, it is always due to Southey's memory to state, owed its existence in print to a disgraceful fraud) is little more than a piece of wild declamation against all such rights.

Mr. Southey's materials, for that portion of his father's life which is contained in this volume, are two-fold. He has had placed at his disposal his father's letters to early friends, which, by a connecting thread of comment, he makes available as continuous narrative, throwing in his own reflections sparingly, and with the best taste; and he has availed himself of his father's own narrative of the first fifteen years of his life written thirty years ago, in a series of seventeen letters to his friend Mr. John May. This narrative is printed by itself at the commencement of the volume, and occupies 157 pages.

We do not think the language contains a more delightful piece of autobiography, rich as are its treasures in that style of composition, than these early passages of the life of Southey. It is full of the vivid traits of truth and character, expressed with manly unaffectedness. The recollections begin as early as three years old, and we have the most perfect faith in their sincerity and exactness. His father, his mother, his aunts and his uncles, the masters at the various schools he went to, the boys who used to laugh at him for his cleverness, and persecute him for his curly hair, all start back into life at his bidding. We have before us a piece of the solid reality of English manners and society seventy years ago. Nor is the feeling with which the sketches are executed unworthy of their graphic power. They have a quaint, yet genial, humor, which is perfectly delightful. In writing them, Southey seems to have thrown himself so absolutely into those early years, as to recover once more, in unison with his man's intellect, the simplicity, intensity, good nature, and impressibility of childhood. We are reminded of the best passages of *David Copperfield*; and Southey's Aunt Tyler is the very companion picture of Dickens' Aunt Betsy Trotwood.

We mean to have another article about this fascinating piece of autobiography, and shall conclude for the present with a few extracts taken almost at random. The reader will at once perceive how rich the original must be.

Here are a few of the characteristics of his aunt Tyler, in whose house most of his early years were passed.

When she went out, Miss Tyler's appearance and manners were those of a woman who had been bred in the best society and was equal to it; but if any stranger or visitor had caught her in her ordinary apparel, she would have been as much confused as Diana when Actæon came upon her bathing-place, and almost with as much reason, for she was always in a bed-gown and in rags. Most people, I suspect, have a weakness for old shoes; ease, and comfort, and one's own fireside, are connected with them; in fact, we never feel any regard for shoes till they attain to the privileges of age, and then they become almost as much a part of the wearer as his corns. This sort of feeling my aunt extended to old clothes of every kind; the older and the raggeder they grew, the more unwilling she was to cast them off. But she was scrupulously clean in them; indeed, the principle upon which her whole household economy was directed, was that of keeping the house clean, and taking more precautions against dust than would have been needful against the plague in an infected city. * * * That the better rooms might be kept clean, she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was underground; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor, and a skylight, (for it must not be supposed that it was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room; this was more like a scullery,) we always took our meals, and generally lived. The best room was never opened but for company; except now and then on a fine day to be aired and dusted, if dust could be detected there. In the other parlor I was allowed sometimes to read, and she wrote her letters, for she had many correspondents; and we sat there sometimes in summer, when a fire was not needed, for fire produced ashes, and ashes occasioned dust, and dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the teakettle to be emptied and refilled, because some one had passed across the hearth while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humors till she had formed for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean; all who were not her favorites were included in that class. A chair, in which an unclean person had sat, was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair; how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use, she knew not! On such occasions, her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish.

Uncle William was a not less notable person.

William Tyler, the second brother, was a remarkable person. Owing to some defect in his faculties, so anomalous in its kind that I never heard of a similar case, he could never be taught to read; the letters he could tell separately, but was utterly incapable of combining them, and taking in their meaning by the eye. He could write, and copy in

a fair hand anything that was set before him, whether in writing or in print; but it was done letter by letter without understanding a single word. As to self-government he was entirely incompetent, so much so that I think he could hardly be considered responsible as a moral being for his actions; yet he had an excellent memory, an observing eye, and a sort of *half-saved* shrewdness which would have qualified him, had he been born two centuries earlier, to have worn motley, and figured with a cap and bells and a bauble in some baron's hall. Never did I meet with any man so stored with old saws and anecdotes gathered up in the narrow sphere wherein he moved. I still remember many of them, though he has been dead more than thirty years. The motto to Kehama, as the Greek reference, when the abbreviations are rightly used, may show, is one of my uncle William's sayings. When it was found impossible to make anything of him by education, he was left to himself, and passed more time in the kitchen than in the parlor, because he stood in fear of his step-father. There he learnt to chew tobacco and to drink.

Strange creature as he was, I think of him very often, often speak of him, quote some of his odd, apt sayings, and have that sort of feeling for his memory, that he is one of the persons whom I should wish to meet in the world to come.

As a *pendant* to this picture, we must have that of the accomplished individual of whom uncle William learnt to chew tobacco. The reader who shares in any manner Chesterfield's dislike to that contortion of visage which is consequent on a hearty roar, must be warned off this anecdote.

The man of whom he learnt the use, or rather the abuse, of tobacco, was a sottish servant, as ignorant as a savage of anything which he ought to have known; that is to say of everything which ought to have been taught him. My mother, when a very little girl, reproved him once for swearing. "For shame, Thomas," she said, "you should not say such naughty words! for shame! say your prayers, Thomas!"—"No, Missey!" said the poor wretch, "I shan't; I shan't say my prayers. I never said my prayers in all my life, Missey; and I shan't begin now." My uncle William (the Squire he was called in the family) provoked him dangerously once. He was dozing beside the fire, with his hat on, which, as is still the custom among the peasantry, (here in Cumberland, at least,) he always wore in the house. You, perhaps, are not enough acquainted with the mode of chewing tobacco, to know that in vulgar life a quid commonly goes through two editions; and that after it has been done with, it is taken out of the mouth, and reserved for a second regale. My uncle William, who had learnt the whole process from Thomas, and always faithfully observed it, used to call it, in its intermediate state, an old soldier. A sailor deposits, or, if there be such a word, (and if there is not, there ought to be,) *re*-posits it in his tobacco-box. I have heard my brother Tom say, that this practice occasioned a great dislike in the navy to the one and two pound notes; for when the men were paid in paper, the tobacco-box served them for purse or pocket-book in lack of anything better, and notes were often rendered illegible by the deep stain of a wet quid. Thomas' place for an old soldier between two campaigns, while he was napping and enjoying the narcotic effects of the first mastication, was the brim of his hat; from whence the squire,

on this occasion, stole the veteran quid, and substituted in its place a dead mouse just taken from the trap. Presently the sleeper, half wakening without unclosing his eyes, and half-stupefied, put up his hand, and, taking the mouse with a finger and thumb, in which the discriminating sense of touch had been blunted by coarse work and unclean habits, opened his mouth to receive it, and, with a slow, sleepy tongue, endeavored to accommodate it to its usual station, between the double teeth and the cheek. Happening to put it in headforemost, the hind legs and the tail hung out, and a minute or more was spent in vain endeavors to lick these appendages in, before he perceived, in the substance, consistence, and taste, something altogether unlike tobacco. Roused at the same time by a laugh which could no longer be suppressed, and discovering the trick which had been played, he started up in a furious rage, and, seizing the poker, would have demolished the squire for this practical jest, if he had not provided a retreat by having the doors open, and taking shelter where Thomas could not, or dared not, follow him.

The same quiet humor, with exquisite touches of a quiet and deep-felt pathos, are in the notice of this uncle William's death.

For one or two years he walked into the heart of the city every Wednesday and Saturday to be shaved, and to purchase his tobacco; he went, also, sometimes to the theatre, which he enjoyed highly. On no other occasion did he ever leave the house; and, as inaction, aided, no doubt, by the inordinate use of tobacco, and the quantity of small beer with which he swilled his inside, brought on a premature old age, even this exercise was left off. As soon as he rose, and had taken his first pint of beer, which was his only breakfast, to the summer-house he went, and took his station in the bow-window as regularly as a sentinel in a watch-box. Here it was his whole and sole employment to look at the few people who passed, and to watch the neighbors, with all whose concerns at last he became perfectly intimate, by what he could thus oversee and overhear. He had a nickname for every one of them. In the evening, my aunt and I generally played at five-card loo with him, in which he took an intense interest; and if, in the middle of the day, when I came home to dinner, he could get me to play at marbles in the summer-house, he was delighted. The points to which he looked on in the week were the two mornings when Joseph came to shave him; this poor journeyman barber felt a sort of compassionate regard for him, and he had an insatiable appetite for such news as the barber could communicate. Thus his days past in wearisome uniformity. He had no other amusement, unless in listening to hear a comedy read; he had not, in himself, a single resource for whiling away the time, not even that which smoking might have afforded him; and being thus utterly without an object for the present or the future, his thoughts were perpetually recurring to the past. His affections were strong and lasting. Indeed, at his mother's funeral his emotions were such as to affect all who witnessed them. That grief he felt to the day of his death. I have also seen tears in his eyes when he spoke of my sisters, Eliza and Louisa, both having died just at that age when he had most delight in fondling them, and they were most willing to be fondled. Whether it might have been possible to have awakened him to any devotional feelings may be doubted; but he believed and trusted simply and implicitly, and

more, assuredly, would not be required from one to whom so little had been given. He lived about four years after this removal. His brother Edward died a year before him, of pulmonary consumption. This event affected him deeply. He attended the funeral, described the condition of the coffins in the family vault in a manner which I well remember, and said that his turn would be next. One day, on my return from school at the dinner-hour, going into the summer-house, I found him sitting in the middle of the room and looking wildly. He told me he had been very ill, that he had had a seizure in the head, such as he had never felt before, and that he was certain something very serious ailed him. I gave the alarm; but it passed over; neither he himself, nor any person in the house, knew what such a seizure indicated. The next morning he arose as usual, walked down stairs into the kitchen, and as he was buttoning the knees of his breeches, exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" and fell from the chair. His nose was bleeding when he was taken up. Immediate assistance was procured, but he was dead before it arrived.

We must pass for the present the notices of the Bristol Theatre and its associations, though as pleasant as a fairy tale; and content ourselves with illustrating their effect in a humorous little anecdote.

While this dramatic passion continued, I wished my friends to partake it; and soon after I went to Williams' school, persuaded one of my school-fellows to write a tragedy. Bellard was his name, the son of a surgeon at Portbury, a good natured good fellow, with a round face which I have not seen for seven or eight-and-thirty years, and yet fancy that I could recognize it now, and should be right glad to see it. He liked the suggestion, and agreed to it very readily, but he could not tell what to write about. I gave him a story. But then another difficulty was discovered; he could not devise names for the personages of the drama. I gave him a most heroic assortment of *propria quæ maribus et fœminis*. He had now got his *Dramatis Personæ*, but he could not tell what to make them say, and then I gave up the business.

But not only the schoolboys and the school-masters live again in these vivid recollections, but even the occasional visitors of the schools, starting and impressive to a boy for their awful familiarity to his pedagogue, return with all their portentous importance once again. The best sketch of this sort is that of a Bristol breeches-maker in the days of buckskin, a glorious fellow, Pullen by name.

If I could paint a portrait from memory, you should have his likeness. Alas, that I can only give it words! and that that perfect figure should at this hour be preserved only in my recollections! *Sic transit gloria mundi!* His countenance expressed all that could be expressed by human features, of thorough-bred vulgarity, prosperity, pride of purse, good living, coarse humor, and boisterous good nature. He wore a white tie-wig. His eyes were of the hue and lustre of scalded gooseberries, or oysters in sauce. His complexion was of the deepest extract of the grape; he owed it to the Methuen treaty; my uncle, no doubt, had seen it growing in his rides from Porto; and heaven knows how many pipes must have been filtered through

the Pullenian system, before that fine permanent purple could have been fixed in his cheeks. He appeared always in buckskins of his own making, and in boots. He would laugh at his own jests with a voice like Stentor, supposing Stentor to have been hoarse; and then he would clap old Williams on the back with a hand like a shoulder of mutton for breadth and weight. You may imagine how great a man we thought him. They had probably been boon companions in their youth, and his visits seldom failed to make the old man lay aside the schoolmaster. He was an excellent hand at demanding half a holyday; and when he succeeded always demanded three cheers for his success, in which he joined with all his might and main. If I were a believer in the Romish purgatory, I should make no doubt that every visit that he made to that schoolroom, was carried to the account of his good works. Some such set-off he needed; for he behaved with brutal want of feeling to a son who had offended him, and who, I believe, would have perished for want, if it had not been for the charity of John Morgan's mother; an eccentric but thoroughly good woman, and one of those people whom I should rejoice to meet in the next world. This I learnt from her several years afterwards. At this time Pullen was a widower between fifty and sixty; a hale strong-bodied man, upon whom his wine-merchant might reckon for a considerable annuity, during many years to come. He had purchased some lands adjacent to the Leppincott property near Bristol, in the pleasantest part of that fine neighborhood. Sir Henry Leppincott was elected member for the city, at that election in which Burke was turned out. He died soon afterwards; his son was a mere child; and Pullen, the glorious Pullen, in the plenitude of his pride, and no doubt in a new pair of buckskins, called on the widow; introduced himself as the owner of the adjacent estate; and upon that score, without further ceremony, proposed marriage as an arrangement of mutual fitness. Lady Leppincott, of course, rang the bell, and ordered the servants to turn him out of the house. This is a story which would be deemed too extravagant in a novel; and yet you would believe it without the slightest hesitation, if you had ever seen the incomparable breeches-maker.

In closing this book we have heartily to congratulate Mr. Southey on having opened the biography of his father with a volume of such striking and sterling interest.

From the Spectator.

THE life of Southey was uneventful; its very occurrences derive their color from his opinions rather than from the nature of the acts, though circumstances have given much publicity to the leading incidents. His early views on politics and religion, and the enthusiasm with which he urged them, excited the hostility of the Pitt Tories; the attacks of the *Antijacobin* giving to his early career a celebrity it would not have attained by itself. When years and experience cooled his enthusiasm and altered his views, and he became linked with men who attacked his old opinions and some of his old associates with a coarseness and fury which were wrongfully attributed to him, he roused the anger of whigs and radicals, as he had formerly done that of their opponents. His life was then assailed for the wide extremes of opinion between

Wat Tyler and the *Vision of Judgment*, or similar strains of loyalty. His quarrels with Byron and the "Satanic School" exposed him to the satirical attacks of *Don Juan* and the *Liberal*; and their poetical form embalmed his life and characteristics in a more enduring shape than the political assaults, unless it were the jeux d'esprit of Canning. Hence, the novelty of Southey's biography must be inner rather than outer, and must refer to thoughts rather than deeds.

In this point of view it is worth a full exposition, for, independently of his literary eminence, Southey was the head of a class. If Pope set the first example of emancipation from patronage or place, showing that the time had come when a man of genius might reap a sufficient pecuniary reward by his works—and if Goldsmith was the first who really addressed the *people*—Southey was the original of the modern littérateur, who follows authorship as a regular profession, and holds the pen of a "ready writer." Writers, indeed, existed before his time, who were ready enough to undertake anything that was offered to them; but they neither brought knowledge to their labor, nor exercised it conscientiously, nor were able to live by their wits, at least respectably. In all these points Southey was the reverse; for although he had resources apart from literature, (his pension, his salary as Laureate, and, in the outset, 180*l.* a year allowed him by his schoolfellow, Mr. C. W. Wynne,) yet he had family claims upon him through life, and his income from his own labors was sufficient for respectable subsistence.

It is desirable to have a full account of the thoughts of such a man, and the gradual changes they underwent. It is also well to be able to trace the acquisition of his knowledge; the economy of time, and the steady industry, by which so much was prepared for and written; the influence that years and outward events exercised upon his opinions and his productions. Whether six full-sized and closely-printed volumes may not partake a little of the "*ne quid nimis*," will be better told when greater progress is made with the work. As regards the correspondence in the volume before us, the book would have been improved by a somewhat more vigorous excision; by the omission of mere expressions of opinion, or of minor details in reference to other people. As yet, however, the extraneous or unimportant matter is less than might have been imagined.

Nearly a half of the volume is occupied by a family history and autobiography, by Southey himself. It was begun in the year 1820, when the writer was six-and-forty, and was addressed in a series of seventeen letters to his friend John May. It brings down the writer's life and reminiscences to the age of fifteen, just before he had to leave Westminster School for a severe jeu d'esprit on flogging, which Dr. Vincent, the head master, took to himself. But this part contains something more than the writer's autobiography. The family history is told at a length rather disproportioned to its interest. The dwellings with

the furniture of his parents and immediate relations are described in a style which partakes of the minutely garrulous. The picture of his own feelings, his mind and its progress, the sketches of the various characters in his own family and at school, are fuller of interest. Even the foreign matters and family genealogy contribute with the biography to form a picture of middle-class life and society such as it existed sixty or seventy years ago; although not altogether free from the *using-up* habit of the professional littérateur, and not devoid of the "longueurs" which Byron attributed to "Bob Southey."

The second half of the volume relates to Southey's life from the age of fifteen to twenty-five, and consists of his correspondence for the period embraced, with a connecting narrative by his son. Its principal topics are Southey's career at college, his rejection of the church from conscientious motives, his struggling uncertainty in regard to a profession, the scheme of Pantisocracy, his literary projects in conjunction with Coleridge and others, and the composition of *Joan of Arc* and *Madoc*, with many of his minor poems. To this period also belong his first marriage, his journey to Spain and Portugal, his appearance before the world as an author, his unsuccessful attempt to study for the bar, his final withdrawal from law and London, and his commencement of literature as the fixed pursuit of his life, in his twenty-fifth year.

The facts about Pantisocracy are pretty well known from Mr. Cottle's interesting *Reminiscences* of Coleridge; the history of Southey's epic and other poems have been told by himself in the prefaces to his collected edition; much incidental information about the whole of this period may also be gleaned from various memoirs and the letters of Southey that have been published. The interest of this part lies less in the narrative of the facts than in the pictures of mind and character. To his intimate friends, especially to Mr. Bedford of the Exchequer, Southey pours out himself fully upon all subjects, whether public or personal, with feelings as enthusiastic as might be supposed from a projector of a society, where property should be in common, and literature, science, virtue, and what not, cultivated by all its members, alternately with the cultivation of the earth. His style partakes of his feelings. It is verbose, with a touch of the schoolboy or "freshman," sometimes occupied in turning and pointing periods, sometimes declamatorial, and giving little promise of the solidity it afterwards attained, though there is its easy flow. Much of this raw character, however, passed away with his teens; and the call to express his opinions to others left him too. In 1798, when in his twenty-fourth year, he writes thus to Mr. Wynn.

You call me lazy for not writing: is it not the same with you? Do you feel the same inclination for filling a folio sheet now as when in '90 and '91 we wrote to each other so fully and so frequently? The inclination is gone from me. I have nothing

ions. We move no longer in the same circles, and no longer see things in the same point of view. I never now write a long letter to those who think with me—it is useless to express what they also feel; and as for reasoning with those who differ from me, I have never seen any good result from argument. I write not in the best of spirits; my mother's state of health depresses me—the more so as I have to make her cheerful. Edith is likewise very unwell; indeed, so declining as to make me somewhat apprehensive for the future. A few months will determine all these uncertainties, and perhaps change my views in life, or rather destroy them. This is the first time that I have expressed the feelings that often will rise. Take no notice of them when you write.

It is probable, however, that his health had something to do with his greater epistolary reticence: anxiety, mental exertion, and a sedentary life, had begun to produce their usual effects; and the volume closes with medical advice and a partial suspension of his literary labors.

The correspondence exhibits some weaknesses of character, which more or less accompanied the author through life; but it also bears witness to his honesty of purpose and motive. He declined the church, in which he had fair prospects, of family consequence to him, because he could not subscribe the Articles. Similar feelings threw him upon the world to find his own bread and that of others as he could; while, though not devoid of enthusiasm in politics and social philosophy, it was, though a youthful, a reasoning, not a head-strong enthusiasm. The critic could see the errors of people on his own side; and it does not seem that his Christianity was ever altogether shaken, though he held a singular kind of Socinianism.

The sterling firmness and honesty of Southey were shown in his marriage. The family of Miss Fricker was not in original standing equal to his own, and reverses had overtaken them. Her position is known by the lordly personality of one of Byron's couplets; when his aunt Tyler was made acquainted with his plans of emigration and marriage, she turned him out of doors, on a wet autumn night, leaving him to walk home, a distance of nine miles. His uncle Hill, the Chaplain at Lisbon who had supported him at Oxford after his father's failure, was milder, and more politic: he offered to take him to Portugal for a few months.

Mr. Hill's object in this was partly to take him out of the arena of political discussion into which he had thrown himself by his lectures, and bring him round to more moderate views, and also to wean him if possible from what he considered an "imprudent attachment." In the former object he partly succeeded; in attempting to gain the latter, he had not understood my father's character. He was too deeply and sincerely attached to the object of his choice to be lightly turned from it; and the similarity of her worldly circumstances to his own would have made him consider it doubly dishonorable even to postpone the fulfilment of his engagement.

When the day was fixed for the travellers to depart, my father fixed that also for his wedding-day; and on the 14th of November, 1795, was united

at Radcliff Church, Bristol, to Edith Fricker. Immediately after the ceremony they parted. My mother wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad. The following letters will explain these circumstances, and fill up the interval until his return.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Nov. 21, 1795, Nan Swithin, near St. Columba.

Grosvenor, what should that necromancer deserve who could transmute our souls for half an hour, and make each the inhabitant of the other's tenement? There are so many curious avenues in mine, and so many closets in yours, of which you have never sent me the key.

Here I am, in a huge and handsome mansion, not a finer room in the county of Cornwall than the one in which I write; and yet have I been silent, and retired into the secret cell of my own heart. This day week, Bedford! There is something in the bare name that is now mine, that wakens sentiments I know not how to describe: never did man stand at the altar with such strange feelings as I did. Can you, Grosvenor, by any effort of imagination shadow out my emotion? * * She returned the pressure of my hand, and we parted in silence.—Zounds! what have I to do with supper!

And again he writes to his friend Cottle.

To Joseph Cottle, Esq.

Falmouth, 1795.

My dear Friend,—I have learnt from Lovel the news from Bristol, public as well as private, and both of an interesting nature. My marriage is become public. You know my only motive for wishing it otherwise, and must know that its publicity can give me no concern. I have done my duty. Perhaps you may hardly think my motives for marrying at that time sufficiently strong. One, and that to me of great weight, I believe was never mentioned to you. There might have arisen feelings of an unpleasant nature at the idea of receiving support from one not legally a husband; and (do not show this to Edith) should I perish by shipwreck, or any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudices would then yield to the anguish of affection, and who would love, cherish, and yield all possible consolation to my widow. Of such an evil there is but a possibility: but against possibility it was my duty to guard. * * *

Farewell. Yours sincerely,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

We will close the present notice with a few gleanings from what after all is the most interesting part of the volume—the autobiography. This was the state of female education and middle-class morals some eighty years ago.

Female education was not much regarded in her [his mother's] childhood. The ladies who kept boarding-schools in those days did not consider it necessary to possess any other knowledge themselves than that of ornamental needlework. Two sisters, who had been mistresses of the most fashionable school in Herefordshire, fifty years ago, used to say when they spoke of a former pupil, "*Her went to school to *we*;*" and the mistress of what some ten years later, was thought the best school near Bristol, (where Mrs. Siddons sent her daughter,) spoke, to my perfect recollection, much such

English as this. My mother, I believe, never went to any but a dancing-school, and her state was the more gracious. But her half-sister, Miss Tyler, was placed at one in the neighborhood under a Mrs. —, whom I mention because her history is characteristic of those times. Her husband carried on the agreeable business of a butcher in Bristol while she managed a school for young ladies about a mile out of the town. His business would not necessarily have disqualified her for this occupation, (though it would be no recommendation,) Kirke White's mother, a truly admirable woman, being in this respect just under like circumstances. But Mrs. — might, with more propriety, have been a blacksmith's wife; as in that case, Vulcan might have served for a type of her husband in his fate, but not in the complacency with which he submitted to it, horns sitting as easily on his head as upon the beasts which he slaughtered. She was a handsome woman, and her children were, like the Harleian Miscellany, by different authors. This was notorious; yet her school flourished notwithstanding, and she retired from it at last with a competent fortune, and was visited as long as she lived by her former pupils. This may serve to show a great improvement in the morals of middle life.

The following is Southey's reminiscence of his dancing-days, and his dancing-master, a man of the name of Walters.

That poor man was for three years the plague of my life, and I was the plague of his. In some unhappy mood he prevailed on my mother to let me learn to dance; persuading himself, as well as her, that I should do credit to his teaching. It must have been for my sins that he formed this opinion: in an evil hour for himself and for me was it formed; he would have had much less trouble in teaching a bear, and far better success. I do not remember that I set out with any dislike or contempt of dancing; but the unconquerable incapacity which it was soon evident that I possessed, produced both, and the more he labored to correct an incorrigible awkwardness, the more awkwardly of course I performed. I verily believe the fiddliesticks was applied as much to my head as to the fiddle-strings when I was called out. But the rascal had a worse way than that of punishing me. He would take my hands in his, and lead me down a dance: and then the villain would apply his thumb-nail against the flat surface of mine, in the middle, and press it till he left the mark there: this species of torture I suppose to have been his own invention; and so intolerable it was, that at last whenever he had recourse to it I kicked his shins. Luckily for me he got into a scrape by beating a boy unmercifully at another school, so that he was afraid to carry on this sort of contest; and, giving up at last all hope of ever making me a votary of the Graces or of the dancing Muse, he contented himself with shaking his head and turning up his eyes in hopelessness whenever he noticed my performance.

"The child is father of the man." Southey's earliest effort at prose (he began to compose verse as early as he could remember) was the type of much of his future writing, a skilful reproduction of other people's matter.

Sometimes, when Williams was in good humor, he suspended the usual business of the school and exercised the boys in some uncommon manner. For example, he would bid them all take their

slates, and write as he should dictate. This was to try their spelling; and I remember he once began with this sentence—"As I walked out to take the air, I met a man with red hair, who was heir to a good estate, and was carrying a hare in his hand." Another time he called upon all of a certain standing to write a letter, each upon any subject that he pleased. You will perhaps wonder to hear that no task ever perplexed me so woefully as this. I had never in my life written a letter, except a formal one at Corston before the holidays, every word of which was of the master's dictation, and which used to begin "Honored Parents." Some of the boys produced compositions of this stamp: others, who were a little older and more ambitious, wrote in a tradesmanlike style, soliciting orders, or acknowledging them, or sending in an account. For my part I actually cried for perplexity and vexation. Had I been a blockhead this would have provoked Williams; but he always looked upon me with a favorable eye, and, expressing surprise rather than anger, he endeavored both to encourage and shame me to the attempt. To work I fell at last, and presently presented him with a description of Stonehenge, in the form of a letter, which completely filled the slate. I had laid hands not long before upon the Salisbury Guide, and Stonehenge had appeared to me one of the greatest wonders in the world. The old man was exceedingly surprised, and not less delighted; and I well remember how much his astonishment surprised me, and how much I was gratified by his praise. I was not conscious of having done anything odd or extraordinary, but the boys made me so; and to the sort of envy which it excited among them I was indebted for a wholesome mortification.

For the Living Age.

AN ODE FOR THE PEACE CONGRESS AT PARIS,
AUGUST, 1849.

BY REV. WILLIAM ALLEN, D. D., A DELEGATE FROM
NORTH BARRINGTON, MASS.

As sang great Milton;—on that happy morn,
When Christ, God's Son, the PRINCE OF PEACE,
was born,

I.

"No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful-eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was
by."

II.

Short calm, but emblem sure
Of Peace, that will endure,
When Christ shall rule in all the hearts of men;
When Truth his midday beams
O'er all the earth outgleams,
And Love Fraternal shall bear sway again:
Truth, Love, and Peace, in union strong,
Will quench all War, and check the desolating
wrong.

III.

But ah! what streams of blood,
With overflowing flood,
Have spread o'er all the smiling fields of earth!

What myriads have died
In war's terrific pride,
Their woe and agony the demon's mirth!
And as their spirits took their flight,
What visions of the future struck them with affright!

IV.

Oh fools! my brethren dear,
The fighters on this sphere,
The victims of your chieftains' angry strife!
For, if ye would not wield
The gun, sword, spear and shield,
And would not dice away your soul and life,
The conquerors of this wretched world
Would be from all their dizzy height of glory hurled.

V.

For truly war's a game,*
Ending in woe and shame,
Which frenzied kings no longer here would play
Were but their subjects wise,
Or if with open eyes
They looked on all the horrors of the fray,
Or tried to gauge the depth of crime,
When men on piles of brothers' bones to glory
climb!

VI.

O GLORY! proud and high,
I see thy column nigh,†
All covered with the conqueror's sculptured tale;
But truly reared, alas!
Not of hewn stone and brass,
But of poor widows' tears and orphans' wail:
Of human bones and blood 't is built—
Of myriad men, who died in agony and guilt.

VII.

Like column, with strange awe,
The peace-pledged statesman‡ saw,
As once he wandered o'er the Servian plain,
Upread of skulls all white
As marble to the sight,
Of many a thousand human wretches slain:—
I would such monument arose
O'er every sleeping conqueror which history knows.

VIII.

By all the dead, who sleep
Beyond the Alpine steep,
Beyond the Pyrenean summits high,
On Egypt's level shore,
Or where Rhine's waters pour,
Or 'neath the snows of Russia's northern sky,
We bid you change all hate to love,
And deeds of arms for righteous deeds approved
above!

IX.

By all the bright array
Of God's great judgment day,
When—as his Word is true—these dead will rise,
And when proud conqueror's ear
No madding shout will hear,
But turned on him will be their fiery eyes,
We bid you seek your fellows' good,
And breathe the spirit of true HUMAN BROTHER-
HOOD!

X.

O Switzerland! thy snows most pure
And mountains, that endure,

* War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. COWPER

† In the *Place Vendôme*, at Paris.

‡ Lamartine: see his *Pilgrimage*, III., 106, Am. Edit.

Who sees, lifting their summits to the sky,
And hears the torrents' roar
Like waves on ocean's shore,
Should feel the majesty of God on high,
THE GOD OF PEACE! Yet oft thy snows
Have been distained with blood which from life's
fountain flows.

XI.

Lo, **GLORY'S** mount sublime!
But ponder, as ye climb,
The lovely vale ye're leaving far below,
Each graceful plant and tree,
All breathing melody,
For the bare peak of cold and glittering snow;
The top is high and shines in light,
But there no harvest field e'er charms the gazer's
sight

XII.

Yet there is glory true
To patriot-warrior due,
Who breasts the invading hosts, like **WASHINGTON**:
His was no stain of blood,
Nor dark and conscious mood,
For who would see *his country* overthrown?
'Twas duty urged him to the fight,
To guard the fireside from the foul invader's blight.

XIII.

But love of murderous war,
The scent of blood from far,
The lust of conquest and avenging pride,
The recklessness of life,
And rapture of the strife—
These to the Right are not indeed allied:
On these the Gospel precepts frown—
All these condemned by **HIM** who bore the thorny
crown.

XIV.

"The pomp and circumstance"
Of war is thine, O France!
Thy citadel of glory too is here:
And yet, a resolute band,
Before thee now we stand,
And in our panoply complete appear:
The shield of Faith we hold on high,
And our good sword of **TRUTH** is flashing on thine
eye!

XV.

We preach a new crusade—
The cross of Christ displayed
By every soldier of the holy band;—
Not emblem on the vest,
But goodness in the breast,
And deeds of love performed by every hand:
We would transform the sword and spear
To pruning-hook, and sickle for the ripened ear.

XVI.

In our assembly free
Struggling for charity,
We quail not at the embattled hosts of foes;
As sure as Truth is Light,
Our arms shall win the fight,
For Error cannot stand Truth's sturdy blows;
THE PRINCE OF PEACE will surely reign,
And Love and Joy revisit our poor world again!

From Punch.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 2.—Piccadilly. *The Unprotected Female is on the foot-pavement, with a basket, two bandboxes, an umbrella, a plant in a pot, a bird-cage, and a child's toy-horse of the largest size. She wishes to go somewhere by an omnibus, but has not the least idea which is the omnibus which will take her there. Two Putneys pass at opposition pace. Unprotected Female waves her umbrella vaguely.*

Cad A. } Jumping down together. Now ma'am.

Cad B. } Unprotected Female. Which is this omnibus?

Cad A. Yes ma'am, that's ours.

[Seizes Unprotected Female.]

Cad B. Yes ma'am, here you are.

[Seizes Unprotected Female's luggage.]

Unprotected Female (extricating herself with dignity.) Don't take hold of me, man—How dare you touch those things! How dare you both! I'll call police—

Driver A. (to Cad A.) Now, Bill, where is she for?

Driver B. (to Cad B.) Shove her in, Jim. What's up?

Cad A. Where for, ma'am?

Unprotected Female. Oh, I want to be put down at—

Cad B. That's us, ma'am—He don't go there—

[Drags Unprotected Female towards 'bus B.]

Cad A. Hollo—you pulled us up, you know—Come along.

[Seizes Unprotected Female; terrific struggle, in which the Unprotected Female is a good deal fought over, and reduced to a state bordering on imbecility.]

Cad A. (whipping her on to his step.) Now, ma'am, here you are—

Passenger in 'bus A. We are quite full—

Driver A. Now, Bill, look alive.

Cad A. Lots of room atwix' the stout gent and the old 'ooman. All right!

[Drives Unprotected Female violently into the lap of Crusty Bank Clerk, on his way to dinner.]

Crusty Bank Clerk. How dare you, woman!

Unprotected Female. Oh, gracious goodness! Keep off, do; you wretch!

Incommoded Foreigner. Dere is not any of room, madame.

Indignant Capitalist. Shameful!

Cad A. All right! Here's your things.

[Hurts into omnibus the bandboxes, the bird-cage, the toy-house, the flower-pot with plant; the last falling on the toes of the Indignant Capitalist.]

Indignant Capitalist. Confound—

[The rest of the sentence is jerked back out of his mouth into his lungs by the sudden moving on of the omnibus. The Unprotected Female has been shaken all of a heap on to several passengers' legs, toes, laps, and hats, and bounds up and down with the pitch of the omnibus.]

Driver A. (to Cad A., over his shoulder.) Tight fit, Bill!

Cad A. (to Driver A., with grin, over the top of 'bus.) Werry. (Peeps into 'bus. To Driver.) They're a shakin' down wisely.

Crusty Bank Clerk. People should n't come into public conveyances when there is no accommodation.

Unprotected Female. Oh! I did n't come in—I

was forced to—If you could, please, let me off the bird-cage. Oh! who has been a-top of my canary! Incommoded Foreigner (with much politeness.) *Comme ça, madame.* How you feel! Nevare mind for my leg. *C'est-ça.*

Unprotected Female (with a gush of thankfulness.) Oh, thank you, sir, I'm sure. (Looking indignantly at Bank Clerk and Capitalist.) I'll thank you not to destroy my plant, sir—if you please.

[Snatches at the pot, and in so doing drives the plant, which is of a stiff and prickly order, into the mouth, nose and eyes, of Capitalist.

Capitalist. Will you have done, ma'am, with your infernal vegetables!

Bank Clerk. How such things are allowed to be brought into public conveyances is wonderful!

Indignant Capitalist (to Cad.) I tell you, sir, we've fifteen inside—and that isn't a baby in arms. (Pointing to a stout youth of 6, whom his mother got passed into 'bus under above title.) I'll have you pulled up, sir.

Cad A. (darting his head into door and nearly flattening Capitalist's face.) Sloane Street!

Unprotected Female. Eh! (Screams.) Here—(Struggling for her bandbox, flower-pot, toy-horse, umbrella, all at once.) Oh—I want to go to the bank—Let me out! Let me out!

Cad A. Sixpence.

Unprotected Female (precipitating herself from step.) Oh—why did n't you say you was n't going to the bank?

Capitalist. Thank goodness, she's gone!

Bank Clerk. Those confounded females!

Sententious Passenger. The majority of women seem to think all omnibuses go to the bank every journey, either way.

Cad A. Now, ma'am, look sharp!

Unprotected Female. I ought to have a sixpence!

[Wrenches at her glove, which, her hand being damp, refuses to come off.

Driver. Now, Bill—look alive—one would think you was a picking them out with a pin, like winkles.

Cad A. Now, ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh! my money's in my reticule!

[Rushes to basket.

Driver (in uncontrollable impatience.) Now, Bill!

Cad A. (to Driver.) She's a divin' for her money.

Unprotected Female (having disinterred everything in vain from basket.) Where can my reticule be! (Darts to 'bus.) Oh, please, there's a reticule. [Inserts herself among the passengers' legs.

Capitalist. Have done, ma'am—By Heaven, it's shameful!

Bank Clerk. You don't think your confounded reticule's in my boots, do you?

Incommoded Foreigner (with good-humored satisfaction.) Ah-ha—voici—madame.

[Holds up reticule, which he seems to have been sitting on.

Unprotected Female. Oh, thank you, sir, I'm sure. Here, (Dashes her hand into reticule, and extracts coppers from all corners,) thruppence.

Cad A. Thruppence, ma'am, no ma'am. Thruppence all the way! Sixpence to Sloane street. (Makes a grab at her handful of coppers.) That's it, ma'am—all right—Joe, (with rapid change,) here's Jack Saunders.

Driver. All right! We'll melt him.

[Omnibus vanishes at full gallop as Opposition appears. Unprotected Female places herself so as to be run over.

Driver of Opposition. Now then, stoopid.

Unprotected Female (screams.) Oh!

[Rushes under the nose of a cab-horse trotting in opposite direction.

Cabman (ferociously.) Yah! (Shouts.) Where are you a-drivin' to!

Unprotected Female (escapes with difficulty to foot-pavement, and sinks exhausted in agony, on her pile of luggage. To Policeman, imploringly.) Oh! when will there be anything to the bank!

Policeman. One just passed, ma'am.

Unprotected Female (rushing back into centre of road.) Hoy! ho! Oh, stop him, some one, please—do. I want to go to the bank.

[Exit running violently, to the danger of her life, and neglect of her luggage—Her cries become fainter and fainter. Ragged little boy approaches luggage carefully. Policeman thoughtfully withdraws on the other side. Slow music. Scene closes.

DEER.—The deer is the most acute animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it lies, satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it gazes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as curlews or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give it a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognizes individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it. The stags at Tornapress will suffer the boy to go within twenty yards of them, but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once. A poor man who carries peats in a creel on his back here, may go "cheek-for-jowl" with them: I put on his pannier the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprang away like antelopes. An eminent deer-stalker told me the other day of a plan one of his keeper's adopted to kill a very wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward, that it was five p. m. before he stood in triumph with his foot on the breast of the antlered king. "I never felt so much for an inferior creature," said the gentleman, "as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting life away, with its large blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed."—*Inverness Courier.*

IVORY.—At the quarterly meeting of the Geological and Polytechnic Society of the West Riding of Yorkshire, held in the Guildhall in Doncaster, on Wednesday last, Earl Fitzwilliam in the chair, Mr. Dalton of Sheffield read a paper on "ivory as an article of manufacture." The value of the annual consumption in Sheffield was about £30,000, and about 500 persons were employed in working it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up the weight consumed in Sheffield, about 180 tons, was 45,000. According to this, the number of elephants killed every year was 22,500; but supposing that some tusks were cast, and some animals died, it might be fairly estimated that 18,000 were killed for the purpose.—*Yorkshire Gazette.*

From the Examiner, 10 Nov.

LOUIS NAPOLEON HIS OWN MASTER.

LOUIS Napoleon's sudden turning out of such men as Odilon Barrot, Dufaure, and Tocqueville, promised to be the commencement of one of the most interesting chapters in French history. People applied themselves to the perusal of the development of that incident with no little promise of interest. Great has been the disappointment, irresistible the *ennui*. The chapter expected to be so full of excitement, turns out dead as ditch water. One might have been tired of the old personages, weary enough of the Barrots and Dufaures; but, after all, they were much more respected than the Rouhiers and the Hautpouls, and quite as amusing. What was the change made for? If it was meant to show that any sticks would fill the posts of ministers, as well as the gentlemen ejected, and that neither talent nor principle were required for the service, that reason certainly was a good and solid one. But it is difficult to see the profit to the president of having gone through such a demonstration.

The result of the change has been, as we observed, no change whatever in the policy of the government, either towards Rome or towards Russia, or with respect to the home government and appointments. But one considerable result has been produced, and this is the re-constitution of the moderate republican party. It had been broken up by M. Dufaure's acceptance of office in a ministry of which the majority was anti-republican. The turning out of M. Dufaure has, however, enabled Cavaignac to reconstitute the old republican club, and to rally to it already many who held aloof before. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, for example, and the moderate members of the provisional government who so fiercely denounced Cavaignac for tripping them up, have now been reconciled to him. And thus by degrees a large and formidable body, in constitutional opposition, will be formed, to resist the reactionists, and to oppose the re-election of Louis Napoleon himself, should he remain, as he shows every symptom of doing, amongst the ultras. The president tried to prevent this, by giving office to M. Duclerc, who in the first surprise gladly accepted it. But should M. Duclerc remain in M. d'Hautpoul's cabinet, it will mark his own defection, not the adhesion of his party. On Wednesday this new party made trial of its power, and voted for the nullification of Falloux's education bill. It succeeded by 307 votes against 303.

What will M. Barrot do? is a very general question. Get himself cured of a very bad disorder, under which he is at present laboring, must be received as a quite sufficient answer.

No one has been more put out by the change than M. Thiers. A full explanation of this would lead us into far too many particularities and details; but we have no doubt that Louis Napoleon was driven to his somewhat precipitate act by the cool contempt which M. Thiers displayed towards him in his report on the affairs of Rome—a con-

tempt which the president soon prepared to return by some heavy blows. These blows are not yet stricken. M. Thiers' friends retain their posts of profit and influence. Their continuing to do so, or not, will mark the schism or the reconciliation.

The president's personal policy has, however, yet to be tested by the news from Rome. The last news from South Italy was, that the Pope, delighted with the debate in the National Assembly, and its results, was about to return to Rome. His holiness, however, will certainly change or defer his purpose, as soon as he learns the fate of his friends Tocqueville and Barrot. With the author of the letter to Colonel Ney in uncontrolled authority over French affairs, and over the army in Rome, the Pope, or rather the Pope's council, may entertain feelings of doubt and of mistrust, which even the appointment of an imbecile ditto of Oudinot, Baraguay D'Hilliers, may not be able to dispel.

Louis Napoleon, master of his own cabinet, as of Rome, cannot but insist on some apparent adoption of the conditions of his famous letter. He cannot pass them over like M. Thiers, or smother them like M. Barrot. The president's character and consistency are now at stake. They have no cover, he no excuse. By his manner of dealing with Rome will his presidentship be judged, and he himself go down to posterity as a man of his word, or a charlatan.

THE HUNGARIAN EXILES.

In our town edition of last week we made the subjoined announcement:—

There is no longer, we believe, reason to doubt that the terms and conditions on which the Russian czar has withdrawn his claim to the extradition of the Hungarian refugees, are most discreditable to the ministry of the sultan, and such as all civilized governments ought to take active measures to defeat and render nugatory.

The sultan has engaged to send Kossuth, Dembinski, and the leaders of the late civil war, to the remotest part of the interior of the Turkish empire, and to provide an efficient surveillance to prevent their removal or escape during the term of their lives. The rest of the refugees (comprising the great bulk of those now encamped at Widden) are to receive the benefits of the amnesty, and to return to the Austrian empire.

This announcement has but to be made authoritatively, (which it will be, as we believe, without delay,) to raise an indignant outcry from one side of Europe to the other. There is not an inhabitant of a free state, in any civilized land, who is not directly interested in the question thus raised, and bound to use all the means within his power to defeat so gross and unprecedented an outrage on the common rights of peoples and nations.

No further notice was taken of the matter until Wednesday, when the *Daily News* published several letters from Widden, expressed its belief that Russia had demanded the imprisonment of the Hungarian leaders, and protested against the concession of a demand so degrading to Turkey.

We will not believe the possibility of anything so infamous being perpetrated. We may, we think, fairly rely upon the generous energies of the British government being exerted, and upon Lord Palmerston being not wanting to his known sympathy and proverbial spirit on an occasion such as this, in which he is sustained by the unmistakable and unswerving support of the British public.

The *Times* kept silence until yesterday (Friday) afternoon, when, in a second edition, its correspondent at Vienna was "enabled to inform it" of the announcement made in the *Examiner* a week before.

My letter of the 21st of October communicated the important intelligence that the Emperor of Russia had consented to withdraw his claim for the extradition of his subjects who were implicated by the Hungarian rebellion. I am at present enabled to inform you that the matter is definitively concluded, *the Porte having pledged itself to keep in safe custody, in one or more of the Turkish fortresses, all those refugees whose names may be mentioned by the Russian and Austrian governments, and immediately to banish the others—probably with the exception of those who may in the mean time have embraced the Mahometan religion—from the Turkish territories.* Of course this probably authentic news completely confutes all the ridiculous reports, according to which, Kossuth and some of his colleagues are already on their way to join Messrs. Pulszky and Teleky in England.

Reports of humane or civilized conduct in connection with Austria and Russia, may, with perfect propriety, be thought "ridiculous." But however "authentic" the more congenial tidings of barbarity and inhumanity may be, we must more than doubt if they will find favor with the English people, or countenance from the English government.

If Turkey has yielded to this infamous demand, it is, to Kossuth and his friends, the substitution of a lingering death for one more merciful. But more than this. It is, on the part of Turkey herself, a refusal to play the part of hangman's provider for the greater enjoyment of playing the part of hangman.

Turkey, if it be true, takes rank as a state-dungeon of Russia.

But it is impossible that such atrocity can be permitted. No country can have the right to make such a demand, no independent country can be subjected to the inexpressible baseness of conceding it. The privilege which is claimed between states, in special circumstances, to "intern" political exiles, was never in any circumstances held to justify their absolute detention, or perpetual imprisonment. The duty of prompt interference, in such case, rests with governments interested in humane and civilized usage, and its immediate exercise, in the present instance, is imperatively called for.—*Ibid.*

From the *Examiner*, 10 Nov.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL SECURITIES FOR PEACE.

SHOULD the most ardent lovers of peace desire the reduction of the military and naval establish-

ments, well knowing, as they do, that the cost of the land and sea forces exhausts the financial resources, which are the real sinews of war? Since the Peace, upon a round calculation, we have expended at the very least 400,000,000*l.*, or half the amount of the national debt, in soldiers and sailors. Now, let us suppose for a moment that we had saved that money—with our burdens so much lightened, with our finances prosperous and flourishing, should we be more or less pacific than we are now? We apprehend that we should be much less pacific; nay more, that we should be extremely bellicose, and prompt to quarrel, knowing that we could afford it. Having waxed fat we should be apt to kick. As has often been said, the debt binds us over to our good behavior, and the large expenditure for army and navy keeps us from emerging from the debt, which is so pacific in its effects. If this be true, to see practically a Peace Congress we should go to a review, the real securities against war being the expenditure of the means of carrying it on in peace. As the nurses teach the children, you cannot eat your cake and have your cake; so you cannot eat up fourteen millions a year in soldiers and sailors, and have the millions at command without which you cannot wage war. It should follow from this that governments are indisposed for war in proportion to the magnitude of their armaments, and that they may increase their forces till they become as passive, tame, and placable as Quakers. Is this so, or is it not? Which is the nation in the world which has best husbanded its resources? Which is the nation that has the smallest army and fleet in proportion to its power, and which also is the nation that is the quickest to take, ay, and to make, offence; the most sensitive, not to say touchy, as to every point of honor; the most tenacious in standing on all its rights, to the uttermost point; the most peremptory in pressing its claims, the most disposed to "the word and the blow," when hurried into quarrel? Every one answers, the United States. Remember how they overran Mexico, mark how they huddled off the French minister the other day, observe in all differences how haughty and peremptory, not to say domineering, their tone is, and this without fleets and armies, and because what fleets and armies cost they have got in reserve in their pockets. On the other hand, see how pacific France is with half a million of men in arms to pay, and so averse from war, even in the justest and most politic course, that even the Russian invasion of Turkey would not, it is thought, have moved her to any step beyond protest; and that M. Thiers is reported to have declared, that not for scores of such questions as that involving the rights of nations and of humanity, involved in the dispute between the Czar and the Sultan, would he consent to plunging France into a war. Russia swaggers and plays the bully, but has she more appetite for war than France; in other words, has she more resources for it? Little, if any. She, like other over-armed powers, according to

the homely proverb, eat the calf in the cow's belly.

The common plea, then, for armaments, that preparation for war is the best security for peace, is false in the sense in which it is used, but true in the sense we have endeavored to explain. The constant preparation for war is attended with a weakness favorable to peace. It is as if each government had bled itself down to the condition disabling and indisposing for violence. Each is in an exhausting attitude which it conceits one of strength, but which in truth is but the expenditure of strength. Rabelais tells us of a nation which perished of keeping watch and ward; it had an opinion that the moon was in danger from the wolves, and it built up lunatic defences, lofty towers on which an incessant look-out was kept, the effect of which perpetual vigilance was that the people were worn out by exhaustion. Every continental nation has a moon in danger, and vast lunar muniments. The consequence is such a drain and enfeeblement that none can pluck up spirit for war. And yet peace associations, with Mr. Cobden at their head, inveigh against these armaments, and call for the diminution of them. Why, if they would utterly Quakerize the country, they should demand that the forces by land and sea should be doubled or trebled, and we warrant it, the government of Great Britain would be as still and timorous and insignificant as a mouse in the affairs of the world in another five years or so. To reduce England to the most powerless state for good or for ill, let her be overarmed like Sancho Panza, when clad in mail for the defence of his island, and, unable to move hand or foot, cast down and trampled on by all about him.

They, then, who are for peace at all price should be for peace at the price of large military establishments, which leave no margin for war. The surest security for peace is the inability for war, and the inability for war is most certainly brought about by wasteful expenditure; and to pay for an excess of arms when they are not wanted is the most infallible method of guarding against having them when they may be wanted.

From the Examiner, 10th Nov.

CANADIAN ANNEXATION.

THE question of annexation to the United States is mooted in Canada, and a Manifesto has been published, variously stated as being signed by 350 and by 1200 persons, of all political parties. The leaders, however, seem to be the old Tories, who, soured by loss of power, and by commercial difficulties which they have only shared with the rest of the empire, have suddenly turned round and become republicans, as a cure for all the ills their flesh has been subjected to. This is, as if our own agricultural protectionists were, for the nonce, to become good democrats—because out of place, and because wheat was at 42s. a quarter, and meat at 4d. a pound.

To annexation it may probably come at last, but

assuredly, in the meanwhile, not one of the three parties interested in the question is ripe for it. The pride and prejudices of the English nation are unquestionably against it. Three hundred and fifty signatures in its favor, or twice three hundred and fifty, are no proof that it is desired by a population of two millions of colonists. Then, the whole southern states of the American Union are against the measure to a man. There is no chance, whatever, then, of its being carried, or even making any considerable progress, just now.

Some of the grounds on which annexation is argued by the writers of the Manifesto, are futile, and indeed, absurd. The abolition of protection on the part of Great Britain, deeply deplored by these sons of freedom, is to be remedied by the protection afforded by the Great Republic. At the very moment that the subscribers are attaching their signatures, the main portion of this ground is cut away from under their feet by the abolition of the American Navigation Laws. On every load of timber which the Canadians import into the United Kingdom, they have, down to this hour, a protective duty of 5s., equal to one-fourth part of the whole tax on foreign timber. This, of course, they would lose by annexation; nor would they have protection, under the laws of the Union, from any timber whatsoever that it was possible to bring into competition with them in the American market.

But the most extravagant of the anticipated benefits from annexation is protection to Canadian manufactures. What are these either in *esse* or in *posse*? The American legislature, under the advice of certain American manufacturers, imposed a tax on the American people, through a protective duty which greatly enhances the cost of every yard of calico and every ton of iron they use, depreciating at the same time the quality of the articles they are forced to consume. It is this piece of economic mischief which the framers of the Canadian manifesto coolly propose as a great national advantage.

By the aid of the protection, or, in other terms, of self-unproductive taxation, the Americans have been enabled to establish large manufactures of cotton and iron, one of which, at the moment of drawing up the Manifesto, was tottering for want of sufficient protection, and calling out for more taxation to bolster it up. These manufactures have been established for many years, and against them, on equal terms the young manufactures of Canada would have to compete. Without coal, and without iron in the same abundance as in the old states of the Union, and with cotton further fetched, and therefore dearer, the struggle of the Canadian manufactures would assuredly be a very hopeless one.

The Manifesto particularly dwells on the advantage which Lower Canada, in particular, would reap from the establishment of protected manufactures, owing to the abundance of "water privilege" and of "cheap labor." This is sheer self-delusion. For one half the year the "water priv-

villege" of Canada is solid ice, which does not move wheels but locks them up. A country like Lower Canada, with neither iron nor coal, gains nothing by cheap labor. In the poorest part of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, where labor is low-priced, but where there are no coals—manufactures, although tried, have never succeeded, but they flourish where labor is high and coal abundant. Some deduction, too, must be made for race. Manufactures in Lower Canada, with low-priced wages, supposes Gallican laborers;—artisans of the age of Louis XIII., and Frenchmen of any age, have not as yet been found successful competitors with men of the Anglo-Saxon race, in any great branch of national industry, even on a fair and equal field, which Lower Canada, compared with Pennsylvania, is not. In so far as manufactures are concerned, what the Canadians would acquire would be the privilege of buying dear manufactures, and what they would lose that of purchasing cheap ones.

Let us, however, suppose a peaceable annexation of the Canadas to the Great Federal Republic, and glance at its probable results, as they would affect the different parties interested. It must be a peaceable one, brought about by a friendly negotiation. If not, England will assuredly fight, and whatever be the final issue, the other certain results will be much spilling of blood, and a mulct of not less than a hundred millions on each of the belligerents, with the conversion of Canada into a battle-field for several years, retarding its material prosperity for some quarter of a century. First, then, with respect to the Canadians. The long line of custom-houses on the present frontier will be removed; the productions, the capital, and the population of the Union will enter the Canadas freely; and the lumber of the Canadians (they have little else to exchange) will find a market in the Union without payment of any duty, but in competition with the timber of the present less cultivated States, while they will lose all advantage in the English market—indeed, the English market altogether, for with inferior timber, and a longer carriage, they cannot compete in an equal market with the nations of the north of Europe.

The authors of the Manifesto state that the public service of the United States would be open to them by annexation. But the civil and military services of England are also open to them, for there is not an office under the crown that a Canadian may not now hold. No doubt the Canadas would have the additional privilege, under annexation, of sending representatives to the two houses of the American Legislature; but the professors of ultra loyalism, the leaders of the present movement, could hardly expect to be the choice of democratic constituencies, to represent their country in a republican government.

Next for the advantages of annexation to the

United States. We are disposed to think they will be smaller than to either of the other parties. Upper Canada will be a valuable acquisition, and so will the complete navigation of the lakes and the St. Lawrence. But already over-burthened with territory, "the masters of the fairest and most wealthy climates of the world" (new) will be apt, we should fancy, "to turn with contempt" from the frozen regions of Canada, as Gibbon says the Romans did from the mountains of Caledonia. The greatest gain to America, but it is one which England will equally share in, will consist in the removal of the only cause of hostile collision, a conterminous territory, that can exist between her and the only nation in the world that can do her harm; the nation of all others, that by community of blood, language, laws, and interests, it is most for her honor and advantage to live with in harmony.

As to England, in our humble opinion, she will be the greatest gainer of the three by annexation. She will be relieved at once from the heavy load of responsibility with which she is now burthened in her impossible attempts, at the distance of 4,000 miles, to govern wisely a free people whom her statesmen never see, and of whom they know nothing beyond what they find recorded in sheets of foolscap. Further, England will be relieved of the whole military, naval, and ordnance charge of the Canadas, all paid from the Imperial Treasury, and the amount of which, we believe, will not be overstated at a million per annum, contingencies included. Then, with a peaceful settlement, she will be repaid for the great sums which she has lent for the construction of canals and other public works. Neither will her commerce in any respect suffer, but on the contrary gain, as it did under more unfavorable auspices, after the separation of the old colonies. One of our contemporaries says that the agitation of annexation by the Canadians would have been looked on "in the good old times" as "high treason;" but "the good old times," if that were so, were very foolish old times, and in our opinion Lord Elgin has acted with perfect wisdom in throwing no impediment in the way of a fair discussion of the question.

THE *Journal des Débats* describes an important discovery, which occupies the attention of the French scientific world. It is a mechanical leech, invented by M. Alexander, a civil engineer already celebrated for his useful discoveries. All the scientific bodies, after satisfactory trials, have caused this leech to be adopted in all the hospitals; having proved not only the immense economy of its use, but, what is better, the decided advantage which it has over the natural leech, often so scarce, always repugnant to the patient, and sometimes dangerous. The president of the French Republic has given orders for the supply of the apparatus in every commune where it may be found serviceable to indigent patients.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DITTY.

I've tried in much bewilderment to find
Under which phase of loveliness in thee
I love thee best; but oh! my wandering mind
Hovers o'er many sweets, as doth a bee,
And all I feel is contradictory.

I love to see thee gay, because thy smile
Is sweeter than the sweetest thing I know;
And then thy limpid eyes are all the while
Sparkling and dancing, and thy fair cheeks glow
With such a sunset lustre, that e'en so
I love to see thee gay.

I love to see thee sad, for then thy face
Expresseth an angelic misery;
Thy tears are shed with such a gentle grace,
Thy words fall soft, yet sweet as words can be,
That though 't is selfish, I confess, in me,
I love to see thee sad.

I love to hear thee speak, because thy voice
Than music's self is yet more musical,
Its tones make every living thing rejoice;
And I, when on mine ear those accents fall,
In sooth I do believe that most of all
I love to hear thee speak.

Yet no! I love thee mute; for oh, thine eyes
Express so much, thou hast no need of speech!
And there 's a language that in silence lies,
When two full hearts look fondness each to each,
Love's language that I fain to thee would teach,
And so I love thee mute.

Thus I have come to the conclusion sweet,
Nothing thou dost can less than perfect be;
All beauties and all virtues in thee meet;
Yet one thing more I'd fain behold in thee—
A little love, a little love for me.

Chambers' Journal.

VALUE OF GAME.—We are inclined to believe that the real value of game in this country is not in general fully understood. It is usually looked upon as kept chiefly for amusement, and its commercial importance is little thought of. Yet its direct value as a marketable commodity, is very considerable; and its indirect value, as enhancing landed property is so great, that it is not easy to form a just estimate of it. The prices of ordinary game are pretty well known in Scotland; in England they are still higher, and there is always a ready demand. The value of a brace of grouse is, on an average, 6s. in England; pheasants, 6s.; partridges, 3s.; hares, 2s. each; woodcocks, from 6s. to 10s. a pair. The average value of a Highland red deer is not less than £5. So much for the direct value of game; and when we consider its importance indirectly, we are first led to think of the Highland moors which it has rendered so profitable. For the following facts on this portion of the subject we are indebted to an able letter on the game laws by Lord Malmesbury. A vast number of moors are now let for £400 or £500 a year, which formerly brought nothing to the proprietor, as they are unfit even for sheep. Large tracts, which formerly let as sheep farms, are now converted into deer forests, and pay at least one third, and even one half, more than they did formerly. Five hundred deer may be kept on a space of ground that will feed 1200 sheep. Valuing the sheep at the average price of 18s. each, these would be worth £1080; but the deer would realize nearly double that sum—namely, £2000; for the average price of stags in summer and hinds in winter is fully £4. From a long-standing knowl-

edge of the Highland moors, Lord Malmesbury is of opinion that they are yearly advancing in price, and becoming a more important kind of property. He saw a list last year of 106 moors let for shootings, the rent of which could not be averaged at less than £300, which makes a total of £31,800. There were twice as many more let at an average of £100; and a third portion unlet, whose value may be fairly stated at £17,000, the whole making together a rental of 70,000 on the Highland shootings. He adds that this may be looked upon as a clear gain, as far as respects the grouse-moors, and an increase of two fifths on deer-ground, called "forest."—*Journal of Agriculture.*

THE POISON OF THE VIPER.—The poison of the viper consists of a yellowish liquid secreted in a glandular structure, (situated immediately below the skin on either side of the head,) which is believed to represent the parotid gland of the higher animals. If a viper be made to bite something solid, so as to void its poison, the following are the appearances under the microscope:—At first, nothing is seen but a parcel of salts nimbly floating in the liquor, but in a very short time these saline particles shoot out into crystals of incredible tenuity and sharpness, with something like knots here and there, from which these crystals seem to proceed, so that the whole texture in a manner represents a spider's web, though infinitely finer and more minute. These spicule, or darts, will remain unaltered on the glass for some months. Five or six grains of this viperine poison, mixed with half an ounce of human blood, received in a warm glass, produce no visible effects, either in color or consistence, nor do portions of this poisoned blood, mixed with acids or alkalis, exhibit any alterations. When placed on the tongue, the taste is sharp and acrid, as if the tongue had been struck with something scalding or burning; but this sensation goes off in two or three hours. There are only five cases on record of death following the bite of the viper; and it has been observed that the effects are most virulent when the poison has been received on the extremities, particularly the fingers and toes, at which parts the animal, when irritated, (as it were by an innate instinct,) always takes its aim.—*F. T. Buckland.*

THE WAR WITH MEXICO. By R. S. Ripley. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Notwithstanding there has been so much published about the American war, there was need of a work like the one now before us, which is embraced in two elegant octavo volumes; and perhaps all the more need from the multiplicity of hastily written accounts already before the public. Major Ripley seems to have kept in view the great ends of historical writings—the putting on intelligible record of well considered and authenticated facts—and has fulfilled his purpose with great success. With the entire absence of anything like vainglorying or national boasting, he evinces a warm and generous patriotism and professional enthusiasm and a constant aim at impartiality. His introductory chapter, sketching the history of Mexico and the movements towards the annexation of Texas will prepare the well informed reader for confidence in those parts of the work which treat of the exciting times when the sword was unsheathed and the conflict raged. We commend the volumes cordially as just the work which every citizen will desire to have for his own information, and desire to see circulated for the honor of his country.—*Com. Adv.*

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately *Essays of the Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other *Reviews*; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannica*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazine*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and *Voyages and Travels*, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the *movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (14 cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every *Saturday*, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1846.

J. Q. ADAMS.

